

My Magazine of
India

1st February 1955

vol-26

NO-3



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- L. No. 1012-F. Jimon Joseph, Champion Jockey, Trinidad B.W. Island. "I rode 5 winners. Thanks very much for the Talisman."
- L. No. 1014-F. Gil De St Coelho, Goa. "I have tried your Talisman and was quite successful in winning my job."

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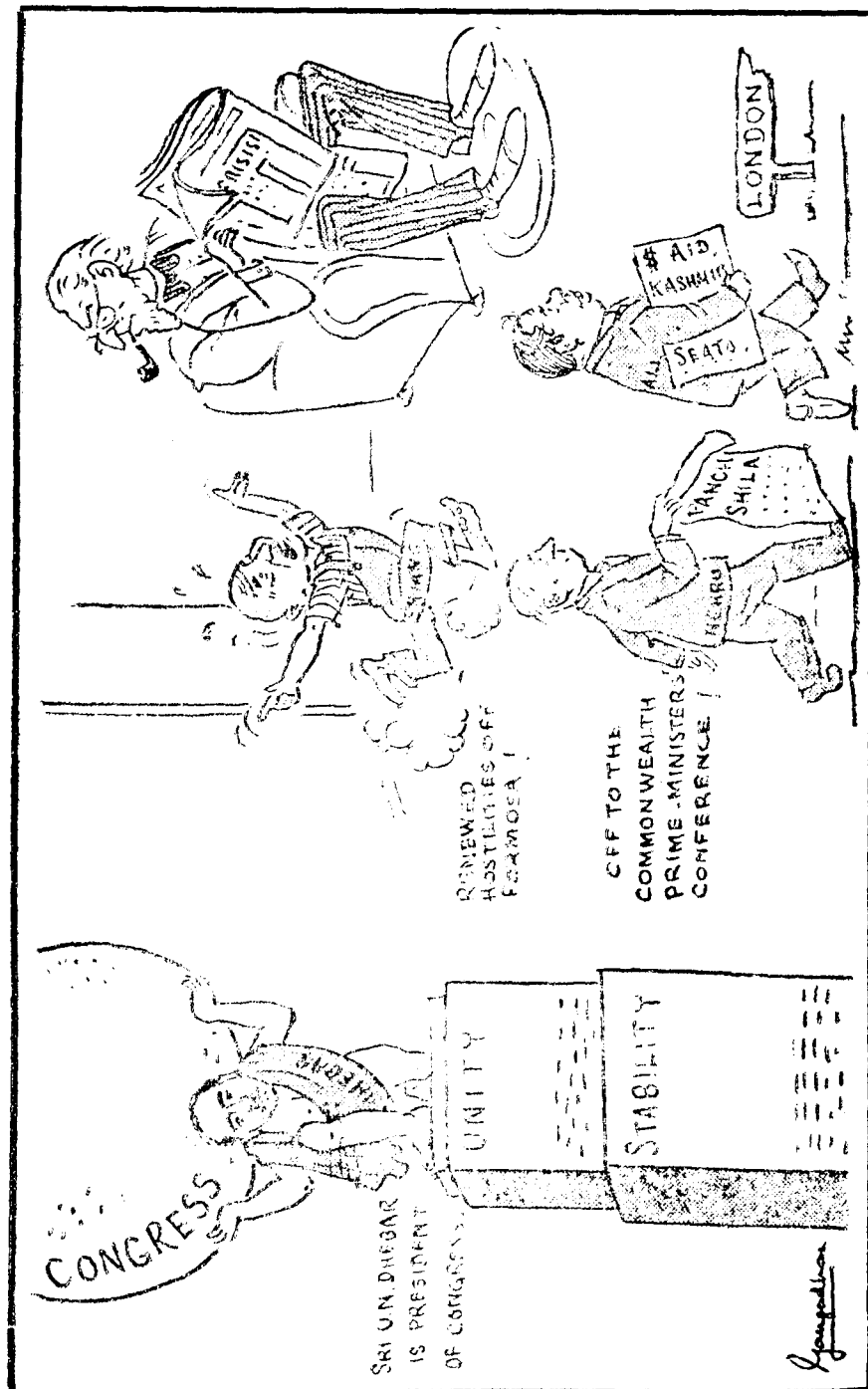
Dhebar Defines Congress Policy

IN his presidential address to the sixtieth session of the Congress at Avadi, Shri U.N. Dhebar has given a splendid lead to the nation. Reviewing briefly the events since the Kalyani session, he paid a tribute to the Prime Minister's services in the cause of peace and his foreign policy of non-alignment with the Power Blocs. He then turned to the Planning Commission's work and spoke of the rapid progress in the economic sector, the increase in food production and the generation of additional power.

But what has been done is far from adequate. There is growing unemployment in the country and the problem has to be tackled bravely and urgently. The new Congress President sees hope for the millions in the development of small-scale and large-scale cottage industries.

Shri Dhebar then elucidated the idea of a socialistic pattern of the society, which had received the formal seal of approval at the Subjects Committee. He explained that political democracy would be unthinkable without social democracy and hastened to add that neither a Communist nor a capitalist pattern would suit our needs. Ours should be a society wherein equal opportunities are to be provided for every citizen. "We do not wish to take away the status of those who are in affluent circumstances or of those who are gifted with intelligence and knowledge," he remarked.

The President touched on the intensive development of rural areas through Community Projects and National Extension Centres. Their aim is greater employment, greater production and greater co-operative effort. He claimed that Bhoodan and agrarian reforms, instituted by State Governments, like abolition of holdings, redemption and consolidation



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of fragments, minor and medium-scale irrigation were fast changing the face of rural India for the better.

The President laid all his emphasis on the urgent need for a classless and casteless society and remarked that there was "no half-way house between loyalty to India and communalism ... At the individual level, caste breeds arrogance: at the social level, rivalry; and at the national level, divisions." These are fine sentiments, vividly expressed. But Congress should not dream of performing miracles overnight. It would be dangerous to bite more than it can chew. When the people's standard of living is raised, illiteracy is banished and education advanced, and unemployment is a thing of the past, people would be in a readier mood to think less and less of class and caste distinctions and enlightened propaganda may well knit them together.



... the flag of freedom ...

Shri Dhebar also spoke of the enlarged role that women were playing in the field of social welfare. Even though the Constitution has guaranteed the equality of the sexes, it is a sad truth that Congress has done little to draw out more women into the public sphere. It is man's world still and woman is kept behind closed doors. Since the Congress has more openly identified itself with the Administration of the land, it should now insist on more opportunities of service being afforded to members of the fairer sex.

Couched in simple and graceful language, the Presidential address has given an indication that the Welfare State is the ultimate goal of the Congress. And the road to it has been well laid out: It is the long but straight one of social democracy. As Shri Dhebar himself said, appropriately, "India has covered her first milestone in her journey towards final goal."

News and Notes

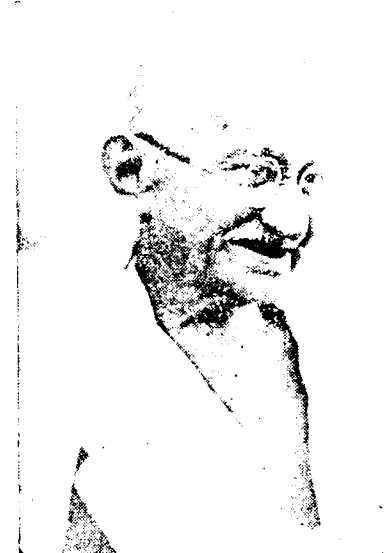
Well Done, Madras!

The sixtieth session of the All-India National Congress, held at Satyamurthi Nagar in Avadi, about fifteen miles from Madras City, was a far grander success than any previous session since Independence. It drew delegates and visitors from far and near. More than 400,000 people attended the open session. It would be no exaggeration to say that in the third week of January, all roads and railway lines led to Satyamurthi Nagar. There was an endless stream of men, women and children who were simply bursting with eagerness to have a glimpse of the leaders who got our freedom and have given us such a concrete shape to our idea of national unity.

It is, indeed, a matter for regret that the Congress session was held in Madras after a lapse of 27 years. It should meet in the South hereafter at least once in three years. This year's session provided ample demonstration of the fact that the heart of South India is essentially

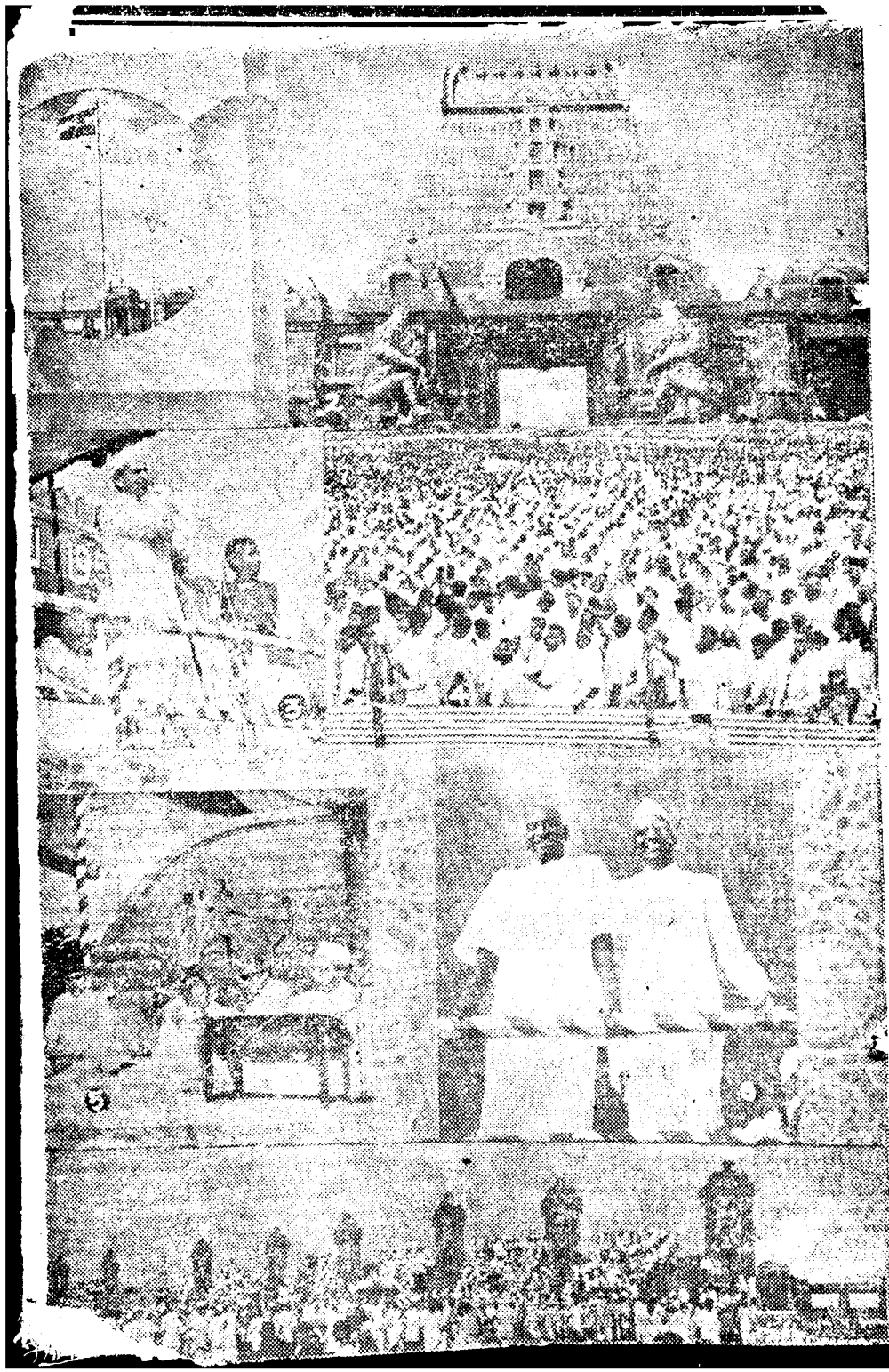
sound and that the people are devoted as ever to the Congress creed and ideals.

The Madras State Government made thoughtful and elaborate arrangements for the session. The site chosen was excellent and in a few weeks engineers, mechanics and masons had built a townlet with modern amenities. Private operators were permitted to ply their buses on all the routes to Avadi while special trains, packed with delegates and visitors, were run at scheduled hours. The Police in co-operation with Seva Dal volunteers tactfully handled the crowds, cleared the passages and attended to the needs of the visitors.



... Father of the Nation and Martyr ...

But mammoth crowds surged around and the general expectations of the organisers were far exceeded. There were frequent traffic jams and cars and other vehicles could proceed only at a snail's pace. Vendors, traders and hawkers did a roaring business but the unscrupulous among these exploited the situation by doubling and even trebling the price of their commodities. The visitors





... salute to Sardar, the integrator ...

it all in good spirit. They deserve congratulations on the quiet and peaceful way they behaved. Many of them had difficulty in finding suitable accommodation. Even though hotels worked overtime, food and refreshments were not very easy to obtain. But the visitors did not mind these hardships. And nothing deterred them in their

efforts to realise the dream of a life-time—to have *darshan* of the national leaders and listen to them. We hope that when another national festival or occasion like this comes off, authorities will take care to eliminate defects of organisation and other handicaps and ensure the comfort of visitors.

But whatever the shortcomings, the Avadi session proved to be as important as it was spectacular. As the Prime Minister said, "It will endure in our memories for a very long time to come." He complimented the organisers on putting up the grandest and most attractive *pandal* ever.

In The Preceding Pages

The 69th Session of the Congress Party held at Avadi in Madras was, indeed, a historic event. In the preceding two pages are printed a few scenes of the Session. The pictures are numbered serially and are:

1. The tri-colour flag with the Charka in the centre, the Congress Party's peerless emblem, is swaying majestically aloft beckoning to the multitude like a muezzin calling from the minaret to the faithful for the evening's prayer.

2. The main entrance to the Sessions ground at Avadi had this superb temple gopuram to thrill the visitors and delegates.

3. Sri U.N. Dhebar, the new Congress President, is saluting the multitude. To his left is Sri Kakkan, the President of the Tamilnad Congress Committee.

4. A view of a section of the sea of human heads at the Open Session at Avadi.

5. Sri Dhebar is presiding over the Subjects Committee. To his right are Sri C. Rajagopalachari and Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. Behind is a painting showing Gandhiji taking his famous walk.

6. Sri Kamaraj Nadar, Chief Minister of Madras, and Sri U.N. Dhebar.

7. Another section of the crowd. In the background are seen portraits of the many presidents of the previous sessions.

8. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Dr. K.N. Katju are seen arriving at the Teynampet Exhibition Grounds for the Steering Committee meeting.

9. Late Sri Satyamurthi, stalwart leader of the South, in whose memory was built Satyamurthinagar, as the Congress Camp at Avadi was called.

10. Moulana Azad is seen entering the Teynampet grounds to participate in the Steering Committee meeting.

11. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Marshal Tito. The latter visited the Session and felt amazed at the vast crowd, its discipline and devotion.

12. Sri C. Rajagopalachari and Mr. Gazanfar Ali Khan, Pakistan's High Commissioner in India. The latter was a visitor.

13. Sri Dhebar is seen receiving the casket containing the Civic Address presented by Sri Chidambaram Chettiar, the Mayor of the Corporation of Madras.

14. Pandit Nehru is seen addressing the delegates to the Session at Avadi.

Tribute to a Martyr

Unveiling a statue of the late Sri Satyamurthi after whom the Congress Nagar was named, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru described the leader as a great soldier of freedom. Many of the older generation remember how that great politician and orator would keep heads reeling with his eloquence, would remain cool as a cucumber in the face of any amount of heckling and parry off the thrusts with a ready wit that made audiences roar.

Pandit Nehru recalled his tours of South India with Sri Satyamurthi some eighteen years ago. He earned fame as a parliamentarian and immortality as a martyr. "You will remember," said Pandit

Nehru, "that his end came practically in prison, when he fell ill and was practically on his death-bed when he was released and died soon after. So we honour him as one of our great martyrs to the cause of India's freedom."

Pandit Nehru, however, expressed his dislike of putting up statues or paintings. They seldom provided adequate memorials to our departed leaders, he remarked.

Impure Trends

At the plenary session at Avadi, it was decided to set up a Standing Committee to investigate and check impure trends in the Congress. Earlier speeches at the Subjects Committee meeting referred to shady deals and malpractices that



Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru had an overwhelming proof of the love the children of the city have for him when he attended a Youth Rally at the Corporation Stadium in Madras recently. School-children, boys and girls, put on a fine show for the peerless Prime Minister. Shown in the photo above are a group of girls in Burmese costume.

were clearly undemocratic and damaged the prestige of the organisation. Some delegates like Shri Algurari Shastri thought that any publicity given to such misdeeds would elicit sharp criticism from Congress opponents. They wanted no washing of dirty linen in public.

But Pandit Nehru took a different view. More good would come from our open acknowledgment of shortcomings and Congressmen would do well not to shut their eyes to impurities. His own complaint was that unprincipled men had elbowed themselves to the front by pushing aside genuine, sincere workers in the organisation. "After the Congress took over the reins of government," he remarked, "a lot of people joined the Congress not out of any conviction for the Congress principles but for other reasons. Such a thing tended to put in the background the real workers who, during the time of the struggle, came forward enthusiastically to serve the cause. This development has to be faced."

Another charge of his was that success was turning our heads and sapping our strength. In other democratic countries, worse practices obtained among the people. It was, therefore, a state of affairs about which we need not be unduly alarmed. But it had to be dealt with firmly and set right quickly.

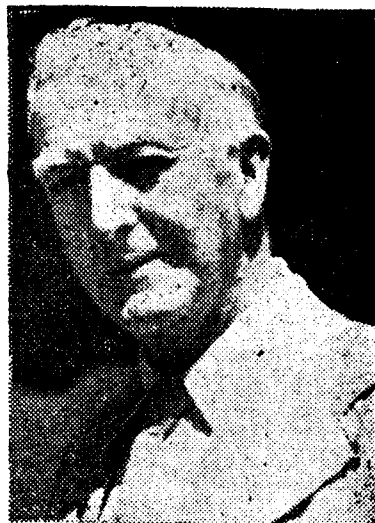
The Standing Committee will be there to keep watch and exercise a wholesome influence.

Also, Pradesh Presidents have been pulled up by Pandit Nehru and advised to get into closer touch with the masses. "He is understood to have said that he found an appalling lack of study

and knowledge of current problems among the leaders," writes the Special Representative of the *Calcutta Statesman*. "That was why they were failing to attract students and youths. The party was living mainly on past prestige and was losing contact with the people; it was admitting members because they had money rather than sincerity."

A. A. Hayles

Death of Mr. A. A. Hayles, Editor of *The Mail*, has removed a picturesque personality from the journalistic world. He came to



India in 1912 and joined *The Madras Times*, which was incorporated with *The Madras Mail* in 1921. He slowly worked his way up and became Editor of the paper in 1928. In the early thirties he announced that *The Mail* was no official organ of the European Association in South India and that it would function as an independent, non-party, non-communal newspaper.

Mr. Hayles showed a remarkable capacity for adjustment when the country became free. He gave a lead by concentrating attention on events and developments in the districts, problems relating to local administration, civic affairs, sanitation and protected water supply. Though European by birth, Mr. Hayles was almost a typical South Indian in outlook and loved Madras City even as Dr. Johnson loved London. Seldom would a week pass without his writing a pungent leader or leaderette, prodding the Madras Corporation

into activity or aiming his barbed shafts at it for its slackness, extravagance or inefficiency.

On some of his views on political or international issues we might not have seen eye to eye with him but that never detracted from public admiration for the vigour and clarity with which he expressed himself.

He never wasted a minute of his time. Even while getting out of his car to enter his office he would be found busy reading some 'copy.' What distinguished him

THE CONGRESS:

Saga Of Sixty Sessions

FOUNDER.....A O. HUME	1918 Aug. BOMBAYS. Hassan Imam
1885 ... BOMBAYW.C. Bannerji.	1918 Dec. DELHI.....Pt. M.M. Malaviya.
1886 ... CALCUTTA...Dadhabhai Nowroji	1919 ... AMRITSAR ...Pt. Motilal Nehru.
1887 ... MADRAS.....Badruddin Tyabji.	1920 Sept. CALCUTTA ..Lala Lajpat Rai.
1888 ... ALLAHABAD...George Yule.	1920 Dec. NAGPUR ... Vijayaraghavachari
1889 ... BOMBAYW. Wedderburn.	1921 ... AHMEDABAD...Hk. Ajmal Khan.
1890 ... CALCUTTA...P.M. Mehta.	1922 ... GAYAC.R. Das.
1891 ... NAGPURP. Ananthachari.	1923 ... COCANADA...M. Mohammed Ali
1892 ... ALLAHABAD...W.C. Bannerji.	1923 ... DELHIAbul Kalam Azad.
1893 ... LAHOREDadhabai Nowroji.	1924 ... BELGAUM.....Mahatma Gandhi.
1894 ... MADRASA. Webb.	1925 ... KANPUR.....Sarojini Naidu.
1895 ... POONAS.N. Bannerji.	1926 ... GAUHATI ...S. Srinivasa Iyengar.
1896 ... CALCUTTA...M.R. Sayani.	1927 ... MADRASDr. M.A. Ansari.
1897 ... AMRATOTI ...Sir Sankaran Nair.	1928 ... CALCUTTA...Pt. Motilal Nehru.
1898 ... MADRASAnanda Mohan Bose	1929 ... LAHOREJawaharlal Nehru.
1899 ... LUCKNOW ...R.C. Dutt.	1931 ... KARACHI.....Vallabhbhai Patel.
1900 ... LAHORE ...N.C. Chandavarkar	1932 ... DELHISait Ram Sudlal.
1901 ... CALCUTTA ...T.E. Vatcha.	1933 ... CALCUTTA...Nellie Sen Gupta.
1902 ... ALLAHABAD...S.N. Bannerji.	1934 ... BOMBAYRajendra Prasad.
1903 ... MADRASLal Mohan Ghose.	1936 ... LUCKNOW...Jawaharlal Nehru.
1904 ... BOMBAYSir H. Cotton.	1937 ... FAIZPORE ...Jawaharlal Nehru.
1905 ... BENARES ...G. Gokhale.	1938 ... HARIPURSubhas Chandra Bose.
1906 ... CALCUTTA...Dadhabai Nowroji.	1939 ... TRIPURASubhas Chandra Bose.
1907 ... SURATRash Behari Ghose.	1940 ... RAMGARH ...Abul Kalam Azad.
1908 ... MADRASRash Behari Ghose.	1946 ... MEERUTJ.B. Kripalani.
1909 ... LAHOREPt. M.M. Malaviya.	1948 ... JAIPURP. Saramayya.
1910 ... ALLAHABAD...W. Wedderburn.	1950 ... NASIKPurushottamdas Tandon.
1911 ... CALCUTTA ...B.N. Dhar.	1952 ... DELHIJawaharlal Nehru.
1912 ... BANKIPORE...R.N. Mudhalkar.	1953 ... HYD RABAD...Jawaharlal Nehru.
1913 ... KARACHI ...Syed Mohammed.	1954 ... KALYANJawaharlal Nehru.
1914 ... MADRASB.N. Basu.	1955 ... MADRASU.N. Dhebar.
1915 ... BOMBAYLord Sinha.	
1916 ... LUCKNOW...A.C. Majumdar.	
1917 ... CALCUTTA...Dr. Annie Besant.	

