

YOU MUST HAVE WORRIES

and why don't you consult me Free of Charge? Write me soon when you are puzzled & disheartened in any walk of your Life & your all efforts are proved invain. To resign to fate is your ill-Thinking & to wait for circumstances to improve is your ill-LUCK due to Evil Period or Evil-Spell. Do realise the Secret of Invisible Spiritual-Powers & contact me soon to have free guidance to the Path of Peace, Happiness & Prosperity.



Prof. ASHOKA
FAMOUS HINDU SPIRITUALIST
SEER AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

A MIRACLE MAN

*With God-Gifted Magnetism in his eyes
to gaze your life-stage. Praised by
RAJAS, MAHARAJAS, DOCTORS,
VAKILS, SAINTS, & YOGIS.
THE RICH & THE POOR.*

MASTER OF INVISIBLE MYSTERIES

*WITH WORLD FAME:— England,
America, Africa, China, Hongkong,
Arabia, Aden, Pakistan, Burma,
Malaya, Australia, Egypt, Persia,
Nigeria, Gold-coast, Mauritius, Borneo,
East & West Indies, Guinea, Thai-
land & so on.*

Take my free advice to attract
early best of the Luck through
Invisible-Spiritual-Influence.
No more disappointment in the
baffling problems Regarding:—

MARRIAGE BUSINESS
LOVE EXAMINATION
EMPLOYMENT SPECULATION
PROMOTION LITIGATION

Evil planets or Bad-Luck, or any
other domestic worry.

New Year Bumper Offer

1st-3 Items FREE against postage As. 8
Whole Lot by V.P. Rs. 3.12.- (Foreign
Sh. 3 and Sh. 6 respectively by Air).

1. Advice on your most Baffling Problem.
2. 52 Paged Spiritual Guide toward remedies.
3. Your General-Character from your Birth-Sign.
4. Answers of your any 3 Questions
5. ANNUAL-DIRECTION 1955 Detailed. DO MENTION YOUR BIRTH-DATE.

FEW PRAISING LETTERS OUT OF SEVERAL I RECEIVE DAILY

- L. No. 1010-F. **Ranchhodbhai Govindji Patel**, Dar-es-salaam Africa. "My marriage was done with the same girl and I was successful in marrying the married girl."
- L. No. 1012 F. **Jimon Joseph**, Champion Jockey, Trinidad B.W. Island. "I received 5 winners. Thanks very much for the Talisman."
- L. No. 1014 F. **Gil. De Sa Coelho**, Goa. "I have tried your Talisman and was quite successful in obtaining job."

INTERVIEWS on Sundays only between 11 A.M. & 4 P.M. at:— Carlton, Behind Tajmahal Hotel, Florence House, Merowther Road, Bombay-1. Phone: 36029. Fee Rs. 3/-. Please send your Regd. Letters, M.O.'s or Telegrams to my Residential Address i.e. 38/18, Yerandavane, Poona-4 (India.)

Prof. ASHOKA, Director, HINDU ASTROLOGICAL SOCIETY (M.M.)
P. O. BOX 6111, BOMBAY-5 (Ind.)

FORMULA FOR YOUR HEALTH

Sage who showed the Way

(A TRUE EPISODE)

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

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

Those who tried it have definitely declared that in a couple of days the patients begin to feel an inflow of health. In a week the complexion becomes rosy. In three weeks the entire system is transformed and after full 40 days he finds himself perfectly healthy and gainer of seers of eight. It is a specific in uprooting diseases like anaemia, loss of appetite, asthma, cough, catarrh, bronchitis, diseases of liver and spleen, diabetes, etc., etc. Its use guarantees a new lease of life.

The Ex-Governor of Kashmir, K. B. Ch. Mushfi Mohammad the Raja Bahadur of Rampuri State, the Secretary of Natoraj, Mr. Puram Palam of Ceylon, Mr. M. Krishnaswami of Mysore State, Mr. K.opal Krishna, District Court, Guntur. Abinath Chandra Chakravarti of Pulia, Mr. Nalini Kant Ayurvedacharya Barisal, Lady Doctor Sushila Sundari Devi of Dacca and numerous other gentlemen have spoken of "Mahashakti Data" in glowing terms.

We strongly advise the readers to drop all misgivings and suspicions and take "Mahashakti Data" for 40 days with utmost confidence.

The prescription is as follows—

Mortar 20 tolas of pure steel filings and one tola of pure white arsenic, and

14 Masha of Bhimseni Kapoor, in the juice of Ghrita Kumari and burn the preparation in five seers of dung-cake. Secondly, repeat this process by mortaring same with one tola of pure Hartal Wark and 14 Masha of Bhimseni Kapoor. Thirdly, mortar the preparation with one tola of purified mercury and 14 Masha of Bhimseni Kapoor, and fourthly, repeat this process by substituting one tola of pure Amalasar Sulphur, and 14 Masha of Kapur Bhimseni. After this repeat each of the above processes four times, thus burning the preparation under 16 fires. Mortar the preparation into the powder and keep buried in the earth for 4 months, after which time take it out, and the medicine is ready for use. Take 1/2 the medicine in the morning and equal dose in the evening according to direction for your particular ailment for 40 days and you shall be pleasantly surprised at the result. All further enquiries must be accompanied by 0-2-0 postage for reply. In the event of your not being able to prepare the medicine yourself, you may order a full course of 80 doses (sufficient for 40 days) at Rs. 7/4/- (inclusive of packing and postage).

Orders from overseas countries must be accompanied by Sh. 13 by M.O. or Postal Order.

The Manager:—

Shyam Chakra Karyalaya (Regd.)

No. 621, Shahjahanpur, (U. P.)

Branch:—**SIRKI MOHAL, Kanpur.**

Sole Agent for Malaya:

Chari & Co.,

29, Robinson Road, Singapore.

Stockists in South:

1. **Nagpur R. Shreenivasa Aiyer,**
10, Singara Chari Street,
Triplicane, Madras-5.

2. **Dr. Sita Rama Rao, A.M.A., A.C.S.**
Bhawar Doss & Co.,
Rajahmundry, Andhra State.



Vol. 26

15th February 1955

No. 4

Articles

WATER BARRIER	... 14
NURSING IN INDIA	... 17
BACKGROUND TO A DISCOVERY	... 19
THE REAL CIVILISATION	... 54

Skits

AT THE COUNTRY FAIR!	... 38
SIESTA IN SECRETARIAT	... 58
GOOD LAUGH OVER A FAKE!	... 61

Stories

A BEGGAR'S LOT!	... 25
CHILD OF DESTINY (Serial Story)	... 26
MATRIMONIAL PROSPECTS	... 30
NEW PAL FOR THE BANDITS	... 40
THE NEW TENANT (Cover Story)	... 65
INVITATION	... 68
THE BIG TURNIP	... 81
THE WIFE'S SECRET	... 87

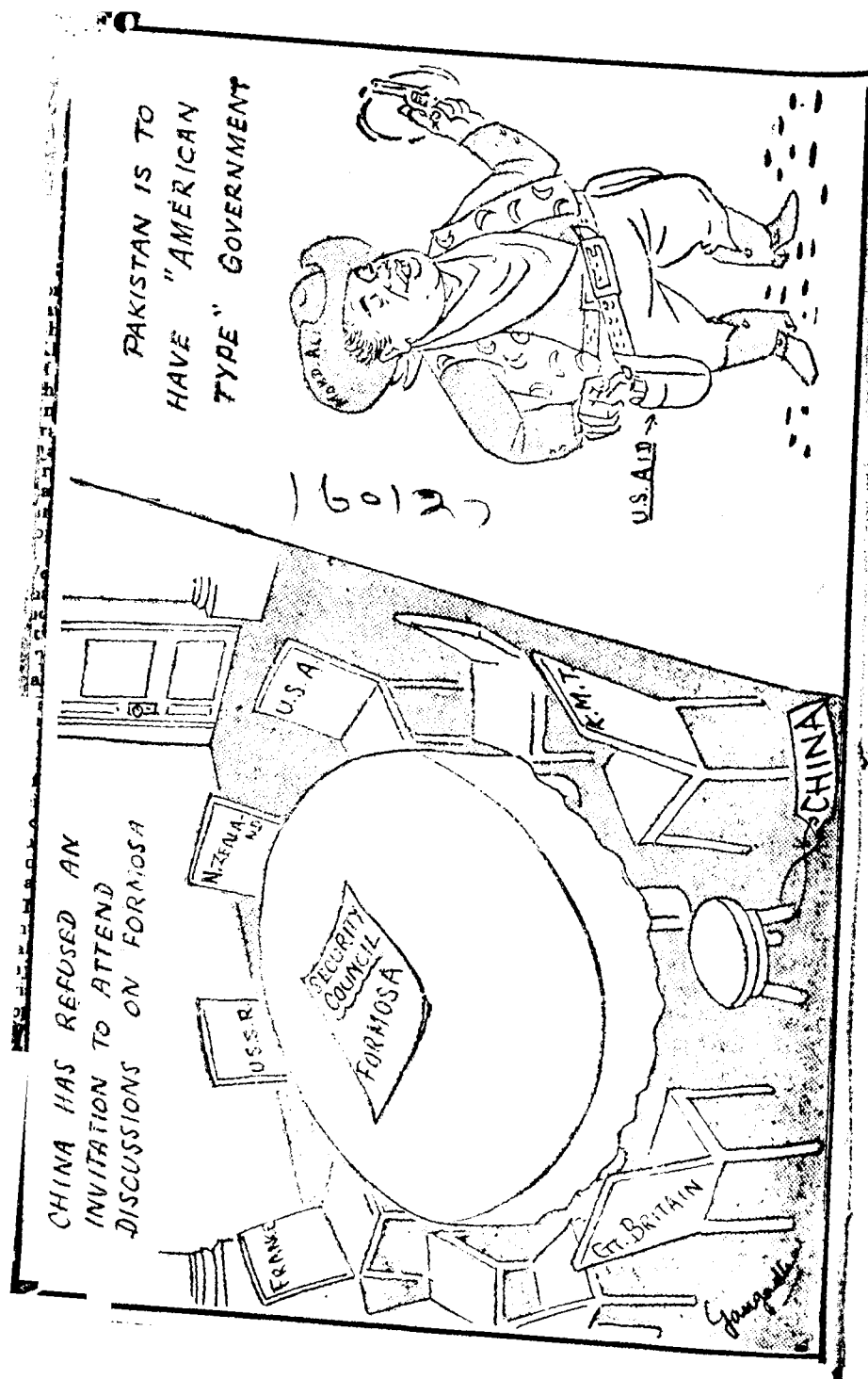
Features

EDITORIAL	... 5
NEWS AND NOTES	... 7
OPEN LETTERS	... 12
SLIPS AND SLAPS!	... 22
HERE'S FUN!	... 34
GLEANINGS	... 46
FORTY GOLDEN PRECEPTS	... 56
YOU ASKED FOR IT!	... 72
SOUND AND SHADOW	... 74
BOOKS AT A GLANCE	... 90
AQUARISTS' CORNER	... 103
COMMENTS ON	
SQUAREWORD No. D-39	... 108
2nd THOUGHTS ON	
I.W.C.C. No. C-36	... 112

Competition

MYWORDS KEY SOLUTION No. 39.	... 85
MYWORDS No. 40—Clues	... 106
" —Entry Form	... 107





MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

26th Year of Publication

Threat Of World War

AT the London Conference of Commonwealth Premiers Pandit Nehru made a most earnest appeal for the immediate abolition of atomic and hydrogen weapons. But his was a lone voice and the other Premiers were in no mood to heed him. Sir Winston Churchill, in a boastful mood, told his listeners about the United States' superiority of strength in atomic weapons and stressed that it still held the balance of world power.

The undefined fear of most statesmen is that the outbreak of a third World War on the issue of Formosa is imminent. The U.S. Congress has given its seal of approval to President Eisenhower's decision to defend that island at any cost. Into the justice or otherwise of Peking's case we need not go just now. The people of Asia are agitated by the fact that war-mongers in the U.S. are recommending the use of atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons to teach Communist China the bitterest lesson of her life. It is not to be supposed, however, that Russia will look on idly when China is being pounded by atom and hydrogen bombs.

Bearing these dreadful possibilities in mind, Maj-Gen. Talenski of Soviet Russia has warned that a third World War fought with atomic weapons would bring suffering most to the countries of Western Europe. The United States, he is careful to add, will not escape an attack of retaliation by the Soviet. It is not difficult to imagine that if China is attacked by the American armed forces, Russia may cause diversion by bombing some strategic centres in Western Europe and the zones of hostilities will gradually be expanded to the greatest part of the globe. But a push-button, atomic war will be shorter in duration and with civilization destroyed.

1 cities reduced to smoking ruins, the era of savages may all begin again.

General Talenski goes on to assert that Europe will be the main arena on which the atomic war will be waged on a tactical scale. "The West European countries," he says, "will find themselves in a most disadvantageous position where the density of population is greatest and where industry and economic life are most densely concentrated in big cities." He also tells the war-mad Senators of America that the Soviet arm will be long enough to stretch across the oceans and treat the people of the land of liberty to a taste of their own medicine. The Soviet Union, he adds significantly, will be as skilful as the aggressors in wielding the weapons of horror.

The General goes on to emphasise that while troops can well guard themselves in this kind of war by seeking the protection of special dug-outs and well designed shelters, there is no hope for the peaceful and peace-loving populations. They will have to die like flies once the bombs are unleashed. The grim implication is that while armed forces can escape, the large masses of the people will be killed because there can be no real shelters for them anywhere. It is well known that not only the peoples of Asia but also those of Europe do not want any war, atomic or otherwise. They are one with Pandit Nehru in their desire to save the peace at any cost and preserve civilization for posterity. Will the United States listen to the voice of wisdom or precipitate the most disastrous war of all times?

That noted writer, Mr. Kingsley Martin of the *New Statesman and Nation*, told pressmen in Bombay that the British people were very deeply concerned about the happenings in the Far East and that it was the hope of everyone that the threat of a third World War would be averted. He expressed his considered view that Formosa should be transferred to the control of Peking and that Chiang and his colleagues should be evacuated safely. While there was no legal document to prove that Formosa belonged to China, Mr. Martin recalled Mr. Truman's assurance, when he was U.S. President, that the island was part and parcel of China. It is up to President Eisenhower to concede this fact and recognise his obligation by handing over Formosa to Peking and preventing a flare-up. His is a futile attempt to create two Chinas.

News and Notes

Weather Service and Its Importance

Although the press and the public have had occasion to joke about the accuracy of weather forecasts, it is now generally recognised that progress in many fields is dependent on the meteorologist. Protection of crops, prevention of floods and safety of transport in the air, on the sea and the land can be ensured only by a well organised weather service. Its importance was stressed by Sri Jagjivan Ram, Union Communications Minister, in the course of an address to the first Conference of the World Meteorological Organisation's Regional Association for Asia, which met at New Delhi last week.

Navigation and aviation, he went on, would become impossible without the help of the meteorologist. Aviation, in particular, was the largest and most exciting of the transport systems in its demands on the weather prophet.

Sri S. Basu, Director-General of Observatories, drove home the truth that the earth's atmosphere and its changes did not respect political frontiers and that international co-operation was essential if the countries of the world wished to derive the full benefits from the favourable influences of the weather and also to guard themselves against its inclemency.

Sri Raj Bahadur, Union Deputy Minister for Communications, expressed the hope that as a result of strenuous efforts by the weather scientists, there would be higher

standards of living for all people of the world and safety in human enterprises. With their ability to create artificial rain, he thought, should be possible for them to control natural phenomena.

Tragedy in the Air

Ten persons were killed when Delhi-bound Dakota of the India Airlines night service crashed to its doom near the Nagpur airport last week. The disaster occurred within four minutes after its take-off, and the six passengers and the crew four on board met with instantaneous death. Among the passengers were two prominent South Indians, Sri C. Parthasarathi, Deputy Secretary, Union Transport Ministry, and Sri T. Srinivasaraghavan, a prominent Madras Advocate and Joint Secretary of the Indian Cricket Board. A noted M. P., Bhaburao Borkar, was also among those who lost their lives. It may be recalled that Sri Borkar contested a by-election in the Bhandara Reserved Constituency and defeated Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, former Law Minister of the Centre.

It is significant that this is the third accident to the night service plane near Nagpur in the course of the last three years. The earlier mishaps also occurred in the cold season. The sad truth emerges that safety in air travel is still an elusive factor.

Bright Picture Presented

In another ten years India have made remarkable progress in the economic and industrial sphere.

was the claim made by Sri Deshmukh, the Union Finance Minister, before a gathering of Pressmen at Allahabad. He said he himself was amazed at the rapid strides the nation had made so far. They had laid the foundation in international friendship and paved the way for foreign assistance through "Point Four." The Second Five-Year Plan with a clearer idea of the people's requirements and greater precision. The Minister admitted that at the time the First Plan had been prepared they were vague about its implementation and the technical personnel required. The shortcomings were realised now and they felt better able to cope with the Second Five-Year Plan.

After referring to the recent helpful meeting of statisticians and economists, Sri Deshmukh stated that research was being conducted in respect of the practical and administrative possibilities. "The Planning Commission expects to obtain some form of guidance in regard to the time, model and size of the Plan that they can adopt."

In about ten years' time, observed the Finance Minister, the face of India would be altered, and the signs of a change for the better were already there. Heartening was the fact that people were becoming aware of these new developments and possibilities, and were feeling confident that Government would do something to lift them out of the rut.

Republic of Pakistan

At the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London, Mr. Mohammed Ali announced his

country's decision to become a Republic under the new constitution about to be adopted. We heartily welcome this move. We feel flattered also that Pakistan has chosen to follow in the footsteps of her bigger neighbour. Like India, Pakistan also will remain in the Commonwealth fold, in continued association and co-operation with other members. All the other Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth have formally accepted Pakistan's proposal and signified their willingness to recognise the change in her status.

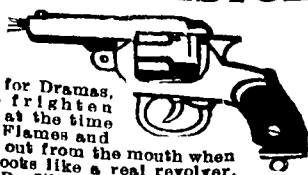
It is time general elections were held in Pakistan and a Constituent Assembly duly convoked for drafting a democratic constitution that would reflect the true will and sovereignty of the people. Of good augury is the improvement of neighbourly relations with the visit of the Pakistani Governor-General and other Ministers to Delhi on Republic Day.

Homage to the Father

The nation paid its humble homage to Mahatma Gandhi on his seventh death anniversary which came off on 30th January. On the same day—Martyrs' Day—it remembered those silent heroes

UNBREAKABLE SIX SHOTS PISTOL

No Licence Needed



Very useful for Dramas, Cinemas, to frighten thieves and at the time of danger. Flames and smoke come out from the mouth when fired, and looks like a real revolver. Size: 7 1/4 x 4 1/4. Rs 8/8/- with 95 shots free and for extra 25 Rs. 1. Postage Rs. 1/8/- extra.

WILSON & CO., P.O. DHANBAD, E. RLY.

who sacrificed their lives in the cause of our freedom. At eleven o'clock, guns boomed and the country was hushed into silence for two minutes in honour of the departed patriots.

At Delhi, the President with Rajaji, Dr. Radhakrishnan and several Ministers visited Mahatma Gandhi's *samadhi* at Rajghat and held a prayer meeting. At many other cities, towns and villages similar meetings were held by the

people and spinning *yagna* on the solemn occasion.

Printers' Conference

Inaugurating the third session of the All-India Printers' Conference in Madras, Sri Sri Prakasa paid a tribute to the many-sided achievements of South Indians. He said that the press represented a great power for good as well as for evil. Praising the good work

Sixteen-year-old Patricia Walker of Birmingham has nothing on her plate but still she has something to smile about. The plates she is holding are made of brass with ceramic centres and will be among the many new products on show in the Fancy Goods Section of the 1955 British Industries Fair at Olympia, in London, during the period May 2 to 13. This "Peerage" brassware is manufactured by a Birmingham firm. The plates are 11 inches in diameter and have a 6-inch ceramic centre. The centres are all hand-painted with floral designs and hunting or coaching scenes. The plates are specially finished and coated with a clear lacquer so that they cannot tarnish and require no cleaning. They can be used for wall decorations, as plaques, and for a number of table uses, such as a teapot stand or as a stand on which to rest a container. These plates are becoming increasingly popular in the United States, America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, and are finding their way



the Federation, he remarked that the printer played a very important part in the country's economy. Sri S. S. Vasan, Chairman of the Reception Committee, welcoming the delegates and distinguished visitors, observed that Madras had earned a great reputation in the art of printing.

It was recalled on this occasion that South India had been a pioneer in several respects in the field of printing. The very first Indian press was established in Cochin by Portuguese Jesuits in 1577. Also the first movable type press was started in Tranquebar by Danish Missionaries in 1712.

In the absence of Sri K. Srinivasan, Editor of *The Hindu*, his presidential address was read by Sri C. R. Srinivasan of the *Swadesamitran*. It was pointed out, in the presidential address, that the printing associated with Government Presses was shoddy in quality. Their expansion presented a serious threat to private firms. "No one would quarrel with the Government's schemes for the expansion of its own presses, but it sometimes happened that new machinery was put in a Government Press when there was no need for it, and frantic attempts were made to find work for idle machinery."

The President then referred to the need for trained craftsman. For the whole of India there was, still very recently, only one institute, that gave some sort of training in printing technology. Welcome was the Central Government's proposal to open regional training centres but if the trade was to benefit really, the course must be re-orientated and the

centres must be manned by qualified personnel. The President wound up with an earnest plea for the establishment of a Research Institute and called for the co-operation of both the Government and the trade in the task of giving a concrete shape to the proposal.

The exhibition, sponsored by the organisers, gives a vivid idea to the visitor of the various aspects of the printing industry.

New Light on Mutiny

An important part of Indian history is to be re-written in the light of authentic records and facts. It relates to the Mutiny of 1857, also known as the First War of Indian Independence. This announcement was made in Mysore by Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, the Union Education Minister. It would be a plain, unvarnished account, he said, and Dr. S. N. Sen would be writing it. It would be a true history of the struggle, explained the Maulana, and no partisan interpretation of events. There were many books, written from different angles, dealing with the Mutiny. But they all looked at it from the British point of view. "They seek to represent that this struggle was a rebellion of the Indian army against the Constitutional Government of the day and that the then British Government suppressed the revolt and restored law and order."

The Education Minister admitted that essaying an objective history of the Mutiny was a very difficult task in the pre-Independence era. Referring to the one-sided (British) version given by earlier historians, the Maulana said: "It may be mentioned that

while these authors describe in detail the many atrocities perpetrated by Indians on European men, women and children, not one has referred to the equal or worse crimes against Indians committed by the British."

New Chief

The Government of India have announced their decision to appoint Lieut.-Gen. S. M. Shrinagesh as Chief of the Army Staff and Commander-in-Chief, Army, in succession to Shri Rajendrasinhji, who is retiring shortly. The press and the public have enthusiastically welcomed this announcement. The 52-year-old General is a Cambridge-educated scholar and has many attainments to his credit in the field of literary activity. During the Second World War he fought in Assam and Burma and distinguished himself as Brigade Commander.

Doctors for Villages

Inaugurating the third annual general meeting of the Central Health Council at Trivandrum, the other day, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur stated that incentives must be offered by the State to doctors to enable them to set up practice in rural areas. They must be guaranteed suitable residential accommodation in addition to an appropriate allowance for working in the rural areas as also a non-practising allowance. Such health personnel, she added, should form an integral part of the regular cadre of the State Health Services.

The Union Minister also stressed the need for rough and ready surveys in rural areas about the prevalence of at least certain



A steel shafted billiard cue, which can never warp, twist or split has been produced and perfected by a Birmingham firm. It was designed and accepted by Joe Davis, the world snooker champion seen here giving a demonstration. It is perfectly balanced and designed to meet the shocks of vibration when a snooker or billiard ball is struck. An Anodized finish is used to give the cue a smooth playing action and another advantage is that it is completely free from "stickiness" which affects wooden cues in humid conditions. Manufacturers are Messrs. Accles and Pollock Ltd., Oldbury.

IN LIGHTER VEIN:

Open Letters

THRO' AIRY MAIL

Sri Mavlankar, Speaker,
Lok Sabha,
New Delhi.

Hon.'ble Speaker Sir,

If ever there was the need for changing old proverbs to suit new conditions, now is the time. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," runs the old saying. It should now be changed to suit our Republican context to read: "Uneasy sits the Speaker whenever there is too much 'heat' in the House." And for such uneasiness the M.P.s deserve your silent rebukes and worse. I, too, have shared your sufferings, though from a distance, but could not help you.