The New Congress President

THE elevation of the 49-year-old Dhebar, the former Sourashtra Chief Minister, to the coveted Presidential gadi of the All-India National Congress is, perhaps, but a translation of Nehru's desire to gear up a second line of leadership in his own life-time.

As a live wire of the Sourashtra political arena, Dhebar is to his home-state what Shri S. K. Patil is to Bombay—a superb organiser, tireless campaigner and a pillar of the Congress with unquestionable hold on the masses and the Party satellites. Dhebar is one among those who built the Congress in Sourashtra, brick by brick, in those early days. None could imagine a more uncongenial soil than Sourashtra for the Congress to take roots.

Dhebar has also to his credit the unique distinction of capturing for the Congress a sweeping majority of 93% of seats in the State legislature in the last general elections, perhaps an all-India record rarely equalled and hardly surpassed.

Sri Dhebar, personally chosen by Nehru and backed by the Party High Command, has, of course, none of Nehru's scintillating qualities of head and heart. Yet he stands out head and shoulder above all the 25 or so Congress Chief Ministers with a clean record sheet.

Dhebar's personality, so to say, is home-grown and home-spun, typically Indian. His lower-middle class bearings could not afford Dhebar the luxury of university education. He does not smoke and lives on one meal a day at an ashram-like establishment occupying just two rooms as he had done before becoming the State's Chief Minister. He spins, it is said, enough yarn to make his

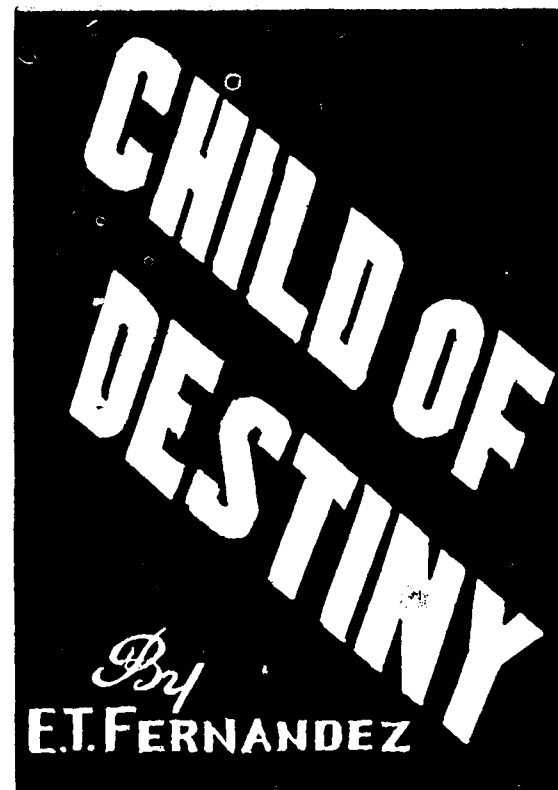
clothes—the standard spotless white attire. He has never been abroad. And he has always shunned the limelight of publicity. With a deep sense of duty and devotion to the Congress, he remains a Gandhi-ite out and out.

Though Dhebar plunged into political life much later than most of the present-day leaders, his entry synchronised with the last and perhaps the most tumultuous phase of India's crusade for liberation. The unassuming second-rank pleader with 'bowler' khadi cap who had begun to take interest in the social service league of his adopted city in 1936, had hardly distinguished himself among the local social workers when he found himself drawn into the currents of satyagraha launched by Gandhiji.

HE emerged as an established leader and soon became the moving spirit behind the Kathiawad Political Conference. The young hero of Sourashtra, thereafter, rose steadily in stature because of the confidence reposed in him by Gandhiji and the Chief of Staff of Satyagraha—the Sardar.

His frugal living, unassuming nature, and total abstention from family life as well as his missionary zeal were fast becoming local legends, slowly gaining all-India currency. During his second and last prison terms in the late thirties, his young ailing wife was on the death-bed with a child of two—his only son—by her side for consolation. Satyagrahi Dhebar would not accept conditional release at the hands of a heartless Raj. Instead, he preferred to be marched daily under jail escort to the hospital to be at the bed-side

(Continued on page 108)



AT first he couldn't believe his eyes. Then he tried to tell himself that it could not be the Hilda Mary Jenkins he had given his heart to forever, that it must be some other girl instead. But he was never one to evade facts. He faced them now with all the courage and fortitude which he could muster. It was quite likely that she had been forced into this engagement, but he could not bring himself to excuse her for not writing to him. She could have done that, in spite of whatever obstacles might have been placed in her way. Hilda was, after all, past her eighteenth year. No power on earth could ever force

her to enter into an alliance to which she was opposed. She could have asserted herself, if she wanted to. If the truth had to be faced there was no point in kidding himself further, he argued. Hilda had forgotten him! She must have been given all the pleasures to divert her mind from him and to forget him and she had now given her heart to another. There was no other explanation for it.

God! What a capricious set women were! How unconcerned about a man's happiness! How indifferent! How cruel! How casual! He clenched his fists as he writhed under this blow which had

been dealt him. He tried to fight against the sickly feeling which threatened to overpower him. He tried to forget! But, then, his love for this girl had seared his very soul. He knew only too well that he would go on loving her in spite of everything. If ever he met her again, he knew that he could never suppress the love which consumed his whole being.

AS he lay down to sleep now he wondered how he had managed to live through it all without going insane. Two weeks after the announcement which he had seen in the paper, he heard that Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins had left for Bombay,

They had told friends of theirs that they were going for their daughter's wedding. That bit of news had also wounded his heart greatly but it was something he had been dreadfully expecting. They never came back from Bombay after that. It was all over now. As he had told Colin frankly, his wounds had healed but the scars had remained. Of late, he had been caught up in the vortex of day-to-day events and this kept him from thinking too deeply of his lost love. It was only when going to sleep at nights that these thoughts came to him. He felt some sort of satisfaction in reviewing the past because the memory of his love-affair was, as he had once expressed to Hilda, enough to live on.

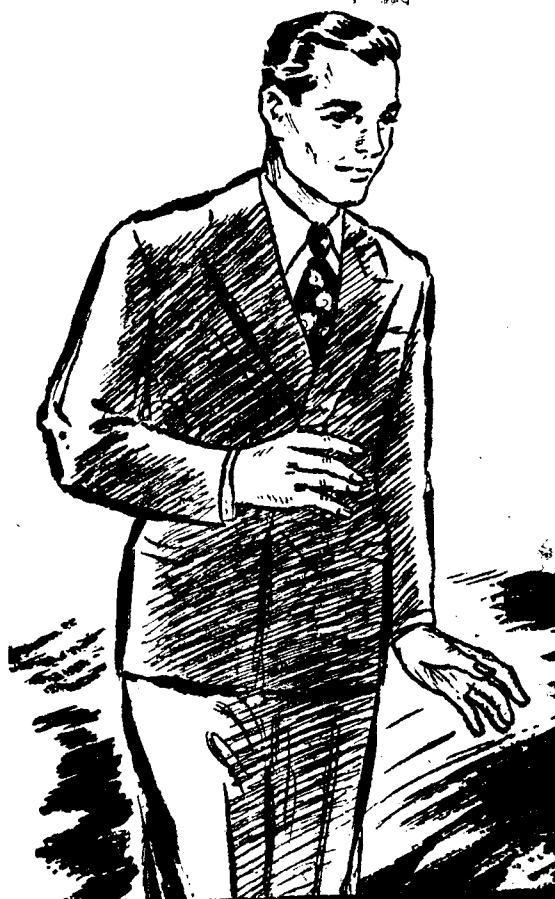
Sleep overtook him at last. To-night, too, he dreamt of her, as usual. It was torture to remember the next morning the kisses he had showered on her in his dreams. But he preferred it that way rather than allow himself to forget her. That could never be.

THE whole of Sunday Mrs. Lacey was busy getting things ready for Priscilla. She took a careful inventory of the girl's clothes, put aside those which she felt would need alteration, cleaned up the room which both she and her daughter would now have to share and kept one of the shelves in the walls ready to receive Priscilla's books. Then she washed a few clothes for Brian to be ironed in the evening

and made some special sweets for that auspicious occasion.

THE Laceys lived only in a portion of a large house tenanted by several other families and, as is usual with tenants, there was much speculation among them to know if Priscy had grown and whether she did her hair in the same way as before.

Mrs. Peters, who was generally known to be a scandal-monger but who always found a sufficient number of hearers amongst the household, remarked that the last time Priscy came home she was seen one evening, when it was quite dark, in the Garrison Park



with Tony Henzie and she (Mrs. Peters) wondered what she (Priscy) would be up to this time, considering that she would now be quite a big girl, to which noisy soliloquy Mrs. Gomes, who always tried to emulate Mrs. Peters, replied that these girls were too old-fashioned now a-days and ended with, "Thank God! My Jennie got married early." Notwithstanding the fact that Miss Jennie Gomes had eloped with a married man when she was just fifteen and the married man was thirty-five or thereabouts (he had married Jennie in a Registrar Office subsequently, after his first wife had

died quite suddenly), the rest of the party now assembled shook their heads in silent approval, as if to say "Amen" to Mrs. Gomes's aspiration to the Almighty.

THE discussion then turned to Brian and his "funny ideas" as they called it. Mrs. Peters, waxing indignant at the very mention of the boy's name, exclaimed with a great show of passion that her son Tommy could never endure the sight of Brian and this she approved entirely as it was her constant fear that Brian would pollute her son's mind with his crazy ideas concerning the



Anglo-Indian Community and so on. With one more hymn of thanks to God that Tommy was now in the army and far away from home, Mrs. Peters turned to Mrs. Joseph and asked that worthy lady if her son had written from Burma since his arrival there.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Joseph said. "I forgot to tell you all. Vincy boy wrote only to-day. He says that he wants to run away as he doesn't like the life there. Poor son! I don't know how he's managing now without his bed-coffee in the morning. Mr. Joseph is so worried. He's gone to his brother's house now, to ask him to write and advise Vincy not to be so foolish as to run away. But what is he to do, poor boy? I believe the Japs are bombing Burma now, where Vincy is. My mind is so worried. Poor son!"

THIS whispered conversation would have gone on for some more time if Mrs. Lacey herself had not chanced to come into the yard just then, on her way to the bathroom. Mrs. Peters greeted her with profuse goodwill and said: "Very busy today, Blanche? Yes, yes, poor child, she must be simply longing to come home. Yes, oh, yes, of course, Priscy must have grown tall. Poor child!"

To which expressions of concern for Priscy's well-being the others in the group contributed their own share, as usual.

At four o'clock that evening, Brian got ready to go to the convent to bring Priscy home. He looked uncommonly handsome in his grey tweeds, plaided tie and well-polished shoes. There was always a wistful expression on his face, but far from marring his

Story So Far

COLIN ANDREWS, who is twenty and is a radio mechanic. During one of his frequent chats with Brian Lacey, Colin, in a sudden burst of confidence, tells his friend of his love for

PHILO who, instead of meeting Colin as usual, suddenly sends him through a little girl a note, the very sight of which makes Colin feel that he had lost Philo forever

BRIAN LACEY, a young man of 24 and a clerk in a commercial firm, recalls his own falling in love with

HILDA JENKINS, called 'Angel' by Brian, who is, however, forced to forget Brian and her parents publish an announcement in the papers about her engagement to Joseph de Brass.

good looks, this tended to heighten them. He took a bus at the corner of Blundell's Road and was at the convent in less than fifteen minutes.

THERE is this about a convent which any young boy who has visited one knows only too well: that once inside its gates he becomes the cynosure of a hundred pairs of eyes, all fixed on him as if he is, at best, the funniest specimen of Man! There is so much giggling and sighing and coughing and whispering, all of which he knows is directed against himself that even though skirts and blouses might be an obsession with him, he feels so awkward and out-of-place at that moment that he almost wishes himself miles away from the place which only a few minutes before had meant to him a Paradise on earth!

(Continued on page 97)

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BACKGROUND TO AVADI

MADRAS, the cradle of the Congress, had been its crucial venue on more than one occasion. Great and famous names such as Budruddin Tyabji, Mr. Alfred Webb, Ananda Mohan Bose, Lal Mohan Ghose, Dr. Rash Behari Ghose and Bhupendranath Basu were associated with the presidential gadi of the Madras sessions of the Congress in the past—all illustrious predecessors of Shri U.N. Dhebar. A flash-back in relation to the Avadi session may be of interest to readers.

The third session of the Congress met at Madras in December 1887 under the distinguished presidency of Shri Budruddin Tyabji in a specially erected *pandal* at Mackay's garden. During the session about eleven official resolutions were passed. 760 delegates, according to the official records, had been elected and 607 were actually present—Madras, 362; Bombay and Sind, 99; Bengal, Orissa & Assam, 79; N.W.P. & Oudh, 45; Central Provinces, 13; Punjab, 9.

* *

It is said that Lord Connemara, the then Governor of Madras, Sir S. Ramaswami Mudaliar, C.I.E., the Sheriff, and Mr. Eardley Norton, a brilliant English barrister of Madras, gave parties in honour of the delegates. And the best delegate speech, official records opine, came from Tanjore Sri Mukkannachariar regarding technical education to encourage indigenous manufacturers and artisans. Subsequently, the Congress

embodied this objective in its official resolution No. 7. Thus the Congress for the first time during its Madras session laid the foundation for rural development by demanding more encouragement for the indigenous artisans.

* *

The tenth session of the Congress again met at Madras in December 1894 under Mr. Alfred Webb, an Irish M.P. In the session, about 27 official resolutions were passed. According to official figures, about 1,163 delegates attended the session from various provinces as shown below. Madras, 947; Bombay & Sind, 132; Central Provinces, Berar & Secunderabad, 37; Bengal, 30; N.W.P. & Oudh, 13; Punjab, 4.

The highlight of the session was, perhaps, the most famous peroration of Surendranath Bannerji who moved a resolution on the evergreen subject of simultaneous examinations. He concluded with a glowing picture of the land of promise on which their eyes were fixed.

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Under Shri Ananda Mohan Bose, the fourteenth session of the Congress met at Madras in December 1898. The number of delegates, however, fell to 614, distributed province-wise as follows: Madras, 519; Berar & C.P.: 18; Bombay, 27; N.W.P., 11; Bengal & Assam, 38; Punjab, 1.

The highlight of the session was a historic resolution, first of its kind, protesting against the disabilities inflicted on Indians in South Africa, thus according recognition to the satyagraha begun in 1897 by Gandhiji in a distant country. Perhaps, little did the Congress realise then that the Mahatma was to dominate the body so much in the years to come.

The 19th session of the Congress met in December 1903 under the presidency of Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose. An instructive and popular industrial exhibition also synchronised with the session. The delegates numbered over 538. The session passed about 26 resolutions.



SIGN-BOARD PAINTER (to young proprietress): "Madam, I have just discovered that instead of 'Miss Nalini & Co.' I have written 'Miss Nalini & Sons.' I hope you won't mind the small mistake!"

The highlight of the meet was, perhaps, the ablest and most impressive speech from the Chair itself which was a dignified, all-out attack on the growing oppressiveness of the Curzonian rule marked out by the most extravagant Delhi Durbar.

"It cannot be denied" he declared that if even half of the vast sum spent in connection with the Delhi Durbar had been made over for the purposes of famine relief, it might have been the means of saving millions of men, women, and children from death of starvation."

The saddest episode in the story of the Congress—the Surat split in the Party as the Left wing and the Right—preceded the Madras session in 1908, when Shri Rash Behari Ghose was in the chair. About 626 delegates attended the session. The highlight of the meet was the adoption of a constitution for the Congress as chalked out by the 1908 Allahabad Convention.

The 29th session of the Congress again met at Madras in 1914 under Bhupendra-nath Basu. Sir S. Subramania Iyer, was the Chairman of the Reception Committee. Outstanding above all was the Congress session in 1927 when Dr. Ansari presided. It was an era symbolising Hindu-Muslim solidarity.

UNCLE'S GIFT!

I WAS in a mirthful mood that particular day. I thought that day had wonderful things in store for me. Even the astrologer in the weekly paper had pointed to it as a day of gains without least pains. Cheered up by this prospect, I walked up and down the stair-case of my bungalow. The gentle morning breeze was laden with the fragrance of the blossoms in the little garden, and that heightened my spirits. Suddenly, I remembered the selection examination which was around the corner. Even this fact did not throw a damper on my spirits.

I heard the jerk of a car stopping at the gates with a grinding sound. I looked out to get a glimpse of the visitors. They were my maternal uncle and aunt with their children, who had come to spend a week with us. My brothers and sisters ran to the gate to greet them. My uncle is a man of medium stature with a ready and cheerful smile for one and all. He has winsome manners and an amiable disposition with a kind heart and a cool head. Free from snobbishness, he is simple, unassuming, generous and hospitable.

I hastened downstairs to meet him. My uncle's false white teeth, merrily gleaming in the radiant sunlight, amused me. Not for him was hard fried stuff of which he was so fond. To greet him, I beamed a broad smile at him and my aunt. It warmed my heart

to see them all. They entered the parlour in our bungalow. My uncle wanted me to tell him about my progress in college, my new pals, my interest in games and my immediate future. After a while, we sat silent, and I was staring at Uncle's cooling glasses with mercury coating bright plastic frame. I suddenly began to express my deep admiration for the Swiss-made glasses with all my gift of the gab.

"How would I look, Uncle, if I wore them?" I asked, innocently enough.

"You young fool, I bought them only for you. I wanted to test your power of resistance to temptation!" he said, handing the glasses to me.

I FELT like one who had come across a treasure chest. They were as costly as they were splendid. Uncle said he had paid Rs. 60 for them. Wearing them, I thought I looked most handsome and could easily conquer any feminine heart.

My parents, however, were not in favour of my having such costly equipment for the eye. But Uncle, being sympathetic and kind, advised me to wear it on hot days to protect the eyes against the dazzle and glare. The trick of seeing persons and things unnoticed was also playfully stressed by my good Uncle. I was mad with joy, indeed.

By A. Krishnamurthy

He gave me a lift in his car the next day and dropped me at the college gate on his way to the next town. I entered the college with my trim woollen suit which was Uncle's earlier gift and the Tootall tie borrowed from my brother. The cooling glasses added smartness to my appearance, so my pals said. In fact, that day I shone on borrowed feathers. I noticed many of the students in the other classes staring with hungry eyes.

I ENTERED the examination hall. I was feeling unusually self-confident. It proved to be a preliminary ordeal to find out my seat among the long rows in the vast hall. The joy of wearing the cooling glasses rendered me incapable of locating my seat. However, I managed to 'discover' my place and felt at ease. The English tutor who was always cynical came snorting and imperiously asked me to remove the cooling glasses at once. He was perhaps under the impression that I might indulge in malpractices. I was rather

hesitant and respectfully told him that I had to use them on medical advice. But he seemed to be obstinate and insistent.

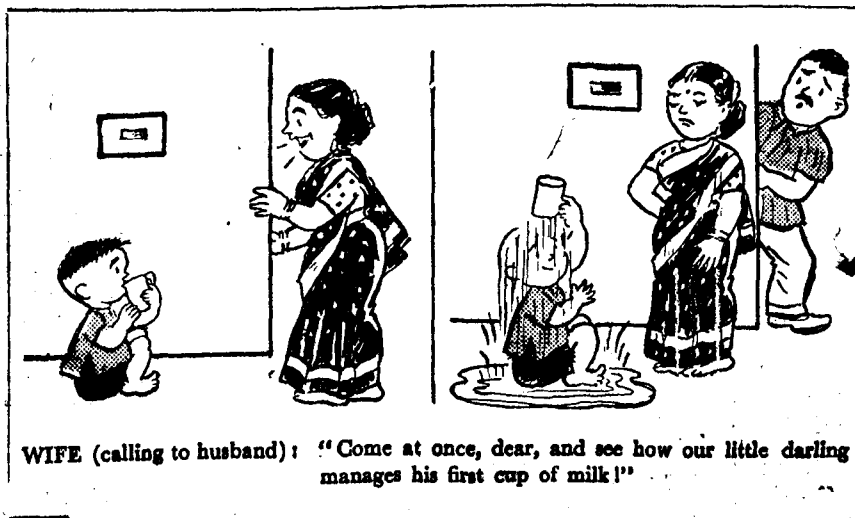
A LECTURER appeared on the scene and he permitted me to wear the cooling glasses. The generosity of the lecturer should have given a jolt to the tutor who thereafter watched me with great vigilance and unprecedented care. Thanks to the lecturer who had been kind enough to come to my rescue, I had the 'privilege' of copying from my neighbour's answer books!

On the same evening after my slick performance in the examination hall, I went for a stroll on the beach with the cooling glasses duly adorning my facial facade. I saw my friend Vittal roaming at a distance. I clapped my hands loudly for him and signed to him to approach me. There was no response even to my second clapping. But I could not trust my own eyes for two individuals with rosy cheeks came towards me. They were Anusuya and Haripriya,

two pretty class-mates of mine. Thus the trifling cooling glasses had done the trick of luring two lambs whom I had admired from a distance! We chatted on till dark.

In fact, the cooling glasses did not make me turn over a new leaf but they helped me play my quiet pranks and fool my friends and superiors in the College. I was dubbed as 'Cooling Glasses' by my pals, for it became a part of my physical outfit. I determined not to lose or mislay them, nor do any bartering or bargaining over them at any cost. They always came in handy. Whenever I felt bored with the lectures in the class, I used to rest my head on my two hands and began to doze without the professor catching me red-handed. Thanks to my maternal uncle, I had long spells of mirth, thrill and excitement.

LATE one night, my friend and class-mate, Prasad barged into my room, not like a breeze, as they say, but like a walking mountain. He was that fat, you see, and he dumped himself into my new easy-chair, much to my merriment. The chair creaked and groaned and there was a noise as of a dry twig snapping. Soon my laughter turned into a fit of weeping. Can't you guess? Prasad had sat on my cooling glasses and reduced them to little bits!



WIFE (calling to husband): "Come at once, dear, and see how our little darling manages his first cup of milk!"

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STANDING near a window in his office and holding the telephone receiver in his hand, Ranjan waited uneasily for the sound of his wife's voice. When it came, it sounded very gay, warm and expectant, and he felt a brief pang of guilt.

THE FINAL SCENE

"Hello, Rekha," he said. "How are things?"

"Fine, darling," she replied.

"Listen, sweet," he said, plunging into it. "I'm sorry, but it's one of those late deals again."

"Oh, dear," she said. "What's it this time?"

The tone of her voice told him that her disappointment was not too great and he smiled knowing that the rest would be easy. He gave the story about the out-of-town customer, adding he would have to work late to wind up the deal. He had used a slight variation of this lie so many times that

he wondered why she had never doubted him.

"All right," she said. "Maybe I'll go to a movie or something."

"Good," he said, relieved. "I wish I could get out of it, dear."

"It's okay," she said. "I quite understand dear."

AFTER he had hung up, Ranjan tarried near the window a moment longer. He watched the people below, the small figures hurrying homeward, and wished he could go straight home. It was all

over between him and Maya. He was through with her, but there had to be a final scene. He had been through quite a few final scenes and they were always unpleasant.

THE trouble was, Ranjan reflected self-pityingly, he fell into these entanglements so easily. Maya and his wife had been friends and had gone to school together. When Maya had come to Bombay as a teacher, Rekha had invited her to the house. He had known, that night, that something would happen between them. And some-

by ROBERT
BENSON



thing had happened. It always did.

ON his way to Maya's apartment, he mulled unhappily over ways to tell her this thing between them was finished. Maya, he was certain, would be difficult. She could also be dangerous, knowing Rekha so well.

If he got out of this one, he admonished himself, there wouldn't be a next time. It was amazing that Rekha had never been suspicious of him. In her place, he would have known immediately. In a sense, he reasoned, she was partly to blame for these messes. If she were more demanding or jealous, less trusting, he might have thought twice before getting mixed up with other women.

He smiled. Somehow he would come through this one. His smile was gone when Maya opened the door to her apartment. He kissed her lightly on the cheek and moved on into the small living room. He noticed that she was looking at him apprehensively. She had never looked more beautiful. He noticed the stray, rebellious curls of her dark hair, the beauty of her candid eyes, and the lovely face. He fidgeted nervously, reminding himself that women

always looked more desirable when you knew you were never going to see them again.

They had been talking about trifles and mere inanities, and he was startled when she suddenly leaned forward and said, "We're through. Isn't that what you're thinking?"

"Well," he said, uncomfortably, "well, now look, Maya. It isn't quite like that. How do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Oh, I'm a very sensitive girl," she said bitterly. "I can easily read your mind."

"It can't go on, darling," he said gently. "I can't bear this subterfuge any longer. I know how you must feel, too."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense," she said harshly, her eyes angry. "I knew what I was doing and it was rotten. You knew it, too."

"Yes," he said, "I guess I did."

"The difference between us," she went on, "is that I fell in love with you."

RANJAN squirmed, searching for words that could defend and release him. "I'm sorry," he finally said. "I'm really sorry."

"No, you're not," she said. "You're worried. Sorrow is too deep an emotion for you! You're wondering whether I'm going to cause trouble."

It was exactly what he had been thinking and it shocked him. Suddenly, he hated her. She could go to Rekha, spread it all in front of her, and spoil the comfort and safety he had enjoyed for so many years.

"It won't do any good to hurt Rekha," he said, haltingly.

"Wouldn't it?" she said. Her voice had become softer and, to Ranjan, more terrifying. "Some-day she's going to find out about you. Why not this time, while she's still young?"

"You won't tell her," he said weakly.

"No, I won't tell her," Maya said, "I'd be too ashamed to tell her."

A feeling of relief passed through Ranjan and he sat back in the chair, waiting for the right moment to get up and leave.

"Go home," Maya said. "Please go home and don't come back."

RIDING home, he was able to forget quickly the things Maya had said. She had been emotional and cruel and it was best forgotten. Thinking of Rekha and home and life without complications for a while, he began to feel almost elated. It had worked out, after all. It always did.

It had not been considerate to leave Rekha alone so long. She must have had many lonely evenings. Well, he would make it up to her. They would take a trip to Kashmir. It would be wonderful this time of the year.

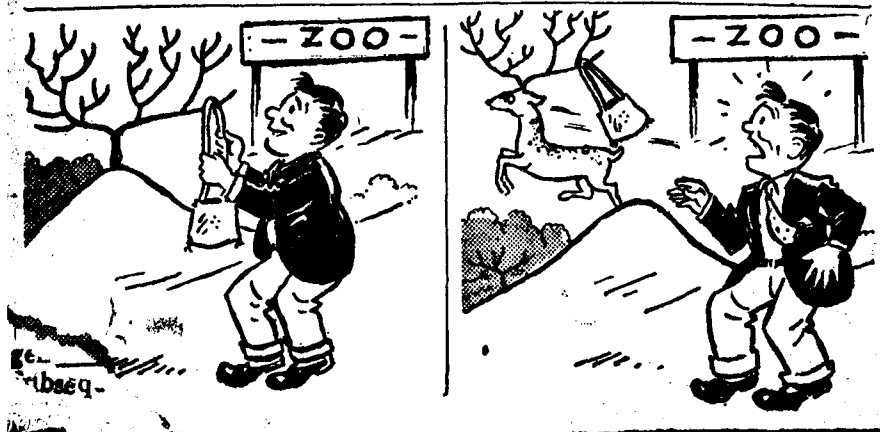
It was early when Ranjan reached home, not quite ten. The flat was empty. Rekha had evidently gone to the late show, which meant that she wouldn't be home until midnight. Feeling comfortable and contented, Ranjan settled himself in bed with a book. It was a little past twelve when he heard the front door open, and he smiled, expectantly.

WHEN his wife came into the room, her face glowing, her eyes alive, Ranjan playfully feigned annoyance. "What mischief have you been up to?" he said. "I got through early. I have been here for hours."

"You have?" she said, her eyes full of mischief.

"Don't get upset about it," Ranjan grinned. "How about the movie?"

"Oh," she said, "the movie? Oh, no, I didn't go to the movie." She moved over to the dresser. He watched her in the mirror. "I went visiting. Spent the whole evening with someone I haven't seen for ages. Had a wonderful time. You know, girl talk. I went to see that teacher friend of mine, Maya," she said, turning to face him, her eyes innocent. ●●



THE second officer of a ship was anxious to take some whisky ashore with him.

He put the ship's cat, a wild, flighty creature in a suit-case, walked down the gangway, and made quickly for the street. When a Customs official stopped him, he brushed rudely by. The official took him by the arm and said he would have to see what was in the bag.

"You can't," said the second officer. "I won't open it. I've got the ship's cat in here, and she would get away."

"Open it!" ordered the official.

The second mate did so, and the cat scuttled for the ship. The officer pursued the animal. Aboard once more, it was simple for him to fill the suit case with whisky and walk out again. As he passed the official, he said, wisely: "The son-of-a-gun won't get away this time!"

No Planting!

Wife (breaking the news of good-for-nothing brother's arrival): "Hector has come to stay for a few days, poor boy. He's looking very seedy."

Husband: "Seedy, is he? Well, he isn't going to plant himself here!"

Hypnotic Tooting

"I wouldn't marry a man who got rattled after me in the street." "Subseq. he would have to toot his

A BEAUTIFUL English girl who went out to the Argentine to be married was told by her husband that the male inhabitants of her adopted country had pretty free-and-easy methods of becoming acquainted with women who took their fancy.

"They think nothing," he said, "of going up to a lady who may be looking in a shop window, and pinching her, so that they may engage in conversation. So don't stare in a shop window when you're alone."

A few days later he saw his wife eyeing the windows of a large store, and thinking to press home his warning he approached stealthily and treated her to an extra hearty nip. However, when the girl turned indignantly ... well, it wasn't his wife!

Retort Courteous

"Mr. Murphy," said the chairman at the committee meeting, "it has been suggested that, as treasurer of the sports fund, ye've been mixing the club's money with your own. Have ye anything to say to the allegation?"

"Allegation, is it?" stormed Murphy. "Sure, and I deny the allegation entiorely. And what's more, I defy the alligator!"

So Loud!

Casey's wife had become the mother of twins, and Casey was asked if they didn't make an awful row at night.

"Well," he said, "not so bad. You see, one howls such a lot that

A CLERK had stolen a sum of money, and his employer asked advice from friends as to how he should be dealt with.

"Get rid of him at once," advised an Englishman.

"Keep him and deduct the sum from his wages," said the Scotsman.

"But," said the employer, "the sum he has embezzled is far bigger than his wages."

"Then raise his wages," suggested an Irishman!

Accidental?

"Mrs. McQue has just passed without speaking. I thought you were great friends."

"No, we're not on the best of terms just now."

"How's that?"

"Well, it's like this. You remember the fire that took place at their house about a fortnight ago? Well, I ran for a long plank to put up at the window, so that she might slide down before the fire brigade arrived. But how was I to know there was a nail in it?"

Fancy That!

Mrs. Frazzle (gushingly): "D'you know, Mr. Grimleigh, I'm often mistaken for my daughter."

Mr. Grimleigh (gallantly): "By Jove! Fancy you having a daughter as old-looking as you are."

Lucky Doctor

Doctor: "H'm. Number Seven's temperature has jumped up to-day. You might let me have a sample of everything he has taken during the day."

Pretty Nurse: "Well, doctor, he—he took a kiss just before you came in!"

THERE had been a terrible smash, and the motorist was carried into the nearest surgery.

"I can't do anything for this man," said the doctor. "I'm a veterinary surgeon."

"You're the right man for me," said the patient. "I was a donkey to think I could run that machine."

Multi-Purpose

"Did my medicine do any good?"

"A wonderful remedy, doctor. I took three spoonful and my cough went, I rubbed three spoonful into my knee for rheumatism, and the rest we used to clean the silver."

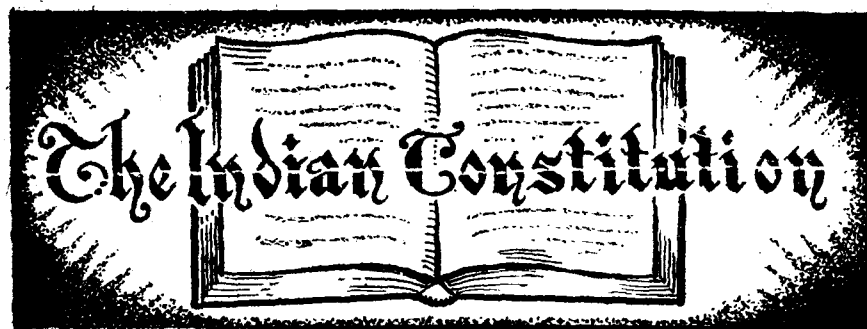
Old Sayings

Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Casey, who occupied adjacent rooms in a city tenement, were having one of their usual squabbles. Suddenly Mrs. Murphy snatched Mrs. Casey's clock and threw it through the window, saying: "It's wonderful how time flies."

Whereupon Mrs. Casey seized Mrs. Murphy's young son and threw him across the room, saying: "Ay, bedad, an' youth must have its fling."



"It is surprising I can't diagnose the exact nature of the trouble!"



“WE look before and after and pine for what is not,” says the poet. Man has in him both contentment and discontent. These make for order (*Yoga*) and progress (*Kshema*) respectively. Civilisation is built of both order and progress. Without order there will be chaos and confusion; without progress there will only be the unchanging pathetic placidity of animal life.

The Indian Constitution provides amply for order in Part III and for progress in Part IV and has devised a federal democratic Republic for achieving those ends.

Let us recall the precious words of our great Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, at the time of India's attainment of her freedom and also at the time of the achievement of her constitution. In words pulsating with patriotic passion he said on 14th August 1947 at the Constituent Assembly: “A moment comes, which comes out rarely in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends, and when the soul of a nation, long suppressed, finds utterance.

“It is fitting that at this solemn moment we take pledge of

the service of India and her people and to the still larger cause of humanity... We end to-day a period of ill fortune and India discovers herself again

Pandit Nehru realised and proclaimed that Indian Independence is a great, noble, national aim but he added it should also lead to something even greater and nobler, because he has always beheld the cosmic vision and uttered the cosmic view in words voicing the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

EVEN on the day of Indian Independence Pandit Nehru stressed the reign of justice, equality and fraternity along with the reign of liberty and urged also the need for universal peace and universal welfare if peace and welfare in India were to be maintained. He said: “That future is not one of ease or resting but of incessant striving so that we may fulfil pledges we have so often taken and the one we shall take to-day.

“The service of India means the service of the millions who suffer. It means the ending of poverty and ignorance and disease

By K.S. Ramaswami Sastri

and inequality of opportunity... Those dreams are for India, but they are also for the world, for all the nations and peoples are too closely knit together to-day for any one of them to imagine that it can live apart. Peace has been said to be indivisible; so is freedom, so is prosperity now, and so also is disaster in this One World that can no longer be split into isolated fragments.”

On 15th August 1947 he said in the Constituent Assembly: “It is a fateful moment for us in India, for all Asia and for the world. A new star arises, the star of freedom in the East, a new hope comes into being, a vision long cherished materialises. May the star never set and that hope never be betrayed.”

INDIA then took the decision in 1947 to be a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations in a manner consistent with India's complete Independence and India's prosperity as well as the welfare and peace of the world. Pandit Nehru said in a broadcast talk at New Delhi on 10th May 1947: “I am convinced that far from injuring the honour or interest of India, the action I took in London has kept that honour bright and shining and enhanced her position in the world.”

India has merely recognised the King (now Queen) of Britain as the symbolic head of the free and equal association of all the members of the Commonwealth. The Crown has no place in the Constitution of India and India does not owe any allegiance to it. The Commonwealth is no longer called the British Commonwealth of Nations but is called just the Commonwealth of Nations.

As India is a Republic it has gone outside of the Crown Area completely, though Pakistan has chosen to be inside this area. The reference in the Resolution of the Constituent Assembly was not to the Crown but to the monarch as the symbol of the association of the free peoples of the Commonwealth.

IT was with such a mental background that we set out to frame the Indian Constitution which, after Herculean labours by a committee of eminent politicians and lawyers, came into force on 25th January 1950. The Constitution is not a mere thing of shreds and patches consisting of borrowings from the world constitutions as a whole, though it is the longest Constitution in the world and has borrowed and assimilated all the best features of all the great constitutions of the various sovereign countries in the world. The Preamble says that the Constitution was framed to secure to all the citizens:

Justice, social, economic and political;

Liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship;

Equality of status and of opportunity: and to promote among them all

Fraternity assuring the dignity of the individual and the union of the Nation.

Thus the Indian Constitution which stands on four solid pillars of justice, liberty, equality and fraternity will, God willing, endure for ever.

Part III of the Constitution clearly defines the Fundamental Rights of the Citizens and SAR.

clearly defines the Directive Principles of State Policy. These embody not only the highest principles of government as defined in the progressive constitutions of Europe and America but also Mahatma Gandhi's vision of Ram Rajya.

Part IV stresses the need for maintaining the prosperity of our villages, the preservation of cottage industries, and the prohibition of intoxicating drinks and drugs. In no other constitution in the world do we find such an Indian orientation based on Rural Welfare and on Arts and Handicrafts and on Prohibition of Liquor.

THUS the Indian Constitution is essentially Mahatma's Constructive Programme writ large. In respect of constitutional technique, we have combined the best features of the American and British Constitutions. We have granted adult suffrage and assured absolutely equal political rights to both sexes.

India has embarked on Five-Year Plans to implement her declaration of the Directive Principles of State Policy in Part IV of the Constitution. The first Five-Year Plan will end in 1956 and has been based on agricultural betterment, vast irrigation and hydro-electric schemes. The second Five-Year Plan is to be an even vaster one in scope and will concentrate on industrial improvement and expansion. The Central Government expects to be able to provide twelve million jobs during the period of the second Five-Year Plan.

It is with such a mental background that we must weigh, assess and value the new policies of "I & Nehru for this year and hereafter" the proposed, amended Constitution and the

socialisation of industries. The attempt to amend article 31 of the Constitution must be made with wisdom and mental poise and not in haste or in a doctrinaire spirit.

ON 11th December 1954 Sri M. Patanjali Sastri, former Chief Justice of India, stressed the view that the proposed amendment should be placed before the people of India and their verdict should be obtained. He said: "The proposed amendment, if enacted, would strike at the root of the Constitutional protection of private property, which is one of the most fundamental rights guaranteed to the people."

Though the Constitution may be amended so as to enlarge the ambit of the purposes for which private ownership can be restricted or extinguished, the principles of granting adequate compensation should not be departed from or nullified or attenuated.

The second aspect is the socialisation of industries. Ever since Pandit Nehru visited China a few months ago, he has been speaking about this. He does not like the American way or the Soviet way or the Chinese way in regard to industrial policy but wants a blend of those policies and an increasing but cautious nationalisation. While agreeing that a blind copying of their policies is illogical and improper, our Government must carefully define the fields for nationalised industries and the fields for private industries.

India must proceed on the basis of Evolutionary Fabian Socialism so that it may avoid the inefficiency and corruption which seem to be the inevitable concomitants of nationalisation, and the economic oppression and grab which seem to be the inevitable concomitants of free economic enterprise. ●●



By
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"Sportsman Brotherhood Club" was formed by our Cricket team.

One of the Rules insists that members must eat with their left hand and use a special tie.

To those who use spoon and fork, the rule about left hand does not matter. But most Indians eat with the right hand:

No Hindu would even touch any eatable thing with the left hand, whatever the rule of the Sporting Brotherhood be.

.*.*

Don't you hear the cheap jibe at previous generations and elders? The young bloods say, "They are fools."

But what would be the fate of those young ones at the hands of their children? I should like to hear their reply.

.*.*

Rajaji's is a good elderly soul and so benevolent minded that he advises the U.S.A. to throw its Atom Bombs into the mid ocean.

This reminds me of St. Francis of Assisi who begged the bigger fishes not to molest the smaller ones.

Mere milk of human kindness detached from all worldly thought.

"Joy on Lenin's Birth day," that is how the memory of Lenin is to be observed in future, not the "Anniversary of his death."

"Janma dinam," or birthday, "Jayanthi," that is how we in India remember our Great Souls.

.*.*

"Whips of Legislatures in Conference"

The conference mood is catching; that is why whips of our Assemblies and Councils, etc., are to gather in "Conference."

Each member is to mount a big whip on his left shoulder during the conference; that is the badge, unless I am mistaken.

.*.*

A good natured lover of man asks, "Why is U.S.A. making an Atom Bomb pile?"

The simple answer is: "To save the Nations of the Earth from other nations destroying them by the Nuclear Holocaust."

.*.*

"Rifle Club of India" want people to be armed, if at least for self-defence.

But the question is: Is self-defence with arms a violent non-violent deed?

SAR.

Let the adept authority on Ahimsa answer.

**

Paradise of Primary School Children: that is how Singapore will be like in the near future.

For, there are to be no examinations before promotion to a higher class in the Singapore Children's Schools.

Haunted by the Exam. ghost, when are our Children to be freed from the ghost? When will our Education Reformers cast the ghost out from Children and the older ones?

**

"U.S.S.R. is my Enemy No. 1," says Rajaji. If so, who is his friend No. 1? Is it U.S.A. or Britain?

Does Rajaji note U.S.S.R.'s offers of help regarding steel plant, technical help and even rice during the days of India's food scarcity?

**

"Students of outstanding merit should be given loans of Rs. 20,000 or so, if they wish to invest on field assets of small scale industry," says Sri C.P. Parekh, M.P.

Rather too practical to hand over Rs 20 000 to the raw youth: but there is the saving condition that the student should be of outstanding merit.

What does "outstanding merit" exactly mean? How is it to be gauged?

**

33,841 monkeys of our land have been sold out at Rs. 19 each.

But in a land where Hanuman or Anjaneya is held sacred and worshipped too, the bargain to the devotees of Hanuman would smack of slave-trade, for to them the anthropoid is not far removed from man—homo.

**

British Parliament ordered that the two ravens living in the Tower of London be fed at the cost of Govt. at 2s. 4d. per week for each.

But the Holy Book says that the Almighty who clothes the lilies in grander colours than the dress of Solomon also feeds the ravens. Then, why this additional burden on the Nation's purse?

**

"Good Luck Chain" is a funny way of making you write letters to your friends and induce them to write to their friends in never ending chain.

But whom does this childish chain really benefit? Only the Postal Dept.

So, is the Postal Dept. responsible for starting this "Good Luck Chain"?

**

Indian Women's Delegation to China has brought back from that young Republic's Federation of Women of All China some excellent maxims. "Beauty with Dignity," "Labour and Love," "Patriotism with Public Service."

We should see that they are honoured in the observance.

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COULD YOU DISBELIEVE THESE TESTIMONIALS?

Hasi Kawa of Messrs. Odawara Kynko, Dentetsu, K. K., Sendagaya, Toyatamagun, Tokyo, Japan:— Dear sir, I am very glad to inform you that I have got service at the date given by you and also got two increments after six months as predicted by you of my Life Reading.

Dr. H. Sussbach, Sc.D., Bussum (Holland), Berlin (Germany):— Dear Pandit, while I came over to Madras last time I had a personal consultation with you and I am extremely glad to state that all the predictions you made then were accurate. The entire

and extensive Life Reading done by you also deserves special mention as all the details mentioned therein were so far completely correct.

Albert Kalckloser of Messrs. Arthur Chies, General Merchant, Milano, Italy:— Dear Panditji, I asked you Annual Life Reading about my futurity and it is with sense of deep satisfaction, I write to you that, I am successful in getting a job as predicted by you. Your predictions are surprisingly accurate. I simply wonder at the mastery and command you hold on this ancient Astrological Science of India...

State birth details or Letter writing to the blind or any trouble. Vary

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PRECEPTS FOR PRACTICE

By H.H. Mahamandaleshwar
Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

Take light food at night. You should regulate your diet, work, etc. They should be regular and moderate. If you exert too much physically, naturally you will be overpowered by *Tamas* and sleep.

The Lord is very fond of His devotee. He is very kind and merciful. Just as a devotee thirsts for the Lord, so too the Lord is eager to help and serve His devotees.

Disease is a *Karmic* purgation. Therefore it is a blessing in disguise. They remind you of God and His Grace. They turn your mind towards Him. Intensify your *Sadhana*. Be devoted to the Lord more than ever.

Past experience should have created in you now a more real and earnest urge for realisation of the Self. Yes, the mind is the most treacherous imp. It is very difficult to control it. But if you make a firm determination you will easily control it.

Constant reflection on the transient nature of the world and the real and Eternal blissful nature of the *Atman* will kindle real and lasting *Vairagya* in you. With this as the basis, if you steadily practise *Yoga* you are sure to exactly the life's goal.

gauged? such slackening
** on every
33,841 monkeys of our diary
been sold out at Rs. 19 each.

vents deviation from the path. In the beginning it may look to you to be very tedious but in course of time you will relish it very much. You will know your own improvement or fall as the case may be.

Creation is kept up by His will. He, being our Creator, Protector, brings about our good in His own mysterious way. Success, joy, health, peace and happiness are forms of His Grace. Failures, misery, disease, worry, disharmony, are all false. They cannot survive. Cling to Truth. Ignore the false. Rejoice at every happening. Pray, "Thy will be done. My Lord, I want nothing." Remember that God is protecting you every moment. No evil can befall you.