I now hasten to inform you that relief is now round the corner, rather right across partitioned Pakistan and guerilla-infested Malaya for there British-made Venetian blinds "constructed with curved, light aluminium slats that help keep rooms cool in hot climates" are selling like hot cakes.

If the Parliament House were to be fitted with these Venetian blinds, then the Hon. Members will surely become "calm of mind, all passion spent", thanks to the 'cool' atmosphere ensured by the Venetian blinds. And the blokes in the Press gallery might themselves be lulled into slumber for they will feel dull over the lack of chances to report about 'heated' exchanges, etc. And, Speaker, sir, you will ensure 'cool' consideration of every Bill or Treasury Bench statement. The only snag, I admit, is that you shouldn't feel 'cold' towards the House on account of the 'cool' air.

These Venetian blinds will also make the Members blind to small details, thanks to their 'cool' outlook. Without these blinds, they will generate 'heat' over tremendous trifles. So, Speaker, sir, do refer the Venetian blinds to the Privileges Committee, for it is, indeed, a matter of privilege for the Members to keep 'cool' and collected.

Yours blindly,
MYWALLAH.

Sri Natawarsingji,
Maharaja of Porbandar,
Porbandar,

Munificent Maharaja,

The U.P.I. has reported that you have made a present of your palace at Porbandar for the use of the B.T. College to be started there by the Government in June next. Believe me, it is, indeed, a magnanimous munificence of a manly Maharaja.

There is, however, a mighty misgiving in my peerless plebeian heart over this grand gesture. It is over the fact that the students would feel so proud of being under the roof of a palace that they might put on the airs of princes and expect their professors to treat them in a royal manner. They might start feeling that it will be unbecoming of the students of a college housed in a palace to burn the midnight candle in deep study and that it should be their privilege to burn the candle at both ends! If the students were to be thus transformed, then your gift will not be worth the candle!

I, however, pray that the students would enter into the spirit in which the gift has been made and not be influenced by the spirit of royal living that the palace had hitherto known for ages.

Yours charitably,
MYWALLAH.

The Delegates,
All-India Women's Conference,
Phaltan.

Fervent Feminists,

You have all hit the nail on the head, as only women can (unlike messy men who begin to hit the nail on the head but invariably end by hitting their poor thumbs) when you declared at your formidable and colourful Conference that children should not constitute a disqualification for women holding higher appointments as against men. I endorse your resolution fully and believe me when I swear I am not being bullied by my wife into doing so.

The more the children a woman has, the more should it be a qualification for a woman to get a job. For such a woman knows how to tackle them, beat them, feed them, clothe them, etc. Diplomacy, Food, Labour, Education are the departments for which such a woman is quite qualified. Surely, no woman would ever think of taking her children to office to let them suckle or to sing the lullaby or give them the files to play with!

The delegates were right, as women always are as all married men find out some time or other, in declaring that looking after the child was not the monopoly of the woman alone but was an equal

(Continued on page 86)

The Water Barrier

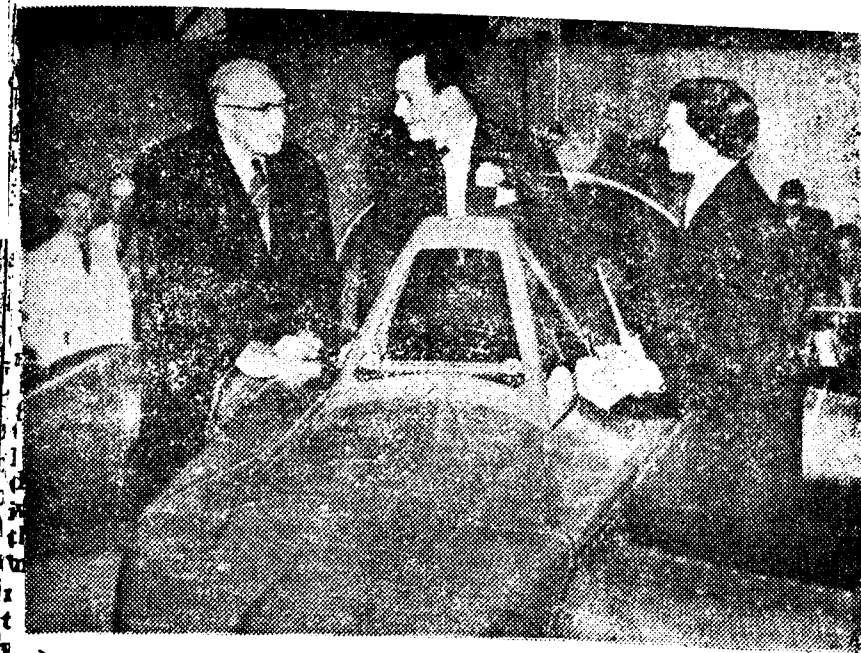
By John Lander

WHEN Donald Campbell opens the throttle of his £25,000 turbo-jet speedboat and screams over the surface of Lake Ullswater in his forthcoming bid to break the world water speed record he will be hurtling into the unknown. Across the threshold of this uncharted scientific territory lies the menace of the "water barrier"—as mysterious and dangerous as the "sound barrier" was a few years ago.

Two men have died in their attempts to break through it—John Cobb and Mario Verga. Their boats disintegrated under the

● In the air the "sound barrier" is now no mystery; but in another element, water, the menace of this "barrier"—a force that seizes a boat at high speed and shakes it till it falls apart—continues to defy human ingenuity. The eyes of sportsmen all over the world, and of millions of others too, will be focused anxiously on Donald Campbell and his new "Bluebird" when he makes the water speed record bid on Lake Ullswater.

impact of some unknown force at about 200 miles an hour.



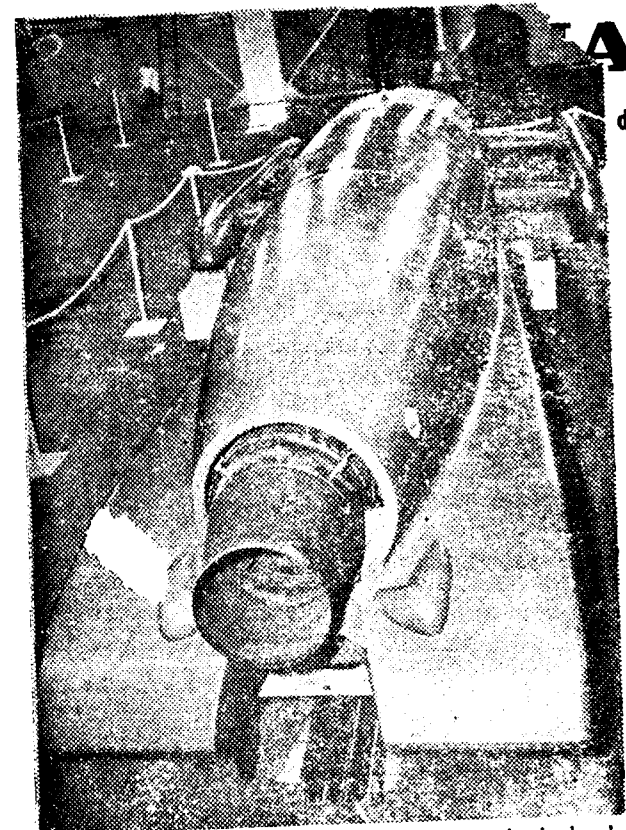
The new "Blue Bird" hydroplane, is like an aeroplane without wings and an entirely new conception in shape and construction. Here Mr. Donald Campbell sits in the cockpit of the new craft while talking with Captain G. E. T. Eyston (left) and time holder of the world's land speed record.

But Donald Campbell and his engineers are quietly confident that in the metallic blue hull of the new "Blue Bird"—named after the boats and cars of his famous father, Sir Malcolm—lies the answer to the menace of the "barrier."

WHAT is this force that seizes a boat at high speed and shakes it till it falls apart? Mr. Campbell describes it as pressure built up between the water and the "planing" surfaces of the hull. He told me: "This gives rise to a high-frequency pitching cycle of great amplitude and violence. The effect of that is to disintegrate the hull structure with the violence of an explosion."

After his last boat was wrecked on Lake Coniston in 1951—though not by the "water barrier"—Mr. Campbell and his engineer friends, Kenneth and Lewis Norris, set about designing a hull strong enough to pass through the "barrier" safely.

It took two years of research and tests with models in wind tunnel and towing tank before they



A rear view of the new 26 feet long turbo-jet hydroplane, "Blue Bird" showing the jet vent. The new hydroplane had been evolved with a light alloy hull, built round a high tensile tubular steel main frame, and for its weight of 21 tons, it was probably one of the strongest and most rigid structures ever built. It is powered by a Manchester built engine—a Metropolitan-Vickers "Beryl" turbo-jet consuming 650 gallons of fuel an hour and three tons of air a minute.

were satisfied they had found the secret of "strength with lightness."

THE new "Bluebird," with its swordfish-like prow, is the first all-metal hydroplane of its kind. The light alloy hull, built round a tubular steel frame, has twice the strength of the body of a supersonic jet fighter plane. And the boat—including the engine—weighs only two-and-a-half tons.

Mr. Campbell explained: "The problem in the air was solved

by the swept-back wing. I have tried to solve it on water by designing what is probably one of the strongest and most rigid structures ever built for its weight."

THE preliminary trials of the "Bluebird" may take weeks or even months before Mr. Campbell and the Norris brothers are satisfied that it is ready for the record bid. When that day arrives the eyes of sportsmen all over the world will be on Lake Ullswater. For Donald Campbell, the world water speed record is almost a matter of family pride.

His father regained the record for Britain in 1939 at 141.74 miles an hour, and his speed remained unbeaten until 1950, when Stanley Sayers, of America, pushed the record up by nearly 20 miles an hour.

The following year Sayers raised it again — to 178.49 miles an hour and there it stands today, a challenge to the younger Campbell, whose heritage is a dare-devil courage and a love for speed. But other eyes besides those of the sportsmen will be focused anxiously on Donald Campbell and his boat — the eyes of naval experts and scientists.

For, "Bluebird" is virtually a floating laboratory and the information gained from its performance on Lake Ullswater in England may have great influence on the design of light naval craft.

Mr. Campbell told me: "Bluebird" is built on a new principle of design, which, for the first time, will allow a light alloy boat

to run in comparatively rough water at high speeds. It is possibly the basis of a new offensive weapon."

This raises the possibility of the Royal Navy's pursuit craft of the future being built with "the swordfish look" and with a potential speed of 200 miles an hour.

Another function of the floating laboratory is to test new electronic instruments which record stresses and strains on the hull.

Transmitters working on eight separate radio channels will record on TV screens on shore the strength of forces acting on the boat. The watchers will be able to warn the pilot by radio if the stresses reach danger point.

WHEN the new "Bluebird" is travelling at speed it is nearly airborne. The designers estimate that only three sections of the hull — each the size of a man's hand — will be in contact with the water.

I asked Mr. Campbell what it felt like to travel fast over water.

He said: "For some reason there is a greater sensation of speed than you get in a car or an aircraft. And at the same time there is the feeling that you are hurtling over a huge waterfall."

"What of the risk?" I asked.

Mr. Campbell, a good-looking man of 33, smiled his quick, film-star smile. "It's just one of those things you don't think about," he said.

NURSING IN INDIA

INDIA suffers from a serious shortage of nurses, as we have only 5,000 student nurses and about 12,000 graduate nurses for a population of 360 million, while a country like Denmark with 4 million employs 18,000 nurses.

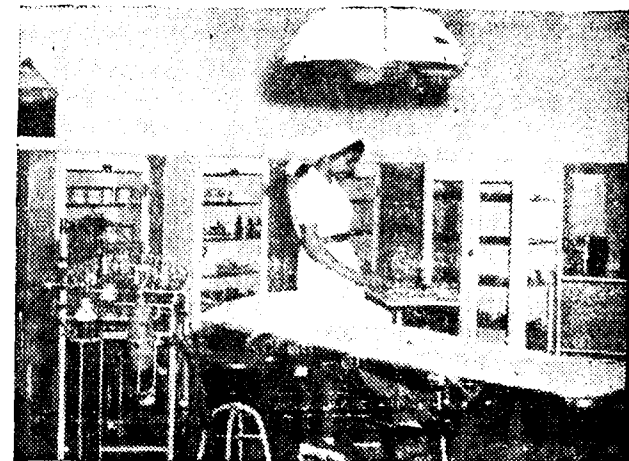
It has been said that nursing is an old activity but a young profession and that is certainly true of nursing in India. Old medical books, compiled about 200 B.C. or earlier by Indian doctors, make a mention of nurses and nursing was recognised as an important factor in the cure of the sick. Modern nursing, however, may be said to have spread to India from the West in the eighteenth century. The first training school for nurses was opened in the Cama Hospital in Bombay, in 1886. As early as 1911, registration of nurses was undertaken by the Bombay Presidency Nursing Association, though State registration came into force much later.

The second World War brought about the recognition of the value of nursing services and three centres for Post-Certificate Education for nurses were established. A second and perhaps greater advance was the institution in 1946 of a course leading to a B.Sc. degree

● Nursing in our country has not made the progress it should have. And the Nurse, to whom we owe so much, has yet to attain the social status that she so richly deserves. The fault, however, is not hers but ours. It is up to us, the public, to do the right thing for the profession. This article gives facts and figures to prove that Nursing has better days ahead.

in Nursing. The duration of the course is 4 years and it prepares the nurses to work in an institution or in the public health field. Two schools give this course — the College of Nursing, Delhi, and the School of Nursing of the Christian Medical College Hospital, Vellore

IN the Community Projects programme, provision has been made for one Lady Health Visitor and 4 Midwives in each primary health centre. The total requirements for the 600 blocks is, there



A nurse is seen getting an operation theatre ready at an Indian

fore, 600 Lady Health Visitors and 2,400 Midwives. At present there are 9 Health Schools which have lately been training only 70 Health Visitors against their total capacity of about 150 a year. It has, therefore, been decided to expand training facilities by conducting two courses at each of these 9 schools. One course of 18 months will train candidates who possess unnecessary school education and midwifery training. The other is a regular, integrated two-and-a-half years' course which will provide mid-wifery and health visitors' training for candidates recruited directly after matriculation. The total expenditure during the period of the Plan for each school would be about Rs. 1.92 lakhs. The total liability for the Centre during the Plan period would be about Rs. 11.88 lakhs and that of the States Rs. 2.72 lakhs.

THE number of midwives at present being trained in many States is about 1,600. Certain States are to be assisted for training about 300 midwives during the period of the Plan. The assistance would be in the form of stipends to the trainees and provision of additional equipment, furniture and training facilities. Total liability of the Centre during the Plan period could be about Rs. 4,77,000 and that of States Rs. 2,13,000.

In addition, it also proposed to take up a

training about 400 nurse-midwives who will be auxiliary personnel who could be placed in charge of the Maternity and Child Welfare centres which are to be opened in the Community Project areas.

IN spite of the persistence of certain outmoded social outlooks, nursing is becoming a popular profession though even to-day there is the tendency in some places to regard it as the refuge of the widow and the orphan. This was the case a hundred years ago in England also. The supreme dedication of Florence Nightingale made English society realize the importance of the nurse as the pioneer of health in social life and helped considerably to remove the prejudice against her profession in their country. To-day, young Indian women from good families are finding in nursing a satisfying and challenging form of national service. As an enlightened understanding of our problem and of the real work of the nurse continues to spread, the nurse is gaining honour and respect as a pioneer of health.



A student of the Central College of Nursing, New Delhi,

Background to a Discovery

By L. J. LUDOVICI

AT St. Mary's Hospital, in the Paddington district of London, is a doorway crowned with the inscription, Wright-Fleming Institute of Microbiology, commemorating two of the world's greatest bacteriologists and a notable era in British medicine. Almroth Wright discovered how to prevent typhoid by inoculation and Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin.

Wright, Fleming's master, is dead; Fleming, now 74, has retired from the directorship of the Wright-Fleming Institute. But he has no intention of giving up work altogether and will carry on investigations in the laboratory he has directed up to now.

Son of an Ayrshire (Scotland) farmer, Fleming went to London at the age of 14, completed his schooling and began work at a shipping office. Aided by a small legacy, he entered St. Mary's Hospital in 1901 and, after an exceptional career as a student, joined Wright's team of researchers soon after he qualified in 1906. Wright's laboratory at St. Mary's was then attracting doctors from all over the world, and his startling medical theories gave Shaw his idea for *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

During World War I, Fleming went to France with Wright's team and devoted himself to the study of septic wounds, which were causing terrible losses. His experiments, now "classics of the laboratory", made him a militant disbeliever in the efficacy of



SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING

irony—he was to deliver to the world the most perfect antiseptic of all.

FOR his great discovery he was prepared in a very curious way. He had a cold and, to satisfy his inquisitive disposition, cultured some of his nasal secretion. To his amazement he noticed it contained a substance which prevented bacterial growth. This substance he traced to his tears. Where they dropped on his culture-plates clear spaces remained. He called his newly-found anti-bacterial agent 'lysozyme'.

Six years later, in 1928, he saw clear spaces on a culture-plate where a fleck of mould had landed amid a germ colony he was growing. Mouldy culture-plates are commonplaces of the laboratory

acutely perceptive, recognized it for the event it was. "Instead of casting out the contaminated culture with appropriate language," he has remarked, "I made some investigations." And again: "I am glad that for years my interest had been directed to anti-septics and that some years before I had found another naturally occurring anti-septic, lysozyme." Moreover, he had devised methods for the study of lysozyme which proved invaluable when he found penicillin.

DESPITE persistent efforts, however, he could not find the way of bringing penicillin into general use as an antiseptic; it was too elusive and too unstable. "I was a lone individual," he has explained, "more or less alone. I collected a couple of juniors in a laboratory afterwards, and we did a little bit of work and got as far as we could. We found out a lot of things about penicillin and then got stuck—short of chemical knowledge."

Meanwhile, Professor Harold Raistrick, of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, having read Fleming's paper about penicillin in a scientific journal, decided to investigate the substance. He was as baffled as Fleming had been by its erratic behaviour, and could make only limited progress. Fleming himself used it on a few hospital cases with unspectacular, if favourable enough, results, and he used it consistently for certain technical procedures in his laboratory.

Its resuscitation came in 1938, when Professor Howard Florey and Dr. E. B. Chain at the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology, Oxford, decided to make a systematic enquiry into the subject of

stances affecting the growth of other organisms. Passing under a great elm at the entrance to the park on their way home one evening, they decided to begin working on penicillin.

By 1940, when German armies were forcing their way to the Channel coast of France, they were ready for a crucial test, at the same time resolved to escape with the mould smeared on the linings of their jackets and around their inner pockets should German soldiers ever set foot in Britain.

Florey injected 50 mice with a huge dose of virulent germs. Twenty-five were left untreated, 25 were given penicillin.

Within 16 hours the controls were dead, while the penicillin-treated mice, with one exception, had survived.

Report has it that Florey picked up a telephone and speaking to one of his team said: "It looks like a miracle."

Perhaps it was; it came in time to save the wounded of World War II from the horrors of sepsis, which had caused much mortality in World War I, and which had so much occupied Fleming's thoughts.

TODAY, 25 years after its discovery, penicillin is a household word and numberless people in every corner of the earth have experienced its life-saving powers.

For their achievement Fleming, Florey and Chain shared the Nobel Prize. What Fleming had begun at St. Mary's in London had triumphantly been concluded at Oxford by Florey, an Australian, and by Chain, a European Jew who had found safety in Britain. They had been assisted by a brilliant group of researchers who had come to be

Books for you and your Library

Post Free On Orders Of Rs. 10/- Or More At a Time.

LOVE NOVELS & BOOKS ON SEX HYGIENE

	Rs. As.
Desire—French Translated Novel in English of a Brothel ...	1 8
The Physiology Of Love by Remy de Gourmont ...	1 8
Marriage Sex & Family Problems & how to solve them—American ...	1 12
Sex & Marriage Problems—from the intimate records of a psychoanalyst. The Encyclopedia Of Sexual Knowledge by Drs. Coester Willy ...	1 12
Psychopathology Of Sex—by Parke ...	18 0
Auto-Erotism—by Havelock Ellis ...	2 0
Travel Diary Of A Sexologist ...	2 0
Sexual Feelings In Man—by Sturgis ...	2 0
Birth Control For The Millions ...	2 0
Sexual Side Of Love—by Dr. Basu ...	2 0
Male & Female Sexuality Weininger. Sex Life In India ...	2 0
Private Papers of a Sexologist ...	2 0
Sex Hygiene—by Drysdale ...	2 0
Mechanism Of Love—Victor Veekl ...	2 0
Our Sex Life—by Talmey ...	2 0
Sex Happiness—by Sutor ...	2 0
Strange Sexual Impulse—Parke ...	2 0
A Manual for Husband & Wife ...	2 0
Sex Power—by Chamberley ...	2 0
Human Sexology—by Parke ...	2 0
The Art Of Love in the Orient—Basu ...	2 0
Ideal Marriage—by Van de Velde ...	18 12
Methods Of Birth Control—Airi ...	2 0
Paris Cocktail (French Album of Beauties) ...	2 12
Married Love—Dr. Marie Stopes ...	3 8
Enduring Passion—by do ...	3 8
Birth Control today—by do ...	4 0
Wise Parenthood—by do ...	7 0
The Mysteries Of Sex—by Dr. A.L. Saksena—4th revised & re-illus. ed. A Treatise On Sex Subject ...	6 0
Confidential Love Letters With Replies (Rare Selection of Stolen Love Letters) ...	2 8
No I am Not Ashamed—by Sushila. Confessions Of A Hindu Widow ...	2 0
French Tales Of Love & Passion ...	1 8
Modern Sex Life—by E.M. Airi ...	1 8
Kama Sutra—Illustrated ...	4 8
Kama Sutra—by Dr. Basu ...	6 0
Secrets Of Love—by Kokkokkam ...	6 0
Modern Methods Of Safe Birth Control ...	2 0
Ideal Sex Knowledge—by Dr. A.L. Saksena. Written in a chaste & plain language ...	2 0
How Man Tempts Woman—tells secrets of how man gets along the girls. Sex Problems In A Nutshell—A book for married couple ...	2 0
Art Of Love & Procreation (for married men only) ...	2 0
The Physical Side Of Love ...	2 0
Strange Sex Practices (Studies in sex abnormalities) by Prof. E.M. Airi. Marriage Technique—by Dr. Rao ...	2 0
Your Sex Problem—by Dr. C.H. Rai ...	2 0
Male & Female Sex Problems ...	3 0
Sex Facts For Men & Women ...	3 0
Hidden Side Of Sexual Science—by Airi ...	2 0
Sex Quits With 100 Illus. American Publ. ...	2 8

Anatomical Sex Atlas. 325 illus. Am. Pub.	Rs. As.
To Reveal I Am Ashamed ...	3 12
Sex Habits In American Woman ...	2 0
Sexual Side Of Marriage ...	2 12
Sexual Feelings In Married Men & Women ...	1 12
Art Of Kissing With Real Poses ...	1 8
Broken Heart—Confession of a pros. Mental Health In Theory & Practice. The Second Honeymoon ...	2 8
Good Little Bad Girl ...	2 0

NOVELS by French Author Paul Renin at Re. 1/8 each only.

Life	Woman I have Loved
Flame	Lady Of Leicester Square
Dolores	Broken Vows
At Dawn	White Woman
Sacrifice	Bitter Sweets
Attainment	Co-respondent
Love Game	Uneasy Virtue
The Return	Foolish Woman
Compromise	Thou-Shalt Not
Dishonoured	When Men Betray
Dangerous Moments Payment	

PSYCHOLOGY HAND BOOKS @ 1-4-0 Each.

A Dictionary Of Psychological Terms—with definitions and explanations.
The Inferiority Complex—Its meaning and treatment.
Memory—How to make the most of it.
Nervousness—Its cause, prevention and cure.
Curing Nervous Tension.
The Conquest Of Fear Through Psychology.
Neurasthenia—Its nature, origin and cure.
Worry—Its cause and cure.
How To Relax—Methods of lessening the strain of modern living.
Sound Sleep—Proved methods of attaining it.
Will Power—Ways to develop it.
Personality—How it can be developed.
How To Keep Well—A simple outline of the proved laws of health.
The First 5 Years From Birth To School—How to help your child to develop its personality.
Chapters About Childhood—The psychology of children from 5 to 10 years.
The Art Of Making Friends.
How To Practise Auto-Suggestion.
Frayed Nerves—Ways of restoring their tone.
How To Study.
The Parent's Problem.
Mastering Shyness.
Psychology—How it can help you.
Blushing—Its analysis, causes and cure.

Kindly refer Page 23 for our other list of books. Books are sent per V.P.P. to any part of India. No COD to out Countries. Send B.P.O. at 1/6 sh. to an Indian Rupee.