The nearer a *Bhakta* approaches Him the greater are the trials. They come merely to strengthen his power of endurance and to exhaust his *Prarabdha Karma*. Greet them with good cheer. Receive them as His gifts. Keep your inner peace in all conditions of life. That is *Yoga*. That is itself *Moksha*.

How can there be darkness where the light of sun shines? Can there be anything but perfect peace, joy and prosperity where the Light of *Ram Nam* is radiating its brilliance? When you have enthroned Him in your heart, He takes care of you at all times. Have no anxiety.

Focus your thoughts upon the and enjoy the Bliss within.

This is a relative plane. Everything here is related to one another. You cannot see perfection in the world around you. This is a world of three *Gun*as, viz., *Sattva*, *Rajas* and *Tamas*. Each will exert its own influence. If a man has wealth, he has no sons. If another has sons, he is very poor. This is *Karma Bhumi*. Each one enjoys or suffers according to his own *Karma*.

Ours is a land which has the richest spiritual heritage. India has for ever been the world's spiritual preceptor. Her civilisation had always its root in *Yoga*. Now that she is free politically, she should jump out of the cage like a freed lioness and roar like thunder her message of the *Rishis*.

We have also seen how social culture, politics, and educational

schemes which were not based on spirituality have wrecked on the shoals of selfishness, greed, disunity, discord and wars. Until and unless man's inner organism is cleansed of dross and oiled with the *Yoga* lubricant, there will always be frictions and breakdown. You should choose the best guides for your work—the *Gita*, *Upanishads*, etc.

The most important thing now is to educate people to be selfless. Selfishness, the direct descendant of ignorance of man's divine nature, is the root of all other vices. *Gita* and the *Upanishads* have conquest of the Self and the annihilation of ego as their central theme. You have concrete examples of these in the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*.

MAY THE BEST BE THINE!

The old year is past
And a new one is born,
To take you fast
Nearer the Goal every morn.

The past was but a teacher
That guides you in the present
To mould and shape the future
And make your Journey pleasant.

So, during nineteen-fifty-five
By every means strive
To make yourself holy
To realise the Self truly.

Sing His Names, dance in joy
Meditate in the morning and thus enjoy
The Bliss of the Self within your heart
And realise that life is an art.

Practise *Ahimsa*, *Satyam* and *Brahmacharya*,

Be good, do good, be regular in prayer,
Love and serve all with all thy heart
This is the Life Divine; this the Art.

May all the best be thine
This new year divine.



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...ny trouble. Very
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Good Luck And Good-bye!

MR. GULLU was universally looked upon as one of Nature's fatheads. He carefully avoided doing anything which would deprive him of this distinction. His genius lay in an inexhaustible resourcefulness for folly. And to this genius could be traced all the unpleasantnesses of his life, although an element of unseasonable parsimony contributed not a little to work out the necessary quota of troubles for him.

Still, strangely enough, luck always rallied round him at the zero hour, and got busy in the extricating business. For example, take the bicycle episode. No doubt you would have thought it an act of unalloyed folly when Mr. Gullu bought an old, groggy bicycle and started to defy Nature by attempting to learn riding it.

The idea of possessing himself of a bike had come to him in a flash, and before he knew what he was doing he had found himself in possession of a thing that went by the name of a bicycle. That is to say, it was so old, rusty and dangerously rickety an affair that you would instantly have recognised it as some ancient instrument of torture rather than a harmless conveyance. The guards appeared

33,841 monkeys of our have been sold out at Rs. 19 each.

BY Dawood Adam

pedals had conveniently worn themselves out of existence.

On the whole, it was not much of a bike. Perhaps Mr. Gullu found consolation in the thought that it had cost him only twenty rupees. In fact, he persuaded himself that he had made a bargain at the price. But, soon enough, he found out that what he had really made was a mistake. And the first hint of this knowledge came to him when his father set eyes on this bicycle for the first time.

"DO you think that we need to be diverted," said his father, "that you should want to drag into the house such funny-looking things?"

"What's wrong with the bicycle, father?" Mr. Gullu asked innocently.

"What's wrong with it, indeed! What's not wrong with it, I'd like to know! And, by the way, what's that weird-looking object dangling below the handle-bar?"

"Why, that's the cycle-lamp, father," Mr. Gullu answered proudly. "Only it is a bit large."

"A bit large!" murmured the old man. "Looks funny. The thing has no business to be hanging there. Might look all right on a rickshaw!"

Mr. Gullu's first day with this bike was not very edifying. But, as far as the entertainment value was concerned, it would have been well worth any amount of trouble to watch him at it. He engaged a young, wiry chap for a week to give him lessons in bicycle-riding. Here again Mr. Gullu proved himself the very model of indiscretion, for this young chap was a jovially inclined bloke who had made no secret of his contempt for Gullu's stinginess-cum-goofiness.

MR. GULLU instructed this jovial fellow to take the bike out into a deserted street off his home, and himself followed him thither. Thus began the first day of Gullu's bicycle adventures. The jovial chap held the bike in position with one hand at the handle-bar and the other at the back of the seat while Mr. Gullu mounted it. Then the jovial fellow essayed to push the thing forward and paid dearly for it, for the next instant he found himself yielding to the law of gravity and struggling on the ground with the ancient bike on top of him. But there was no sign of Mr. Gullu about. The young hireling, however, got to his feet, and peered hopefully down into the gutter on the opposite side of the street. And there was the heir of the Gullus peacefully lying down in it without a care in the world.

"Oh, thank God you are in it, Mr. Gullu," murmured the fellow with a great show of relief.

"Thank God?" Mr. Gullu exploded. "Did you say thank God, you miserable chump? What have you got to thank God for? For the pleasure of seeing me in the gutter?"

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"Why, Mr. Gullu, I never meant any offence. It was like this, you see. When I looked around you were not to be seen about and I was afraid your father might hold me responsible and all that, and when I found you in here, naturally I felt relieved, that's all. Just the same, isn't it about time you crawled out of that gutter? Or, are you trying to make yourself at home in it?"

"Fairly pushed me into the gutter, you did," mumbled Mr. Gullu, struggling to his feet. And that finished his riding lessons for the day.

HOWEVER, his attempts on the second day were by far the most diverting of all. As he was about to begin his lessons on the empty street he detected something missing about the bike.

"Where's the cycle-lamp, my man?" Mr. Gullu asked the jovial fellow, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Why do you require a lamp in this broad daylight, Mr. Gullu, if I may make bold to ask?" countered the man.

Mr. Gullu looked at the man a long time, like a cat investigating a tortoise. In his mind the inscrutable problem of why an all-wise Creator should have inflicted a man like this on the world deepened. However, he made a brave effort and contrived to hold himself in.

"I'll settle his hash," he said to himself, "when the question of his remuneration comes."

Then he prepared to begin his lessons for the day. He must go at it hammer and tongs today, Gullu decided. Consequently he mounted the bike while the man

held it in position with both hands. The man pushed along for a few yards without any mishap occurring. Then, just as Mr. Gullu was feeling very much exhilarated, something happened. The aide-de-camp lost his grip on the seat of the bike and the whole thing went crashing into a blacksmith's hut on one side of the street.

"Where are you?" came the voice of Mr. Gullu from inside the blacksmith's hut.

"Safe as houses out here," replied the jovial aide-de-camp cheerfully. "But what on earth are you doing in there?" he said, hastening into the hut.

WHAT he saw there acted like a tonic to his spirits. Mr. Gullu was sitting in the lap of the ancient blacksmith, who was sitting near a furnace, his eyes tightly shut in earnest prayer to God. Evidently the poor old blacksmith had taken Mr. Gullu for a playful hobgoblin which haunted the deserted street occasionally.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Gullu," remarked the aide-de-camp, pretending astonishment. "What are you doing in that old fellow's lap?"

"Do you think I deliberately jumped in this man's lap and stayed there for lack of anything better to do?" flared Mr. Gullu, jumping to his feet. "You pushed me in here, bike and all, and first thing I knew I was sitting in this man's lap. You did it on purpose, I know."

Mr. Gullu felt very near to tears of rage.

The "teacher" suppressed a laugh, though he was fairly bubb-

ling over with merriment. The whole business was making him feel very much convinced that there was a lot of sunshine in the world if only you would look for it in the right place. Soon he collected the bike, but something seemed amiss.

"FOR Heaven's sake, what did you do with the seat of the bike, Mr. Gullu? The blasted thing had a seat, I suppose?" he said, fairly choking with laughter.

"Find out the seat yourself, or by God you are going to damn well pay through your nose for getting me into this scrape," muttered Mr. Gullu, looking miserably at his seat-less bike. The jovial chap soon spotted the seat burning cheerfully in the blacksmith's furnace, the leather all burnt off it. He picked it and somehow rigged it up on the bike by means of some pieces of string from the blacksmith, who had become suddenly helpful on realising that there was no danger of hobgoblins really. Soon Mr. Gullu was hoisted on to the bike again for further lessons.

"No, I don't want to learn any more," Mr. Gullu protested. "And I don't want any more of your damned help either. I wash my hands of the whole darned business. I only hope someone would pay me twenty rupees and rid me of the thing before it begins to shed all its remaining parts bit by bit."

"That's your look-out. What I want is my wages and that this very instant," demanded the trainer.

"Damned if I'm going to pay you a pie! You've stolen the

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cycle-lamp, I know. So we are quits now," said Gullu, trying to dismount.

I was most imprudent of Mr. Gullu to have made bad blood just then, for the next moment he was flying headlong on his bike along the steep path, his hands frantically clutching the handle-bar. This was because the jovial fellow had suddenly lost much of his joviality and indignantly given the bike a vigorous push from behind. The bike being innocent of any brakes, Mr. Gullu found himself hurtling along the street till he came into the open road. It was busy with traffic. Gullu did not know how to dismount.

So he resigned his soul to God and pedalled. Soon he found himself neatly sprawled out in the middle of the road, while the cycle sped along of itself, minus the seat, which had again contrived to detach itself. A small crowd soon collected round Mr. Gullu, everybody speculating with the liveliest interest as to how many bones he must have broken in the fall. Meanwhile, the bike, which scarcely looked like one now, was taking a much-needed rest on the brink of a nearby gutter.

The handle-bar, which had apparently been long meditating upon a change in the established order of things, had somehow managed to get its position reversed. The detached seat now found occasion to revenge itself upon the world for decades of drudgery by getting hopelessly smashed beneath the wheels of a passing lorry. Some mischievously inclined urchins were industriously engaged in doing things to what remained

of the bike, while one of them made off with the detached seat that had been smashed out of recognition by the passing lorry.

Just at this moment a car pulled up at the scene and two portly gentlemen got out.

"AH, a rare specimen, indeed! Just the thing for our scene!" exclaimed one of them, eying the battered bike with every sign of approval.

"Yes, we'll pay a hundred rupees for it. Who is the owner?" enquired the other gentleman.

Mr. Gullu jumped at the offer with all the agility of a relieved mind, and hundred rupees changed hands. Soon it became known that the two portly gentlemen belonged to a motion picture company, which was just then producing a film in which there was to be the scene of a clown doing tricks on an ancient seat-less battered bicycle! ♦♦



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Gleanings

Ghost Husband Coughed!

IT began when a friend whom I will call Marilyn, who had been widowed for a year, thought of marrying again. Let me explain at once that she doesn't live in a shadowy old house, but in an elegant flat in a modern block, and that she is about the most sceptical, sophisticated, unsentimental woman you could meet anywhere, writes Trevor Allen in *Tit-Bits*.

Marilyn is an attractive woman, slim and blonde; more than moderately well off, and mother of a growing-up boy and girl.

Pacing Heavily

She was alone in the flat one night when, passing the door of her late husband's room, she stopped suddenly and listened. Someone was pacing heavily to and fro, to and fro, just as he, Richard, had done when there was some professional worry on his mind.

He had been a dynamic man in law who lived at high pressure and worked himself to the bone. Rarely did his work give him a let-up; often he had to resolve knotty problems that kept him awake half the night.

Scared, wondering if someone had got into the flat, she steeled herself to fling open the door and

switch on the light. No one; nothing. The room was exactly as it had been left. Shaken, she closed the door again and tried to dismiss the footsteps from her mind as a delusion.

A night or two later she was passing the room when she heard coughing. It was Richard's coughing, as during his last illness, and as she stood rooted in the soft-carpeted corridor, it went on and on.

Terrified Widow

This time she hadn't the courage to open the door. Terrified, she rushed out of the flat, slammed the front door behind her, and went to a neighbour's. But she said no word of what had happened.

Nothing of the kind had ever occurred to her before. Was she going crazy, or what? She just didn't believe in ghosts or supernatural phenomena. She didn't know what to make of these strange manifestations. But one thing she knew: Richard, who was fiercely possessive, had never liked the man she now contemplated marrying. He cordially disliked him.

The porter and his wife lived in the basement, immediately under the flat. One morning the wife rang the bell and said: "Madam, there's something I must tell you."

Something very peculiar is happening."

Marilyn invited her in. She is a homely, sensible soul with no nonsense about her. She began: "I've talked it over with my husband, madam, and we think you ought to know. Our bedroom, as you know, is under your late husband's. He's keeping us awake at night again."

"Keeping you awake?" Marilyn paled. "How do you mean?"

"Just as he used to sometimes, madam, when he was alive. Pacing up and down, up and down. And coughing. There's no mistaking it. It isn't just imagining, we've both heard it."

No Delusion

Marilyn was so staggered she could have fallen through the floor. It was no delusion of hers, then. Something strange was happening.

That week everything was boiling up and she had to make her final

decision, Robbie called. He was an old friend of Marilyn's and Richard's, and felt he had a right to speak. Immediately he was shown into the drawing-room he opened up about her new husband-to-be.

"You can't do this, Marilyn," he pleaded. "You'd never be happy. It's the worst thing you could possibly do. As an old friend I'd go to any lengths to stop it, if it lay in my power. You know how Richard..."

Almighty Crash

At that moment there was an almighty crash, as of falling trays, outside the door, and it slowly opened. They rushed out to the hall, saw nothing to account for the noise, opened the front door and looked out, but saw nothing unusual there.

Marilyn's young daughter came hurrying along the corridor. "What on earth was that noise, Mummie?" she asked.

Queer Facts

For thirty minutes, Private Harry threatened to jump from the parapet of the four-storey Los Angeles apartment building where he lived. On the rooftop, his wife, Audrey, their infant baby in her arms, pleaded with him in vain. As firemen spread a net below, hundreds of curious bystanders gathered in the street to watch the emotional struggle. Policeman V.J. Armstrong provided the climax by sneaking up a fire escape and dragging Private Lee to safety.

In Augusta, the State of Maine hired a psychiatrist to find out why hunters shoot each other!

Benjamin Franklin and Geol B. De Mille are the heroes of the American plumbing industry. Franklin brought the first bathtub, a portable copper one, from France, and De Mille popularises bathtubs by filming some gorgeous female in a gold-plated, sunken or even fur-lined bathtub!

In Los Angeles, Mrs. Eugene G. Polley, 18, a co-ed, won a divorce after charging that her husband cut short their honeymoon to return to Clarence W. Pierce School of Agriculture, told her: "Sigma Delta means more to me than you do."

Marilyn exchanged a quick glance with Ronnie, closed the front door, and said: "Oh, I think it must have been the porter dropping something." She and Ronnie returned to the drawing-room, and by the time he left that evening Marilyn definitely decided against the marriage, feeling sure now that it would be a mistake.

Friend's Suggestion

A day or two later she was with a woman acquaintance and mentioned briefly the strange happenings. "I know a man," said the friend, "who seems to have rather unusual powers and can exorcize ghosts and expel their influence. Will you let him come to the flat if I get into touch with him?"

Marilyn thought the proposal rather farcical, but she had been so shaken and worried by recent events that she half-heartedly agreed. She expected to meet someone weird and cranky-looking with "straws in his hair." The man who turned up with her friend, however, seemed very quiet and rational and ordinary. There was nothing affected, nothing abnormal about him. He might have been making a business call.

Great Spiritual Force

He asked if he might go into Richard's room alone, and stayed there for a time. When he returned to the drawing-room, he said: "I don't think you'll be troubled again. You've nothing more to worry about. Men like your late husband have terrific spiritual force, you know. It's just that he's been terribly agitated about this proposed marriage and wanted to stop it. You'll find he'll be all right now."

"One thing's still worrying him, though," the quiet man added.

"He wants you to put bowls of water about the flat!"

Like Pricked Balloon!

That was the limit for the sceptical, sophisticated Marilyn. She gasped and subsided like a pricked balloon. For some reason she could never fathom, unless it was connected with a dread of fire, Richard had always insisted that bowls of water be kept about the flat—in the corridor and in the rooms. She couldn't put out too many for him.

I hadn't to write this story, merely report it. And for the life of me, being a sceptic myself, I couldn't explain it any more than I could tell you what the Martians like for their Sunday dinner.

Paint for the Lady!

Glowing a golden pink, Venus rises from the sea in one of the most famous paintings of the fifteenth century Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*. Today the goddess of beauty would probably rise from a vat of homogenized cold cream.

To-day beauty is a high quality commodity created by the cosmetic chemist in a modern well equipped laboratory. On his shoulders is based the lively \$900,000,000 (£312,000,000)-a-year cosmetics industry, one of the United States' top twenty.

Although the science of cosmetics is young, cosmetics themselves are not. In the British museum are Egyptian toilet articles and vases of unguents over 5,000 years old.

Egypt's withering heat led also to the artificial bath and oil rub-down, adopted so elaborately by

the Greeks, the Romans—and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Nero and his wife Poppaea went all out on cosmetics, what with white lead and chalk to lighten the skin; *fucus*—a sort of rouge—for cheeks and lips; pumice-stone (as the advertisement writers would put it) to "bryten" the teeth.

In Good Queen Bess's England, wine bath for elderly court females, milk baths for the younger fry, became the thing, writes Harry M. Schwalb in an American periodical.

Old Law that Forbade!

By the seventeenth century, in fact, cosmetics were used to such an extent that a bill was introduced into Parliament forbidding all "whether virgins, maids, or widows, to impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by scents, paints, cosmetic washers, artificial teeth, false hair... bolstered hips..."

The change that has taken place since then is indicated by the fact that the *user* is the one who is protected in today's cosmetic laws.

Until modern times makers of creams and powders could offer little assurance outside of "we're using an old, old family formula..." Today, cosmetics are Big Business and the products of the beauty industry are scientifically produced and marketed.

Only two decades ago the woman unduly sensitive to cosmetics had one alternative: to go without.

Now, thanks to "patch tests," case histories by physicians, and laboratory ingenuity, even she can paint to her heart's content.

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her particular body chemistry by the "hypo-allergenic" cosmetic chemists.

Face Powder of Early Days

It is interesting to recall that in the first half of the last century face powder was based on lead and arsenic salts or bismuth. While bismuth was safer than lead arsenic, it discoloured in candle and gas-light fumes, and it was expensive.

Then, in 1866, American chemist Henry Tetlow gave the world a harmless, non-discolouring, inexpensive powder based on zinc oxide. From his laboratory discovery came cosmetics within the reach of every purse, and zinc oxide remains today in the formula of most face powders.

Talcum powder is another American first this time in the 1800s. Since then the rugged nature of America's climate has led to the use of millions of pounds of this powdered, perfumed magnesium silicate.

400 Different Shades!

Still another triumph of cosmetic chemistry is the modern lipstick, a minor miracle of essential oils, waxes, fats, and oils, preservatives and dyes.

Today's quality lipstick is easy to apply, yet not too soft or smeary; resistant to heat, yet not so hard as to cake on application; lasting, yet able to be removed from crockery and fabrics—and from the lips.

Almost as important in the cosmetic scene is snail enamel, of which over 100,000,000 bottles are applied each year in the United States alone.

The first polishes were clear; next came light tints. Today's

"creme enamels," a radical departure, are pigmented with vivid opaque reds.

Moreover, their raw materials are chosen with due regard for the physiology of nails and cuticles.

Above all, this complex mixture is flexible yet hard enough to withstand office work and household detergents! One result of laboratory ingenuity is that 400 different shades are available to Today's Woman.

Ingredients in Scent

One opportunity in cosmetics open to the chemist or pharmacist is the position of perfumer. It requires a "creative spirit," a "creative nose."

The head of a cosmetics house may go to a perfume chemist at one of the large "essential oils" houses and say: "I want something... how shall I put it?... something with notes of warmth, woodiness, greenness."

The perfume chemist—through some indefinable process of intuition—"gets" the precise mood. Then, guided by his nose, he draws from a virtually limitless palette to paint a picture in oils—perfume oils.

Consider, for example, the international variety in a typical scent. The 43 ingredients might range from the rare ylang ylang oil got from the flowers of a tree on tiny Reunion Island of Madagascar, to coumarin, the synthetic "new-mown hay" scent from the chemical works next door.

A Dab & a Flick!

What lies ahead for cosmetic research? The next big field of study will probably close in on that most mysterious organ: the human skin.

Whether or not the skin can be fed by external means, it is generally conceded that emollient creams do seem to prevent premature ageing, wrinkles from skin defatting and dehydration (to which women, in the Western continents, are especially susceptible).

But probably the most perceptive all-time evaluation of cosmetics comes from the British scientist Dr. Ralph G. Harry, who wrote, in what is surprisingly warm emotion for a treatise on dermatology: "A dab of lipstick, a flick of the powder-puff... may prove of more value to a tired housewife or office worker than a cartload of medicines."

First Television Station In Middle East

The first television station in the Middle East is to be set up in Iraq. The complete television studio and equipment which a U. K. firm (Pye Ltd.) took to Baghdad for the recent British Trade Fair there is to be purchased by the Iraqi Government, and will be moved from its present site at the fair and re-erected on another site belonging to the Iraqi broadcasting authorities. The television studio is equipped with all the facilities of a modern television station, including the very latest tele-cine equipment. To begin with, the Iraqi Government will probably use the television station for educational purposes.

During the fair, the firm broadcast regular programmes, which were received on sets in many parts of Baghdad, including the King's palace. No date has yet been announced for the commencement of regular television transmissions from Baghdad.

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The Floods Came

HEAVERY with swollen waters and swiftly changing its course, the unpredictable river Kosi came sweeping and flooding, bringing misery and hardship in its wake. Thousands of *bighas* of fertile land, till recently under *rabi* crop, were submerged and trees uprooted. Scores of villages were destroyed and engulfed. Not all the sighs, tears and prayers of the helpless villagers could dissuade the relentless river from spelling ruin, as it rolled on.

Baghpur was last ravaged by floods eight years ago. Would the tragic drama of 1947 be repeated? The way the strong currents fast eroded and cut up the right bank, it was all too clear that it would be so. There was little room for speculation. Ghasi Ram, the Headman, had alerted the village. The villagers were keeping a vigil over the river now at a stone's throw from the outskirts of the village and reinforcing the bund, erected by them after the last floods.