CAPITAL BOOK CO. (M)

(Publishers & Booksellers)

POST BOX No. 356, 95, PUNCHKUI ROAD
M. MARKET, NEW DELHI-1

SLIPS and SLAPS!

By
BABA
D
O
D
D
L
E

"Daridra Narayan-ki-Jai."

That is the sum, substance and gist of Sri Dhebar's message in the recent Congress.

However enviable henceforth the status of Daridra Narayan's, let us help him and not envy him.

The 60th Session of the Congress has gained Freedom and Fairness for Daridra Narayan. From India's Freedom to Freedom of Common Man!

**

Says Lohia, the leader:

"Don't hang dacoits; be merciful to them and so on."

Is Lohia putting a premium on the Dacoit's trade?

Liberty! What crimes in thy name!

Ahimsa! What absurd antics in thy name!

Notoriety! What extravaganzas in thy name!

**

Quite a number of anecdotes and ana have accumulated during Nehru's stay in the Madras Congress.

Spectacles lost!

Nehruji missed his set: 1,256 sets were offered, and offers continued

to reach him on his journey from Madras.

Running race, swimming, horse riding, boxing, cigarette smoking; Nehruji declared that he is ready to compete with any 65-year-old boy or girl.

"Come one, come all," calls Nehruji.

**

Treasure-Hunting: not a bad scheme for fortifying Government Revenue, so badly needed too when taxes have to be cut and salaries have to be raised. Good luck to Nawab Asghar Hussain who is sure of treasure trove in Delhi and to our own Government. The Nawab seems to be richly endowed with that rare faculty called serendipity.

**

Prof. J.B.S. Haldane, of the London University, who recently visited India, said that he would become a citizen of India "if they (Indians) will have me."

His reason was that while in India "one has the absolute impression of being in a highly civilized country. I feel more at home there than I do in some European and most American cities."

Yet, how many Indians are here who suffer from xenomania!

1955 Catalogue Of Books

POST FREE ON ORDERS OF Rs. 10/- OR MORE AT A TIME.

REFERENCE BOOKS		Rs. As.	Dictionary Of Crossword Pointers & Permutation Chart—by G. B. S. Pawa		Rs. As.
Dictionary Of Idioms & English Phrases. By K.M. Malik—an entirely new Publication	...	2 0	Competitor Companion—Crossword Permutation Book	...	1 8
General Knowledge Quiz by P.L. Vasudeva M.A. A unique book for obtaining sure success in an interview or any other undertaking requiring intelligence, personality & General Knowledge. 256 pages	...	2 0	Cambridge Book Of Essays—by J.S. Bright (For advance Exams.)	...	2 8
Better Eyesight Without Glasses by Harry Benjamin	...	4 8	Hindi In A Month Without A Master.	...	2 0
Everybody's Guide To Nature Cure by do	...	13 12	Business Letter Writer	...	2 0
Think Your Way To Wealth by Napoleon Hill. Learn money making secrets.	...	5 8	Guide To Office Routine & Drafting.	...	5 0
Think & Grow Rich by do	...	4 14	Complete Ready Reckoner (Containing daily & monthly wages, Rent, commission & discount) 140 pages.	...	2 0
New Oxford Pkt. Dictionary—from English to English—Urdu & Hindi meanings 1000 pages	...	3 0	Chamber's 20th Mid-Century Dictionary (first time revised completely after 50 years) Latest Ed.	...	16 12
Nalanda Hindi to Hindi Pkt. Dict.	...	3 12	Oxford Concise Dictionary—England Printed Latest Edition	...	13 8
Nalanda Vishal Shabda Sagar 90x30x8 size—1556 pages	...	16 12	All India Matriculation Standard Essays—by K. Sagar M.A.B.T.	...	3 4
How to Win Friends—D. Carnegie	...	1 12	PALMISTRY & ASTROLOGY Etc.		Rs. As.
Shakuntala Katal Shiksha—Hindi	...	3 12	Hands & How To Read Them—Bene.	...	3 12
Office Practice—by William Campbell (practical instructor to the work & methods of the clerical side of business)	...	6 0	Numberology—by Morris G. Goodman.	...	2 4
Higher Book Keeping & accounts—by Cropper Morris & Fison the most comprehensive volume which now meet students' needs no matter what the stage of advancement they may have reached	...	15 12	A Handbook Of Palmistry & Astrology—by E.R. Nayanar. A Best & easy to understand book on twin sciences. Illustrated	...	3 12
Standard Guide To General Knowledge—1955 Ed. — by K. Sagar. A. N. Bhandari M. A. & Others. Containing innumerable subjects of General Knowledge	...	3 0	The Study Of Palmistry — by Saint De Germain with 150 illustrations & a Palmistic Dictionary	...	30 0
Standard Book Of Modern Interviews 1955 ed. A self-contained reference book & ensure successes in any competitive examination.	...	4 0	You & Your Stars — by Cheiro (Paid Cost)	...	11 8
A Handbook Of Everyday Letters — by Prof. P.N. Nanda. 2nd revised ed. contains 555 ready made letters covering entire field of letter writing in Business, Love, Society, Home, Politics, etc. etc. 320 pages.	...	3 0	The Language Of The Hand — by Cheiro. Illus.	...	11 4
Standard Book Of Idioms, Unseen & Precise Writing. A fine book to make you master in English Language and get you through Exam.	...	4 8	Cheiro's Book Of Numbers	...	7 14
Standard Book Of Better, English — by A.N. Bhandari M.A. (with 1001 modern English Usages, Treasury of Words, Purposeful proposition, Synonyms & Antonyms, common error in English & how to avoid them with ABC of Journalism & XYZ of Public Speaking, including figures of speech, accent & Pronunciation	...	4 8	You & Your Hand — by Cheiro. Illus.	...	6 2
All India College Current Essays — by K. Sagar M.A.B.T. 3rd Rev. Ed.	...	4 0	When Were You Born — by Cheiro	...	4 6
All India College Composition (for College & competitive Exams.)	...	4 8	Guide To The Hand — by Cheiro	...	4 6
Dictionary Of Phrases	...	3 12	Cheiro's Comfort Palmistry Guide	...	2 4
Typical Essays — by S. N. Choudhury.	...	3 12	Palmistry Made Easy — Read your own hand & hands of others by going through this famous book	...	3 12
			Palmistry — by Martini	...	3 12
			The Laws Of Scientific Hand Reading — by William G. Benham with over 800 illus.	...	16 0
			The Hand Of The Man — by Noel Jaquin	...	10 0
			The Human Hand — by Wolfsee	...	14 0
			25 Lessons In Hypnotism — American Publ.	...	2 8
			Practical Course In Hypnotism — by Axel Wayne Bacon. Entirely New Revised Ed.	...	20 0
			Palmistry For All — by Cheiro	...	4 8

Kindly refer Page 21 also for our list of more books. Books are sent per V.P.P. to any part of India. No COD to out Countries. Send B. P. O. at 1/6 sh. to an Indian Rupee.

CAPITAL BOOK CO. (M)
(Publishers & Booksellers)

Post Box No. 356, 95, Panchkuin Road, M. Market, NEW DELHI-1

Smt. L. Raman, wife of the Nobel Laureate Dr. C.V. Raman, speaking at a Women's College Day celebration, has made serious omissions: She spoke not a word about the best make of face powder or the best brand of lip-stick or the latest styles of sarees: it was all about chastity and obedience to elders that she spoke; rather disappointing to our Stylish Young Ladies of New Education of our New Republic.

"Thanks, Udayagiri is not a white elephant," that was how President Rajendra Prasad should have felt when he received "Udayagiri," the elephant which was presented to him by the Assam Chief Minister. Elephants are so handy for giving away as gifts! Nehru gave one to Japan. He is sending one to President Tito.

"Children's Congress", says a headline.

Many took this as referring to the 60th Congress Session at Avadi, seeing how much fun and bun there was at Avadi, and Nehru throwing about pillows, playing hide and seek with his spectacles and singing National Anthem.

But then, "Children's Congress" refers to a gathering of about 1,000 boys and girls at Raichur.

One resolution they passed must make even the Avadi Congress Stars feel ashamed. It was against the use of the cane in the schoolroom.

The savage cane, the vestige of barbarity and human sacrifice days, still continues. It only shows, with all our social progress, we are still in the days of:

ere there, the child, the walnut tree,

Sarvodaya vs. Socialism: there is an acute battle of words between the two. No doubt, Sarvodaya is our own and a lovely word.

But, says Sri Nehru, it is Acharya Vinoba Bhave's word and we should not steal it. For, it is a sin to steal a pin; it is absurd to steal a word.

Mr. C. Wilson, of the Defence Dept. of U.S.A., announced that U.S. intended to maintain 1000 ships, including 405 fighting ships, and a total Naval Air strength of 10,000 aircraft.

What better guarantee for the peace of the World!

Has the Avadi Session of the Congress been a success or a failure? It is both.

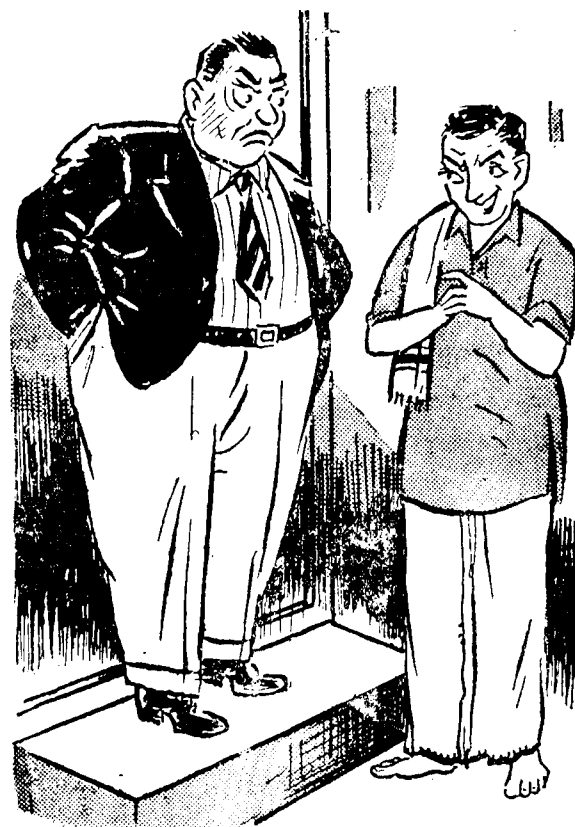
Success, because not a hitch, nothing as an untoward event in spite of the mammoth scale of the whole affair.

Failure: because all the dangers, evils, disasters, catastrophes which our cynical pessimists foretold as certain certs, have not come to pass.

A ceiling on marriage expenses and entertainment has been fixed by Punjab (P.) Govt. at Rs. 1,000; guests to be 50 and festivities only for 2 days.

Punishment for breach: 1 year's imprisonment or fine or both.

This is Social Reform at the point of bayonet: no religious fanaticism can beat this fanaticism



BY BASUMIAN

Head Clerk was a very churlish, peevish fellow. He waved me off even before I entered the premises. "Hey, don't you come and bother me now. The boss is out

of town. Nobody except him can give alms, etc."

What with his burly figure and formidable paunch, he sent a chill down my spine. Nevertheless I did not give up the attempt. I bared all my teeth as a supplicant should.

"Surely, you can exercise your discretion in a small matter like this? Won't you give?" I persisted.

"No arguments. I have said my say," the Head Clerk asserted emphatically.

I quietly slipped out. I was fed up with this begging business. But

"SO you have come back!" snarled the shop-owner. "I tell you, we give only on Fridays. And come early so that you won't go away disappointed."

"But you asked me to come on Wednesday, sir," I respectfully pointed out.

"Enough! Don't you accuse me of lying. Charity only on Fridays. I have got customers to attend to. Go away, please."

I went to the next shop to try my luck. The proprietor was known to be very generous. But the

(Continued on page 36)

in her deportment. Three months ago she had seemed to him the same baby sister he had played with ever since he could remember his own childhood days. How many were the occasions when he was called to chide another girl in her defence or to beat some boy who had dared to tease her! Always he had been her protector.

Since his father's death, he had often been reminded by his mother of his great duty towards his younger sister—that he should set an example to her, in his daily tasks at home, in his behaviour, in his religious duties and in his own conduct towards his mother. There had

been many occasions when he had scolded Priscy for this or that neglect of duty, or when he had even given her a small smack on her little hands for behaving badly.

THEN she was a little girl, with a baby face that pouted at you and eyes that sparkled with the innocence of childhood. Folks in town admired the long ringlets hanging loosely down her shoulders, the long eye-lashes, the sensitive lips and a chin and nose that matched each other perfectly and blended with the oval contours of her face.

Looking at her now, Brian found it difficult to believe that so vast a

change could have taken place in the short space of three months! The same cast of features was there. Only the expression in them had changed. The firmness of the lips and jaw and the greater maturity that the look in her eyes revealed had changed Priscy from a little girl to a growing woman.

Her hair was cut short now and done up in rolls and her toilet had been done with more care and attention to detail. There was less of that girlish mirth and excitement with which he had always associated her. She had become less temperamental, more purposeful in speech and more sedate in behaviour. She looked very attractive, Brian thought. Nay! some young fellows would have even thought her beautiful. How quickly these girls grew! Only three months, and here was Priscy more a woman than a school-going girl. He wondered what his mother would say as soon as they reached home.

ACTUALLY, Mrs. Lacey said nothing unusual. If she did think anything she kept it to herself. To her, as to every mother, Priscy was still her "daughter-girl" and would always remain so. She did seize Priscy by the shoulders and hold her back and admire her and say how big she'd grown, but, then, she had always said so each time she saw her. In Mrs. Lacey's case, her love for her two children was her only solace in life and watching them grow was a daily pleasure and source of delight.

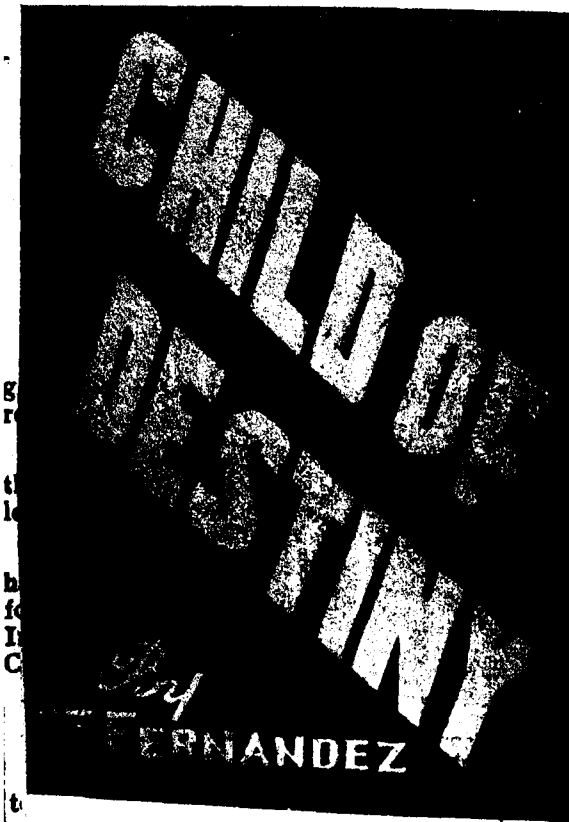
Mrs. Lacey was as busy as a bee that evening, setting

tea-cups right, cutting the small seed-cake she made that day, stirring the tea and chattering away to no purpose at all.

"DAUGHTER girl," she was saying, not looking at Priscy but at the cup in which she was pouring the tea, "you'd better change as soon as you finish your tea. There's no time. We must hurry. I promised Bella that we will be coming for her child's christening and I don't want to disappoint her. I never knew your school would close so quickly. Anyway, thank God it did. But I told Mr. Lanny that we'll be a little late, so Bella won't mind. You can put on your blue plaided dress—the one I made you for Easter. It's the only one that fits you now. Really, Brian, we *must* make Priscy a few frocks and underlinen. She's grown too big for her old clothes. And that reminds me to—Brian!

Story So Far

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



WHILE Brian was engrossed in serious thought for the next ten minutes or so, Priscy looked all about her with childish excitement. She took the opportunity of asking her brother hundred-and-one questions about me and the neighbours, thus succeeding in taking his mind off more serious matters.

It was only then that Brian noticed how much Priscy had changed since he last saw her. He was impressed not so much by her physical growth as by the mental change in her which showed itself in her eyes, in the expression on her face, in her tone of speech and

Priscy! Can't you drive away these disgusting flies? They're such a nuisance! Yes, that reminds me to stitch Brian's socks tonight, after we come back. That dirty dhobi hasn't turned up yet and it's more than ten days since he took the second wash and it's nearing the end of the month now. I'm not going to pay him in full next month. He's taken only two washes and he'll be paid for two washes. I hope that will teach him a lesson. Come, Priscy, start eating, will you? You too, Brian. Come, be quick. We must be going."

THE extraordinary rapidity with which Mrs. Lacey rolled off these words, not to speak of her great agility in jumping from one subject to another, would have defied the talents of the cleverest actor on the silver screen. Brian and Priscy could not help smiling at each other, listening to their mother jabbering away in this strain.

One very obstinate fly had alighted upon the seed-cake which was left after Mrs. Lacey had given a piece each to Brian and Priscilla and was busy kicking up its legs in obvious glee. Mrs. Lacey could never stand flies, especially those which kicked up their legs. It only showed how audacious flies were and Mrs. Lacey could never stand audacity. In her excitement, therefore, she brought the full weight of her open palm down on the fly, with the result that what remained of the cake was reduced to crumbs, to the acute discomfort of Mrs. Lacey who was, by nature, a frugal woman.

There entered at that moment the stodgy, silent, stealthy figure of Sydney, who stood on the threshold of the room, grinning at Priscy.

"Hullo, Sydney!" the girl greeted him. "How are you?"

"Ee-ee-ee," Sydney replied, which meant to say that he was uncommonly well, thank you. "I saw you coming in the rickshaw at the corner. I was in the tea-shop. Ee-ee. So I came."

The close affinity between Priscy in the rickshaw and Priscy at home was one thing; that between tea in a tea-shop and tea at home, combined with seed-cake, was quite another matter. It was, in fact, the seed-cake and not Priscy that had drawn Sydney from the tea-shop to the room and he now proceeded to eye the former while pretending to look at the latter. Finding such a feat impossible of execution, he threw all caution to the winds and fixed his gaze on the cake, grinning at it as if it represented the fulfilment of his wildest dreams.

NOW, Mrs. Lacey was, after all, the mother of two grown-up children, and one of these children had just come home after an interval of three long months. Her motherly heart, gladdened by her daughter's home coming, coupled with the fact that she was in no small hurry to clear the table and be gone with her two children, were all strong points in Sydney's favour. She had already divided half of the cake between Brian and Priscy and had eaten a small piece herself. The remaining piece, which was a little less than half and which was now in ruins, so to speak, she now gave to Sydney, saying, "Here, have a piece of my cake. And you better thank Priscy for it. It was made for her."

"Ee-ee, thanks," said Sydney, more to the cake than to anybody

in particular and transferred the whole of it to his mouth which he began to twist and turn this way and that, opening his eyes in apparent discomfort and actually shedding tears in the bargain.

"My goodness!" Mrs. Lacey said, as the clock struck the hour. "It's already six!"

"Here, Sydney, have this as well," Priscilla said, as she gulped down her tea without much ceremony. She had to change into her plaided frock, and that would take at least 15 minutes, so she dashed off to her room in great haste.

BRIAN had all along been watching Sydney with considerable amusement. He wondered how the blighter managed to send so much food down in so short a time. Still smiling, he asked. "Like some more, Syd?"

"Ee-ee-ee," came the reply, while at the same time one hand was stretched to grab Brian's last piece of cake. It was consumed almost instantaneously.

Brian continued to watch with a twinkle in his eye. Then he said, more to himself than to Syd, "I wonder how much cake you'd be able to eat, eh?"

Sydney grinned, as if to say, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Here, finish this tea. I'm off," said Brian as he hurried out of the dining-room.

Sydney followed Brian out almost immediately and, squatting himself on the door-step, began to hum to himself.

Mrs. Lacey, supported by her daughter on one arm and her son on the other, left the house a

couple of minutes later, after having given Sydney detailed instructions how to look after the house in her absence and when to light the lamps.

The church of St. Francis Xavier was a good half a mile away and the Laceys reached it in fifteen minutes. There were in all about a dozen persons present for the ceremony which had begun just half a minute ago. Mrs. Lacey walked up the steps, followed by her charming daughter, made the sign of the cross and genuflected stiffly. Brian lagged behind and taking a seat in the last pew tried to say a few prayers.

Somehow, he found it difficult to concentrate on prayer now. His faith in his own religion had been rudely shaken on so many occasions that, in his protestations against its tenets, he had almost forgotten the existence of a Supreme Being. There were many current practices in his religion with which he did not agree.

FIRST and foremost was the money-factor, as he called it. One had to pay for every act of service rendered by the Church, from the time of one's birth to the time of one's death. There were baptismal fees, wedding fees, burial fees and what not. If one wanted bells to be rung during a christening ceremony or a marriage ceremony or a burial service, one had to pay for it. Rich and poor had to pay alike for the same service. The more the number of bells, the more the payment asked. There were instances where such acts of service to the laity were denied to those who could not afford to pay

(Continued on page 97)

THE other day, I had an occasion to go from Bombay to Ahmedabad. The number of passengers in the train was unusually small, and, in my compartment, only four persons were sitting and that also in separate nooks, far away one from the other. I was feeling lonely and wanted somebody to come to me for a chitchat. While I was thinking about this, the train arrived at a small station. Here the remaining passengers also got down. I felt as if God had heard my prayers wrongly. But I have heard it said that He does listen to your entreaties, however late He may do so.

not find a suitable groom for his daughter.

"How did you happen to come to this town?" I said again, in order not to break the thread of the conversation.

"No particular reason," he replied shyly. I could not understand why he was so laconic.

"Why are you going to Ahmedabad?" I asked him.

"My home town," he replied, to the point.

But he could not be drawn out further. To all my questions he

INTERNATIONAL PROSPECTS

Therefore, after some time, an old man entered my compartment, accompanied by a ravishingly beautiful girl. Although I happen to have a great prejudice against old men (because they are so loquacious that they get on your nerves), I considered his company a boon from the Almighty. Solitude was making a mad man of me. And then that beautiful damsel! I would not mind talking to a thousand old men for her sake. So I went up to the bench where they were sitting, and began the conversation in the usual manner.

"May I know, please, where you intend to go?" I asked.

"Ahmedabad," replied the old man briefly.

would answer in monosyllables and subside into silence. That was most discouraging and disheartening. His behaviour tended to increase my hatred for old people. I would have got up from the place then and there, but the temptation to go on looking at the young beauty was something irresistible.

"I SUPPOSE you have young sons like me, and they are working at Ahmedabad?" I made another effort to start a talk.

But he did not pay any heed to my query.

"Where are you employed?" he suddenly demanded.

This is one question which I hate from the core of my heart. Now, what do the educated youths



job. Still that imbecile old man was asking that question. I should have started it, I think. I had half a mind to hurl some abuse at him, but the presence of the girl made me think better of it. I did not want to humiliate myself before her by admitting that I was only an ordinary young fellow from among the army of the unemployed.

"I I am" I stuttered. I could not think of a profession.

But he himself solved this problem for me.

"I think that you are a ticket-collector. Now-a-days young men like a job in the railway very much," he said.

"Yes, yes! I am a ticket collector," I nodded, relieved.

I WAS astonished at my own resourcefulness. But the old man began to talk, much to my surprise.

"At which station are you working?" he enquired.

"I am working I am... I... I could not think of the name of a station. What could I do? I had never been taught to tell a lie.

"At Ahmedabad, I think," he replied to his own question once again.

"Yesyes," I agreed.

I was thinking of broaching a new topic, but this time his question almost frightened me.

"Will you please do me a favour?" he asked in a low tone.

"Oh, sure! Please tell me what you want," I replied, rejoicing at the thought that a new subject had begun.

"The trouble is that I did not purchase the tickets. I was in a hurry. Hang it all, sir! If you want the truth I did not purchase the tickets deliberately. I never purchase tickets! I would rather throw all my money into a gutter than give a pie to this good-for-nothing service. Now now, to come down to brass tacks. You see, you are a ticket-collector, and if you use your influence you can easily take us out of the station premises at Ahmedabad, and I shall be highly obliged to you."

THUS I received the punishment for telling a falsehood. I invited an unnecessary noose round my neck. I felt like speaking the truth and telling him to go to hell, but once again I kept quiet for the sake of the girl. As a matter of fact, I had fallen in love with her. Therefore, I decided to help the two. At the most, I would be having to pay the charges for them, but this would mean that the old man would fall under an obligation to me. Perhaps he might offer his daughter a marriage to me. This might afford an opportunity to cultivate their acquaintance.