At the same time, preparations were afoot to evacuate the village at a moment's notice. Leaving one's hearth and home was very distressing and painful; facing death and destruction was still worse. The villagers had decided on the first course but not without making a grim and determined effort to fight the flood menace by working at the bund. It gladdened the heart of Ghasi Ram; he was proud of his people. They all worked till late in the evening. The river was now touching the bund. The villagers would have stayed and toiled the whole night

but Ghasi Ram persuaded them to retire, after selecting a few for the night vigil.

"What about you, Ghasi Dada?" asked one. "You need rest, too."

"I am all right, Baiju," said Ghasi Ram half-smiling, and pressing Baiju's hand meaningly.

THE night was starry. Armed with lanterns and sticks, Ghasi Ram and his men went about inspecting the bund and watching the river, which showed no sign of receding. Rather it kept eating into the bund.

About an hour before sunrise, they detected a breach in the bund. They hastened to repair it, only

BY

Narendra Nath



to be confronted with two more a little farther away. Ghasi Ram examined them and the flow of the water and shook his head sadly.

"No use, Baiju," he said. "Further struggle is futile. Only a miracle can save our village. Run and warn the people to vacate it immediately."

And Baiju ran to give the villagers the fateful signal.

THE news spread like wild fire. The whole village was wide awake and astir. Excitement ran high but the villagers on the whole were calm. A couple of old women became somewhat nervous but they were soon comforted. Children, not used to getting up so early, immensely disliked being shaken up. They yawned and rubbed their eyes. Some cried. A good many were bewildered. They had never seen such a hustle and bustle before. To some it was just fun.

A few helped their parents. The elders called their young ones as

they gathered their things. Some dragged out their boxes, others forcibly lifted their unwilling children. Some drove their cattle, others their children. A few counted themselves. Mothers tried to soothe their crying children. Some carried their babies and bundles together. A few villagers had their own bullock carts. They filled them with their belongings, placing the unoccupied space at the disposal of others. Their hearts were filled with the spirit of comradeship and good neighbourly feeling.

SOON the whole village was on the move. The sun was seen rising. Many looked back with a heavy heart. The bund had broken at many places. Land adjoining the bund was partially flooded. Would they see their huts again? A few sobbed as they passed by their fields. Would they be destroyed, too? Baiju picked up a handful of earth from his field and kissed it reverently before releasing



it. He clasped a few plants to his heart and shed a few silent tears. His bullocks stopped, too, and looked at their master silently with longing eyes slightly moist. Perhaps they, too, shared in his grief. They tried to comfort him by licking his elbows and arms. He smiled sadly and patted them. By the time the villagers crossed the village boundary, most of them had tear-dimmed eyes. Some of them wiped their faces.

THE whole atmosphere was one of sadness and dejection. A few tried to say their prayers. Most of the children, however, were unmindful. They laughed, played and danced. A few looked anxiously at the gloomy faces of their parents. Some cried out of hunger. The word *Roti* brought Gauri, a widow, to action. Hitherto, she had been walking silently and mechanically. Her son, Panna, might also be feeling hungry. She looked around. Panna was nowhere to be seen. She called his name but there was no response. She shouted again. Still no reply. Suddenly it occurred to her that she had left Panna sleeping in the hut. She got alarmed and started wailing. She was soon surrounded by anxious faces. Eager inquiries were made but Gauri kept moaning till Ghasi Ram arrived at the scene.

"What is the matter, Gauri?" he asked.

"I am lost, Ghasi Dada," wailed Gauri. "My Panna!" And she tried to run towards the village but was held back by the other women.

"Panna! What has happened to him?"

"I left him sleeping in the hut," said she, struggling hard to free herself.

"What!" cried many voices. They all shuddered.

"Are you quite sure?" asked Ghasi Ram.

"Yes, quite," replied Gauri. And she burst into tears afresh.

Baiju could tolerate it no longer.

"Ghasi Dada, you comfort Gauri," said he, "while I run to the village. I shall be back soon."

And he soon found himself running.

Panna! Poor Gauri! Her heart-rending cries! Suppose he reached the village too late? The very thought made him quicken his pace and he ran with redoubled energy. He had done two miles. He had still to cover two more. He had kept watch the night before and needed rest badly. Yet he did not slacken his pace. He hoped to save Panna from the floods and restore him to Gauri. He had no other thought.

AT last, he reached the village proper. The bund was gone and the village inundated. Huts were slowly collapsing. Before he could wade his way to Gauri's hut, it had been washed away. A cry of despair escaped his lips. He covered his face with his hands when somebody tapped his shoulder. He started and looked round. It was Kesho. He was panting still.

"Baiju," he said breathing hard. "I was a good runner."

and would catch up with you but you ran like a devil."

"To what use?" replied Baiju sadly. "I have not been able to save Panna."

"Panna is quite safe," corrected Kesho.

Baiju looked up sharply. He could hardly believe his ears.

"Say it again, Kesho."

PANNA is safe. He had gone with Gauri all right but he left her quietly to join the other children marching ahead. When he was not to be seen, she got panicky. She imagined she had left him behind. And she was very emphatic about it. We were all taken aback. It did not occur to us to search for Panna among the group of children. We were so confused. You know all that. To cut the story short, we spotted him soon after you had left and I dashed after you."

"And Gauri?"

"She was very happy. It was a great relief to us. We all congratulated her. A few teased her too."

Baiju's face was lit with joy. He smiled as he pictured Gauri hugging her son fondly, with tears in her eyes. He forgot his own suffering for a while. He was quite oblivious of his surroundings. Even the great Kosi seemed to echo his feelings as it went on devouring the huts merrily one after the other.



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MUTHU was a specialist in his trade. He had a natural gift, backed by immense experience. He had never yet made a mistake in all the fifteen years of association he had with his trade. His job was hazardous and a highly specialised one. He could never afford to commit a mistake. It demanded an uncanny sense of judgment and a wide knowledge of men. Quickness in arriving at decisions, promptness in execution and a great sense of anticipation were

He was strolling on a crowded pavement in one of the busiest spots of the city. He had a natural aversion for trains and buses and did most of his work on crowded pavements and such other places where people are on the move. He always desired a wide avenue of escape and just for that reason shied away from buses and trains. As a sensible man, he knew the hopelessness of escape if by chance he was detected or caught red-handed in such places.

ACCOMPLISHED HAND!

the indispensable pre-requisites of his trade. Muthu had the deftest hand and surest sight. He had a deadly sense of observation and an inexhaustible fund of resourcefulness in times of emergency.

In short, he was a great artist at his work. If Muthu had never done a serious mistake in all his professional career, it was because of the above accomplishments. He was a master at his work and had arrived at the peak of perfection. Any pick-pocket could be proud of his record. He had but visited the police station twice in his whole life and then, too, had got off without any serious threat to his health or reputation. Muthu was having a fine sailing till one evening at about 6 o'clock. Something quite dramatic happened.

By K. RAJAGOPAL

MUTHU paused on the pavement and took an expert survey of the scene round him. His trained eyes were taking in every detail. It was just when he was scanning the crowd for a possible victim that his eyes lighted on a sheepish-looking man by the side of a pavement shop. The man was middle-aged and grey-haired and was peering with great curiosity at the

things spread and hung out for sale. The top of a worn purse was ostensibly visible from the side-pocket of a long shirt the man was wearing. He was in all probability a stranger to the city. Muthu fixed his eyes on the man and took in every detail. The former had decided to act.

IN all his remembrance, Muthu had never encountered a man who looked more innocent and harmless. So it was to be an easy operation. Muthu could not help chuckling. He hovered round the victim like an eagle to ascertain that the area was clear and when he was satisfied edged near the shop which his victim was examining.

The latter drew away after purchasing a comb for two annas. In five minutes Muthu was a couple of hundred yards off with the purse safe in his pocket.

HE did not stop to examine the contents of the purse. It is the act of a novice. Muthu could always restrain his curiosity. He walked easily and without the least sign of excitement and, not looking back for once, reached the street he lived in. He opened the door of a small, low house, a little way down the street and, entering the house, carefully drew the bolts on.

(Continued on page 88)



After The Quarrel

BY RAMANI MUTHANNA

A VINASH stared hard at the door through which Jayanti had walked out. Till the last moment he hadn't really believed in her threat that she would leave him. He had watched her pack her belongings with a cynical smile on his lips. He was sure she would never have the courage to turn her words into action, that she would come to him and offer him the olive branch as soon as her anger was spent. She was an excitable person and flared up easily. He had a temper that matched hers. Hence the quarrels that recurred frequently and disrupted the peace of their household.

In the beginning, they were always unhappy after a quarrel and longed to patch up their differences. More often than not, a kiss or even a tender tell-tale glance would break down the barriers between them. But lately they had found it increasingly difficult to forgive and forget. They nursed their grievances and brooded over the imagined slights till the resentment mounted. They would be icily polite to each other. They would talk about trivial things ignoring the undercurrents of emotion. And with each day reconciliation became more and more difficult. Never sleep over a day's quarrel, he had heard it said but he thought it was easier said than done.

Now Jayanti had gone away as though four years of marriage had never been. She had broken bonds with a single snap. What he would be equally callous. He would show her that he could do as well without her.

He moved and picked up the things she had left behind in her hurried departure. A crumpled handkerchief, the book she had been reading last night, an ivory comb that had been his present to her. He would collect them all and send them on to her and thus make the break complete and final. She must realise it.



He would revert to the life of bachelorhood. He would look up all his old cronies and of course devote himself with renewed energy to his work. He was a composer and poet. He wrote songs that were turned into popular film hits. The thought of his work brought to his mind the fact that he would have to look about for a new voice to sing his songs. So far Jayanti had sung for him.

THEY had worked as a husband-and-wife team and had been very much in demand by the various film companies. Their names on the marquee had always brought the public flocking to the theatres. They were synonymous with success. But, he resolved, he would find even a better voice than Jayanti. He would prove to her that he could flourish even without her.

Yet at one time he had believed that fate had brought them together. He waxed eloquent on the subject, telling Jayanti as to how they were fated to meet. His songs took on a new meaning when she sang them. He was inspired to write immortal poetry when he heard her sing. It was going to be a wonderful team.

It had been wonderful as long as it lasted. But suddenly the magic had disappeared like air from a pricked balloon. His mind went back to the day they had met. He had been caught in the rain while returning from a late party. Next morning he woke up with a splitting headache and before he could decide to do something about it he was in a delirium. The landlord discovered him and rushed him to the hospital. He woke up to find Jayanti ministering

to him. She looked like an angel of mercy in her snow-white garb.

"Don't move," she cautioned him, smiling in the most bewitching way as he tried to get up.

"Where am I? Who are you?" he asked stupidly.

"In the hospital. I am the nurse, of course."

He shook his head dazedly. A nurse? Why she looked glamorous enough to be a film star! He tried to picture her in a coloured sari with ornaments in her ears and arms but gave up the task as too exhausting.

He wanted to stay on in the hospital just for the sake of being attended on by Jayanti but was discharged by the medical officer as soon as he recovered. Before leaving he found out Jayanti's address and took the first opportunity of calling on her.

AS he neared the house he could hear soft strains of music from within. He stood on the threshold spell-bound by the melodious voice. Jayanti laid aside her instrument and after her initial astonishment at seeing him told him shyly that music had been her passion all along. She had wanted to train properly under a good teacher but her father's untimely death had made it imperative for her to earn her living and support her aunt and herself. She had lost her mother years ago.

He induced her to sing one of his compositions and was enchanted at the way she interpreted the emotions. Then and there the idea was born in his mind of a perfect partnership between them. He would write the songs

and she would sing them. He placed this idea before her and Jayanti was enthusiastic. Together they went to a film producer who signed them up to provide music for his forthcoming picture. They made a pact that their services would be engaged jointly. Thus were they launched on their career.

On the way back from the producer's Avinash said to Jayanti, "Let us get married and be partners for life."

HE still remembered the expression on her face as she laughingly acquiesced. A pang shot through him as he thought about the faith she had placed in him and the willing, selfless devotion she had given him.

He put away the picture from his mind. They had started well. They had all the ingredients that go to make a happy marriage. But somewhere things had gone awry. The real trouble started when Miss Malathi, the heroine of their last picture, began taking an active interest in him. He himself attached no importance to her attentions. In fact, he was quite eager to gain her favour in the hope that she would help him to get further contracts.

But Jayanti didn't like the way things were shaping. She had taken a violent antipathy to the other woman and hardly troubled to conceal her feelings. She spoiled a recording whenever Malathi happened to be present. She was unreasonable enough to suggest that they cancel the contract for that particular picture. The more he tried to reason with her the more adamant she became and finally she had her way.

(Continued on page 92)

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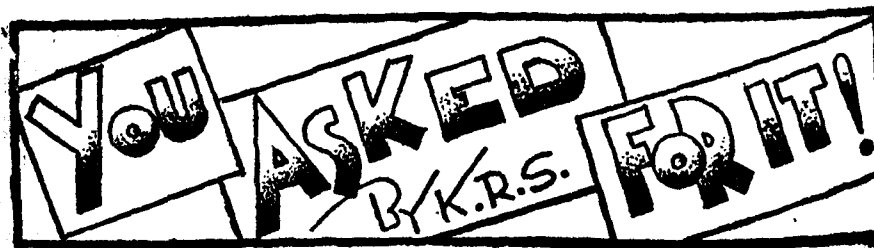
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Narendra Jaiswal, Allahabad

Q.—What is your opinion about Tito's visit to India?

A.—It is the greatest tribute that has been paid to the new political doctrine of dynamic neutrality propounded and practised by our beloved Prime Minister. Marshal Tito has shown to the leaders of U.K., U.S.A. and other European countries that it is more than high time that they did the right thing by India and recognized the greatness of Pandit Nehru.

Rukmani Kumar, Alipuram

Q.—Women are in the habit of changing their mind and men are in the habit of?

A.—Minding those very minds!

Miss N. Rose, Kalyan

Q.—What is honesty?

A.—Politician's anathema.

Dega Radhakrishna Naidu, Nellore

Q.—Are the politicians good at forecasting?

A.—Yes, about the shape of things never to come.

P.R. Damodra, Mercara

Q.—What is the 'L', the 'O', the 'V' and the 'E'?

A.—The woe wells in the alphabet of excited emotions.

P.R. Ganapathi, Chittoor

Q.—What is it that lies in "Beauty"?

A.—The make-up, usually.

Surjit Kumar, Jullundur City

Q.—It is my desire to talk to Swamiji Sivananda of Rishikesh. Can I fulfil it?

A.—It should be easy. It will be good, too. Without hesitation write to Swamiji and he will write to you about the best time and way to do so. Jullundur to Rishikesh is only a two-day journey. Address your letter to: H.H. Swami Sivananda, Nandanagar P.O., Rishikesh, U.P.

S. Muthuramalingam, Rajapalayam

Q.—The new Congress President, Sri Dhebar, has not come into the limelight so far. Why?

A.—In Saurashtra, he is adored by the people. All-India recognition was not there because he never sought such publicity. Remember, every big leader was first only a local hero. It is only in course of time that there can be greater recognition.

K.V.G. Krishnamurthy, Guntur

Q.—Is there any difference between the Chinese and the Russian Communists?

A.—Yes, they profess the creed in different languages!

N.V. Sitaram, Howrah

Q.—Why do people go to the Museums?

A.—To appreciate better the difference between the dead fossils and the living ones of society around us!

K. Sheeram, Purulia

Q.—How can a man spoil his life?

A.—By his ability to misuse all the good things he is endowed with.

D. Krishna Rao Kulkarni, Dhanvada

Q.—What is meant by "UNESCO"?

A.—United Nations' Educational Social and Cultural Organisation.

D. J. Patra, Calcutta-13

Q.—God saves the people. Who saves Him?

A.—The good people, from the bad ones.

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.

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Atma Ram, P., Headmaster, S.S.N. Arya High School,
Ramanandi, Pepsu. 4—0—0

John D.R., E.S. Mess, University of Roorkee, U.P. 5—0—0

Desoola Rama Rau, Intermediate 1st year, Mrs. A.V.N.
College, Vishakapatnam. ... Re. 1—0—0

Dues To Pay!

By
NANDLAL D. DATTA

PAUL JAMES was arrested and produced before the Judge of the Court of Small Causes in Saintland City. He was ordered by the learned Judge to pay Rs. 20 to his creditor or in default to pass one month in Civil Jail. He prayed for time to arrange for the required money but his creditor would not consent to his prayer being granted by the Judge. Motiram, a friend of Paul James, happened to be

in the Court at that moment and he was entreated by the debtor to save him from jail by advancing him the amount for satisfying the claim of his creditor.

Moved by the scene in the Court and realising the unforeseen difficulty, Motiram, a noble-minded

person, took pity on him and came forward to pay the amount to the creditor. The amount of Rs. 20 was then paid immediately on the spot by Motiram in the presence of the Judge, who ordered the release of Paul James.

PAUL JAMES then failed to pay the amount to his new creditor, Motiram, even after six months from the date of payment and the latter was

that Paul James do pay Rs. 25 to his creditor Motiram within a month from the date of his order. In default, Motiram would be at liberty to recover his money with costs of the Court and interest immediately upon his making a written prayer to the Court.



compelled to sue the former in the same Court. The very Judge who had decided the earlier suit ordered

Paul James failed to pay, even according to the Court's order, and abused Motiram, who felt

much insulted and applied to the Court for realisation of his money. Motiram had thought that he would easily recover Rs. 30 being the total sum including Court expenses and interest if he tried to take out an order of attachment of Paul James' property before some important Christian holiday. He arranged for seizure of his debtor's property on Christmas eve, took the Court Bailiff with him and arrived at the debtor's house at 4 p.m.

THE Court Bailiff called upon Paul James to pay the amount shown in the order of the Court and said that in default his property would be attached and sold by the Court. Paul James resisted and said that he had no property for attachment. Mary, wife of Paul James, intervened and told the Bailiff that she and her husband were hard hit by poverty and that they would satisfy the demand by a monthly instalment of one rupee. To this Motiram would not agree and said that if no property was forthcoming, he would see that Paul James enjoyed his Christmas in Civil Jail on the morrow!

She burst into tears and entreated Motiram again to let Christmas pass. He then explained to her how uncivil and ungrateful her husband was for what he had done for him on the former occasion when he was about to be sent to jail. Since he proved to be quite unworthy of the good and kind consideration shown to him, he would see that her husband reaped the fruit of his bad action. "Had Mr. Paul James not abused me and pushed me out of your house when I demanded money

from him I would have shown him some consideration since I know the importance of the Christmas week to the Christians," continued Motiram, "but now he does not deserve any such consideration."

"But you are a generous-minded person," said Mary, "and you should not lose your nobility simply because my husband had not properly behaved towards you in a sudden impulse of irritated mind. 'Love Thy Enemy,' says the Lord."

"Kindly pardon me, madam," rejoined Motiram, "I am also overpowered by my own impulse of mind at this moment and I am very sorry I can't listen to you. I have got a very high regard for you but this is not the occasion to appreciate your grand thoughts. I must have my money repaid just now or Mr. Paul James goes to the Civil Jail."

SO saying, he asked the Court Bailiff to take Paul James into custody and produce him before the Judge prior to his being sent to jail. The Bailiff had no alternative but to effect compliance with the order of the Court. Paul James was then taken into custody and they were coming outside his house for proceeding to the Court. Meanwhile, little Rose, aged only twelve years, daughter of Paul James, happened to return home from her school. She saw the whole scene and found her mother in tears. "Ma, why do you weep," she asked, "and what is the matter with papa and who are these people? I wanted to go to the X'mas Bazar with my papa. To-morrow is our day of joy and happiness and what makes you weep this time?"

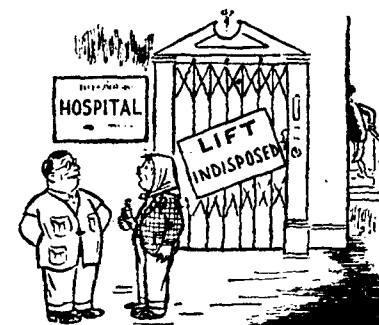
"Your papa is being taken to Civil Jail by his friend Motiram as he failed to pay him Rs. 30 due to him. I have no money to pay just now as we are so hard up. We requested him to take a rupee every month but he does not agree."

"I will pay him the money," said little Rose in a very proud manner. "Just wait for a couple of minutes and I'll produce the money before you!"

MOTIRAM was hearing all this talk with rapt attention and admiration. He was wonder struck at the dashing spirit of the tiny girl of twelve. His heart was moved but he wanted to see what was going to happen further. In the meantime, Miss Rose ran upstairs and brought out a small tin-box with sealed lid but with an open slit on it for dropping in small coins. She placed it before Motiram and asked him to open it and take out the whole collection of the one-anna and two-anna coins it contained.

All standing there were stunned to see this fun! Then, with the permission of the Panchas who were summoned there to watch and attest the Court proceedings, the

tin-box was opened and lo! numerous one-anna and two-anna coins were found in it. They were counted and the total reached up to a little over Rs. 30, which sum was necessary to be paid to Motiram. Paul James would not allow that money to be paid to the creditor as it belonged to the girl. She had been given a daily allowance of one or two annas for the last several months to effect savings for her future welfare in accordance with a novel money saving scheme started under the auspices of Her Excellency Lady Goodwill, the celebrated wife of Lord Goodwill, Governor of the province.



Doctor (to patient): "Our new lift boy is fresh from school and is a bit imaginative, you know!"

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The Two New Gifts!

SURELY you haven't forgotten the saying, "Every mouse can praise his spouse"? Why not? If every chuckler can praise his leather, every bird his feather, every child its mother, surely, I can, with becoming modesty, claim that my spouse can pray and get her prayers answered and granted.

It is no vain boast on my part, nor the partiality of a husband, though every man thinks that his wife is *the* woman, the best or better than the best, of womankind.

However, here are the facts! Judge for yourself.

Mr. John Jayaram was an old friend of mine, from our College days, even earlier. We were neighbours. When in the College classes, he passed the Peter Cater Exam. with prize. Somehow, he liked to do so and he became a Christian.

In those days people were not so tolerant about these changes in faith. But our group of easy-going and jolly good fellows did not even ask Jayaram about his change. Good chums we were, specially Jayaram and myself.

Jayaram got on well with his job in the service of Government. He married a very good lady who, unfortunately, died young, leaving a fine boy, Sriram.

Jayaram felt the blow, but my wife and I consoled him; he went on with his duties with a really beautiful fortitude, doing his best for Sriram, who was left to our care, according to the parting

—By ORR-BEE—

wishes of Mrs. Jayaram. Jayaram too passed away shortly after, unretired from service.

Sriram luckily turned out to be a fine young man. I say luckily, because Jayaram and myself were afraid that my good woman was likely to make Sriram a spoilt child.