"Oh! Why do you worry? I know everybody at Ahmedabad railway station. Nobody will dare ask you anything," I lied.

"Thank you, thank you, my son," he said with a sigh of relief.

After a few hours, we arrived at Ahmedabad. Now started my worry. In fact, I did not have much cash with me. After all, I was unemployed. Personally, I could not make both ends meet, and here I was being called upon to pay the fare of two persons at a time. It was simply preposterous!

THE very thing of which I was afraid happened. When those two were passing out of the station-gate in a manner indicating that the whole of the railway was their ancestral property, the ticket-collector accosted them, and demanded the tickets. The old man immediately pointed at me and said imperiously, "Ask your friend."

The ticket-collector turned to me. "Give me their tickets," he said.

Now, from where could I produce the tickets? I felt so humiliated that I wanted to fall through some opening in the earth and disappear. As if this was not enough, the wretched old man explained the whole matter to the ticket-collector by recalling our conversation.

"I say, why do you ask him for tickets?" the old man flared up.

"Why should I not?" the ticket-collector retorted, astonished.

"Why, I had thought that railway servants were partial towards their colleagues," he elucidated.

"Are you a railway servant?" the ticket-collector snarled, turning to me.

"No, no!" I could not tell lies any longer. I had already suffered too heavy punishment for not speaking the truth.

When the old man saw my game, he was overwhelmed with anger. He started rebuking me.

"I say, better believe the Devil himself than the young man of today. I was a damned fool to trust this man."

My God! I had never been placed in such a predicament before. I could bear the situation no longer. Therefore I said, "Please make out a receipt for the fare of the two."

AS expected, I had to pay all the cash I had at the moment. The old man did not even so much as offer a single anna. It seemed that all his forefathers had been paupers. But to this cloud of shame and humiliation, there was a silver lining. It was that moon-faced beauty. Her very smile in sympathy gave me great solace.

When we came out the old man, for once, thanked me sincerely. After giving me his address, and inviting me to see him at his residence on any convenient day, he went away.

I could not sleep that night. The lovely face of the girl haunted me in my dreams. I was bursting with eagerness to ask for her hand. So I decided to go to the old man's house, first thing in the morning.

I sought him out in a small crowded tenement. The old fellow was quite receptive and even cordial. After talking about trifles for a time, I came to the point.

"I think you quite like me. I mean, you would consider me one of your own family?"

"Why, you are an excellent man. Only yesterday you gave an example of your appreciable character. I already feel affectionate towards you."

"You see, I am a bachelor and ..."

"THEN you must marry. Who would refuse his daughter to a generous, intelligent man like you?"

"You flatter me! I have ... I have fallen ... I mean, I like you daughter very much," I said with a great effort.

"My daughter? Whom do you mean? I have no daughter," the old man emphasised.

"Then the girl who was with you yesterday, is she your grand daughter?"

"She is my wife, you fool!" he roared like a lion, provoked to action.

"Oh ... oh ... I am sorry ... I am sorry ... I am ...!" I cried making for the door. I ran and ran until I felt that my heart would stop beating.



"My wife has gone to the picture house, madam. What should I tell her. you came to borrow?"

HERE'S FUN!

YOU say your mother-in-law threw a chair at you?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir."

"And then your wife threw a chair at you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what made you leave the house?"

"I saw my daughter looking thoughtfully at the sideboard."

Not for Good!

Friend (to young wife contemplating divorce): "Remember, dear, you took your husband for better or for worse."

Young Wife: "But I didn't take him for good, did I?"

Missing Glasses

"But what's this extra item of three guineas on the bill for that recreation of mine?"

"That's for my glasses. I lost them somewhere while I was recreating."

Explained

"You look a respectable sort of person. What were you doing breaking into that house last night?"

"I thought it was my own house."

"But when the lady of the house came you jumped through the window. Why was that?"

"I thought it was my wife!"

AN absent-minded professor was awakened by the telephone at 2 a.m. The caller inquired: "Is that one, one, one?"

one?"

The professor answered: "No, it is eleven, eleven."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said the caller, "wrong number. Sorry I disturbed you."

"That's all right," the professor rejoined. "I had to get up to answer the telephone, anyhow."

Hard to Please

Shopwalker: "That lady who has just gone out says you showed her no politeness or courtesy whatever."

Assistant: "Then they're about the only darned things in the shop I didn't show her!"

Happy Release

Mandy, in applying for a position, was asked if she had any references.

"Ah, sho' has, ma'am. This am it."

The letter read: "The bearer of this letter is leaving me after a week's work. I am perfectly satisfied."

Too Dear

"Isn't it just too sweet, dear!" said Mrs. Dobson, trying on a new hat.

Her husband looked at the price tag. "No, it's just too dear, sweet!" he replied, firmly.

MAKING his first call after electric light had been installed in a country cottage, the meter inspector found that scarcely any current had been used. Thinking something was wrong, he questioned the occupant.

"Don't you ever use the light?"

"Yes, we have it on every night."

"How long is it on?"

"Oh, not very long. Just long enough to see to light the lamp."

Fond of Consolation

Mother: "Did I see you kissing that young Allen last night?"

Beryl: "Well, Mother, he told me he had just lost an uncle and I felt so sorry for him."

Mother: "If I know anything about that young man he won't have a relative left in a week's time!"

Both Alike

"Bobby, you promised me you wouldn't fight at school to-day. I said I would give you a thrashing if you did."

"Well, Dad, seeing I've broken my promise, don't you think you might as well break yours?"

So Original

Edna: "Jack is so original. He says things to me that nobody else would dream of saying."

May: "What has he been up to now — asking you to marry him?"

At Twenty . . .

"The three R's? At twenty it's Romance. At forty it's Rent. At sixty it's Rheumatism."

A MINISTER was very fond of cherry brandy, and one of his congregation thought he would play a joke on him.

"I'll give you a bottle of cherry brandy," he said, "if you'll promise to acknowledge it in the church magazine."

The minister undertook to do this, and in due course a paragraph appeared in the magazine thanking the donor for his gift of fruit and the spirit in which it was given.

Regretful Reply

Mistress: "Was your last place a good one, Janet?"

Maid (after deliberation): "Well, ma'am, I used 'ot to think so!"

Why Doubt It?

Caller: "Are you sure the manager is not in?"

Dignified Office Boy: "Do you doubt his word, sir?"

Finger to Finger

"What's that stone in Anne's engagement ring, Joyce?"

"A rolling stone, my dear. I had it once."



"Anyway, to cut the long story short . . ."

Aunt's Practice

The teacher was giving a health talk and warned her pupils never to kiss animals or birds.

"Can you give me an instance of the dangers of this, Bobby?" he asked one boy.

"Yes, miss, my Aunt Alice used to kiss her dog."

"And what happened?" asked the teacher.

"It died."

Defined

"What is a debtor, dad?"

"A man who owes money."

"And what is a creditor?"

"The man who thinks he is going to get it."

A Beggar's Lot!

There was no go. I walked two blocks to enter a flourishing stationery mart. I had tried my luck twice the previous week there but in vain.

The moment I stepped in some one from behind the counter bawled at me. It must be the new Sales Manager talking to his assistant, I knew.

"Why don't you neck that fighter out?" he angrily demanded. "I told him off politely once or twice but he is a regular pest. With money-market conditions remaining so tight, can't he understand that we have nothing to give? How then can we commodate him?"

His words stung me to the quick and the assistant was a kind-

In a Fit!

Basher, the boxer, had been signed up to fight a huge Negro. On the night of the match his backer nodded towards Basher's room and inquired of his trainer: "Fit?"

"Yes," came the retort. "E's in one now. 'E's just seen his opponent."

All the Same

"Claude is such a sensitive child that on no account must he be punished."

"But we must have discipline in the school, madam."

"Well, couldn't you punish one of the other little boys? Claude would be awfully frightened."

(Continued from page 25)

hearted fellow. He was speaking in a low tone to the Manager though I could hear him well. "I would request you to be less harsh to these educated beggars. Probably he is a prince among them, I agree. But we did promise him one."

Then he threw something weighty towards me and asked me to take it and quit the shop before others saw it.

"Neither January nor February here!" I said in chagrin.

"Mister," the Manager shouted. "Take it or leave it. What if January and February are missing? It is a calendar all the same, and don't you look a gift horse in the mouth!"

THE ROYAL ASTROLOGER

10,00,000



and more clients have had our remarkable Fore-telling by Divine Intuitive Powers. (Gift from God Subramanya). Family fame of 25 generations in Astrology. Medals and Certificates from Maharajas, Judges and Notables. One year Life Reading with Weekly Details from now Rs 5/- (or 8 Sh.) regarding your Health, Finance, Races, Lottery, Lucky Dates, Profession, Travel, Love, Marriage, Friends, Enemies etc., with Moon Table Guide for daily success, what pitfalls to avoid, what opportunities to grasp, new undertakings and other information of untold value to you. V.P. Extra. 3½ Sh. extra for Air Mail charges. Remittance in advance from Foreign countries.

COULD YOU DISBELIEVE THESE TESTIMONIALS?

Chang I. Jeu of Messrs. Russel & Co., Shanghai, China:— Dear sir, I had my Life Reading for one year from you last year and its contents are correct to a very great extent. Please send me my entire Life Reading at your earliest convenience.

A. G. Fernando of Thomas Durham & Co., Sidney, Australia:— Dear sir, Ref:— Your kind letter of 11-6-52. I am glad to read and fully satisfied with your Annual Life Reading with weekly details. I have tried lots of other Astrologers, but never

got such accurate predictions as sent by you. Please furnish me with my entire Life Reading and oblige.

William Fernando, Chemiu De Fer De, Ceinture de Paris, Rue De Londres, 16, Paris, France:— Dear sir, you have sent my Annual Life Reading for the year and it is most surprisingly accurate and gives me great delight to see that an astrologer can predict so accurately even from such a distance. I shall be exceedingly thankful if you will kindly send me entire Life Reading.

State birth details or Letter writing time.

PANDIT N. AMIRTANANDA

1ST FLOOR, 31, NORTH MADA ST., MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4

At The Country Fair !

A COUNTRY fair has nothing to do with the high-sounding market about which conomics experts speak a good deal of learned nonsense. Actually it is a matter-of-fact entity catering to the needs of the village people round, gathering and dispersing in one specific day in a week.

As soon as you enter the fair, or sometimes even sooner, on the eve of entering itself, you feel the hum of noise arising from a large congregation of men and women in a mass. The apparent chaos that seems to invest the atmosphere, and yet does not, and the outward holiday mood of the people may look so much at variance with the business side of the institution. But the gay and the grave blend so beautifully and so completely as to make it natural, nay, inevitable.

You cannot, of course, miss the basket women, for they are here, here and everywhere, and more, vociferously apprise you of the fact. It may be a basket of beans or brinjals or bananas. Or it may be a basket of *sundal* or fried groundnuts or boiled sweet potatoes for ready eating at one sitting or a few gulps or in different gradations of lip-swinging and tongue-twisting during the course of slow trambulation.

These basket women are expert vendors and if they catch you

moping or mooning about a bit, they would get the better of you, as I believe they almost always do. But among the vendees there are such incorrigible higglers that any amount of patience and good breeding would be found wasted on them.

BY
R. BANGARUSWAMI

Then there are the heap-wallahs who gather their wares in heaps spread on mats or sacks or on good Mother Earth. The plantain man who sells everything belonging to the particular species of plantain—plantain fruits, plantain stems, plantain leaves—looks so busy that he has no time to look up. God has made the dealer in pumpkins and gourds half-pumpkin-like and half-gourd-like with the result that he is himself the best advertisement of his own goods!

THE potter group occupies a significant section of the fair. There is such a large quantity of pots, big and small, and so many potter women to sell them about! They don't stop to think for a moment whether you look like the right man to buy their wares but with great buoyancy they go radiating about, bumping their wares at

you and thumping at them with their fingers to show their excellent quality that you are in danger of succumbing and purchasing pots. But the very next moment you will be left wondering as to how queer a figure you would cut with your pots about you and still more pondering as to what to do with them, having bought them!

There is the fish corner exposing to your view its treasure. Two or three cloth dealers each with a bundle of clothes are found higgling with his customers. A turbaned man is making a grand display of some beads, trinkets, mirrors, knives, dolls, safety-pins, and such like with a standard uniform prize for all his things. Beggars, too, are not wanting—the monkey-beggar, the *gudu-gudu* man, the gipsy woman—charity is given in cash or kind, often with some vituperative words to boot.

ONE should not also forget the existence of the ubiquitous pick-pocket who, like destiny, works unseen; and if one does not keep oneself ultra-careful about one's purse, there is no use of after-repentance.

In some fairs, there is a cattle section. But it is a world so full of interest and colour that we shall peep into it at leisure on some future occasion.

Bitter Truth

"I believe in weighing my words before speaking," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"And you don't give short weight, either," replied her husband.

FREE! GAYATRI BLESSED MILLIONS

Won in Race: I won a big amount in the Horse Race on 26th. Your Holy Gayatri Charm is really Mystic and wonderful.
—Miss Almal, Secunderabad.



Secured Job: I am selected as Revenue Inspector out of 41 applicants. The petty amount I spent for your Gayatri is nothing when compared to the wonderful Blessings. I won. —M.V. Sripathi Row, Mangalore.
Won Rs. 1787: I won Rs. 1787 in Crossword Puzzles. I am free from debts and my financial position is very much improved than before. Your Charm is really Great and Divine. —Miss Karanth, Bombay.

GAYATRI BESTOWS GOOD LUCK

The World Famous Mighty Powerful GAYATRI CHARM Blessed 42039 Devotees with Mighty Good Luck, Sudden Fortune, Cheerful Health, Unexpected Wealth, Quick Promotion, & Supreme Happiness. Holy GAYATRI effectively drives out the Wicked Influence of Planet Saturn and guides the wearer on to the glorious path of WEALTH AND FORTUNE.

HOLY GAYATRI CHARMS

Ordinary Rs. 4-8. (10 sh.)
Powerful Rs. 8-7. (20 sh.)

FREE: A Highly Powerful MAMERIC BIRTH STONE to Bless FORTUNE and GOOD LUCK will be sent FREE along with the GAYATRI.

Guarantee: If Gayatri fails—Demand a Refund.

Why suffer silently? I will make you HAPPY and LUCKY. Order your GAYATRI this day only.

THE MAMERICIST
MAMERIC HOME, MASULIPATAN



NEW PAL FOR THE BANDITS

*By
D. Neish*



AS the train drew up at the water-tank by Mesa Creek two men started up from a lump of brushwood close to the first car and climbed aboard, so swiftly that few if any of the passengers could have detected them.

These two were not passengers. No baggage encumbered them, unless a brace of guns could be considered as travelling-equipment or encumbrances. They wore kerchiefs over their faces, as cow-boys sometimes do to protect their mouths and nostrils from suffocating clouds of dust, but the evening air thereabouts was just how clear and unsullied. Save for those kerchiefs the two men might have been identified—the bulkier of them as Butch Connell, the smaller individual as Shorty Gilmore.

A third man, Hank Willerby, likewise incognito and similarly clutching a fistful of forty-five, was at this moment stepping forward to accost the driver and fireman

in the cab of the locomotive, and to persuade them that it would be inadvisable to proceed with their duties as railroadmen.

Once aboard the train Connell and Gilmore passed rapidly and resolutely through the first and second and third cars, making a cursory inspection of the occupants as they did so. The guns in their hands were effective arguments against resistance. Their forbidding aspect and their curt voices as they presented themselves unexpectedly in the gangway of each coach ensured that their instructions to "reach for the air" were obeyed without dispute.

FROM the beginning it was evident that robbery was not their motive. It could only be concluded, by their scrutiny of the passengers, that they were grimly searching for someone. In the fourth car they invaded, their quest came to an end.

Their sudden intrusion took the occupants of that car as much by surprise as it had done the people

in the first three coaches. The passengers in it were also obliged to raise their arms submissively under the dual threat of the masked men's revolvers and the pre-emptory commands that were given.

IT was in this fourth coach that the attention of Connell and Gilmore was caught and held by a couple of travellers seated about halfway along the car and on the left of the aisle.

The couple in question were undoubtedly close companions, but hardly friends. As they lifted their hands above shoulder-level and their cuffs slipped down from their wrists, some of their fellow-passengers and the two masked intruders observed a tell-tale peculiarity, hitherto unnoticed by anyone in the coach.

The pair of them were manacled, left wrist to right wrist, and clearly they were prisoner and escort. Neither wore a badge of office, for it was not the practice to draw undue attention to jailbirds and their lawful guardians in such circumstances, but Butch Connell and Shorty Gilmore had no doubts as to which was which.

Butch and Shorty hurried along the gangway to them, and the bulkier of the two gunmen addressed himself to the fellow nearest the aisle, the younger of the handcuffed couple, a dark-haired individual with an eye as steely as the 'bracelet' that secured him to his travelling-companion.

"Okay, Blackie Dixon," said Butch. "We're friends o' Blade Marsden an' we're here to get you outta the fix you're in."

It was at this point that the wearer of the other half of the manacles, a red-headed character of rugged countenance, was foolish enough to bestir himself. With an exclamation he jerked himself from the seat—had actually lunged half-erect when Gilmore shot him at almost point-blank range.

The blast of the cartridge filled the coach with resounding echoes, and raised a frightened outcry from several of the passengers. The bullet struck the red-headed man high in the left breast, with an impact that knocked him back into his seat. Gilmore swung his gun in random fashion to threaten the other occupants of the car, collectively, lest any of them should try to interfere. Connell, on his part, changed his grip on his revolver and brought the butt smashing down upon the skull of Shorty's victim to make certain the foolish fellow gave no further trouble.

The unfortunate man was hatless. It had been resting in his lap, otherwise it might have 'cushioned' the blow to some extent. As it was he took the full force of that blow, and instantly crumpled under it.

"ALL right, Blackie," Connell then directed crisply. "Get the key off o' him an' unlock them handcuffs."

The man addressed as Blackie needed no second bidding. Scrambling to his feet he leaned over his insensible travelling-companion and fumbled with his left hand. A moment later there was a faint click and he had freed himself from the fetter that had encircled his wrist.

"Let's go, fellers," he rapped out to Butch and Shorty, in a tone of satisfaction.

THE two bandits and the man they had rescued beat a retreat to the end of the car, no one daring to oppose them. They dropped off the train and Butch sang out to Hank Willerby, giving him the "thumbs up" sign. Then

they dived through a belt of tall thickets hard by.

Beyond the thickets four horses stood waiting. Within a few seconds Connell, Gilmore and the man called Blackie were joined beside the ponies by Willerby, a stringy rogue with sloping shoulders and arms that seemed abnormally long. He and Shorty Gilmore and Connell swung themselves astride three of the mounts, and Butch motioned Blackie to the fourth.

"We've a lot of ridin' to do," he said. "It won't be so comfort-

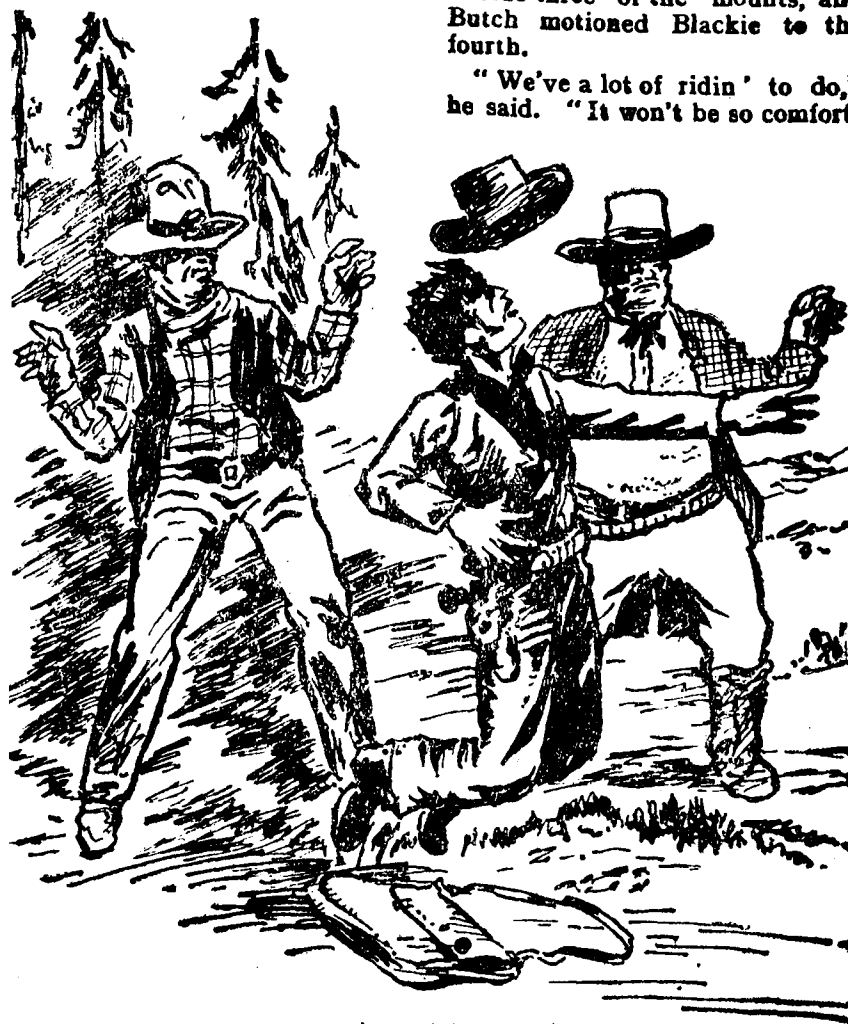
able as sittin' in the upholstered seat of a railroad car."

"But a whole lot more to my likin'," was the reply, and with the nimbleness of long experience the man known as Blackie vaulted into the saddle.

WITHOUT another word the four of them rode off at a fast clip, Butch taking the lead and setting a course for the west. They had covered a fair amount of ground when, looking back in the gloaming, they saw dirty white plumes from the smoke-stack of the train's locomotive belching up into the sky. A fold in the landscape hid the

Butch Connell eased up at that, and pulled his kerchief down from a blunt and ugly visage. Following his example, Hank Willerby exposed a cadaverous, beak-nosed face and Shorty Gilmore a countenance that was best described as foxy.

Connell spoke again to the man they had rescued, and took it upon



train itself from their view, but those smoke-plumes told them it had taken on water and was resuming its journey.

himself to do the honours.' Amiably he introduced himself and Hank and Shorty by name.

"Maybe you ain't never heerd of us, Blackie," he added, "or maybe you have. Maybe Blade mentioned us to you some time or other. Anyways you got Blade to thank for us takin' you off that train and away from that limb o' the Law whut was escortin' you to the State Prison."

BLACKIE drew in a long breath. "Yeah? Well, I'm thankin' you, pals, just the same," he declared in a heartfelt voice. "As for Blade, I'll thank him in person, too—when I get around to seein' him."

"Which will be sooner than you might think," Hank Willerby put in. "Blade's holed-up right now in a place called Geronimo Canyon, not so far from here. We use it as a hide-out. Blade knowed that, for he used to work in cahoots with us—before he drifted north on his lonesome an' teamed up with you."

"Yeah, an' when him and you got yourselves in a jam and had to split up he knowed where to head for," Gilmore volunteered, complacently. "But he didn't forget you. He told us all about you, Blackie, an' he was sure cut up when he had a message from a friend up north tellin' him you'd been tracked down an' arrested or your part in the stick-up the wo of you staged. Then he got word from this same friend that you'd been tried an' convicted an' was comin' down on today's train with a deputy, bound for the State Prison."

Blackie nodded comprehendingly. "I get it. So he asked

you to jump the train and get me away from the escort."

"Right," said Connell. "An' it was a certainty, seein' the train allus stops to take on water at Mesa Creek. Blade wanted to ride with us, but we advised him again' it. His description's been circulated all through the State, an' we figured it was best he should lie low. We didn't aim to make the whole journey with our faces covered up, an' maybe draw attention to ourselves afore reachin' the railroad."

"And now we're goin' straight back to this hide-out of yours?" asked Blackie.

"As a matter o' fact we ain't," Butch Connell rejoined with a smirk. "It struck me we could combine a little business on our own account with the pleasure of doin' Blade a favour."

He paused, then went on speaking.

"**THE** train's next stop is Sonora City," he told Blackie. "When it gets there, the sheriff of this county is gonna hear what's happened an' he's bound to start out with a search-party for the neighbourhood o' Mesa Creek. Meantime we'll be makin' a wide sweep so as to reach that self-same county town o' Sonora about midnight. There's a bank in Sonora that me an' the boys have been sizin' up for quite a spell."