"Yes, sister," Jayaram would tell my wife, "true, Sriram is motherless according to law. But you are there to look after him, luckily for him. But please don't let that be the cause of petting him too much. I know my friend Orr-Bee will not seriously oppose whatever you do for Sriram."

SRIRAM joined his father's department where he was taken, both because of Jayaram's reputation and because of the very high qualifications of Sriram.

Sriram wedded.

Mrs. Sriram was just the girl that Jayaram would have chosen. She was a bright jewel of a girl. Not that she was a beauty, but one that shed joy and light where she abode.

We put the pair in one of the fine little chic homes in a small colony. We were very near them of course.

We were constant visitors. We had to; else Mrs. Sri. would not let my wife leave her without assuring her of our visit whenever we were asked to. We might have put off Sriram, but not his wife.

that was the point: there was something in her which made it beyond our power to refuse her anything.

They, Jayaram and his wife, set up their home: my wife gave all the help that a young couple needed: Jayaram and the wife embraced me and my wife and they both kissed her.

I BLESSED Jayaram and wished him a bonny boy to present to us by the time he came back from Calcutta, to which he had to go on inspection tour for about a twelve-month.

Not a week passed without Mrs. Sriram letting us know how the young couple were doing. After about ten months not a letter from the Srirams. I wired. "All in person: We four are O.K." was the reply.

We were glad about Jayarams being O.K. But what is "four" about? How four? My wife tried her best at the solution. To the best of my knowledge, Jayaram was the only son of his parents. Nor was I aware of anybody on the girl's side joining the family. Till at last, the Jayarams were transferred and down they came.

We immediately went to them.

Sriram was the usual loving chap. But Mrs. Sriram appeared

to be a bit cold. I could see it, so did my wife.

I plunged straight into the matter. "What is the matter? Gopi (that was Mrs. Sriram's name)? Why, you are not your usual self! What is the matter, my good child?" I asked.

"Look here, father, see these two boys. They are twins. And how do you think I could look after two boys, along with the home, and going about city after city?"

There was something in her complaint. I thought for a moment.

SRIRAM at the time of his wedding asked me to bless him with a boy. I did so. But what about the twin? I thought as deeply as I could.

"Dear," I asked my wife, "did you also pray and bless our Jayaram?"

"I did," was the answer.

"Why?"

"Our sweet Gopi asked me to bless her and as you were praying before blessing him, I too prayed and blessed."

There it was, the twins!

Now, was not her prayer answered? Can I not be happy, nay proud, of my good woman? ♦♦

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SOUND & SHADOW

Ten Best Dressed Male Stars

By Elizabeth Taylor
(M-G-M STAR)

ACCORDING to dress designers, it's true what the psychiatrists say about women: they dress not so much to attract the attention of men but, rather, to arouse the envy of other females. Most men, it seems, dress to suit their own tastes (or lack of same!) and personal comfort.

Since men abandoned their coloured waistcoats (weaskits) about the turn of the century, little change has been noticeable in their attire. Some more daring gentlemen have essayed the peg-top trouser and the flaring lapel—most

of them seven-day wonders. The midnight blue and the white dinner jacket have made their appearance but, otherwise, male fashions have remained static until the past few seasons. It now seems that the forgotten man is not forgotten after all; designers of men's attire—sports, business and formal—have suddenly realized that there's a fortune at the end of the male rainbow and are out to bring home the doubloons.

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SRI GAYATHRI MANTHRALAYA
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Bermuda shorts are no longer a novelty. Shirt fabrics are breaking away from the standard white and emerging in dreamy pastels. Cravats shriek instead of whisper. Colourful Tattersal vests blazon under suit coats.

I'm pleased by this throwback to the days of Beau Brummell, whose sobriquet has become synonymous with the best in male fashion, because Stewart Granger and I have just finished filming a picture for M-G-M of his life and times.

Influenced By Screen Styles

Stewart is a fashion-plate both on and off the screen. His portrayal of the swaggering dandy should do a lot to encourage men to come out of their dull black, brown and blue shells. I do hope their zeal doesn't bring back the neck-ruffle, lace cuffs, and tight silk stockings. That the public is influenced by screen styles has long been evident. Clark Gable almost wrecked the knitting industry when he started the "no undershirt" habit in *It Happened One Night*.

The Editor of this Journal has asked me to name the "Ten Best Dressed Male Screen Stars" of Hollywood. This is an assignment that can turn me into one of the most disliked women in Hollywood, but I'll just have to take that risk!

I'll top my list with the aforementioned Stewart Granger, who knows when and how to wear each item in his bulging wardrobe.

My next choice would be Robert Taylor, who is currently appearing in *Valley Of The Kings* and soon will be seen in *Rogue Cop*. Bob's good looks and erect carriage are an inspiration to his tailor.

Gene Kelly, who has the same casual demeanour as Bing Crosby, is at his best in informal togs. See his new M-G-M musical, *Brigadoon*, and you'll see what I mean.

William Holden, who nearly captures the heart of Audrey Hepburn in Paramount's *Sabrina*, wears clothes well.

Clark Gable, whether playing the flashing Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind* or the Dutch Intelligence officer in *Betrayed*, is a swashbuckler. He's made for clothes.

Edmund Purdom, a comparative newcomer to the screen, who was first seen as *The Student Prince* and is now *The Egyptian*, and working in *The Prodigal*, promises to be a style-setter.

My other favourites? To round out the ten, I'll nominate Rock Hudson (did you see him in *Magnificent Obsession*?), Walter Pidgeon, Louis Calhern, and, with due modesty, my husband, Michael Wilding.

Okay, boys, grab your brickbats—and line up at the right.

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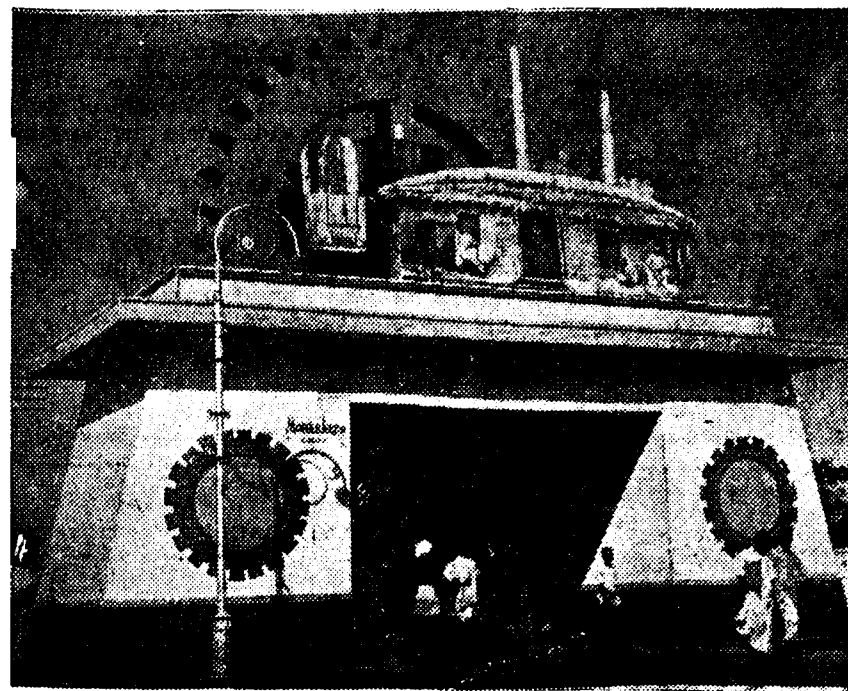
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Radio Biography of Mahatma Gandhi

The British Broadcasting Corporation is undertaking the production of a full-scale radio biography of Mahatma Gandhi for use in its Third Programme. For this purpose Francis Watson, well-known writer and broadcaster in Britain, and Maurice Brown, producer in the BBC's Features Department, are visiting India this month, and propose to stay about two-and-a-half months collecting programme material. It is intended that much of the material they record will be preserved in the BBC's archives.

Francis Watson has visited India on a number of previous occasions, the first of which was in 1938, to undertake voluntary work in the State of Aundh (now part of Bombay State). He travelled widely until, on the outbreak of the war, he joined the Information and Broadcasting Department in New Delhi. Since the war he has worked with British Information Services in New York and with the British Council in London. He has broadcast regular newsletters and commentaries to Asia over the BBC, and is the author of several novels and biographies.



his grand gate is at the Southern end of the Congress Exhibition in Teynampet in the city. The giant wheel in the background represents industry and the potter at the wheel represents village handicrafts.

"Jhansi Ki Rani" To Be Released In U.S.A.

At New York and other cities in the U. S. A., Sohrab Modi's *Jhansi Ki Rani* in English titled *Tiger and the Flame* will be released in April. The premiere of the film will be in New York.

Minerva Movietone's "Kundan"

The "muhurt" of *Kundan*, Minerva Movietone's latest in Hindi, was performed recently at its studios in Bombay recently. Sohrab Modi will play the title role of this adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables". Pandit Sudarshan has done the Hindi adaptation. Nimmi, Sajjan, Murad, Baby Naaz and others are in the cast. Direction will be by Sohrab Modi himself.

On The Production Anvil

All India Pictures' *Sitara*, directed by S.K. Ojha, is forging ahead at Modern Studio in Andheri. Vyjayantimala and Pradeep are in the main roles.

Hind Pictures' *Awara Shahzadi* is almost completed. Sheila Ramani plays a double role—a vagabond princess and a cafe dancer—in this picture produced by Pyare Lal and directed by Akkoo. Music is by Nashad.

Narayanan Co.'s *Kanavane Kanakanda Daivam* in Tamil is making brisk progress at Vauhini and Narasu Studios. Anjali, Nagayya, Gemini Ganesan and others are in the cast.

Modern Studio's *Kathanayaki* in Tamil is to be released next month. *Maheswari* will be their next production. Anjali will play the heroine in this picture.

Entertaining Stage-Play

A highly hilarious and excellently enacted Tamil drama, *Nagapetti*, was put on boards by the Stage Stars Syndicate of the S. Thiruvatteswarar Sabha recently at the Open Air Theatre at the Hindu High School in Triplicane in the City. The play was written by Sri A.C. Srinivasan and directed by Sri P.C. Gurunathan. Sri S.V. Jagannathan in the role of Kuladai, son of a Zamindar, impressed by his high acting abilities. S. T.N. Venkatraman as Manoj captured the audience by playing the excessively shy lover. Kumar Bhavani and Gajalakshmi in the roles of Sundari and Bhanumati showed promise of becoming very fine actresses. Also in the cast were Sris S. Sundaram, S. Ramaswamy, K. Rajagopal, Rajagopal and H.S. Krishnan.

Scene Of Memorable Tests!

MELBOURNE, where England won the third Test match against Australia on January 5, was the scene of the first encounter between the two countries. It was there, 78 years ago, that the first of the 165 Tests between England and Australia was played; it was won by Australia by 45 runs. Two Tests were played during that tour by the England team, the second also being at Melbourne, England winning by four wickets to square the rubber.

Of the 34 England-Australia Tests that have been played at Melbourne, England has won 13, Australia 18, and three have been drawn. It was there, in the second Test of the 1924-25 series, that famous England opening pair, Hobbs and Sutcliffe, stayed together during a full day's play, putting on 283 runs without being parted. On another occasion there, Sydney Barnes, one of the greatest English bowlers of all time, bowled at the start of the Australian innings and after 65 minutes had had only five runs scored off him and had taken four wickets.

One of the greatest all-rounders of all time, Yorkshire's Wilfred Rhodes is probably better remembered for his bowling and it is not generally recalled that he did open the England innings with Jack Hobbs. In fact, it was at Melbourne, during the fourth Test of the 1911-12 series, that these two put on 323 runs in an opening partnership—a record first-wicket stand in Tests between England and Australia that remains till to-day.

Melbourne, too, was the scene of one of the most exciting Test

finishes. The occasion was the second Test of the 1907-08 series. With the England last pair in and one run needed to win, an Australian fielder threw the ball at the wicket, instead of to the wicket-keeper, missed, and England won by one wicket.

Of the six hat-tricks that have been performed in England-Australia Tests, four were brought off at Melbourne. The last time this feat was achieved there was in the 1903-04 series by Trumble of Australia. He had also performed a hat-trick against England at Melbourne two years previously.

THE magnificent bowling of Frank Tyson that swept England to such a handsome victory in the third Test at Melbourne on Wednesday, January 5th, must rank as one of the outstanding performances in the long history of the Tests between the two countries. His seven wickets for 27 runs in Australia's second innings (six of them at a cost of 16 runs in those memorable 77 minutes which were all that were needed for play on Wednesday morning) ranks with Wilfred Rhodes' seven for 17 at Birmingham in the 1902 series, when Australia were dismissed for 36, and the late Hedley Verity's eight for 43 at Lord's in 1934.

Tyson's contribution to England's two victories in the present series has been 19 wickets for 225 runs, and he has emerged as the greatest match-winning bowler England has had for years. With the fine support that has been accorded him by Brian Statham, England has at last a pace attack that can match the Lindwall-Miller combination, which has served Australia so well since the war.

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The Master Lock!

— By KANAAD R. BHATNAGAR —

(Scene — A Railway Platform —
Time — about 8-30 p.m.)

Prem: "Harish, I have com-
mitted a mistake!"

Harish: "What's that?"

Prem: "I forgot to see that my
quarter was properly
locked."

Harish: "What are you talking?"

Prem: "You don't know, per-
haps, that the lock is a
bit loose and sometimes
it does not fasten pro-
perly."

Harish: "And you did not feel
or pull it when you left
the quarter?"

Prem: "No. That's what is
causing me worry."

Harish: "What can be done now?"

Prem: "I am completely puzzled.
My train may start any
moment."

Harish: "You are really a fool, I
should say."

Prem: "Oh, yes, indeed, I am
one but tell me, Harish,
what should be done now?
I also can't postpone my
departure. I have to
attend the Court tomorrow
morning."

Harish: "All right, Prem. Well,
I can do one thing for
you. I shall immediately
go to your quarter and
put another lock to make
it secure."

Prem: "And how would I get
the key?"

Harish: "That you will have to
collect from me when you
return to the Capital."

Prem: "All right, I can't think
of a better plan presently.
Please do go immediately
and put a Master Lock.
You keep this money."

Harish: "Money! Eh, you first
get into the compartment
lest you should also miss
the train Oh, you get
in immediately and we
shall settle the accounts
when you come back."

Prem: "But....."

Harish: "Now, don't try to be
foolish again and do as I
ask you to do."

(The train moves slowly and Prem
entrains hurriedly).

Harish (running with the train):
"Prem, what's your quar-
ter number? I forgot to
ask you."

Prem: "The same quarter which
you came to, last Holi
festival. Quarter No. 54."

Harish: "Facing that vast play-
ground?"

Prem: "There is no playground
now. It is near that Bus
Stand, you know ... Block
No. 8 ... Quarter No. 54."

Harish: "I get it now ... O K ...
Cheerio ..."

Prem: "Cheerio ...!"

(The scene now shifts near the old
playground mentioned by Prem the

Harish. *Time about ten O'clock.*)

Harish: (talking to himself) "Yes, he said 54 and Block Number was 8... That's right... Many new quarters have been built here since I last came to this place. It now looks completely changed... He said Block No. 8... This is Block 6 and that is No. 7. The other one must be Block No. 8... That's right... Good show... So, I

have reached the right place... This is quarter No. 48 and that is 50 and that one further is 52. Yes, that is 52 and the adjoining one is 54... Good, this is the place. A lock is already on the bolts. It is all right... but I should put the Master Lock over it... (He does it) Now, Prem, you attend the Court and now don't worry about the safety of the Quarter... I



have put the Master Lock securely..."

(Exit.)

(Same place after about two and a half hours. Lots of people are standing and there is some noise.)

Police-man: "I don't want arguments. You will have to accompany me to the Police Station."

Man: "I don't understand what you mean by all this!"

Police-man: "My job is not to explain everything to you. That will be done at the appropriate time."

Man: "But I must say you are unnecessarily troubling people."

Lady: "Yes, he is trying to be too clever. Don't you think that we will spare you?"

A voice: "Santri Badshah, what is the matter?"



Police-man: "When I was patrolling this area, I found these two persons breaking open that quarter."

Voice: "Breaking open that quarter? They seem to be well off and yet ..."

Another voice: "That is now the rule of the thieves. They come in the best dress possible and ..."

Voice: "And that, too, with a pretty woman like that ... Ha ... Ha ... Ha!"

Lady: "I say, will you shut up and mind your own business?"

Voice: "Ha ... Ha ... Ha ... Business ... Ha ... Ha ... Ha ... Yours is a good business!"

(Everyone joins in the laughter.)

Man: "I would request you to leave us alone."

Police-man: "Now, you, Mister and Missus as you say, come with me ..."

Lady: "This is atrocious!"

Police-man: "Look, our Head-Constable has also come this way. He will deal with you rather gentlier ... Ha ... Ha ..."

Head Constable: "What's the matter, No. 27?"

Police-man: "I found these two persons breaking open that quarter."

Head Constable: "Where are the residents of the quarter?"

Police-man: "No one is there and the quarter is locked. The neighbours say that this quarter was allotted to a new man only recently and they don't know the particulars about the allottee of this Quarter."

Man: "You seem to be an intelligent chap. Could you give me a few minutes to explain the entire case to you?"

Head Constable: "Of course, why not? Go on."

Man: "I am the allottee of this Quarter. She is my wife I am a Government servant. I had locked this quarter."

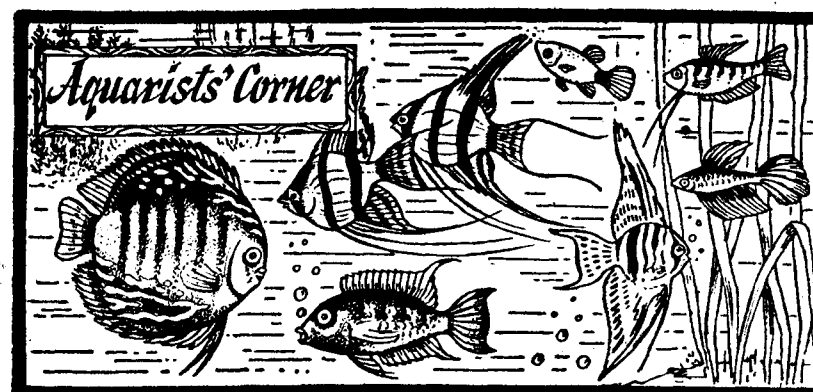
Head Constable: "I see. Could I have a look at the keys?"

Man: "Surely, here you are. You can scrutinise the key as best as you can."

Head Constable: "But then, sir, why were you breaking the lock open when you had the key all right with you?"

Man: "The thing is that we both had gone to see a night show and left the young baby inside the house who was asleep. On returning, I found our great amazement that there was another lock put over ours. When I was trying to break it your policeman saw and in suspicion he began his interrogations."

(Concluded on page 102)



BREEDING THE ANGELS

VERY few hobbyists have had Angels to pair off and spawn. Yet Angels, properly grown and conditioned, will spawn readily. The only trick to master is just to "properly grow and condition them."

Before I succeeded in breeding and rearing Angels, I, too, felt that the stunt must involve some jealously guarded secrets known only to a few fortunate hatchery people who had spent perhaps a life-time garnering the know-how, writes Forrest Copeland in *Tropical Aquarist*, the official organ of the Long Beach Aquarium Society, Long Beach, California.

Imagine my surprise and elation then, when I found my largest two paired off and blithely covering an Amazon Sword Leaf with row after row of yellowish white eggs. Luck? Rare freak of nature? I may have thought so at the time, but my Angels had grown rapidly, in fact, for several months I had poured the live food to them as fast as they would consume it. They had been with other fish most of the

The breeding of Angel Fish seems to many aquarists to be next to impossible. In fact, it is not so. In the 1st December, 1954 issue of this journal we reprinted an article entitled "The Angel Fish" which appeared in "The Aquarium" of U.S.A. In the article here reproduced more hints are given for the successful breeding of the Angel Fish. — Editor.

time, but I had noticed they were bullying the other fish and had removed them for this reason to a 15-gallon tank. The tank was bare except for a few potted plants. Here too was the natural thing to do, and as it happened, was the correct thing to do to inspire them to spawn. Seclusion, change of water, lots of live food, and cleanliness. All good rules for good health. And spawning Angels is as simple as that.

In fact, if you give your angels a chance, you can't keep them from spawning. Perhaps not the

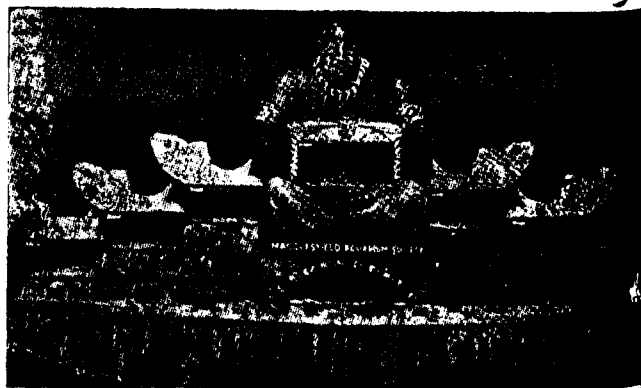
Angels you now have. Few Angels that have experienced periods of poor conditions, lack of live food for considerable lengths of time, lack of minerals, etc., will ever spawn. The secret then, if there is a secret, is never to permit growth and development to lapse before their first spawning. Once you know you have a breeding pair, it naturally follows that you will never cease to pamper them.

FOR those of you who have no chance of buying a guaranteed pair, the sure way of obtaining a few pairs of breeders is to buy the best looking young Angels you see in your dealer's tanks, but try to purchase them shortly after he receives them from the hatchery. In this way, you will know that their growth has never lagged. Not that you cannot take your dealer's word for their history, but so important is their conditioning that the hobbyist himself should control it from as early a beginning as possible. Then he has no doubts after having spent six to eight months working toward developing them. Be sure to start out with enough baby Angels to allow for a death or two and for more of one sex than the other. It would be a shame to start out with three, for instance, and wind up with three males. I think a dozen youngsters is the right number for your purpose, and placed in a twenty-gallon tank, to

start with, you will not stunt them. Later, after they are half grown, they should be given more room.

IN eight months of proper growth and development your Angels should range from 8 to 12 inches measuring from the top of their dorsals to the lower tip of their anal fins. And one fine morning you will discover, as I did, a pair either in the act of spawning or guarding the newly laid spawn. If there are other angels in the aquarium at this time, you will find them in the farthest corner of the tank with their noses stuck down in the corner. They will be pale and frightened, for every time one of them even dares to look toward those precious eggs, Mama or Papa or both will dart at the offender as if nothing in the world could stop him short of driving the whole bunch through the glass.