It gratified him to see the glint that came into the eyes of the man they had rescued.

"Lead on," said Blackie. "I'm with you all the way. Sonora, here we come."

They pushed ahead at an un-hurried pace, still faring westward. The last light of day faded from the sky, and stars winked like sequins in the dusky mantle of the heavens. In the gloom they continued for an hour or two to follow the course that Connell had set on quitting the vicinity of the railroad. Then he changed direction and bore towards the south.

ONCE upon a time Sonora City had been a raucous, rowdy town, but that had been in the long-ago when the West was young. Now-a-days life there was a pretty humdrum affair, undisturbed by the wild carousals and riotous disorders which a few old-timers still recalled when they talked garrulously of a bygone era.

True, crime was not an unknown quantity thereabouts, but lawlessness was not the commonplace affair it had been in another generation, when garish saloons had done a roaring trade into the small hours and brawls or gun-duels had been an almost nightly occurrence. 'Early to bed and early to rise' was the principle that governed the existence of most folks in Sonora now.

Thus, when Blackie and his rescuers reached the town it was in almost total darkness.

The bank stood halfway along the north side of Sonora's main street, and, approaching the premises from the rear, Butch Connell and his companions halted near a back door of the building. They had covered the last mile or so of their circuitous journey at little more than a walking pace, and they quietly dismounted, creating

(Continued on page 99)

For LADIES



Scot Pills—For all Delays Rs. 3/-
FEATEX—Super Strength for Delays Rs. 5/10/-
Bleacho—Whitens Face, Cream Rs. 2/- Powder Rs. 2/- Liquid Rs. 2/-
Rento—Tonic. Gives forceful Strength Rs. 2/4/-
DEPI (Hair Off) — Powder Rs. 1/- Liquid Rs. 1/-
Blackol—(Kala Tel) Rs. 2/-
Zulf-I-Vajyanti Hair Oil—Rs. 1/-
Suraya Hair Oil—Rs. 1/-
Rashk-I-Gulzar (Scent) Rs. 1/-
Press-Me-Not (Scent) Rs. 1/-

Filmstars, Shyama, Lalita Kumari, Monica Desai and many more speak highly of our products.

Selling Everywhere

Amritsar—Kishore Bros. Anela Med. Hall
 Agra—Gopal Med. Store, Cash Chemist
 Allahabad—Kings & Co. Jha Jha & Sons
 Ahmedabad—M. J. Saughvi, 3 Gates
 Ajmer—Popular Medical Store
 Ambala Cantt—Dr. Hazara Singh & Sons
 Aligarh—Shah & Co., D. N. Misra
 Benaras—The Medical Stores, Chack
 Bareilly—Bajaj Medical Hall, Lal Bros.
 Bombay—Perry & Co. Ltd., Grant Rd.
 Baroda—B. A. Patahal & Sons, A. Roy & Co.
 Bilaspur—Shyam Sundar Medical Store,
 Calcutta—K. R. Lyuch & Co., Chitrangan
 Chandigarh—Sohan Lal & Sons, Esplanade
 Delhi—Sohan Lal & Sons, Esplanade
 N. Delhi—Dr. Kishan Chand & Co., Ch. Ch.
 Marina Areade
 Dehra Dun—Barkat Singh & Sons,
 6-D Astley
 Ferozepur—B. Bajaj Chemists, Singh Bros.
 Gwalior—Narnia Medical Stores,
 Guntur—Padmanabha Medical Stores
 Hoshiarpur—Nidhi Pharmacy
 Indore—Cash Chemists, Chaker Bros.
 Jullundur Cantt—Edward Medical Hall
 Jullundur City—Kahan Chand & Sons
 Jhansi—Medicine Supply Company,
 Jaipur—Jaipur Med. Hall, Pablie Med.
 Jubbulpur—Virumal & Sons (Hall)
 Jagraon—Dila Ram & Sons
 Katni—Singhania Medical Store
 Kolhapur—D. Populer Pharmacy
 Kanpur—Vahro Aggarwal, Meston Rd.
 Ludhiana—Kundan Pharmacy, Jai Singh
 Lucknow—King Medical Hall, (Bros.)
 Gupta Medical Store
 Madras—J. Balabhai & Co., 280, Subhas Rd.
 Mathura—Sarin & Co., Lahiri & Co.
 Moradabad—Chandi Prasad & Co.
 Meerut Cantt—Modern Medical Stores
 Moga—Satyapal & Co.
 Mounghyr—Kalyan Medical Hall, Betwan
 Nagpur—Amrut Pharmacy Ltd (Bazar)
 Nawan Sher Doaba—Dr. Asanand & Sons
 Patna—Popular Med. Hall, Sen Pharmacy
 Phillaur—Dr. Bhulla Ram & Sons
 Poona—N. Mahadeo & Co., Near City, P.O.
 Raipur—O. P. Med. Store, Bajrang Med.
 Simla—D. B. Vohra & Co., (Store)
 Gaidamul Hemraj
 Surat—Dalal Bros., Chemists C.N. Bros.
 Sholapur—Pioneer Pharmacy
 Saharanpur—A. Kitchner & Co.

STENO HOUSE AGENCY, AMRITSAR



ISLE OF ROMANCE

I HOPE British troops will understand the local attitude to love and marriage when they land on Cyprus, the Island where legend says that Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, arose from the foam near Paphos, on the south-west coast, writes Sylvia in Duncan in the course of an interesting article in the London *News*.

Among sections of the community, an engagement is considered with solemn contract. After it has been officially recognised the couple can live together. "They usually get married when the first baby is on the way," I was told. But, on the other hand, local girls do not hang around looking for boy friends. Many of them are kept under strict family surveillance under their betrothal.

Prison of Death

The Cypriot men find their amusement in cafes, where they voraciously drink thick black Turkish coffee and filar, the local liquor. Many of the restaurants have a ritz-baret, and after the show girls are expected to entertain the customers. When I visited Cyprus

most of these girls were displaced persons, wandering the world after a childhood in war-tormented Europe.

I do not want to write of the political unrest in Cyprus, whose fate has been a counter thrown about the board of history from time immemorial. I am thinking of the life British troops will find on this island, where Richard the Lionheart married his Queen Berengaria while on his way to the Crusades.

The island yields traces of many past civilisations. Ancient castles rise to the sky like pictures from a book of fairy-tales. During the Iranian oil crisis, British paratroopers were stationed in Lyrenia Castle, which was built by the Crusaders around the year 1200. I shuddered as I was shown a small, dark room in the dungeons. Prisoners were pushed inside, a few steps forward—and in the blackness they fell through a hole in the floor to their death.

Majority of Greeks

At Famagusta the scene is dominated by Othello's Tower, where Shakespeare's Moor is reputed to

have done Desdemona to death. Here I was shown a pile of ancient cannon-balls and told: "We were always losing these, because people took them for souvenirs. Now many of them come by air, and don't want to pay excess baggage charges, so we keep our cannon-balls."

No Train or Bus

Many of the people speak English, though the population is Greek, Turkish and American, with Greeks in the majority. In the towns they adopt the Western style of dress, but colourful, traditional clothing is still seen in the villages, where primitive habits are slow to be influenced by modern civilisation.

I found the islanders friendly, though I did have an unpleasant experience when my bag was snatched by a man who came up behind me on a bicycle. Luckily

the strap broke. I shouted for help, and along came a fat old Turkish woman who couldn't speak a word of English. Her yells sent my attacker cycling off into the distance, while she helped me gather my scattered belongings.

Cycles are popular on the island, because there is no train or bus service. The Cypriot villagers use camels and donkeys. I have seen a child of three riding one donkey and leading another. Most people travel from one place to another by taxi. The rates are comparatively cheap, and you cannot go so very far. The area of the whole island is only 3,500 square miles, less than half the size of Wales.

Many Fine Beaches

The climate is warm all through the year, and there are plenty of sandy beaches for bathing. I landed at the port of Larnaca and was sharply reminded of St. Peter

Queer Facts

In Durham, England, engineering students had it all figured out on paper that 20 men could outpull one elephant until Jumbo, a circus animal, ruined their calculation by pulling both students and teaching staff 20 dusty yards on the end of a tow rope!

In Baltimore, Contractor Christian P. Sorensen advertised for bricklayers and got no response, advertised a second time for left-handed bricklayers and was swamped with answers from right-handed ones pretending to be left-handed.

In Detroit, Mrs. Cecil Jewell won a divorce after testifying that her husband often came home from saloons at 4 a.m. and demanded that she put on a one-woman floor show, which lasted "until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, or until I got too tired to dance any more."

In Cincinnati, Dr. Lowell Keirle, 26, won a divorce from her husband, Dr. Alfred M. Keirle, 29, on her charge that he brought home champagne, orchids and \$500 worth of tropical fish when what they really needed was bread and butter.

Port, in Guernsey. At Kyrenia, which is similar to one of the quieter Riviera resorts, I found two old friends, Judy Shirely and Anne Lenner, prewar radio favourites. Anne was helping Judy and her husband run their restaurant night club in Kyrenia. "We came because I liked the island so much when I was here with ENSA," Judy said.

Sunshine and Snow

Cyprus is one of the few places in the world where you can bathe in the sunshine on the coast, and a couple of hours later ski in the

snow in the mountains. January till March is the season when it may be possible to ski on the heights of Troodos, on whose slopes big afforestation schemes are in progress.

Steep Road

We drove from the coast up to the Berengaria Hotel at Prodromos. For the first time in years I was car-sick, but then the road was steep and incredibly winding. On the way up we passed villages, where women sat in the sunshine outside their homes, making pottery and lace.



Britain's first telecobalt unit for the treatment of cancer was opened recently at Bristol General Hospital. The unit, which is the first full strength one to be both designed and built in the United Kingdom, irradiates the patient from a distance by means of a piece of radio active cobalt which is less than one inch in diameter. The cobalt, which has previously been made active in one of Britain's Atomic Piles, emits a beam of rays directed towards the patient in exactly the same manner as with the conventional X-ray machines. Radioactive cobalt gives out rays which do the same work as a three million volt X-ray machine at much less cost and with less ill-effects on the patient.

We stopped for lunch of bread and white goat's milk cheese. I did not find the Cypriot food particularly palatable, though there is plenty of fresh fruit.

What will British boys bring home with them? Lace from the hill districts, pottery, buttons—it will be easy to find something to carry their treasures in. Strong cane shopping baskets are literally given away if you purchase a few pounds of fruit. I bought one for 1s. 6d.

Howling Dogs

The sheep on Cyprus are a unique breed with such fat and heavy tails that sometimes these have to be mounted on a little cart to make movement easier for the sheep. But, as in many Eastern countries, the Briton's heart will be touched by the plight of the animals.

What will happen when our troops see packs of diseased, thin and hungry dogs and hear them howling at night?

"But the only way to eradicate the disease from which so many of them suffer would be to ban dogs on the island for a couple of years," I was told.

Film Show

In Nicosia, troops will find all the amenities of modern civilisation at a reasonable cost. Yet only a few miles away are quite primitive villages. I went to one of these to see a film show, a treat which arrives unexpectedly two or three times a year. As the car approached word went round the people to collect in the main square as darkness fell. I was puzzled. How could you show a film in the open air?

FREE!

A 'POWERFUL and WONDERFUL' COSMIC BIRTH STONE to Bless FORTUNE and LOVE will be sent — FREE — of cost with my OM CHARM. Now—Demand your FREE GIFT.

OM CHARM BLESSED THOUSANDS

Earned Rs. 17,000/-: I deposited Rs. 17,000/- in my Bank Account and this is my unexpected income. Indeed OM is a Miracle Charm.

M.D. Srivastava, Bombay

Girl Friend: She was rude towards me, but OM Charm made her my True Girl Friend. OM is a worthy Charm. Hamid Siddik, Poona.

Good Luck: Since wearing OM Charm, I won 7 prizes in Crossword Puzzles and I am greatly satisfied with your OM Charm. True—OM is a Good Luck Bringer. Manu Raj, Singapore.

... OM CHARM IS A GEM OF GEMS ...

Scientifically purified and carefully tested tiny bits of NINE Planetary Gems, filings of FIVE metals, THREE very rare Herbs and the tail of the White Lizard, are filled in the OM CHARM. The OM Charm effectively drives away the Wicked Influence of the Evil Planet Saturn and attracts Highly Beneficial rays from the Helpful Heavenly Planets and Blesses the wearer of OM Charm with Remarkable Rewards to his great satisfaction. OM is for all Castes, Creeds and Religions. OM is Foolproof. Just wear your OM on your body—no other directions. OM is a dainty Gem, small in size and you will be proud to wear it.

.....OM IS YOUR SAVIOUR.....

Wear and test the Wonderful and World Famous "OM" Charm for only TEN days and in a very short time, you are sure to be blessed with Sudden Fortune, Speedy Promotion, Grand Success in—YOUR—Love affair. Surprising Good Luck and Supreme Happiness. Many of your long cherished desires bear fruit to your Great Wonder. Here is my GUARANTEE—OM is a Gem of Gems. OM guides you to the Glorious Altar of Greater Prosperity, Brighter Success and Better Happiness.

OM CHARM Rs. 9-8-0 (20 Sh.)
Life Long Powers. Post Free.

MY GUARANTEE:— Test OM for 10 days only. If fails—Demand Refund.

YOUR FULL address in CAPITALS.
Order your OM this day only.

R. K. Madhav, Masulipatam

Then I noticed that a house on the opposite side of the road had a white-painted wall. That was the screen. The films were British documentaries. The camera operator translated the dialogue into Greek as he went along, interrupted only when a car wanted to pass down the road.

Diamonds—Pieces of Eternity!

A thousand years ago diamonds were worn rough or badly cut, just as they were dug out of the beds. They were then called point diamonds or ingenuous-point diamonds. Without the aid of polishers they gave forth but a faint twinkle. Later they were rubbed with their own dust and began to reflect rays of light. Soon the lapidaries began to table-cut the stones and to give them regular facets.

In 1456, Lodewijk van Berghem invented two wheels destined to perfect this method. His descendant, Robert, claimed to have found the definite cutting process, which the Dutch practised first in roses before applying it to brilliants, says a writer in *Chambers's Journal*.

When diamonds are taken from the mines or alluvial diggings they are dull and give no hint of the beauty which they later reveal after expert cutting and polishing. They have the aspect of regular and irregular crystals, in many cases showing in their depth flaws and cracks. It is a delicate and arduous task to cut and polish the diamond—a piece of eternity, born millions of years ago at extreme depths and under immense pressure in the glowing earth matrix.

Perfect Brilliancy

The rough stone often contains various impurities, such as stains,

Roger Bannister, the first four-minute miler, was chosen "Sportsman of the Year" in Britain following the national ballot organised by *The Sporting Record*. He was presented with the Sportsman of the Year Trophy at a ceremony in a London hotel recently. Miss Pat Smythe, the international show-jumper, was named "Sportswoman of the Year" for the second year in succession. The runner-up was Chris Chataway, who was pacemaker for Bannister's four-minute mile and who thrilled the whole of Britain's television viewers with his magnificent win over the Russian runner V. Kut in the 5,000 metres race during the London versus Moscow Athletics meeting at London's White City in October 1954. In this picture Chataway is seen congratulating Bannister. Right, Miss P. Smythe is seen in the centre.

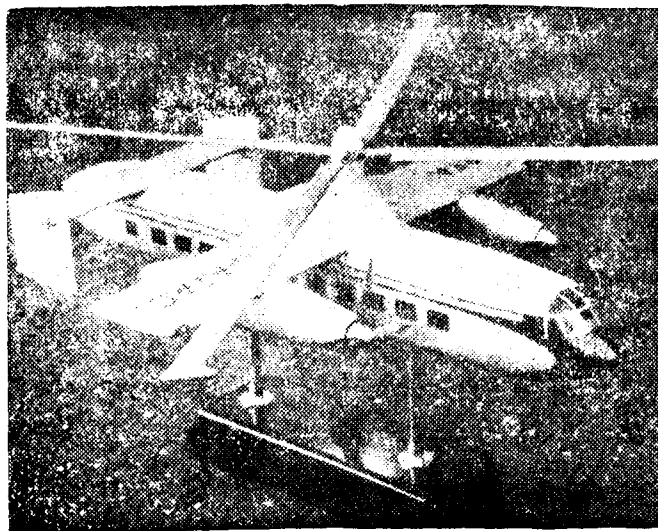


coloured spots, or flaws. All this has to be removed in order that the brilliancy of the stone shall be perfect. This is done by dividing the stone into two or more parts, depending on size, it being cleaved exactly at the spot where the imperfections which are to be removed are situated.

The cutter, after a prolonged study of the stone, traces on the

surface with Chinese ink the line or lines along which the stone has to be split or sawn. All crystal formations, to which group the diamond belongs, can be divided according to planes parallel to their surface—a process known to the trade as "cleaving" or "splitting". Just like wood, crystals have a grain, in the direction of which they can easily be divided.

The latest of Brin's helicopters, an opposite in model form, is the Fairey Rotadyne and it can carry forty-four passengers. At the tip of each rotor blade there is a small jet engine. On each wing there is a 3,000 horse power turbo-prop engine. All this power means that it can cruise at 400 miles per hour. The "Rotadyne" has been developed by the Fairey Aviation Company of Britain from the "Cyrodyne," a twin rotor machine. The makers claim that the Rotadyne will reduce the cost of air travel between city centres to something near the price of a first class railway ticket.



Earn Upto Rs. 17,476 BY AN INVESTMENT OF — BARELY Rs. 6/- —

No matter what you do or where you are — be a student, an officer or a business man, male or female, young or old, you can earn the aforementioned amount if you should so wish. No experience necessary.

Write for Free Particulars and see for yourself how to do it.

THE MUTUAL MONEY CIRCULATION SOCIETY
P. O. BOX No. 655 — ROYAPETTAH, MADRAS-14

The diamond is split by placing a blunt blade in a precisely made incision; this divides the stone in the direction required. Diamond-splitting is done by hand and demands, in view of the immense values, entailed great experience, and even greater craftsmanship. The expert starts by graving in the stone he has to split, with the sharp edge of another diamond, fixed in a holder, an incision in the direction of cleavage. To this incision a blunt blade is applied, on the back of which the splitter gives a blow with a wooden or steel mallet. Under this blow the stone falls in two pieces.

To Shine & Scintillate

When the splitting operation is finished, in place of the rough diamond there are several fragments into which it has been skillfully divided.

The next process is the polishing, whereby the stone is enabled to use fully its wonderful power of refraction, which magnifies the entering rays of light and multiplies them by the various facets so that the diamond shines and scintillates.

The manipulations required are numerous. Brilliants, as well as certain fancy shapes, have fifty-eight facets, and very small brilliants thirty four or eighteen facets; while roses, hardly visible, weighing about 1/5 of a milligram, still have three or nine facets and to the naked eye are like glittering dust.

After having been polished, the diamonds, which are covered with oil and dirt, are cleaned by

submerging them in boiling acid. They then display their full brilliancy and are ready for the market.

Most Famous

The most famous of stones submitted to the cutter's art was the Cullinan Diamond. This massive stone was found on the 26th of January, 1905, at the Premier Mine, Pretoria. It weighed in the rough 3024½ carats, about 1½ lb., and it was discovered purely by chance by the mine captain, F. Wells. It measured 4 by 2½ by 2 inches, and was purchased by the Transvaal Government in 1907 for £150,000 as a generous gift to King Edward VII.

On 23rd January, 1909, this perfectly clear and colourless stone was handed over to the cutters, I. J. Asscher and Company of Amsterdam. No diamond-cutter had ever had in his hand the destiny of so splendid a stone—one false stroke in cleaving and it would be ruined. Many anxious consultations were held before its destiny was finally decided upon.

Supreme Moment

It was eventually resolved to cleave the massive stone, and special tools had to be constructed. For three days the cutter worked at his delicate task and ultimately completed the necessary incision. Then came the supreme moment, involving enormous risk and responsibility, as the lot of one of the most precious diamonds would depend on one blow of the hammer. Would it split as planned, or would it shatter into insignificant fragments?

On 10th February, 1908, at 2-45 p.m., in the presence of representatives of the British Government, of qualified diamond experts, and a notary public to draw up an official statement and register the weights after the cleaving, the cutter, not without intense emotion, but with a firm hand and perfect craftsmanship, separated the Cullinan in two parts as had been planned. One part weighed 1977½ the other 1040 carats. The cleaving was continued, and after ten months of cutting and polishing a collection of stones was obtained from the original Cullinan.

White Sapphires

The four largest are in the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London, their incomparable brilliance undimmed with the passing of the years. King Edward was so pleased by the craftsmanship displayed that he presented as a mark of his esteem to the Company a massive silver bowl.

The nearest of natural gems to approach the diamond is the white zircon, whose brilliance and fire, compared with other transparent gems, have helped it to be passed off successfully as a diamond. One specimen, mounted in platinum, was bought by a jeweller for £50; the stone was actually worth £1. The diamond consists of a single element—carbon; zircon is a mixture of silica and zirconia.

White sapphires are to-day increasingly being used in pieces of jewellery set with real diamonds. Such prepared pieces find a ready sale on the black market.

Available Everywhere

Lovely, incredibly heavenly Comfort!



BRASSIERES
REGD

E. I. DUER
16, 3RD. MARINE ST. BOMBAY 2.

FOR SUPER STRENGTH "ANANGA PRABHA YAKUTI PILLS"

Leads the list. The best tonic to keep on the sunny side of life, to guard against badly running down of health and for quick recovery from nervous debility, blood pressure, palpitation of heart and allied complaints. Price: A phial of 30 Gold pills Rs. 10/- Postage extra.

Madan Manjari Pharmacy
184, CHINA BAZAR ROAD, MADRAS-1

WANTED AGENTS WITH DECENT TERMS.

New Year Clearance Sale

**ROMANTIC FICTION AND
SENSATIONAL BOOKS
TO GRIP YOUR INTEREST**

Before Ordering from anywhere please get our list and samples free against addressed envelope.

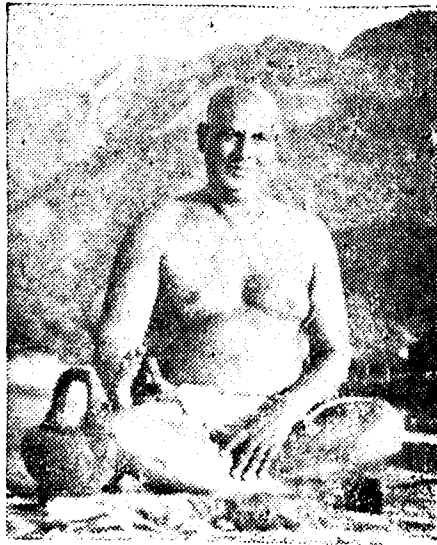
POST BOX No. 51, Saharanpur (U.P.)

The Real Civilisation

By H.H. Mahamandaleswar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

PYORRHOEA, ophthalmia, bloodpressure, consumption, appendicitis and various diseases are directly due to the so-called Modern Civilisation. What is civilisation? Are you really civilised now? When you suffer from phthisis or asthma, septicaemia or malaria, doctors give you various sorts of injections. Can you call this civilisation? With your broadcasting set you can tune and listen to Paris or Constantinople. Is this civilisation? The germs of phthisis and pyorrhoea are broadcast by motor cars, railway trains and soda-water shops. Millions of people are packed up in insanitary houses in lanes and *gallis*. Life has become dependent. When the switch fails, there is no light in the house. There is no water in the tap when you are in dire need of it. We never heard of blood-pressure some fifteen years ago. Now ninety per cent suffer from this terrible malady. What is the remedy? Go back to nature and natural living. Live in villages. Lead a simple, virtuous life. Live in God.

The dust raised by the running of motor cars and lorries in the roads and streets enters the eye, nose, lungs, stomach, etc. This is due to modern civilisation. Man wants money and money alone. He dies for money. He does not want religion. He says, "I want not only bread but bread with jam." To eat this buttered bread, he has to swallow the dust of the roads and the smoke from the



Founder-President
Divine Life Society, Rishikesh.

chimneys of the factories and spend all his earnings in the treatment of pyorrhoea, blood-pressure, asthma and phthisis. He will not hear the words of saints when he is full-blooded and with rosy cheeks. He will weep when he becomes penniless and bloodless. It is too late to gather honey in within. O, Man! Learn to discriminate and get wisdom.

PEOPLE take their food at 9 a.m. and immediately run to catch the first train in order to enable them to attend offices and courts. There is no rest. The whole stomach and intestines are shaken violently. Dyspepsia and a host of stomach troubles result. This is due to modern civilisation.

Innumerable letters were received from Readers requesting that we should publish special articles by H.H. Sri Sivananda. Hence, we have stopped the "Precepts For Practice" feature and are publishing an article instead. —Ed.

People have learnt intelligent ways to cheat others. They utilise mesmerism and hypnotism to rob others and molest ladies. They have discovered various kinds of palatable dishes to satisfy the tongue. This is modern civilisation.

TO wear spectacles at the age of ten, to smoke Three Castles or Navy Cut cigarettes or Manila cigars, to constrict the neck with tight collars, to take the food on the table with spoons and table-knives, to walk along the sea-beach with their wives with clasped hands, to have a newspaper in the pocket, have a trimmed moustache at the middle of the upper lip, to borrow money to go to talkies, and finally to lead a life of dissipation — this is modern civilisation!

Can there be blindness of a worse type? Yet man calls himself enlightened! Can there be worse folly? Yet man prides himself on his superior wisdom. Such civilisation has neglected and discarded the most precious and valuable essentials of true and successful living. No wonder, failure and sorrow are the order of the day. Selflessness, equal vision, compassion — these are the marks of true progress.

TO serve the poor and the *Sadhu* with *Atma Bhav* and to share what you have with others is real civilisation. To sing the Lord's name, to remember Him always is real civilisation. To have a balanced mind and equal vision and to behold the one Self everywhere is real civilisation. To curb the senses and subdue the mind and look within is real civilisation. To have the knowledge of the Immortal Soul or *Brahman* and to live in the Eternal is the highest civilisation. You will not be able to catch your own shadow however hard you may try to get at it. Face the sun. Turn your back upon the shadow. The same shadow will run after you. Even if you run after money and earthly possessions, you will not get them. Turn your back upon mundane wealth. Soar high in the realm of *Atmic* bliss or inexhaustible spiritual wealth. *Siddhis* or *Riddhis* will roll under your feet. You will

(See next page First Col. bottom)

Just Out!

Rare Work on Astrology!

Nehru's Stars

By H.H. SRI SWAMI YOGANANDJI MAHARAJ
(A Disciple of H.H. Sri Swami Sivanandji)

An original work on Predictive Astrology. Contains several astounding Predictions about Pandit Nehru and many other world personalities. Most of them have already been fulfilled! Acknowledged and appreciated by Pandit Nehru, Sri B.V. Raman (Astrological Magazine, Bangalore) and others. A work by a Master-Mind and Adept in Yoga. Price Rupee ONE only. Free Postage. Remit amount to:—

The Astrological Research Institute,
"Sri Yoganandashram," Nehrugram, Dehra Dun.

FOR ASPIRANTS:

FORTY GOLDEN PRECEPTS

By H.H. MAHAMANDALESHWAR SRI SWAMI SIVANANDA SARASWATI

1. You should stick to one place for meditation for a period of 8 or 12 years (one *Tapa* or austerity period). The five places suitable for a good contemplative life are: 1. Swarg Ashram, Rishikesh; 2. Rishikesh; 3. Uttarkashi; 4. Kankal; 5. Gangotri. You must never enter the plains at any cost.

2. You should not keep company with householders (worldly-minded). The company of a householder (worldly-minded) is even far more dangerous than the company of a woman. Mind has got the power to imitate. You will have a quick downfall. What you have gained in 8 years, you will lose in 8 seconds or 8 minutes. They will try to pull you down.

3. Avoid the company of woman. A snake bites you in close contact. But a woman stings you from a long distance. Poison kills the body only. Lust enters the astral body and kills you in several births.

4. You should read only those books prescribed for you by your Master or *Guru*. He knows your temperament and he will select the articular path for you.

5. Just as a young girl is not allowed to run hither and thither, you are not allowed to run to various persons till you are firmly established in our path and moulded properly. Otherwise you will lose the spiritual benefits. Other people will poison your mind and put you in a dilemma.

6. You should lead a simple but hard and laborious life. You must shun entirely comfort, luxury, and the desire for comfort-seeking. Eat simple food. Wear simple clothing. You must become an embodiment of the *Vedas* and virtues. You must lead an exemplary life. "Plain living and high thinking." That must be your motto. You must rejoice in suffering and destitution. Live on *Madhukari Biksha* (alms collected from different houses), the most independent form of living. Eat 3 things (rice, bread and dal) only daily. Have 4 pieces of cloth only.

(To be Continued.)

Readers who wish to contact H.H. the Swamiji should address their letters to: H.H. Mahamandaleswar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati, Founder-President, Divine Life Society, Sivanandanagar P.O., Ananda Kutir, Rishikesh, U.P.

(Continued from page 55)

in possession of an all-divine *swarya*. If you crave for a thing you will not get it. You will only become a slave. Renounce the craving or desire for the object. The object will follow you by itself. Lust for power, material greed, usual excitement, selfishness, passion for wealth and lower pleasures have drawn man from his life in spirit into the materia-

divine glory if he practises in right earnest the principles of *Bhakti*. It transmutes man into the Divine and raises him to the pinnacle of divine glory and splendour.

May the fire of devotion grow brighter in you all! May you all lead the divine life, sharing what you have with others, singing the Lord's name, rejoicing in Him alone and melting the mind in the Supreme Self! May you enjoy the bliss-

TO BUILD UP STRENGTH OF A GIANT!

Nectar
of Life



Take
BHEEMA-VEER

Unrivalled Best Tonic, it brings sound sleep, clears the bowels, gives good appetite, keeps the brain fresh and purifies Blood, Imparts glowing and robust health to any man thus ensuring happy married life. You will have a feeling that the weight of years has been taken off your shoulders. You will be fighting fit again to accept any challenge of life. It is an excellent product of the ancient Siddha System.

Those suffering from skin eruptions or troubled with Cough and Asthma also will find rapid improvement if they take this Tonic.

It ensures the health and happiness of weak, despondent women also.

40 Days' Bheema-Veer Rs. 3-12-0

PACKING AND POSTAGE (Rs. 1-4-0) FREE FOR INDIA ONLY.

RATES for Africa, Fiji Islands and Mauritius. Per bottle of 40 pills "BHEEMA-VEER" 6 Sh. Postal charges. For sending by Air Mail Registered Cover 4½ Sh. Extra. For 2 Bottles 12 Sh. By Air Mail Registered Cover 6 Sh. Extra.

We receive many Appreciations every day like the following:—

Blood Purifier and Strength Builder.— I have given a fair trial for your "BHEEMA-VEER" the constituents of which you have laid here before the public. I am glad to state that my patients found it very useful as a general Nervine Tonic, Blood purifier, and body and strength builder.

(Sd.) Dr. H.V. RAO, L.M.S., Principal, Madras Dental College, Madras.

The Wonderful Tonic Food.— Your "BHEEMA-VEER" is really a wonderful tonic food. The third day I began taking this I had free bowels and felt very much relieved. Fifth day the body regained much of its lost strength. Seventh day all wasting diseases vanished. On the tenth day all the itches in my body disappeared and the skin became healthy and rosy in appearance.

(Sd.) R. BABU NAIDU, Traffic Manager's Office, Rangoon, Burma.

Breathing Asthma Vanished— I have great pleasure in testifying to the good qualities of the medicine "BHEEMA-VEER". I have derived very great benefit from its use in relieving me of my Chronic Bronchitis, Emphysema and Laboured Breathing Asthma.

(Sd.) Dr. P.V. GIRI, M.D. & C.M., M.R.C. O.G., Retired Superintendent, Raja Sir Ramaswamy Mudaliar Hospital, Royapuram, Madras.

JAMADHAGNI OUSHADALAYA

31, NORTH MADA STREET, MYLAPORE, MADRAS—4

In Lighter Vein:

Siesta In Secretariat

THE diarist stops recording fresh receipts while the despatcher holds up despatch work. The typist puts away his rattling typewriter. The tired Babuji stretches at ease his legs beneath his table and lifts his hands upwards while his tired bespectacled eyes automatically turn towards the old rumbling office clock.

The Superintendent, the Assistants and the clerks, all close their files, 'down' their pens and rub their hands in expectation of good time. The loutish-looking peon seated on a solitary stool in the varandah also feels drowsy. In another room, the officer scornfully pushes aside the bundle of 'cases' on his table and looks at his bejewelled watch. It is still 5 minutes to 1 O'clock but the work in the office has almost come to a standstill.

Punctuality is claimed to be the privilege of pen-pushers. In no case it is more true than in that of lunch hour. For exactly at 1 O'clock, the entire staff from the lowest functionary to the highest dignitary lays down his pen and pencil. The stupendous Secretariat machinery which a short while ago was engaged in discharging multifarious functions ranging from rushing forward five-year plans, bringing relief for flood-stricken people, handling intricate international problems and top secret defence matters, finalising refugee rehabilitation and initiating industrial rationalisation has now come to rest. The Babujis and Bara

Sahebs whose minds a few minutes ago were sizzling with all sorts of priority cases are now free for an hour.

Standing in one of the balconies overlooking the main avenue in the Secretariat Campus, one can see streams of cars hurriedly running past each other, while others pedal alongside the road and the puzzled pedestrians fail to find a place of safety where they could walk in comparative safety. Yes, the Sahebs must retire home for a hot lunch and forty winks—as they say. Those not owning automobiles but having residences near the Secretariat follow the Bara Sahebs.

BUT others who, by far, form a very great majority, prefer to spend their lunch hour inside or near about the Secretariat. Most of them rush to the various tiffin rooms, and Health Canteens which serve almost anything from *masal dosa* to mutton chop according to the varying tastes of their customers hailing from Kashmir to Cape Comorin. Some carry on with the tiffin meticulously prepared by the housewife and brought by them on the back of their cycle in the morning.

There are others who earnestly believe that lunch time is the time for gossiping and so the office rooms turn into debating halls. With each one of the participants trying forcefully to press forward his point, it is not an uncommon sight to see people pounding their fists on the tables. Although there

is no fixed topic, the discussion naturally centres round promotions, appointments, transfers and, of course, current affairs.

pack of cards or chess board, carrom or even an improvised ping-pong table. It is a pleasure to see these people—now free from

BY
KAILASH KAPOOR



Some clerks prefer to remain within their office rooms, but the pigeon holes and table tops containing files give place to a

point while others express the ecstatic joy over enemy's 'king' being captured or the 'vazir' being ousted in a game of chess.

2.
 Happier and more enthusiastic than even the active players are those who watch these games.

OUTSIDE in the lawns one can find some of the staff engaged in all sorts of funny games from *kabaddi* to *gulidanda*. Some take to boating in the artificial canals which Sir Edwin Lutyens was far-sighted enough to include in his plan for the Capital. Little had he thought at that time that these canals designed by him for decorative purposes only would be used for recreation also.

Still there are others who believe that the best tonic for the tired nerves is to have a little nap even though there is no provision for a 'Nap House' anywhere in the office premises. With their shoes removed and legs stretched over the tables now bereft of any files or fresh receipts, their working chair slightly tilted against the office wall they are soon lost in slumber.

The Great Place near the Secretariat is again agog with roar and rattle of wheels. There is a general about-turn towards the offices. The tiffin rooms are soon empty, the cards are back in the packs and the 'kings and vazirs' are replaced in boxes for the rest of the day.

THOSE asleep awaken reluctantly from the afternoon siesta. The game of *guli danda* and *kabaddi* is given up. The office files which were thrown aside are again in the forefront. The outside lawns which were humming with life are again deserted. The Secretariat machinery is once again in motion tackling all sorts of national and international problems. The movement of files inside out begins. Superintendents get salaams as the Sahebs start work which is an indication that the siesta in the Secretariat is over.



HUSBAND (to wife):

"Do I still care for you? First, you had better tell me what you want this time!"

GOOD LAUGH OVER A FAKE

I AM not much interested in recent scientific speculations about the simian ancestry of man. Was ape the father of man or not? Disraeli was once asked about it and replied: "They may be on the side of the apes. I am on the side of the angels." I am content to jog along in life that God created me as He created everyone else.

I am not interested in biological pedigrees especially when we have to trace them through millions of years by the mere guesses of scientists. Knowing as I do the unverifiability of many historical data of recent times, I am prone to be extremely sceptical about sheer guesses at truth.

But Dr. Nesan has perfect faith in the wildest guesses of the so-called scientists though he is apt to ridicule the epic mythologies of religious guessers. We used to have many tilts at each other on these matters. He used often to twit and taunt me by saying: "Ramu, your brain-lobes are of a very peculiar make. You strain at gnats and swallow camels. You believe giants who have many heads and hands and who are of astronomical proportions.

"But you won't believe your undoubted and well-proved simian ancestors. Can you not see how very like an ape's skull and jaw yours are?"

When I heard these remarks flew into a passion and said: "I is you that have a prognathous jaw and I have no objection to you worshipping your ancestor. I have an angelic skull and jaw and have nothing to do with your simian ancestors."

Dr. Nesan laughed and said "Time will certainly show."

I retorted: "Time will show."

NEXT day I opened the daily newspaper and found there a wonder of wonders, an item of news which fairly took my breath away. It stated that scientists in London were staggered to learn that for the last forty years they had been the victims of a gigantic hoax and that the fossilised remains (jawbone and teeth) of the "Pilt-down man" belonged to a modern ape and not to a pre-historic man who lived over a hundred thousand years ago.

Dr. Nesan had long venerated the Pilt-down man as a venerable authentic person in the long line of the ancestors of the modern man. He was a specialist in anthropology and anthropometry and many other great and abstruse sciences dealing with the pre-historic ancestry of man.

When I used to decry the sciences as mere guesswork and humbug Dr. Nesan used to fly into a passion and say: "Ramu, there are more things in heaven and

BY H. S. Ramaswami Sastri

earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. The conclusions of the great new science of anthropology are unassailable by you. They are not guesses but indubitable and well-proven facts."

I showed the above-said item of news to him but he observed: "Probably the news is a fake."

ASKED him to read further. The news item proceeded to say: "A scientific report published here today by the British Museum said that chemical analysis had proved that those parts of the fossilised skull were deliberate fakes."

I told Dr. Nesan: "The news not a fake. The jawbone is a fake. This startling disclosure has solved a riddle of human ancestry which has baffled scientists since 1912 when the relics were found. The skull of the Pilt-down man with essentially human cranium and apically ape-like jawbone and teeth did not fit in with the accepted theories of human evolution."

The news-item further stated: "Bewildered anthropologists were forced to the conclusion that the Pilt-down man was a strange ape-man thrown back and an inexplicable offshoot from the main link of man's development. A scientific controversy over the Pilt-down skull has raged ever since 1913 when Mr. Charles Dawson, a solicitor and amateur antiquarian, discovered the fossilised fragments in a gravel pit at Pilt-down, Sussex."

"The revelation that the ape-like parts of the skull are forgeries has cleared up the problem. The same investigation has shown that the rest of the skull is genuinely pre-historic."

WHEN Dr. Nesan read this news item he felt melancholy and bewildered. I had often been ridiculed by him as an unscientific obscurantist and so felt a malicious pleasure in pressing my advantage. I said to Dr. Nesan: "Scientists

are proud and vainglorious but they also seem to walk into traps often and get caught therein. The man who perpetrated this practical joke must have been a man whom scientists must have ridiculed as you have been ridiculing me and who must have thirsted for revenge, though I am too innocent and gentle to have such a thirst.

"I should like to have seen him smile a sardonic smile when he filled up the Pilt-down man with the jawbones and teeth of a modern ape. The then scientists could have resorted to the simple chemical analysis which has now exposed the fake. But they did not resort to it and accepted the 'find' with unscientific gullibility."

Dr. Nesan agreed: "You are right, Ramu. I see that scientists are all too human like the rest of us and that it is human to err."

I felt sorry, however, that one of Dr. Nesan's cherished illusions was deflated and demolished. I told him: "Dr. Nesan, you are

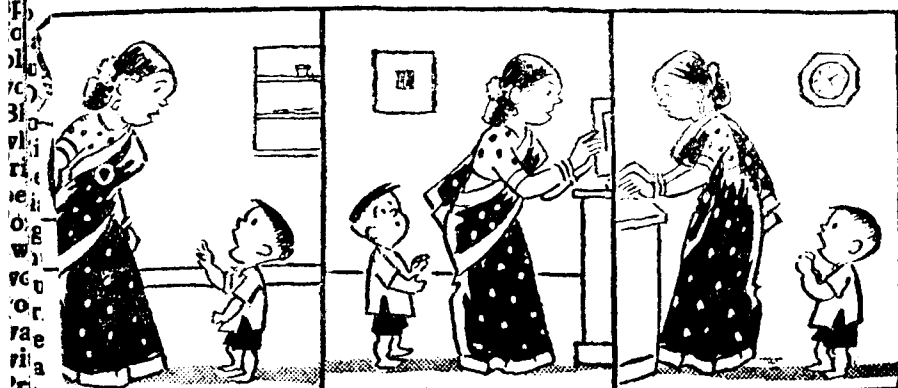
right as usual in standing up for reason and research. But, you see, the best laid schemes of scientists, as of saints, sages and seers and also of scholars and state-men go awry."

But he said: "Those who made such an egregious mistake and failed to make a chemical analysis are pseudo-scientists and should be guillotined."

A FEW days later, I went to Dr. Nesan for a chat. We imbibed Mrs. Nesan's fragrant and delicious coffee and drowned all our disappointments and disillusionments therein. Just then the local daily came in. Dr. Nesan's eyes opened wide in wonderment as he read an item of news and said: "Ramu! The pseudo-scientists have been guillotined."

I asked him: "What is the matter?"

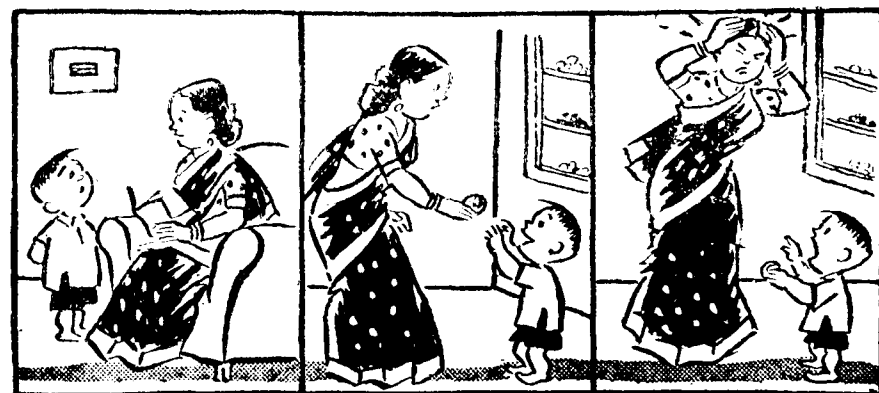
He replied: "A motion of 'no-confidence' in the Trustees of the British Museum has been tabled in the House of Commons following



"Just half a laddu, mother. I am so hungry."

"I won't bother you for the rest of the day, you may be sure."

"Mother, oh, mother, a little bit will do, please."



"I promise not to trouble you till tomorrow."

"Oh, it is a full laddu! Oooh!"

"And, now, mother, won't you give one more?"

the discovery of the Pilt-down skull fake. Six members have signed the motion which reads: 'That this House (other than the Speaker of the House of Commons), has no confidence in the Trustees of the British Museum because of the tardiness of their discovery that the Skull of the Pilt-down man is partially fake.' The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons are the Museum's principal trustees."

I SAID: "Dr. Nesan, why guillotine them? The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor are no more scientific experts than the Speaker of the House of Commons. Why exempt the Speaker from the guillotine? The exemption due to him is due to the others also. The British

Parliament is said to be omnipotent and we are told that it can do anything and everything except convert a man into a woman or a woman into a man.

"So it can convert a non-scientist into a scientist, a scientist into a non-scientist. But who is to guillotine the Members of Parliament? They make more mistakes than all the others; though they will never own up their mistakes.

"It would be well if they also have a little more humility in their composition. The scientists also are prone to be arrogant, proud, vain, assertive and aggressive and are as likely to make themselves a nuisance as the Parliamentarians. Let both of them learn and admit that it is human to err."

GOVER STORY:

The New Tenant

THE new tenant with his family had arrived. Seth Chandulal was all affection to receive, and show them to their flat.

"Here's your flat, sir," he said politely and turned, putting a key out of the bunch into the door-latch.

He showed them round the inner apartments. "Here's the hall you can use for the drawing room; here's the dining room and here's the kitchen. That's the store-room attached to it."

"I see," muttered Ashok, the new tenant, surveying the inner chambers. He had come to Nagpur on a transfer from the south. The place was new to him, and he little understood the language they used in the new place.

"Bathroom, sir," he indicated with his finger, after a pause, at the outer apartments.

Baby, Ashok's sister, just twelve years, ran in and tried the tap, mischievous that she was. His wife had dismissed the taxi with the fare after a little argument, and was now looking for the kitchen. "Sad affair," she thought. "No arrangement for the smoke to go out?"

Ashok, Baby and Seth Chandulal were coming back to the outer door. "If you need my help, do call me. I'm at your service," said Chandulal with a smile. He then went out.

A little later he came back with a small basket of sweet-meats. Handing it over to Baby, he smiled. "You're being put to much trouble in this new place, aren't you?"

She smilingly looked at him and went in with the basket.

"Seth Sahib, you're taking unnecessary trouble for us," said Ashok coming out. "We feel we have taken too many favours from you."

By B.C. Naidu

"Oh! Is that an obligation? Not at all, Mister," he answered laughing.

"Namaste, Seth Sanib," said Ashok. "We shall meet later."

SETH CHANDULAL, a bachelor in his middle twenties, was a gay irresponsible young man with free and easy manners. Once in affluent circumstances, he was now in serious difficulties. He had nothing left except a few blocks of residential quarters which he leased to others. The rental yield being insufficient to meet his need he did not hesitate to resort to unfair means in getting money.

On the following evening, just when Ashok had come back from office, Seth Chandulal thrust his

GREY HAIR TURNED BLACK WITH



RAMTIRTH
(REGD.)
BRAHMI OIL

RAMTIRTH YOGASHRAM,
BOMBAY 11

YOGIC Classes are regularly conducted from 7-30 A.M. to 9-30 A.M. & from 6 P.M. to 7-30 P.M. at the above address. Lectures at 10 A.M. on every Sunday.

TO BE HEALTHY AND TO KEEP FIT ask for our attractive chart (map) showing YOGIC Asanas which will be sent on receipt of Money Order for Rs. 1/12. These Asanas can be easily performed at Home.



head in. Baby was cross with her brother, throwing about her things in all directions.

"No, I won't have this wool. This is not good," she said, crying. "I can't weave anything out of it; its colour is also not good." And she angrily stamped her foot on the ground.

"Why do you want to waste good money?" blurted out her sister-in-law with a frown.

Angry words came to her lips but at the sight of Seth Chandulal she hastened in.

"Well, well, you get that of your own choice but don't come bothering again," replied Ashok, giving her a rupee. Baby took the money from her brother and hurried out. Shops weren't far from their residence.

CHANDULAL looked with greedy eyes. With all his initial formalities and a hilarious greeting, he began: "You know, Babu, these little brothers of mine are getting quite unruly. The elder says that he has lost his book. Strange! I don't know how to pull on with these fellows. How am I to manage if such things go on?"

"Boys will be boys," smiled Ashok. "Are they your own brothers?"

"Yes, Babu. They are a downright nuisance. Besides, I have two sisters to be married off. How often can I spend on these rascals?"

Just then one of the boys rushed in saying, "Bhai Saheb, another wants you in."

"Get out!" he scowled. "Don't you have manners? Is it right to

intrude when I am talking to a gentleman?"

The boy got scared.

"Yes, sir, it is not manners. By the way, could you give me just five rupees?" he asked with a grin. "I'll buy the book for this fellow; you deduct it from the rent."

"Oh, never mind," assured Ashok, producing a five-rupee note and handing it to him.

Seth Chandulal hurried away with a shy smile and a soft chuckle.

ASHOK was having a hard time, labouring in his office till late in the evening, then setting the books of a Transport Company to supplement his regular income. And here was Chandulal always at his door, asking for something or other. In less than a few months he had borrowed a couple of hundred rupees from Ashok.

On the day he collected rent he would arrive and make a fuss. "You know, sir, these three flats yield me hundred rupees only. And I get forty rupees from your block. You alone know how difficult it is for me to manage with this little amount. Now what should I ask you? You have

Rs. 450

IN SPARE HOURS

for you, if you can introduce amongst your known people, our Woollen type shawls, Woollax suitings, Golden Embroidered Sarrees & China type silks etc., etc. SAMPLES FREE.

LION FABRICS MILLS, Ludhiana.

already overpaid me. This month I have to manage within a hundred. I do not know what I should do. For myself I don't care, but here are my sisters and brothers. Let them go to the dogs. I am helpless! I'll stop their schooling from this month."