It is better to remove the other fish for two reasons. The parents



At the Federation of Northern Aquarium Societies' one-day show held in connection with the Autumn Assembly, member clubs were encouraged to create novel settings for one furnished and six others containing pairs of fish. Proof of the ingenuity can be seen from one of the entries shown above. It pictures a giant fish holding the furnished aquarium. The show was held in U.S.

will no longer be distracted, and you will have isolated the breeders so that you can identify them. If the eggs hatch, you know you have a pair. Then after you are sure the eggs have all been laid, take a clean dishpan (white if possible) and siphon from the spawning tank enough water to fill the pan to a depth of about five inches. Add enough Methylene blue to tint the water as you would use bluing in laundry water. Start aeration and provide 80 degrees steady temperature. Then remove the leaf of eggs from the spawning tank. It is a good idea to fend off the parents with a large net, as they become so excited many of the eggs might be knocked off. Weight the leaf in the pan in such a way that all the eggs are submerged about half the depth.

ON the third day or the evening of the second day, depending upon the hour of spawning, the babies will be hatching, yet still attached to the leaf by a sticky thread. Their wiggling tails circulate fresh water over their bodies.

The blue sediment seen on the bottom of the pan should be siphoned out. This is the debris from the eggs and will eventually become covered with fungus. Fungus is the only real danger to baby Angels at this stage. If an egg turns white, it should be removed with a medicine dropper. After about three days of this larval stage, the babies will all start swimming in search of food.

Food shortage is the second great danger. The day the babies break from the eggs, you should set a pan of brine shrimp eggs to hatch. These should provide baby

(Concluded on page 101)

LADIES HAIR FALLING

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Accomplished Hand! (Continued from page 59)

Muthu could afford to be curious now. He squatted himself on the dirty floor and hurriedly opened the purse. It looked quite aged and had evidently seen much service. It was heavy—so heavy that a man with a lesser experience would have immediately rejoiced at its sight. But Muthu had experience with purses which looked heavy enough at the first touch. They might be full with coppers! He therefore went in first for the currency notes. He drew out some bits of paper, presumably some addresses, and was just in the act of drawing out something which looked like a ten-rupee currency note, when he heard suddenly a gentle tap on the door.

MUTHU gave a violent start. He could not understand the interruption. Who could it be? Had he fumbled in his work? No..... impossible. It was a fine piece of work he had done and there was no chance..... But the gentle tap on the door was repeated, again and again. Muthu rose up without further thought and crossed the floor to open the door. He left the purse and the bits of paper he had taken out of it lying on the floor. He was so sure that the visitor had nothing to do with them. He pulled aside the bolt and opened the door and there seated on the *pai* at the side of the entrance was the figure of that sheepish-looking man.

Muthu was shocked. But he controlled his emotions with a wonderful effort and nothing betrayed him except a fast twinkle in his eyes and a slight movement of his lips. But they did not seem to

escape the notice of that sheepish-looking man. And now, at a short distance, Muthu could see the intruder well. What a strange pair of eyes did that man possess! A pair of eyes that were continuously smiling solely by themselves. Muthu suddenly realised by his instinct that he was looking into the most intelligent eyes that he had ever met in his life.

THE grey-haired man made things easy for him. It was Muthu who was again surprised. The stranger rose up from his seat and without the least ceremony entered the house after slightly pushing open the door which stood ajar. Muthu followed mechanically. All this time not a word was said between the two men. The stranger crossed the floor and, espousing a broken stool in a corner, walked up and sat on it after blowing the dust off. Muthu glanced quickly at the purse which was lying off but the stranger did not seem to have taken notice of it. He was looking at nothing in particular.

"Please get me some water to drink. I am thirsty." The voice of the man was even and quiet, and Muthu was surprised at the ease with which the fellow conducted himself. But to him it was a day of surprises. He moved off without a word and soon returned, bringing water from a neighbouring room. He gave the water to the man and while he was drinking it, looked hurriedly at the purse. It was still there, lying in the same place.

The man finished drinking, wet his lips by running his tongue over

them and then wiped them on his shirt sleeves. There was again that smile in his eyes—a smile which Muthu began to dislike. "Well, man, that was a clean piece of work, as good as any I have seen. There is smartness in you. Nobody could have done it better. I like you, fellow, take it from me. I admire you," he went on gushing.

"I don't know what you are talking about," interrupted Muthu who was getting nervous and confused.

"**D**ON'T be silly and do not belittle yourself in my eyes by indulging in such cheap denials," the stranger snapped. "I know everything and want you to keep quiet and listen to me. Do not interrupt. You interested me from the first time I saw you. The way in which you got the purse off me was a master stroke. And to hear this much from me is in itself a tribute to your skill.

"I know what it is to be a pick-pocket. I was in the trade till about two years back and I know everyone of the tricks in it. It is a trade wherein human talents of the finest order have got to be employed. Second-rate men have no place at all. Men with not half of your talents, my dear chap, are earning thousands every month and, what is more, with the sanction of society. They thrive in comfort, move freely and openly and don't have to fear the hand of the law.

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the better ones are rotting. In what way are they better than you? The only thing that they have, and you don't have, is the sanction of law. They are engaged in trades which the law allows and it is their single advantage."

MUTHU'S surprise and fear were fast giving place to a strong feeling of appreciation. He was sure he was seeing before him a master-craftsman. He was feeling the pleasure of an artist meeting an artist. Again Muthu wanted to say something but he could not.

The stranger spoke again.

"I told you I was in the trade. I was there for so long a time that I can't tell you for how long I was there. From my childhood I did the work. But I don't do it now. It is two years since I have put a stop to it."

"And now how long have you been doing this?" It was the first



CHIEF SURGEON (to junior colleagues): "Now, my friends, spot the deliberate mistake that I have made!"

question the stranger asked and it took time for Muthu to know that he was allowed to speak at last.

"Doing what?" he asked back in a tone which was not his usual one.

"Come, come, man, I mean this business of pick-pocketing."

"For the past fifteen years, sir," replied Muthu in quite a respectful tone.

"You don't intend to leave it?" the elderly man queried.

"Leaving that, sir? Oh, yes! I see — but what then — how to live — that is the problem."

"**THAT'S** all right. I know all that," broke in the stranger. "What if I show you some other way to live? Some other way where you can use your talents to your advantage and that too without the fear of police? In your present profession there is as much of uncertainty as there is risk!"

"That sounds interesting. But how is that? Let me know. How could it be possible for a man like me who knows no useful work to get a job? You want me to learn anything new?" asked Muthu anxiously.

"Yes, of course, I want you to forget the past," replied the grey-haired man with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, which for the first time set Muthu smiling. "I told you that jobs exist in society which you can easily fill up—jobs about whose existence I did not know myself till about two years before. I now work in a factory

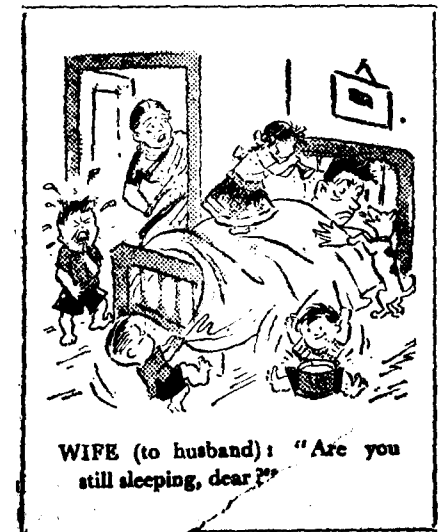
where men of your ability are required. I am the foreman of a saw-mill where men with the deftest hand and surest touch are required. There is no place there for slackness. I will see you are paid well. What do you say?"

"Righto, sir, I shall take the job with all my heart! I shall give it a trial," replied Muthu.

THE owner of the Mill spoke amidst the hum of the engines and the noise of the lathes. He pointed out a workman in overall to his foreman and asked "Who's that? The fellow looks smart enough."

"Yes, sir, smart enough," replied the foreman. "He joined us last week and will go well in his trade....."

But I am sorry to have to record that Muthu's heart was not in the new job. Its monotony bored him so much that he returned after a few days to the pavements to ply his old profession again. ♦♦



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After The Quarrel (Continued from page 63)

"You and your morbid jealousies!" he had flared up at her. "It cost me a job to-day. It is not wise to quarrel with one's bread and butter."

"Oh, we will get other assignments," Jayanti said airily.

"Wait till news of your temperament gets around. They wouldn't want us even if we offered to work gratis."

"You are making a mountain out of a molehill."

"I AM not, Jayanti. I wish you would realise the danger you are placing me in. In the filmland fancies change fast. We might cease to click suddenly. It is advisable to make the most of our opportunities. Song writers like me are teeming everywhere."

"If you want me to co-operate, then stay away from women."

"What do you mean?" he cried, stung. He was outraged at her insinuation that he was a philanderer. Of course, being in a profession where beauty was given its just due he was liable to be impressed by a pretty face. But it wasn't such a crime, was it? Jayanti couldn't expect him to go about with blinkers over his eyes. She wanted to monopolise him. His soul revolted at the thought. He wouldn't be owned by anybody.

They made it up afterwards but it was at best an armed truce. They still held tensiously to their individual points of view. Trivial incidents assumed enormous proportions. Doubt and suspicion reared their ugly head in their hearts.

They had gone to Producer Datta's bungalow to discuss the music for his next picture. As the latter related to them the story his eyes rested frequently on Jayanti and finally he asked her whether she had ever acted in films. Jayanti said no. Mr. Datta impulsively offered her the second lead in his picture. "You have a photogenic face and I am sure you will be able to emote before the camera," he said. "Why don't you try a hand at it? A heroine who could sing her own songs would be a refreshing change."

Jayanti hesitated before replying and glanced at Avinash for approbation.

The latter shrugged his shoulders. "It is up to you to decide. If you feel equal to the job you are welcome to accept it."

AVINASH actually wanted her to decline the offer. They were quite well off as they were. He was wary of any new change. But, contrary to his expectations, Jayanti accepted Mr. Datta's suggestion.

"Splendid!" the latter cried, elated. "Come round tomorrow to the studio for a screen test."

Jayanti was exuberant at the chance that had dropped out of the blue.

"Just think of it!" she exulted. "What a far cry from the job of the lowly nurse to the career of a film star. I just can't believe my good luck."

It was curious, mused Avinash bitterly, how she went on and on expatiating on this lucky break

of hers with not a thought for him. So far they had always planned jointly and shared their successes. But now Jayanti had effectively shut him out.

SHE was regarding him with a hurt expression, "You don't look very happy," she said.

"Oh, but I am. I am simply delirious with joy at your good fortune."

"Talk of jealousy!" she said with a short laugh. "Who is jealous now?"

"Pooh! I do not waste my emotions on such trivial issues. You are fired with ambition. Go ahead and realise it. I will have nothing to do with it, though."

"Oh! That is as good as saying that you disapprove of the idea. You are afraid that I will become even more famous as a star than you are as a song writer."

"Jayanti!" Avinash shouted. "Don't forget the fact that it was I who gave you your first break as a singer. If I hadn't discovered that you had a good voice you would still have been plodding at your job in the hospital."

"On the contrary," Jayanti retorted, "it is my voice that lent the magic to your songs. Let me remind you that you shot into prominence only when I sang your compositions."

They were at it again, quarrelling like cats and dogs, hurting each other with words that were irrevocable. If only he had said, "Forgive me, I am being utterly selfish," or if she had said, "I won't take the role if it upsets you



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so much," it might have ended the issue. He would have insisted on her going on with it. He would have basked in her reflected glory.

IN the morning she had got up without a word and dressed and gone out. When she returned he pointedly refrained from asking questions. Silence lay between them like an insurmountable barrier.

"I am going away," she announced after they had spent the next few days without speaking to each other. "It is impossible for us to live together any more. I hope you have been amply paid for the break you gave me."

"Oh! But you are entitled to half of every pie we have earned," he said. He was not going to give her the satisfaction of this magnanimous gesture. "We will split everything half and half. After all, you have worked as hard as I."

"I don't want anything except to get away from here quick."

"Where would you go?" He taunted her. He knew her aunt had died some time ago.

"Anywhere..."

"Don't be foolish. This sort of thing is done only in story books and films."

Jayanti maintained a tight-lipped silence, refusing to be drawn into an argument. She was exhausted emotionally.

She snapped her suit-case shut and turned to go. He could have stopped her even then. He could have thrown his arms around her and pleaded with her. Instead stood by, a cigarette between his lips, watching her with the

utmost non-chalance treating it all as a huge joke.

He smiled wryly recollecting it all. The curtain has been rung down on the first act, he said to himself, what comes next?

He felt the need for action and went into the kitchen to make himself a cup of tea. He wondered what Jayanti was doing then. Perhaps she was also consoling herself with a cup of tea.

Next day Avinash interviewed half a dozen girls. He was busy throughout the day taking their voice tests and teaching his crew the musical scores. He imagined that all his friends must know about the rift between Jayanti and himself but was surprised to find them going about their business totally oblivious of the upheaval in his life.

A few days later he ran into producer Datta.

"Hullo," he greeted the latter. "How is your new film progressing?"

"Not so well. Everything was going fine, but my second feminine lead fell down from a scaffolding during shooting and is in the hospital. Nothing serious fortunately."

AVINASH'S heart lurched. Jayanti hurt? "Mr. Datta, do you know which hospital she is in? Don't think it odd... we had a quarrel, you see, and she walked out on me. I don't know her whereabouts."

Mr. Datta looked mystified.

"I don't understand. You had a quarrel with Miss Aruna?"

"No, with Jayanti," he almost shouted.

"Don't you know? She turned down my offer. A pity, of course. She would have been ideal for that role."

Avinash gasped. He did not hear Mr. Datta's next words. He had misjudged Jayanti. He had to find her out immediately. But where could he look for her in that huge city?

"I am going to the K.M. hospital to see Miss Aruna. Care to come with me?"

K.M. Hospital? That was the place where he had first met Jayanti. Some inner instinct made him assent. Soon they were driving towards the hospital.

Miss Aruna looked pale but cheerful. She was propped up in bed and was surrounded by several callers who talked volubly. There was a party atmosphere in the room. Occasionally laughter rang out.

Suddenly there was a discreet tap on the door and a nurse put her head round the door.

"Please," she said. "A little less noise. There is an operation case next door and the patient is being disturbed."

THEY dropped their voices, slightly abashed. Avinash had started as though electrified at the sound of the nurse's voice. He rushed to the door and found her walking down the corridor. He hurried after her.

"Jayanti," he called out, "Jayanti!" He caught up with her. "I must talk to you. It was a piece of luck finding you here. I might have known you would return to your old job."

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she corrected him. "I couldn't get my job back."

"It is immaterial. I want to talk to you."

"I have no time. I am on duty now. If the matron found me idling here she would take me to task."

"To hell with the matron."

"Not so loud please! The patients..."

"Listen, Jayanti. If you talk to me another word about your patients I will create a scene right here. And don't treat me as though I were a stranger. I am your husband, remember?"

SHE raised her eyebrows and there was a tinge of sarcasm in her voice as she said, "Really?"

"Yes. You seem to have forgotten that you are a respectable married woman. Darling," he pleaded. "Don't harden your heart against me. I know I have behaved caddishly. I plead guilty to a thousand offences."

"Let go of my hand. You are embarrassing me in front of all these people."

Avinash became aware of a group of ayahs and kamals who had gathered round to watch them.

"I will startle you further by kissing you in front of them all if you don't return with me to the place where you rightly belong and this time you stay there for keeps, partner," he threatened.

He hustled her out of the hospital before she had time to protest. Time enough for a perfect reconciliation once they got home away from prying eyes. Of course, the smiling matron understood it all!

CHILD OF DESTINY

(Continued from page 20)

He begins to wonder whether there is something wrong in his attire that it appears comical to the girls. He adjusts his tie, fiddles with his shirt-front, pulls up his socks and shrugs his shoulders. If he's a fellow who is used to powdering, he takes out his handkerchief and nervously wipes his face to get rid of any patches which might be the cause for this frivolous laughter.

OF course, there is the boy who, even at the age of fourteen, begins to show promise of developing into an expert philanderer in time to come, and such a boy would be less ill at ease in a situation like this. The first nervous symptoms are, of course, apparent, but these wear off in a few minutes and the youngster usually selects one particular girl who appeals to his fancy and will ogle at her with a sort of dumb expression on his face.

However, these manifestations of girlish frivolity took a different shape as Brian entered the gates of the Convent. He was sighted by one girl only, but by the time he could reach the parlour there were about six or seven com-

panions of the girl peeping at him from the far end of the place with such officious looks that he felt as though he had committed some crime.

He heard their voices raised in excited conversation and as he strained his ears to listen he caught the words, "Yes, that's her brother; of course, it is!" from one girl, and from another, almost at the same time, "Yes, yes, that's the one, but I thought he started wearing dhoti. See! He's got on a lovely tweed suit, instead!"

Brian could only catch these few sentences distinctly when one of the girls said, "Quick! Priscy's coming!" and the whole lot of them scampered away as quickly as they possibly could.

PRISCY dashed up to where he was the very next minute, in a dressed ready to go home with her brother. For a moment both brother and sister stared at each other uncertainly.

"Brian!" Priscy almost shouted, kissing him and clinging to him with sisterly affection. "My! How big you've grown! I couldn't make you out."

"I couldn't either," Brian replied, "You've grown twice as

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tall since I last saw you and that was three months ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes, nearly three months. But why didn't mamma come?"

"We're going to a christening party, Priscy, the three of us. Mummy will be waiting for us now. She didn't want to tire herself coming here first."

"Christening party?" the girl asked.

"Yes. Bella Lanny's baby—a girl."

"Oh! Bella's got a girl baby? How lovely!"

SUPPRESSED whispers from beyond where they stood were again audible and Brian looked that way.

"Funny!" he said, looking in that direction. "That was Mavis Johnson, your best friend, Priscy. I think it was she who made that remark about my wearing a suit, or something."

"She's not my best friend, Brian!" Priscy said emphatically.

"Why? What happened?" he asked.

"Come, let's go and see Mother Teresa and tell her about my going home. I'll tell you about everything later."

A little mystified, Brian allowed himself to be conducted out of that place. So, there was something wrong after all! Well, he would soon know from Priscy.

Mother Teresa was the Reverend Mother Superior of the Convent and for one holding such a responsible position she looked uncommonly young. Tall, fair,

and with a pair of light blue eyes that revealed a depth of passion so commonly seen in the faces of nuns as a rule, she looked a woman of character, self-reliant and purposeful. Brian, whenever he saw her, felt the influence of her beauty.

MOTHER Teresa received Brian with stately demeanour and motioned him to a seat, taking the one opposite him.

"Good evening, mother," Brian said. "I've come to take Priscy home."

"Yes, you may," the nun answered. Somehow, she gave the impression that she was smiling against herself. There was something about her attitude which Brian felt was rather unusual. At other times he had always felt quite at ease in her presence. Now, he felt strangely uncomfortable. Either Mother Teresa was disapproved that day or she disapproved of his tweed suit or something like that, he surmised.

"We were very happy to hear that Priscy has done well in her



"I hope your sister doesn't mind my smoking!"

examinations, Mother," he said, by way of some conversation.

"Yes," Mother Teresa replied. "We have no trouble with her. But she mustn't neglect her studies during the holidays, of course. Please tell your mother to see that she doesn't."

"She won't, Mother. I can promise you that," he assured her.

"Very well, then. You may go now. Good-night, Priscy. Be a good girl. And pray for all of us."

"Yes, mother," Priscy answered.

Without further ceremony, Mother Teresa made her exit, her rosary beads keeping time to the steady sound of her footsteps as she walked away with her head held high.

IN the rickshaw, on their way home, Brian asked his sister what it was that she had to tell him.

"Brian," she began, "all the girls in the convent have come to know that you go to those Congress Party meetings and they keep calling you a Congressman and an 'Indian', just to tease me. Mavis especially. The other day, about a week back, when I opened my desk in class, I found a newspaper cutting—what do you call them,

those funny drawings printed in the papers?"

"Cartoons?"

"Yes, yes, a newspaper cartoon. It had about three or four men wearing those white caps these Congressmen wear and on one of these somebody wrote 'Priscy's brother'. I took it at once to Sister Basil our English teacher, and she began to ask me all sorts of questions about you."

"What questions?"

OH! Where you were working, what meetings you attended, whether you were friendly with any Congressmen and whether they come home to see you, and so many other questions, Brian. I told her I didn't know anything, that you never tell us anything of what you do and that you never discuss them at home with mamma or anybody else at home. She wouldn't believe me. Then she asked me in the end if you wrote anything for the papers. I said, 'I think he does, sister. But I don't know what it's all about.' 'Pooph!' she said. 'I must tell Mother Teresa.'"

"And did she?" asked Brian.

"I'm coming to it. Sister Teresa sent for me in the afternoon and

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gave me a lecture. 'Look, Priscilla,' she said. 'I heard your brother is now doing all these silly things, going to meetings and writing articles for the papers, and it has upset me very much, indeed. You know, dear, we have so many children here—boarders, I mean—whose parents are very respectable folk and if those parents ever come to hear that we have girls in the Convent whose parents or brothers or any other relatives are members of the Congress Party, they will just withdraw their children from school and we'll be losing a great deal, don't you see? Of course, I can't punish you for what your brother does, by sending you away, but when you go home for your holidays I want you to attend to your studies more than listen to anything your brother or even your mother might say at home. And when you come back after the holidays I want you to keep everything to yourself and not to talk about anything like this to any of the girls and if they ask you anything about your brother, tell them you don't know. Will you do that now, Priscy?'

"I told her I would do that and then she said, 'Good girl, now you may go.' I think some of the girls must have been listening at the

door, Brian, because since that they began to worry me more and more and Hyacinth Barling who a first-class boarder told the other girls, I believe, that her mother had warned her not to have anything to do with me and whenever any of the orphan girls speak to me, the others stop speaking to her, so I am all to myself most of the time."

PRISCY relapsed into a sullen silence when she had finished. There was a thoughtful frown on Brian's face for the next few minutes.

"I see," he said at last, more to himself than to his sister. "Mother Teresa and her kind will soon be singing a different tune, if I'm not mistaken."

"Why?" his sister asked, innocently.

"You'll soon know why, Priscy, though you may not understand what it's all about," he answered.

(To be Continued)

T.B.

of

■ LUNGS
■ STOMACH
■ GLANDS
■ BONES

Etc: Etc:

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AQUARISTS' CORNER

(Continued from page 87)

brine shrimp the same day the baby Angels begin swimming. To feed the Angels earlier is foolish, for they cannot eat until their egg yolk is fully absorbed. In fact they cannot swim until they are ready for food. Two feedings daily are the minimum requirements for baby Angels. Infusoria has no place in starting Angels. In the first place, FUNGUS, the Angel's deadliest enemy, thrives in the same conditions required for Infusoria. In the second place, the Angels should be fed as large a food as they can take. Brine shrimp are clean, more nutritious, and are the right size for their first food. Their next food can be sifted Daphnia, newly hatched mosquito larvae (float the egg rafts on the surface of the growing tank) then chopped Tubifex or White worms. But always give the larger food as early as the Angels can manage it. Fifteen days should be long enough for the brine shrimp feedings. At four weeks the babies assume the shape of adult Angels and from then on there is no hardier fish to be found.