Ashok at once dissuaded him. "No, no, don't do that. They have a future to make. I'll try to help you." And silently he slipped the rent into his hands. Chandulal accepted it with a show of gratitude. Month after month he presented the same story in a new light and exacted the rent. He knew well his tenant's weak point and went on grabbing money on slight excuses.

Next day he watched, and accompanied Ashok. "I'm also going that way today. I have some work at the District Office," he said. For a moment he secretly studied Ashok's mood and then broke the news: "You know, sir, yesterday I took ten rupees from Bhai Saheb. She must have told you, I suppose?" he queried.

SURPRISED, Ashok heard him silently. He was very annoyed at this wrong approach.

"Our aunt came yesterday and we had to entertain her," continued Chandulal, seeing Ashok growing a trifle serious. "She has settled a match for my sister and you know we must hurry the marriage

CHANDULAL's sisters and the two younger brothers had become friendly with Ashok and his wife. The elder girl, Kusum, spent much of her time with Ashok's wife helping her in the household work. Ashok and his wife mattered much to them and they were too pleased to be of some assistance. This affection for the youngsters brought Ashok more and more into the 'tentacles' of the tyrannical Seth, who exploited his good nature.

One afternoon, Seth hastily came in and took from Ashok's wife a ten-rupee note, telling her that her husband had sent for it. Ignorant as she was, of the truth, she gave it unsuspectingly.

or lose even that long-awaited choice."

As they arrived at the office-gate Chandulal parted. "Well, sir, shall meet you in the evening, have some important things to talk over."

"Well," was all that Ashok could bring himself to say.

When he came back from office Ashok questioned his wife about the money.

"Ah, but he said that you wanted the money!" she answered puzzled.

"I never needed any more. How could I when you had

(Continued on page 92)

THE sun's
young rays
came pour-
ing through the

Invitation

I, too, picked
up my books
and walked on
rather dazed.

The grandfather clock in my
father's study struck eight and I
woke up with a start as I had to
go to college earlier than usual. I
breakfasted and dressed up with
as much haste as possible, but
when I sallied out of my house it
was a quarter past nine.

but I strode as fast as I could to-
wards college. The roads were
crowded with boys and girls hur-
rying to their schools or colleges.

A group of girls who were coming
opposite appeared, it seemed to
me, like a variegated swarm of
summer butterflies with pretty
wings. You will be amused, I
know, if I say that when I am in
the company of girls (or, if they
happen to pass by me) I feel
rather self-conscious and shy. And
this is exactly what happened to
me now. With head bent down
I walked faster, feeling rather
embarrassed.

OOOH! — I had suddenly bum-
ped into someone in front.
And it was one of those girls! Our
books were scattered upon the road
pell-mell, one upon the other like
in unruly pack of cards.

"Yes, "Er, excuse me, er—" I gave out
in abrupt, half-audible stutter.
"I—I didn't mean to—I was so
pre-occupied with my thoughts. I
hardly noticed you."

This volley of stutter on my part
caused the flicker of an amused
smile to flit across her lips. The
girl then picked up her books,
hrew an indif-

ferent, cursory
glance at me

At college, that day, when the
history lecturer put me a question,
so preoccupied was I with thoughts
of the morning's incident that
I replied, half with a confused
start, and half aimlessly, "Er—
excuse me—I didn't mean it," and
the rest.

The whole class rang out with
laughter!

Coming to my senses, I felt
very ashamed of myself and, with-
out a word, took up my books and
slipped out. For nearly a week
I did not dare to attend college.

ANOTHER day, on my way to
college, I came across the
same group of girls again. For some
strange reason, my heart was
astir with wild beats, and I was
anxious to see the girl I had bum-
ped into the day before. As she
came near I grew confused all the
more. But somehow, mustering
up courage, I said, "May I have
a word with you please?" My
heart was beating terrifically.

She stopped and in her soft, low
voice, asked, "Yes, what is it?"

"The other day, I had picked
up a book of yours by mistake and
absent-mindedly took it home.
Here is the book."

She looked at the book in my
extended hand and, recognising
it for hers, took it but it slipped
and fell down. Simultaneously,
both of us bent down to pick it
up—our hands brushed one against
the other. She picked it up and
walked on. Behind me, at a
distance, I

walked on, were waiting for her
under the shade of a giant tamarind.

"Please wait a minute. If you
don't mind, may I trouble you
with a question?" I said after a
moment's deliberation, having re-
gained my composure, intending
to prolong the conversation.

"Well, what is it?" she asked,
smiling.

"Usha Devi, the name upon
the book — it's yours, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said. "And now
that you know my name, don't you
think that I too have a right to
know yours in return?" she deman-
ded, with a mischievous twinkle in
her eyes.

"I am Suresh, Suresh Ramesh-
chandra!"

"Namaste, Sureshji, my friends
are waiting for me. I'll get along.
Thanks for bringing the book."

And as I walked towards college
I thought all the way that in spite
of her quiet, coy, appearance here
was a bold girl, indeed!



RV T S SECHANDI

The next day, and the next—so it went on for months. We met each other across the road daily. And often we would wish each other, or sometimes snatch a few bits of conversation, or, if nothing else, there would be an exchange of smiles concealing a world of meaning.

WITH October, Deepavali came along with its trail of lamps, and the earth, embellished with their joyous light, wore the appearance of a young wife welcoming her husband victorious from wars.

It was my father's custom to invite all his friends and relatives on this festive occasion and treat them to a grand dinner party.

"Look here, *beta*," said my father to me a few days before the festival. "Include the name of Shri Maheshchandraji in your list of Deepavali invitees. He's an old friend of mine from Delhi and is here for over a year."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I stepped out of the

house to distribute the invitation cards.

After having distributed cards to a number of people, I arrived, at last, at Maheshchandraji's house.

Shri Maheshchandraji was a tall, well-built, middle-aged man with a genial voice and hair greying at the temples.

The moment I entered his house, he made me feel at home. Indeed, his hospitality quite flattered me.

"**L**ALITA, Oh, Lalita!" he called his wife. "Look, who's here! This is Suresh, my friend Rameshchandra's son, that mischievous boy who once stole into your kitchen and ate all the *jilebis* you had kept for me. Remember him?"

His wife gave out a long, loud laugh, and Maheshchandraji joined her in it.

"I shall take leave of you," I said to both of them, feeling rather embarrassed and humiliated.

"Stay for a minute more, *beta*," said Smt. Maheshchandraji. "I'll give you some tea." Then she went in towards the kitchen.

"If you don't mind," said Mr. Maheshchandraji to me, "I have some work to do—business, you know—work, work, day in and day out. Please excuse me." And he went to his study, leaving me alone to the magazines and newspapers on the table.

I started suddenly and looked up from the magazine I was engrossed in when there floated to my ears the distinct, musical tinkle of glass bangles. The next moment a young girl sailed along

to set the tea-tray down on the table.

The girl gave a start and I, too, gasped in amazement.

"You? Here!" she exclaimed.

It was Usha!

THAT evening, when I reached home, I was all praise for Mr. and Mrs. Maheshchandraji's hospitality to me.

My mother and father exchanged a meaningful glance.

"Tell him," my father said to my mother and disappeared into his study.

My mother gave out a short laugh and there was a twinkle in her eye as she said, "Well, Suresh, they should be—you are to be their son-in-law. Their daughter Usha, I think, is a nice girl. You would certainly approve of her once you meet her. Now, whatever has come over you to stand there blushing like a new bride? You are only to be a groom..."

Quickly, I walked out of the room lest I should betray the secret!



One Hotel Cook (to another):—"Today's preparations are simply horrible! Don't you agree?"



Headmaster (to former pupil):—"You have become leaner than when I saw you last time, old boy. I think it is the same old belt you are wearing!"

DANTON 1-WEEK SHORTHAND (English & Hindi)

Only 10 easy Lessons. Practice quickly gives 150—200 words per minute speed. Write today for free first lesson!—

Danton Shorthand School
Egerton Road, Post Box 1043
DELHI (K)

FREE

Youngmen see personally or write to first get the very effective medicines for your ailments free for trial to get fully convinced of their action before you spend and avoid deception elsewhere. For full details write to get free the very interesting "Guide Book" 84 pages by India's famous specialist.

Vijay Pharmacy (Regd.)
Hauz Qazi, Delhi-6 (India)

THE KEY WEEKLY

the most consistent journal in the crossword field publishes regular comments on My-words, Squarewords, Commonsense Crosswords and R.M.D.C. Specimen against As. 4. FREE booklet containing 23 permutation charts to annual subscribers. Rates: Annual Rs. 6/- Half Yearly Rs. 3/8 and Quarterly Rs. 2/- Our Tamil supplement priced As. 2 deals in Squarewords, R.M.D.C. and Commonsense Crosswords. Annual rate Rs. 2/- only. Apply to-day

THE KEY WEEKLY

Gandhi Road, Kancheepuram (S. I.)

BIRTH CONTROL

FRESH STOCK OF AIR-BLOWN, HYGIENIC RUBBER CONTRACEPTIVES.

FOR MEN		3 Pieces	12 Pieces
F.L.'s Standard	As. 12/-		Rs. 2/12/-
F.L.'s U.S.A. Best	Re. 1/12/-		Rs. 6/4/-
American Tips	Re. 1/4/-		Rs. 4/4/-
FOR LADIES		Each	3 Pieces
F.L.'s Washable Thick	As. 12/-		Rs. 2/-
" " Thick Superior	Re. 1/-		Rs. 2/8/-
" " Crocodile	Re. 1/1/-		Rs. 2/4/-
FOR LADIES		Each	
Check Pessary Washable	Re. 1/8/-		
Check Pessary Washable Best	Rs. 2/4/-		

POSTAGE & PACKING EXTRA AT COST; SALES TAX FREE.

ROYAL STORES (M.M.) P.B. 1346, DELHI-



N. Lakshminarayana, Guntur

Q.—Can you tell me who is worthy to be the Prime Minister of India after the unequalled Pandit Nehru?

A.—You are doing an injustice to the Greatest Indian by speculating about his successor when he is still living. Our country did not come to an end politically after the rule of Rama or Drutharashtra or Asoka. Do read the historical background to the rise of all the national leaders in the world. You should benefit by such a study.

V.T. Shanmugam, Madras-12

Q.—Why is India's population increasing more than in other countries?

A.—Fertility is a factor that cannot be explained. The consolation for us all is that at least in this respect we don't require any foreign aid, through U.N.O. or private sector!

P. Dhananjaya Patro, Berhampur

Q.—Name some achievements our India attained after Independence?

A.—A foreigner like Marshal Tito has learnt about all that our leaders have done for our country these seven years. And you, an Indian, ask what has been done!

M. V. Subba Rao, Vishakapatnam

Q.—How can I become the greatest songster with my donkey-tone?

A.—With elections galore in our country, your bass voice should get you the pride of place in any political party's campaigning wing. Like Francis the Mule of Hollywood, your vocal talents may help you to realise your assinine ambition!

B. Naga Raj, Madras-12

Q.—Why should we place Christ at the top of the human race?

A.—For the simple reason that those who crowned him with thorns and nailed him to a Cross might not be tempted to dishonour his memory at least.

Kausarla Adinarayana Rao, Madras-12

Q.—Who are your favourite cinema actors and what is your reason for your preference?

A.—To limit it to the South, I'd bracket Rajakumari and Bhanumathi among the actresses and N. T. Rama Rao and Sivaji Ganesan among the actors. It is not possible to give reasons in this limited space. Remember, I am not taking into account the very capable "character" actors.

Rukmini Kumar, Alipuram

Q.—God is the monarch of the world. But who created wickedness?

A.—Stupid man, dear chum, aided and abetted by selfish Eve!

Prema Dutt Fund

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

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

Amount already received.	... Rs. 53—8—0
R.S. Rai, B.Sc., 127, Bansmandi, Allahabad	 2—4—0
M.P. Kirpalani, Publications Division, Old Secretariat, Delhi	 1—0—0
Miss Tharamathi Kamatti, c/o P.L. Kamatti, Tellicherry	 1—0—0
K.S. Sobhanadha Rao, Asst. Goods Clerk, E.Ry., Berhampur (This gentleman collected money from the following and sent an M.O. for Rs. 15/-)	 3—0—0
A. Appa Rao, Asst. Goods Clerk, E.Ry., Berhampur	 3—0—0
Tangudu Neelakantan, Merchant, Big Bazar, Berhampur	 2—0—0
D. Rama Rao, Asst. Goods Clerk, E.Ry., Berhampur	 2—0—0
S.K. Bhuyya, Clerk, Goods Shed, E.Ry., Berhampur	 1—0—0
R. Sambasiva Rao, Clerk, Goods Shed, E.Ry., Berhampur	 1—0—0
A. Sreeramurthy, Clerk, Goods Shed, E.Ry., Berhampur	 1—0—0
D. Sanyasi Rao, Clerk, Goods Shed, E.Ry., Berhampur	 1—0—0
Raghunath Gando Maistry, c/o K.S.S. Rao, Goods Shed, E.Ry., Berhampur	 1—0—0

Sound *And* SHADOW

MADRAS STUDIOS BEST IN THE WORLD

I MUST tell you honestly and without exaggeration that nowhere in the world—and have visited the film industries all parts of the world, including the U.S.A.—have I ever seen studios which in their conception, planning, execution, technical perfection and last but not least in their natural beauty can compare with the studios I have seen here. I must confess to you quite frankly that I never did I expect to see what I found here and it will remain impressed for ever in my memory," declared Dr. A. Beken, Director and General Commercial Manager of Gevaert Photo-Production of Antwerp, Belgium, at a reception got up in his honour by the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce and the South Indian Motion Picture Studio Association.

The pleasant function was held entirely on the illuminated lawns of Vauhini Studios at Kodamkalam in the City.

Dr. Beken referred to the "extraordinary" advance of the Indian Film Industry and said: "For the masses of any population, and particularly in India, I feel film is the foremost and the

one and only wide-spread and inexpensive means of popular entertainment. This surely is the first and most important task the Indian film industry has to perform."

Referring to the laboratory for processing for Gevacolour films in Bombay, Dr. Beken expressed his hope that it would form the nucleus from which the knowledge of colour in cinematography would spread and develop in India.

New & Better Gevacolour Films

He was happy to say that his Company was now in a position to produce a colour film, Gevacolour new type, which was a great advance on anything it had put on the market before. Not only had its purity, clarity, intensity of colour and definition been advanced to a very considerable extent, but the speed of the film was now such that it could be exposed under almost identical conditions as black and white.

Dr. Beken felt that with the vast population of India, the scope for the expansion of its film industry seemed almost unlimited. He hoped that this expansion would

bring in its train employment for many more technicians and workers. "I feel convinced that if the grievances and problems of this industry will be given sympathetic attention and find a quick solution, the employment figure in this industry can be doubled within a very short space of time."

Dr. Beken advised those engaged in the film industry to be united and speak with one voice and said that no other person could guide and lead them with greater experience, authority, influence, breadth of vision and power of persuasion than Mr. S. S. Vasan, the President of the Film Federation of India and boss of Gemini Studios.

The distinguished guest's visit to India at this time was particularly welcome because there was noticeable awakening in the film industry in India, especially in the production of colour films in which the Gevaert company was interested, declared Sri S.S. Vasan during the course of his speech welcoming Dr. Beken.

Foreign Producers' Interest

A few months back, Sri Vasan pointed out, they had heard of another Company desirous of exploring the possibilities of setting up a colour plant in India. "Technicolor people" were interested in going over to India. Foreign producers from Hollywood and England were wanting to come to India to produce pictures of



The Congress Exhibition in Madras City is drawing huge crowds daily. Photo shows the grand front view of the Entrance to the Exhibition.

— Photo by Sri M.R. Rajagopalan.

Lord Buddha, Gandhiji and Tagore with the help of Indians.

Even many in the Indian film industry did not know that India, with her population of 360 millions, was the least serviced country as far as the cinema was concerned, Mr. Vasani said. They had only 8½ theatres per million. "That shows we are nowhere near the saturation point," he said. There was great scope for improvement and he was sure that with the "advent of so many of our friends from abroad trying to find out the situation here" the Government could be made to realise the great role the film industry

had



With both hands folded in respectful greeting and replying to all queries is the statue of Ramu, the talking postman at the extreme right. This colourful figure stands at the entrance to the Posts & Telegraphs Stall at the A. I. Khadi & Swadeshi Exhibition now in full swing in the City. The gent in specs and turban is Sri P. Sundaresan, the energetic Postal Officer in charge of the Stall.



SRI KAMARAJ NADAR, Chief Minister of Madras, is seen looking appreciatively at the exhibits in the Stall put up by the Govt. of Uttar Pradesh at the All India Khadi & Swadeshi Exhibition in the City.

had to play particularly when they were trying to make headway towards more employment and greater development on the industrial side.

Pointing out a difference between the film industry in India and abroad, the President of the Film Federation said while in other countries at least 50 to 60 per cent of the films shown were imported films, in India nearly 90 per cent of the films were indigenously produced.

Detailing the difficulties that stood in the way of producing colour films in India, Mr. Vasani said a colour film would cost many times more than what would be needed to make a picture in black and white. He added: "The so-called entertainment tax is so heavy that you have got to pay this tax right through the invest-

ment of capital on the colour film. It amounts almost to a tax on capital and on technical advance. That is the thing that really makes people afraid of venturing into colour production. I am sure that the time may not be far off when public men, concerned with the expansion of the film industry, will consider the question sympathetically."

Sri A. Ramiab, Vice-President of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce, proposed a vote of thanks. The guests were also shown a colour film titled *60 Years of Gevaert*.

Royal Recognition

Seven Brides For Seven Brothers, M-G-M's remarkable musical comedy aptly described as "a

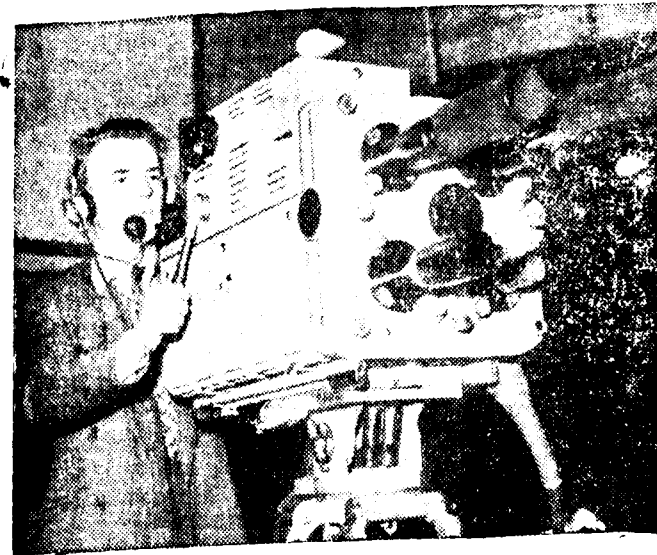
musical in a million" was seen by Queen Elizabeth II recently. She was so much captivated by the songs, dances and comedy in the film that she asked for a copy of the film to be sent to her Sandringham Palace so that the other members of the royal family could enjoy it.

Ismail Films' "Jawab" Has Cause & Effect Chain of Events

There is in the cause-and-effect chain of events that make up Ismail Films' *Jawab* something akin to the balancing feats that often feature in a circus show.

Cast your mind back. In the middle of the arena is a wooden plank fixed to a fulcrum in the middle. A boy stands erect at one end of it, so that the other

end is raised. On to this suddenly jumps from his high perch a man of great mass. He pulls down his end to the ground, thereby catapulting the boy at the other end into the arms of a heavy-weight woman who stands delicately balanced somewhere along one arm of another such plank. The sudden advent of the boy increases the weight of the lever arm at the woman's end and while the



The latest developments in television were shown at the British Television Society's Exhibition which was held in London recently. Among them was a new television camera which the makers claim produces a far better picture than other cameras are capable of transmitting. The new camera is seen here being tested by Mr. Terence Barritt of Lee, South East London, a television engineer. It weighs 170 lb. and has four lenses. Manufacturers are Marconi

RARE BOOKS & PHOTOS

Very beautiful & most charming poses of Bengali Girl artistes. 5-different 6" x 4" original prints Rs. 6/8/- only. Art Pictures Calendar for 1955 Re 1/- each. So many new Hard-To-Find & Hard-To-Get Books & Photos Catalogue As. 4/- State age.

RAMEN DEY - CALCUTTA-35

Earn Rs. 288

Every week with our Permanent, Scientific and Statistical New York Cotton Futures Chart. Price Rs. 10/- only.

Apply :—

G.G. Shah, c/o Balubhai B.A.,

Post Box 36, BHAVANAGAR

AMAZING ! SIMPLY AMAZING !!



Send any 5 Questions in a sealed cover. You will get without opening the cover correct answers for them through Divine Power for V.P. Rs. 2 only.

Annual predictions Rs. 5/- only. Send details of Birth or Palm Impression.

SRI GAYATHRI MANTHALAYA
BANGALORE.—2

Let's All Be FRIENDS !

How fascinating to get letters, and heaps of them, from strangers all writing in the happy, let's-all-be-friends style! Join the Business Friends' Circle for friendly letters, personal friendship, for stamps, coins, picture postcards, songs, music, books, magazines in exchange. 2-anna stamp for particulars. Postcards will be ignored. Write: Organisers, Florence



A view of the pleasant pavilion put up by the Tea Board on the Exhibition grounds. Nearly 5,000 cups of tea per day are served to the visitors.

down to the ground, the little girl at its other end is hurled violently upwards and, describing a neat parabola through the air, makes a perfect landing in the arms of the massive man of the first plank.

The cause-and-effect chain is complete. There is a loud applause from the audience. Everyone is happy. It's a great show.

The story of *Jawab* is just such a cause-and-effect chain. Nothing happens in it that does not impinge purposefully upon something or somebody, becoming the cause of its (or his) subsequent movements that in turn result in other movements—until the grand finale is reached when happy endings are handed all round and Balraj Sabni, his eyes brimming over with tears of joy watches his son (Nasir Khan) vindicate his faith in education and good upbringing.

Exhibition Highlights

The All-India Khadi & Swadeshi Exhibition which is now in full swing at Teynampet in the City is unique in several respects. For the first time since the beginning of holding such an Exhibition

covers an area nearly six times the usual size, many of the stalls are taken by all the State Governments as also the Govt. of India, and the All-India Radio is broadcasting a music concert once a week in the evening on the Exhibition grounds.

The stalls taken up by the various States belong to the Governments of West Bengal, Madhya Bharat, Bombay, Madhya Pradesh, Ajmer, Punjab, Himachal Pradesh, Bihar, Vindhya Pradesh, Kashmir, Mysore, Hyderabad, Delhi, Saurashtra, Uttar Pradesh, Rajasthan, Andhra, Assam and Madras.

The Government of India have also put up a fine and exclusive wing for highlighting the activities of their various departments. The stalls are those of the Ministry of Labour, Five Year-Plan, Infor-



This huge telephone on top and two post boxes on either side of the entrance to the P. & T. stalls in the exhibition quickly catch the visitor's eyes. 3rd and 4th from left are the Post-Master-General of Madras and the Director-General of Posts & Telegraphs.

Send No MONEY !

Tell me, are you unlucky in love, races, crosswords, business, job, friendship? Be frank. Send birthdate and impression of palm. I will send you fascinatingly accurate character analysis and also tell you if Nasrulla can help you and my special low fee for you. Enclose nine annas stamps for postage, stationery, clerical work. Foreign 8 shs. 6d. Ashrafat Psychology Service, BD, Post Box 619, Bombay-1.

ASPECTS OF FAMILY LIFE

(What Every Man Should Know)

Illustrated Kokshastra with 200 pictures. Contains coloured pictures of men and women. Worth reading for married only. Price As. 15/-
An Album of 50 French Pictures ... Re. 1/8/-
50 Private Love Letters with Replies As. 10/-
Secrets of Sexual Science ... As. 19/-
Kashmiri Shastra (Mysteries of sex) Rs. 2/-

The full set is offered at Rs. 5/- only.

CRESCENT COMMERCIAL CO.

Basti Ram Dhab (M. 6) Amritsar

WANTED

Wanted Youngmen as Salesmen for our most attractive Lucky Prize Scheme on liberal terms.

HANS BEVERLY (INDIA) CO.
SHAH DARA, DELHI (M.M.)

YOUR LUCK FREE

Simply Name Any Flower or Letter specifying Time with 2 Annas Stamps. 12 Months READING will be furnished. Any two questions answered FREE.