In the meantime, your breeding pair should have spawned a couple of times and you are definitely going nuts trying to find beg, borrow or steal enough tanks to house them all!

Femme Fatale!

Robert P. Dempster, Associate Curator of Aquatic Biology, recorded the death of a male octopus in the daily log of Steinbart Aquarium recently. He noted that the

octopus had been with us fourteen and one half months, the longest time one had ever been kept in the aquarium. He explained they don't ordinarily live very long in an aquarium. They are nervous and excitable, and they bump their heads on the sides of the tank.

This particular one never bumped its head. Its movements were cautious even when on "Science in Action". But a female arrived one day and was put in the same tank. Love blossomed and they fell into each other's arms, 16 in all! It was a short romance. One week later the female died and at the end of the next week the male died also.

Had he avoided a broken head only to die of a broken heart?

— Courtesy, Oregon Aquatic News.

For A Lovely Tank . . .

Don't put your fish in water fresh,
Don't keep them hot or cold,
Don't ever put the little fry
In with the large and old.

Don't give the plant life too much
Light, or algae will abound.
But too much light beats none at all
That's what we have found.

Don't use those pretty figurines
Or fancy odd shaped shells,
For food collects beneath these things
And creates awful smells.

Don't keep too many fish within
A tank built for a few,
Or else the number may decrease
Without the aid of you.

Don't let the sediment get too deep
Don't let the plants go rank,
Thus by observing all these things
You'll have a lovely tank.

— Oregon Aquatic News.

The Master Lock!

(Continued from page 84)

Head: "Is the baby still in the house?"

Man: "Yes, and with the sounds produced by breaking the lock, he has been awakened and he is crying loud enough."

Head: "Let's go there. Come on, all of you."

(Every one moves towards the quarter and the Head Constable peeps through the window).

Head: "Yes, a child is crying. Does he answer you? Let us see."

Man & Woman: "Yes, why would he not? Hello, baby ... Shyam my dear!"

Baby: "Papa ... papa ... Mamma oh, mamma!"

Man: "See, he is our child and this is my quarter ... Now, are you satisfied?"

Head: "Yes, sir, we are completely satisfied. You can get in. The matter is closed." (Exit Police and crowd.)

Lady: "Eat, dear, this Master Lock?"

Man: "Yes, this Master Lock! There must be someone in this drama whom we do not know and who has eluded the police!"

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Two Share First Prize!

RESULT OF MYWORDS NO. 38

In MYWORDS No. 38, the Competition Management received Rs. 1110-5-0 by way of Entry Fees. In conformity with the Rules & Conditions governing this Competition Rs. 370-1-0, being 33 & 1/3 per cent, was deducted from the amount received. The nett amount of Rs. 741-10-0 was again divided: Rs. 555-2-0 for All-Correct winners and Rs. 185-8-0 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 108 is the Chartered Accountants' Certificate regarding the actual amount received as Entry Fees.

Thus, 2 Competitors who were able to submit All-Correct Entries share the First Prize Amount of Rs. 555-2-0, each getting Rs. 277-9-0.

28 One-Error solvers and 84 Two-Error solvers share the Runners-up amount of Rs. 185-8-0. Each One-Error solver gets Rs. 3-1-0 and each Two-Error solver gets Rs. 1-3-0.

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.

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

ALL-CORRECT SOLVERS. Each Awarded Rs. 277-9-0.

RAMAN J., c/o M. Rajavelue, 67, Adam Street, Mylapore, Madras-4.

SUBRAMANIA IYER S., c/o Directorate of Marine Engineering Training, New Taratolla Road, Calcutta-27.

ONE-ERROR SOLVERS. Each Awarded Rs. 3-1-0.

(3) GHIRDHARI Lal Yadav, V. Kalgaon, P.O. Chirawa, Dt. Jhunjhunu, Jaipur, Rajasthan.

HANUMANTHA Rao D., Dhenuvakonda P.O., Via Addanki, Guntur Dt.

JOHN C'Bhakta, Teacher, B.E.M. High School Kasargod, S.K.

LOURDUSAMY A., Writer, St. Joseph's Industrial School, Motor Dept., P.B. No. 6, Tiruchirapalli.

MANJUNATH Vittal Kamath P., Philatelist, P.O. Panambur, Mangalore; Mehta H.C., P.O. Philowal Pakka, Dt. Amritsar; Mohan Gupta J.P., 3/62, Lawley Hospital Lane, Coonoor R.S., Nilgiris.

(2) NANJUNDIAH H.N., Timbergrove Cottage, Snowdon Road, Ootacamund; Narayandas Sukhdeoas Bhutada, Sarafa Lane, Ward No. 4, Khamgaon, M.P.

PILLAI P.G., 139, Sarojini Devi Road, Secunderabad, Dn.

RAMAKRISHNA Rao, Rao's Cafe, Assembly Rooms Ooty; (5) Raman J. c/o M. Rajavelue, 67, Adam Street, Mylapore, Madras-4.

SADASHIV Madhav Halkar, Suryodaya Bldg., Nahur Rd., Mulund; Sarathy Y.P., 1st Linc, 10th Cross, Brodipet, Guntur; Sharadamma K.S. (Miss), J. 34, Pipe Line, Seshadripuram, Bangalore-9; (2) Singarayan M., 15A, Metturajapatty Road, Dindigul; Subba Rao B. (Dr.), 7/16A, Kanchrapet St., Cuddapah; Subbaraya Sastri A.V., Ewaran Koil St., Kollegal; Sundara Raman S.K., 189, Brahmins' Colony, Saklespur P.O., Hassan Dt., Mysore State.

YUSUF H. Madraswalla, 20, Errabala Chetty St., Madras-1.

Rs. 10,000

CLOSING DATE IN MADRAS - FRIDAY 7-2-55.

FIRST PRIZE - Rs. 7,500

FOR 1 & 2 ERRORS Rs. 2,500

FOR EASY WIN & QUICK RESULTS

SUBJECT TO RULES & CONDITIONS

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 a 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 there 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?)

Each line of 13 Blank Squares top to bottom constitutes one Entry. In the form opposite are Blanks for 4 Entries. In each only the apt letter which completes the word should be filled up.

3 Entries	..	..	Rs.	1/-
6 "	..	..	Rs.	2/-
12 "	..	..	Rs.	3/-
18 "	..	..	Rs.	4/-
24 "	..	..	Rs.	5/-
36 "	..	..	Rs.	7/-
48 "	..	..	Rs.	8/-
60 "	..	..	Rs.	10/-

For details about Key Solution, Prize List, etc., please see Page 106.

[illegible]

I have read the Rules & Conditions governing this Competition and agree to abide by the same and also to accept the Competition Editor's decision in respect of this Competition as final and legally binding.

Enclosed P.O. or M.O., Receipt or Cash Voucher No.

No. of
Entries

FULL NAME (in Ink) } **Mr. / Mrs. / Miss**
and Block Letters)

MAIL ADDRESS

MYWORDS COMPETITION No 40 OFFERS

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 7,500	10000	FOR 12 ERRORS Rs. 2,500
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FOR EASY WIN & QUICK RESULTS CLOSING DATE IN MADRAS **7-3-55** **SUBJECT TO RULES & CONDITIONS.**

CLUES

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

Entry Form of MYWORDS No. 40 will be published in the 15-2-1955 Issue.

Ten Clues Only To Solve!

The Competition Management has pleasure in informing the Competition fans that they have to solve **TEN CLUES ONLY** from MYWORDS No. 40. Also watch for an announcement regarding liberal Concessions in Entry Fees in the 15th February, 1955 Issue.

Mywords No. 39:

KEY SOLUTION. The Scaled Cover containing the Official Key Solution of MYWORDS No. 39 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 February, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*.

PRIZE LIST. The List of Prize Winners (which may be abridged) will be published in the 1st March, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*. The First Prize and Runners-up (1 and 2 Error) Prize amounts will be sent on or before 11th March, 1955.

ADDRESS your Covers containing Entries to:— MYWORDS No. 39, 32, Broadway, Madras 1.

Mywords No. 38 Prize List

TWO-ERROR SOLVERS. Each Awarded Re. 1-3-0.

- ABIGALE Garita (Miss), Bombay-25;
(2) Anil Kumar Chakrabarty, P. O. Balurghat, W. B.; Arunachalam M., Tuticorin; Azariah K. G., Nilambur, S. Malabar.
BAKSHI V. M., Jabalpur; Balambal K. (Mrs.), Koppanapatti Pudukkottai; Bala Prasad Sharma Bhopal; Bhambhani M. G. (Miss), Bombay-19; Bhatnagar B. S. (Dr.), Alirajpur, Via Dohad; Bindu Behari Marak, P. O. Kalaichar, Assam.
CHARI T. V., Pandurana, C. Ry., M. P.
DAMODAR Prakash Bombay-3; D'Crux A. Khatiresan Bombay-1.
EDWARDS M. E., Coonoor.
FAKIR Hazra, Sibrala Burdwan.
(2) GOPALAN S., Nagpur.
HAMEED M. A., Hyderabad, Dn.;
(3) Hanumantha Rao D., Dhenuvakonda, Gunur; Hariharan Iyer V. R., Shencottah.
(4) JOHN C' Bhakta, Kasargod.
KAMALA Ganesh R. (Mrs.), Madras-7; Kidwai H. A., Lucknow; Koka Krishniah, Madras 17.

(Continued from page 103)

- MANJUNATH Vittal Kamath P., Panambur P. O., S. K.; Mary Devassy (Mrs.), Shoranur; (4) Mohan Gupta J. P., Coonoor; Muthulakshmi (Miss), Rajapalayam.
NADKERNI K. D., Karwar; (7) Nandjundiah H. N., Ootacamund; (2) Nirmal Singh Chandigarh.
PADMANABHA P. P., Panemangalore; (6) Pannalal Sharma, Bhopal; (2) Parthasarathy T., Chitaldrug; Phillips L. C., Banaras; Pradhan R. M., Cuttack-1.
RADHA Bai U., Madras-7; (2) Ramakrishna Rao, Ooty; (4) Raman J., Madras-4; Ratnam K. S., Puri.
(2) SASHI Bhushan Sahoo, Swampatna P. O., Orissa; (2) Savitri Rai (Mrs.), Allahabad; (2) Shankarappa C., Castlerock, Karwar; (2) Shashikala K. (Miss), Karkala, S. K.; (2) Subba Rao B. (Dr.), Cuddapah; (2) Subharaya Setty A. V., Kulleral; Subramoney Iyer R., Puthanmadom, T. C.; Sundara Raman S. K., Saklespur P. O., Mysore State; Syed Umer B., Bhatkal, N. K.
THANGAMANI G. M. (Miss), Egmore, Madras 8.
U. PONI N. S., Thana.
VITHAL Shamrao Kamble, Hubli.

SCRUTINY CLAIM RULES & CONDITIONS

* Such of those Competitors who believe that they have won a Prize in MYWORDS No. 38 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 1-2-55 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. 38, *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.
Number of the P. O. / M. O. enclosed

THE NEW CONGRESS PRESIDENT (Continued from page 16)

of his wife and be locked back in his cell by night-fall. His wife soon passed away but still Dhebar spurned conditional release. A typical satyagrahi to the core, his whole attitude bore the stamp of the supreme sacrifice of an idealist.

WHEN the last vestiges of British rule were fast disappearing from the shores of India, the Princely Order of the day was shaken to the roots and the 225 odd feudal States in Sourashtra pulled in different directions, and soon became the prize-problem of the Iron Duke of India—the Sardar. However, the Sardar's magic wand did not spare them and in 1948, they were welded into one unit and the Sourashtra's Strong Man, Shri Dhebar, became the obvious choice as the Chief Minister.

Ex-rulers and moneyed landlords simmering with discontent over these developments, in particular land reforms, threw up a violent agitation and even let loose murderous gangs and notorious dacoits for whom Sourashtra is so well-known. Opposition Parties, inspired, of course, by Communists, used students as the spearhead in an agitation against increase in tuition fees in cities so that more schools could be opened in villages. Big traders wailed against the Sales Tax and as usual, found in Communists willing allies against a seemingly common foe—the democratic government of Dhebar. But he rode the whirlwind and baffled all his foes.

Dhebar speaks very little but listens a great deal. His is no radiant personality evoking inspiration, but he has the solemnity of a spiritualist who commands respect. No mass orator in the usual sense of the term, he can marshal as well as philosophy from

his intimate touch with the sons of the soil. Since he does this without the odium of preaching, it never fails to produce the desired effect even on an unfriendly audience. Though no glamour boy, like some of our leaders, he seldom fails to draw large audiences in his home-state. Often, his rush to the rescue of any wronged citizen gets the better of him in regard to the don'ts of an administrator and morale of the power-conscious bureaucratic officialdom. Like Rajaji, he is sweetly reasonable and persuasive to his colleagues.

IT is well known that the Congress to-day suffers from serious limitations and shortcomings like internal dissensions, provincialism, pro-and anti-Nehru inclinations, linguistic and regional fanaticism, etc. To pilot such a vast organization, Nehru has chosen a man who has nothing narrow or sectional about him.

During its stormy and chequered history all these long years, Congress has seen many revolutionaries and reformers, savants and statesmen, poets and philosophers, heroes and heroines of the Nation. What part will Dhebar play and how will he shape the future of the Country and the Congress? He is, perhaps, the kind of hero whose heroism is without heroics, greatness without glamour, and therefore a class by himself. — R. N. F.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS' CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that we have checked the accounts of MYWORDS Competition No. 38 and find that the total collections received by way of Entry Fees in respect of this Competition are Rupees 1,110-5-0 (Rupees One Thousand One Hundred and Ten and Annas five only).

Dated 31st Jan. '55
MADRAS.

J. H. Donndorfer & Co.
Chartered Accountants.

Second Thoughts:

SQUAREWORD No. D-38

CLOSING DATES: For Hand Delivery Boxes, 10-2-'55.
All Posted Entries, 12-2-'55.

ACROSS

2. I see no reason to change my previous choice of JOB.
7. It is wounding of vanity that is resented by man. Hence criticism of *Airs* alone will be disliked. Back AIRS.
8. It is more natural to *Worry* than to feel Sorry. Enter WORRY.
9. Knowing the nature of women, we should surely prefer JIB only.
11. As already suggested, permutation of both IN and ON is absolutely necessary here.
13. Exaggeration of *Risks* in shares held will be suicidal. Hence, Vote for RISES.
15. If *Adorns* is to be the right word, then every shrew should be the best adorned woman! This is as silly as it is untrue. So, back ADORES.
17. Previous choice of TELL is confirmed.
19. "Often resentful" in the Clue indicates more the aptness of SOUNDS.

DOWN

1. If *Boys* are very trying, we'll either ignore them or pull them up but this can't be done in the case of a *Boss*. We have to suffer. BOSS is a good bet.
3. *Bet* does not make out a good case. It is a fact that certain kinds of inflammations, on the leg or face, etc., are at times cured by letting the place be stung by bees. Back BEE.

As the Advance Pull of SQUAREWORD No. D-39 was not received till the moment of our going to Press, we are unable to publish comments on the same in this issue. As the last date for receipt of Entries for D-38 is 12th Feb. '55, we are publishing 2nd Thoughts on D-38 for the benefit of the SQUAREWORD fans. Comments on D-39 will be published in the 15th Feb. '55 issue. — Spotter.

4. VARNISHED still holds good, in my opinion.
5. Proposal of marriage can never make any woman *Grim*. She may look serious but not forbidding. But such a proposal might make a woman *Grin*, treat it lightly to the dismay of the suitor. GRIN scores.
6. WAY alone can be the only apt word by the commonsense test.
10. Even a stupid person can measure wits with an intellectual even if it be to look more stupid. But no weakling can challenge a champion fighter. So, back BRAIN.
12. Previously we had vague ideas about the end of the world. Now we know that the use of the atomic power will settle the fate of the world for good or for bad. NOW is a sure bet.
14. I repeat, back SIN.
16. There is no valid reason for changing previous choice of CUT.

WHY WORRIED?

Be smiling & remember "KUMARI" (Tabs.) to tone up your self confidence & keep your days smooth, normal & absolutely regular! We will help you with our immediate attention and advice on bearing from you about any difficulties. If you are vexed or uneasy, consult us and order our TABLETS of three different potencies at Rs. 5/-, 6/- & 8/- per tube (V.P. Extra).

Mrs. P. DEVEE, F.D.S. (M.M.) REGENT PARK, CALCUTTA-40

Main Stockists:— (1) Natham & Co., Cochin-2; (2) M. Selvaratnam, 76, College St., Colombo-13; (3) Overseas General Agency, Post Box No. 171, Kuala Lumpur (Malaya).

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



COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD No. C-36

PRIZE OFFER: Rs. 50,000

CLOSING DATES: 7-3-'55 for Local Entry Boxes & 10-3-'55 for Posted Entries.

ACROSS

1. "Capable hostess will always see there are enough — for her guests." **PLACES, PLATES?**

To ensure that there are enough places for her guests is an absolute pre-requisite. Otherwise, there cannot be any party. For this it does not call for any capacity. Even if a few guests more than the expected number arrive, it cannot be difficult to arrange for *Places*. But it is only a capable hostess who can ensure that there are enough *Plates*, enough food or types of dishes, so that guests with different tastes can be satisfied. **BACK PLATES.**

2. "You don't really know whether — is any good until you have tried it yourself." **GUM, GUN?**

The "you" in the Clue makes a general reference. Hence, it is doubtful whether all and sundry can try a *Gun* to know if it is really good or not. But to know whether *Gum* is good or not does not call for any skill and anyone can know. Enter **GUM.**

4. "Bad — can easily keep a man out of national team." **SPELL, SPILL?**

Bad *Spell* of what? Luck or inefficiency or circumstances? A bad *Spill* is an unlucky or unfortunate mistake or a spilling down. This can contribute to keep a man out of a national team, surely. **SPILL** scores.

8. "Lazy children would probably never get up in time for school if mother didn't — them." **MAKE, WAKE?**

Being lazy children, they might not get up even if their mother happens to *Wake* them up. They may *Wake* up for the minute and then slip into slumber again! But mother can *Make* them get up either by waking them up or by shouting *Wake*, etc. There are a score and more

of methods to achieve the result. Vote for **MAKE.**

13. "If he doesn't —, slipshod clerk may easily miss promotion!" **MEND, MIND?**

Of what use would it be if the slipshod clerk does *Mind* what is happening all around? So that he may not easily miss promotion, the slipshod clerk must necessarily and firstly *Mend*, change his habits. **MEND** is a winner.

14. " — attire is invariably associated with a certain dignity." **LEGAL, REGAL?**

Regal attire is not only associated with a certain dignity but with power also. It is only in the case of lawyers that we expect dignity. The *Legal* attire, lawyer's dress, surely makes any man associate it with a certain amount of dignity. **LEGAL** should score.

15. "When reorganisation has to be carried out it's manager's job to decide just where staff shall be —" **CUT, PUT?**

It is not wise to discard one alternative in favour of the other. During reorganisation, the manager will necessarily have to decide what part of the staff is unnecessary and should therefore be *Cut*, retrenched. He should also have to decide as to which person should be *Put* into which place or position for better efficiency. Permute both **CUT** and **PUT** here.

16. "Dangerous outlaw who has evaded justice for several years will certainly be — when finally captured." **GALLED, GAOLED?**

The "certainly" in the Clue does not specifically refer to any feelings or emotion but only to consequences. Any thief who is captured may not be *gaoled* for lack of evidence. But a dangerous outlaw will

have enough crimes to his credit and so will certainly be *Gaoled* when finally captured. Go in for **GALLED.**

DOWN

3. "The — should know whether the cloth is likely to give satisfactory service." **WEARER, WEAVER?**

It is only natural to expect that the *Weaver* should know better than the *Wearer* of the cloth whether it is likely to give satisfactory service. The *Wearer* can know only after wearing the cloth for some time whereas the *Weaver* can know even before its manufacture due to his technical knowledge. **WEAVER** should win.

5. "Sometimes man feels — when he's frustrated." **SAD, SAP?**

Whenever he's frustrated, man will feel *Sad*, depressed and not on certain occasions only. But there may be one or two occasions when he's likely to feel a *Sap*, useless fellow, because he's frustrated. **SAP** is a winner.

6. "Strong characters don't make a lot of fuss over trifling —!" **GAINS, PAINS?**

The "strong" here definitely refers to the man's strength of character and not to his physical strength. Strong characters will never fuss over *Gains*, especially over trifling ones. The weak one's may wail or fuss a lot over trifling *Pains*, difficulties or sufferings but strong characters won't make such a lot of fuss. They may fuss a little. **Back PAINS.**

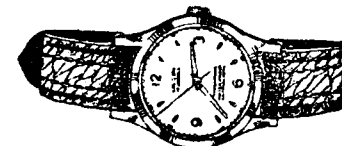
7. "There's usually a — or two even in fairly small harbours." **SHIP, SLIP?**

"Even" in the Clue goes against *Ship*. With that word, what is the point emphasised? Small or big, harbours are meant to receive ships. Reject *Ship*, therefore. It is usually thought that it is only in big har-

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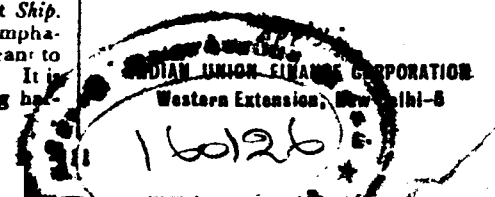
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hours that there are *Slips*, smooth inclined planes sloping down to the water and on which ships are built. But even in small harbours there is usually a *Slip* or two, the Compiler assures us. Enter SLIP.

9. "Wise men seldom — the
advice of fools," HEED, NEED ?

Fortunately for humanity, we have not yet come to the stage when wise men have to *Need* the advice of fools. It is fairly obvious why wise men seldom *Heed* the advice of fools. Bet on **HEED**.

10. "People who — are of somewhat sensitive to criticism
MATTER, MUTTER?

There is neither anything surprising understandable why people who *M* mumble, should be those who are "oft somewhat sensitive to criticism. Peo who *M*atter, are important, need not c for what others say about them. But fact they are often somewhat sensitive criticism and this is the strange thing abo it. Vote for *M*ATTER.

11. "It's seldom difficult for a good mixer to make — conversation." **LIGHT, RIGHT?**

Here *Light* necessarily restricts the conversation to one category only and therefore clearly does not do justice to the abilities of the good mixer in social circles. Such a person can not only shine in *Light* conversation but in any conversation. It will never be difficult for him to make *Right* conversation. Enter **RIGHT**.

12. "Shy people usually feel much more at ease when conversing with members of their own ———"
SET, SEX?

The shy people need not necessarily feel ill at ease only when conversing with members of the other Sex only. There are many shy people who feel uneasy when conversing with people of their own Sex. Shy people usually feel much more at ease when conversing with members of their Set because they are not of different status, views, etc. SET scores,