Victoria Commercial Coy.
AMBALA (INDIA) (M.M. 54 F)

SENSATIONAL CONCESSION

R Swiss made, Accurate Time-Keeper Watches. Guaranteed 10 years. Chrom. case, Round or Fancy shape, 6 jewels Rs. 15/8/-; Best Rs. 17; Rolled gold Rs. 18; Lady's Size, 7 jewels Rolled gold Rs. 20; Rectangular Rs. 30; 15 jewels Flat shape Rolled gold Rs. 34; Do. Chrom. Waterproof Rs. 40; Do. Rolled gold Rs. 46; Postage Re. 1/4/-, 1 U.S.A. Fountain Pen free each watch.

— THE SYMA WATCH CO. (M.M.)
Post Box No. 11441, CALCUTTA-6

LEARN MAGIC! & BE POPULAR!

Get "Amusing Magic Box" — containing 7 wonderful magic tricks. Complete with apparatus, easy to perform. New Year's concession Rs. 5/- only. (Postage Rs. 1/-).

M.N. DEY (MAGICIAN)

Post Box No. 12205, CALCUTTA-5

BOOK FOR ALL TIMES KOK-SASTRA

contains Vaidi Karan Asans with attractive illustrations, & many other useful articles which you have not read before. Entertaining & instructive.

BEST PHOTOS FOR YOUR ALBUM

If you want to see girls in their graceful poses. Beauty and other things at their best. Then order today a set of Fifty.

BOTH Rs. 6/-.

H.H. STORES (M.M.M.), P.B. No. 51, Meerut.

GENTLEMEN PLEASE

FOR YOUR EVERLASTING HEALTH & ENERGY

SWARANA TABS a bottle Rs. 4/4/-.

SWARANA OIL a bottle Rs. 3/8/-.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES

MADENSO PILLS FOR ALL DELAYS

1 Phial of 24 pills Rs. 5/8/-.

1 Phial of extra strong of 24 pills Rs. 7/8.

Order at once. Don't delay.

THE ALLIED TRADERS (M-4)

ignored. Write: Organisers, Florence

mation & Broadcasting, Ordnance Factory of the Defence Department, Hindustan Aircraft Factory, Posts & Telegraphs, Production Ministry, Handloom Board, etc.

The Madras Government have also put up an exclusive wing housing stalls belonging to the Education, Police, Electricity, Industries, Irrigation, Agriculture and Public Health Departments.

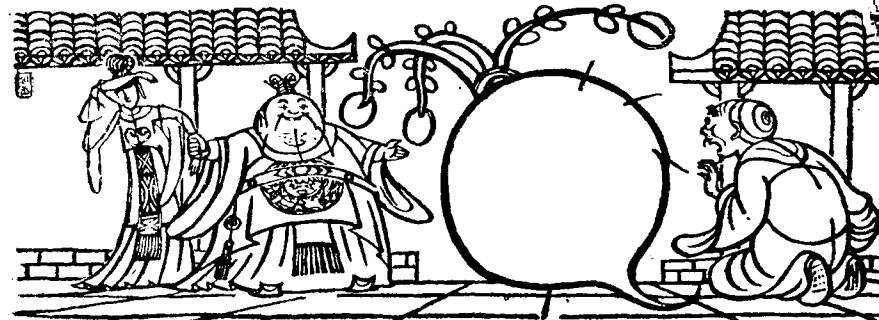
The Corporation of Madras has also its own stalls to show to the public the various activities it is undertaking and sustaining to ensure civic amenities in the City.

Industrial concerns of repute like Tatas, Dalmia, Rohtas, Godrej, etc., have their own stalls.

Open air cinema shows, open air dramas, flying wheel, merry-go-rounds, dance and music performances are the varied fare offered to the public by the Exhibition Organisers. The Exhibition is unique, well-planned and finely run.

Thrill of "Tea-Pot Town"

As exciting and rib-tickling as Disney's *Mickey Mouse* and *Donald Duck* cartoon pictures but by far more instructive is *Tea-Pot Town*, the colour cartoon that was shown to Pressmen and is being shown to the public at the Cinema Auditorium attached to the Tea Pavilion by the Tea Board on the Congress Exhibition grounds. It is a thrilling colour cartoon showing how a cup of tea can easily chase one's blues away. Other pictures in Tamil and Telugu are also shown. On an average, 20 shows are given each day. It would be nice, indeed, if the Tea Board could see its way to have the *Tea-Pot Town* cartoon picture with a commentary in the regional languages for wider



Woodcut by Huang Tung Yu.

The Big Turnip

ONCE there was a poor old peasant who grew turnips. The landlord who lived nearby drove his sheep and pigs into his plot. The sheep ate the green tops and the pigs pushed their snouts into the ground and gobbled up the rest.

Only one small turnip was left. The peasant watered it daily and put on fertilizer each week. The frost came and the snow came, and still the old man didn't have the heart to pull up his only plant. The next springtime, when he dug it up at last, the turnip was as big as a round table for ten people.

The county magistrate came by in his sedan-chair carried by eight men.

"Amazing!" he said, when he saw the big turnip.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed all the officials who came with him.

"Miraculous!" said the landlord who lived nearby.

● This fascinating Chinese folktale which was published in *China Reconstructs*, a monthly magazine published by The China Welfare Institute, is reproduced by kind courtesy.

"You must present it to the Emperor," said the county magistrate.

"You mean, give it away?" cried the old man. "And what shall I eat?"

"A low person like you should not even think of enjoying this treasure!" said the magistrate. "You take it to the Emperor at once, or I'll show you what you get for being presumptuous!"

THE magistrate presented a memorial to the throne. "Due to the illimitable virtue and wise government of Your Imperial Majesty," it ran. "a most propitious omen has appeared in Your realm in the form of this enormous turnip. Since none of Your sub-

jects is worthy of it, the grower has been ordered to present it as a tribute to Your Imperial Majesty," . . . etc., etc.

THE Emperor was delighted with all this praise. Though he didn't quite know what to do with the turnip, he accepted it, raised the magistrate to the highest official rank, and ordered some jewels to be given to the old man.

While his big turnip was carried off to the palace, the old peasant looked at the gifts in dismay. Eat them? He could not. Sell them? He dared not, because they were from the Emperor.

The landlord, on the other hand, thought: "What a fortunate old man! Look what fine jewels he has got just for a turnip! If only I had something really valuable to offer to the Emperor!"

He thought about it night and day and nearly made himself ill. Then suddenly he had an idea. He went to the county magistrate (now an official of the first rank)

and bribed him to present another memorial to the throne.

In the meantime, the Emperor had begun to regret having accepted the turnip. After all, he thought, it wasn't worth much. So, when he read the new memorial, he wondered who was coming to cheat him this time.

"What have you brought?" he asked sternly, when the landlord was ushered in.

"I have brought my own daughter to serve Your Imperial Majesty," replied the landlord, bowing low.

The Emperor saw the beautiful young girl weeping at her father's side, and was delighted. He ordered her to be taken to his harem at once.

"I shall reward you with a most rare treasure," he said to the landlord, and issued a command.

BEFORE the landlord knew what had happened, the enormous turnip was in front of him. There was nothing he could do but take it home and place it in the central hall of his mansion, where it could neither be eaten nor thrown away.

"Emperors! Landlords!" said the old peasant when he heard that his turnip was rotting in the landlord's hall. "What's the use of either?"

And he went on digging at his plot.



"In view of the present shortage in housing, we must publicise our production! Our First Plan will be meaningless otherwise!"

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TREATED AS

Confidential!

We are exclusive stockists of Strictly Special Tonics of the highest POTENCY. These are Super-Invigorators which effectively restore Vigour and Stamina to both Males and Females in all cases of Nervous Exhaustion and Vital Decline. Rush full details of YOUR case TO-DAY and get back all the Joy of Life and the Pleasures of FITNESS!

PERMANENT RESULTS GUARANTEED!

BHARAT AUSHADHALYA
6W/29, NEW DELHI-12

N.B.— These Sovereign Remedies were long meant for exclusive circulation among the Rajas and Nawabs and the rich Aristocracy. But now with the growing disappearance of that privileged class these are being supplied to the general public at a specially reduced concession price.

Books on SEX HYGIENE and LOVE NOVELS

ght In Bombay (Tales Of Human Passion & Intrigues) Depleting the night life of the Great Cities- Bombay, Calcutta & Berlin Rs.	9 6
Conquest Of Woman. Illustrated.	9 12
Quiz. Illustrated over 100 pictures (American Publication) ...	9 8
atomical Sex Atlas (with 325 Illus- trations American Publication) ...	8 12
Habits In American Woman do.	9 12
rench Tales Of Love & Passion do.	1 8
ix Facts For Men & Women do.	8 0
Marriage Technique. Illustrated ...	1 8
ama Sutra. Illustrated ...	4 8
Male & Female Sex Problems ...	3 0
Hidden Side Of Sexual Science ...	9 0
Broken Heart. Confession of a Pross.	1 8
Why I Am Not Ashamed by Sushila- Confession of a Hindu Widow ...	9 8
How Man Tempts Women. Tells secrets of how man gets along the Girls ...	9 0
Physical Side Of Love ...	9 0
Art Of Kissing (with real Poses) ...	1 8
Golden Love Letters ...	1 4
Confidential Love Letters With Replies ...	9 8
The Bride Of First Night ...	1 8

JOKE BOOKS Rs. As.

Jamour Girls ...	9 4
Hi About Girls ...	1 12
Joke Book. A Million Laughs for Good Fun ...	5 10
Beholder's Joke Book ...	1 12

USEFUL BOOKS FOR RLY. STAFF Rs. As.

Indian Rlys. Goods Ready Reckoner (for use in Goods and Parcel Offices, City Booking Agencies, Out Agencies and Business-Offices. Rate from 1 Pie to one Rupee per Maund upto 1000 Maunds) ...	1 14
My Goods Guide. Theory & Practi- cal. For the use of Operating Staff on all Indian Railways By Sri Charandas Verma. Goods Instruc- tor, Rly. Training School, Saha- ranpur ...	3 8
TELEGRAPH GUIDE (In three parts). Traffic, Technical & Hindi Tele- graphy useful for all signallers & Station-Masters. This is very use- ful for those who do not know Telegraphy in Hindi ...	12

VERMAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS (M)
Post Box 51, Saharanpur (U P.)

Competitors' Corner:

Dear Sir,

Received your congratulatory letter and came to know that I have won Rs. 135-6-0, as my share of the First Prize in MY-WORDS Competition No. 35. Thank you very much for it. I am a regular solver of MYWORDS from No. 23 and won many of the runners-up prizes. It says that "Practice makes man perfect." My brother and sister-in-law helped me to solve MYWORDS. I am much interested in Crosswords and also induce my friends to compete. It also helps me to increase my knowledge of English.



The Clues of MYWORDS are very simple. I believe and hope whosoever tackles the Clues on the correct lines must win the Frize Prize one day or the other.

Again, I thank you for the honest way in which you are running MYWORDS. God be with you, ever and ever. Amen.

Yours faithfully,
(Sd.) S.A. KUMAR.

Govt. Secondary Training School,
RANCHI.

Dear Sir,

I am in receipt of your congratulatory telegram about my sharing the First Prize in MYWORDS No. 35 and am thankful for your kind wishes.

I find the Clues quite simple, within the understanding ability of an ordinary man and so they can be tackled accurately by one with the help of any dictionary.

Yours faithfully,
(Sd.) HARI CHAND KHANNA.
Govt. Quarter 328,
Ahata Kidara,
Sadarbazar, DELHI-6.

KEY SOLUTION OF MYWORDS No. 39

1	F	O	I	L	
2	C	U	T	E	
3	N	A	U	G	H
4	L	I	V	E	
5	C	R	Y		
6	S	O	R	E	
7	C	H	A	P	
8	W	I	L	D	
9	B	O	O	R	
10	P	A	L	S	
11	S	A	N	E	
12	H	A	S		
13	P	E	L	F	

KEY SOLUTION OF MYWORDS No. 39

We hereby certify that the above is the Official Key Solution of MYWORDS No. 39 in Original deposited with us by MY MAGAZINE on 22-1-'55 in a Sealed Cover and which was opened in our presence to-day and that a copy of the above Official Key Solution has been lodged with the Bank.

For The Punjab National Bank Ltd.,

[Signature]
Manager, Madras Branch
Dated, 5th Feb. 1955

For the List of Prize Winners in this Competition, please see the Competition pages of the 1st March

FREE TO ALL



This is a most
Beautifully
Modelled
CAMERA

It's operation is quite easy and takes photo in no time. To popularise it, we have decided to distribute 5000 Cameras FREE. Write to-day with ten addresses of your friends of different places, lest you be too late.

GENERAL SUPPLY STORE
SHAHDARA, DELHI (M.M.)

Rs. 10 **RARE PHOTOS**
(For Everyman's Taste)
50 Photos of different poses clear absolutely new in one album. Money in advance. No V.P.P. State age.

BOOKS ON SEX HYGIENE

How To Kiss A Miss (with illus)	Rs. 2/6
Kashmiri Kok Bhastra ..	Rs. 2/6
Modern Sex Life ..	Rs. 2/6
Art Of Kissing ..	Rs. 2/6

If money is sent in advance Postage Free. Otherwise Postage Extra.

PARIS. PIC-BOOK CARP (M-5)
687, NANAPETH, POONA-2 (INDIA)

NOSE SHAPER

This simple device German scientists corrects ugly noses. You can wear it night time when going to bed.
Price—A class Rs. 15/-
B class Rs. 10/-

MIRACLE MAKER
FOR PILES
It cures Piles whether blind bleeding without any trouble. Very simple to use. Rs. 5

ELECTRIC BELT
It cures so Many body ailments of a person. It makes you a HE-MAN. A belt for general purposes Rs. 10

OPEN LETTERS (Continued from page 13)

responsibility of man and, therefore, woman should not be placed at a disadvantage. Where is the doubt, dear damsels? Man has been accustomed to holding the baby ever since Eve persuaded Adam to become a father. The tradition has become as hoary as it is impossible of ever ending. Man should not only feel it is a responsibility but a privilege and pleasure for he has had every share in bringing the brats into the world. Having lain on the bed he had made, he must get out of it on the right side. And it serves him right, don't you think?

Your protest against the Union Govt.'s decision to debar married women from the Indian Administrative and Police Services is timely and is a challenge to the conscience of the world. Does the Govt. want to force the women to lead unnatural private lives just to be in those Services? The politicians running the Govt. (or running away from it?) do not seem to remember the old adage about men and women: "United we stand, divided we fall." For by such enforced state of single boredom, the men and women will certainly fall — for each other, in ways neither legal nor moral. If sheer Governmental authority forces them to remain single de jure and de facto, then they will fall foul of each other, which will mean an administration of sour spinsters and moody men.

Married women alone can be better for the two services than the shynish maids. Running the house calls for considerable skill and these women have it, unlike man who knows only to run away from it. And as for the married women's being born for the Police Service, no greater proof is needed than the husbands themselves. While the policemen use lathis and tear-gas, the married women use only their eyes and tongue — but with what tremendous effect! The bully and the bandy should be seen slinking into the house with the tail of their ego tucked securely between their legs for us to realise the married women's right. While many a policeman's case does not get a conviction in the court, every husband has been made to look guilty and plead guilty — by the effortless ease of the wedded Eves. What more proof is needed?

The charge of inefficiency after marriage is absolutely unjust for it is after marriage that the women become efficient — alas, only too efficient — as most men know, to their cost.

Believe me, dear delegates, those who try to thwart you at the Governmental level must be henpecked husbands who have grabbed the opportunity to vent their spleen.

And, wasn't it typical of your sex to pass the resolutions by a vast majority instead of unanimously!

Your brotherly bachelor,

MYWALLAH.

The Wife's Secret

I AM not an inquisitive fellow, certainly not an eavesdropper. But

By "DILLAG"

she did attend to my needs so well that I could not in any way complain. She was

quite thoughtful and absolutely economical and I found that she managed things so well that, if I only could, I would have made her a professor of Domestic Economy. For, I have found so many of my fellows in the office complain that they could not make both ends meet and some would accuse in loud tones about the extravagance at home. Of course, they accused their wives safely because they were not within the hearing of their wives. Thanks to goodness, Tara had always something to show as balance at the end of the month.

But she wouldn't tell me.

"All day I attend to your wants; I do all the things to be done in the house. You know, dear man, I don't like the way paid maids do. I am never satisfied unless I myself do all that you need when you go out. The same when you come home from your work. When you retire, why not I have a couple of hours for myself?" she would ask, and then shut herself up in her room.

Surely, she has every right to spend some time as she likes. But where is the harm if I can spend those hours with her, while I attend to my work? That was my view of it.

However, I did not force my view upon her. For, as she said,

TARA'S method was not quite the usual way of doing things; she would be economical, verging on miserliness for the first half of the month and in the second half she would relax.

"How do you find it now, dear?" she would ask in the third and fourth weeks.

Surely, how could I grumble though the complaint was there?

UNIVERSITY DEGREES

Become B. A., M. A., B. Sc., Ph. D., D. Litt., B. Com., B. T., M. Sc. (Tech.), B. Sc. (Agr.), B. Sc. (Eng.), Overseer, Matric, L. M. S. B., M. D. H., M. B. B. S. H. by post with or without exams. Nominal fees. Easy rules. Prospectus free. A title of Doctor and Degrees with your name will put you head and shoulders above your fellows.

Apply to:—V. U., AMRITSAR

MATRIMONIAL INTRODUCTION

Correspondence strictly confidential.

Please enclose self addressed envelope.

PENFRIENDS INDIA

Post Box 39, BHUBANESWAR

Within our means, my own salary and a small monthly addition to it by way of interest from her bank deposit, she gave me all that I could reasonably require.

So we jogged on.

Things are not so monotonous with a newly wedded couple. In about two years after our wedding, Tara was the mother of a boy.

That was not bad. My parents in the village came round and some of our very close relations too. They were all welcome. It was the delight of my heart to see my mother with the baby in her arms. Her joy was more to be understood than seen.

Tara was happy too.

Yet, even with the birth of a child and that a boy, she seemed to be happy with a certain amount of self-control. I thought she would be overjoyed. But, that was not the way. I am afraid she was too much of a philosopher for the mother of a baby.

NOW began the real torment. My office chums were a set of thoroughly good fellows; nothing was too serious; turn this way or that in my desk, there was the demand for a ripping Tea-Party, "for a slice and heavy Tea"; nothing short of that; they were a set, a rough and rowdy lot—I mean, a bunch of hearty fellows who are determined to have a roaring nice evening on the day the "boy" is christened.

Somehow Tara managed the expenses of the family with the tests and those of childbirth. What about the Party? How can I meet it? But then, how to

open the subject to Tara? Somehow, with singular forethought, she had saved up for the childbirth and the ceremony thereafter and other things.

JUST two days before the nama karanam or christening, I came home and sat in my room with Milton's *Paradise Lost* in my hand. In fact, my own usual cheerfulness was lost too.

Tara sent for me. I peeped into her bedroom. There she was with baby by her side.

She saw, she knew, she smiled.

"So you are care-worn, are you, dear?" she asked.

"What do you mean, Tara? Why should you think so? I was taking some rest after the rounds I had to do for my office. How do you mean, Tara?"

"Your mother tells me that she saw you in your room with a book before you but that you were blinking at the ceiling. Cannot a mother understand her son, dear? Don't evade me. Spit out; let me have it all. I don't like to see you like that while all at home are so happy," she said. I stood silent.

"You know I am very expressive. But surely, our baby is a new and welcome guest and we mustn't fret nor grouse," said Tara, kissing the baby on both his cheeks.

There the mother reveals her.

"Granting I tell you what my worry is, of what avail is it? You have already managed things so wisely. How can I, with any reason, tell you what I want?" I asked.

"I want an honest answer," Tara insisted.

"If you insist, here it is: my office gang want a rollicking Tea Party on the day of christening. It must be quite a gourmand's affair. You know each fellow is a bull, and he will bellow if his belly is not decently filled."

"How many of them?"

"About twenty-five."

"Let it be thirty-five. Invite them and don't worry about it. Now, can you read your book?" said Tara, smiling.

THE evening of the christening the jolly gang was there. As I came from the office with all my fellow workers, what should I see?

There were tables with arrangements for about thirty people. There were finely dressed servers: plates full of nice sweets and cakes and all that with flowers and decorations.

We were all so cordially invited. The gang was taken by surprise. They did have a nice time far beyond their expectations. Smokes, pan, etc; loud cheering when the baby was presented. Tara too came out and greeted them with

folded hands and then she gave each a nice nudge.

"TARA, dear woman, why not you tell me how you managed it all?" I begged of her to tell me her secret. She gave me a note. It ran:—

"Madam, enclosed please find a cheque for Rs. 200 being the honorarium for the Serial Story you have sent us. We shall be glad to consider any further stories you can send us.

Yours faithfully,

R...RN...B...

Managing Editor,

Peoples' Own Monthly

"Now you find why I wanted a few hours for myself?" she asked quietly.

I was wise and silent.

Like a Quarrel

"How did you compile the dictionary you've just finished?"

"Oh, it was like having a row with the wife. One word led to another."

FAMILY PLANNING

BIRTH CONTROL

FULLY ILLUSTRATED; 125 PRESCRIPTIONS

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

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

Satya Family Planning Centre

27, Sahar Lane, New Delhi or Chandni Chowk, Opp. Dariba, Delhi. Phone: 48646.



Kannithamizh (Published by Kannithamizh Publications, Palancheri, Tanjore, S. Ry. Price, one Anna).

The avowed object of this institution is to preserve the chastity of the Tamil language by eliminating from its alphabets the five letters which are pronounced as "Ya", "Sha", "Ssa", "Ksha", and "Sree". The ground for doing it, it is stated, is that these letters are not indigenous but borrowed from the languages of the North, Sanskrit and its derivatives, Hindi, etc. The article titled "After Tamil of Sangam Age" is an amplification and demonstration of the object already referred to. While it is not for us to go into the merits of the proposal, we would like to state that if today English has become the language of the world it is not because the language today has remained what it was in the days of the Druids and the Anglo-Saxons but because it allowed itself to be enriched by borrowing, as they were or in an Anglicised manner, letters and words from various languages like Latin, French, German, Russian, etc. That is why it is so flexible, so comprehensive in its coverage.

Sheer ideological theories should not blind one to pressing practicalities of the proposition.

In the booklet are a few letters from certain personalities giving their opinions on the matter, besides a short story "Mullaiyin Kathal" ("Mullai's Love") by Dr. S. A. Sanjeevi.

Gurukulam (Vol 8. No. 1. Editor, N.P. Thanigai Arasu. Published by W.T. Masilamani for H R. School, Wallajabad, Chingleput Dt., S.Ry. Price, As 3/-).

The Hindu Religious School at Wallajabad in Chingleput district, 45 miles from Madras City, is a unique institution. Its founding and growth are also unique. The instruction imparted and the standards maintained are praiseworthy. Many eminent men who visited the School were struck by its uniqueness and have expressed their high appreciation. Its founder secretary, Sri W.T. Masilamani, is the genius behind the amazing growth of the institution. This weekly published by the School gives to the public news and notes about its many activities and also contains highly informative articles.

Subscribe to **SEXOLOGY**

American monthly. An authoritative medical and scientific publication for the general adult public, presenting sex education in an interesting, informative, readable form. Covers all aspects of sex life of human beings, married and unmarried, male and female, young and old. Articles written by noted physicians and sexologists. Published monthly for the past twenty-two years. A necessary ethical and scientific guide to wholesome marriage and sexual fulfillment. A special section devoted each month to questions about personal problems answered by a physician. A group of eminent scientists act as Medical and Sexological Consultants. Well illustrated. Written in non-technical language.

One year Rs. 17-8; Specimen Copy sent against Rs. 2-4 including postage.

Rush your Orders to:

MUNY'S SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY
P. B. No. 1653 MADRAS-1

Pt. Amblay Ramaswamier's
96 Years Renowned, Well Tried

SANTHANA SINDURA

(Packets for Women) Cures—STOMACH PAIN, Headache, Vomiting, bodily pain etc., arising during PERIODS, Corrects—Irregularities, Prevents ABORTIONS, Ends STERILITY.

MADANA VILAS

(Pills for Men) Redness, Excess HEAT etc., Prevents burning sensation in the STOMACH, Eyes, Restores VIGOUR, VITALITY & the qualities of a HE-MAN.

Couples! Cure this Stomach pain and attain Parent-hood by using 8 PKTS. & 15 Pills—Send Rs. 12/8/- by M.O. Carriage Free. Enclose stamps for reply to:—

A. RAMASWAMIER SON & Co.
628, Chamaraja Rd., South Cross,
(Post Box 9) MYSORE (South India)

SEX IN PRACTICAL LIFE

A Lucid 203-page book on Married Life with illustrative diagrams and a Foreword by Dr. A. LAKSHMIPATHY, 10,000 copies sold. Price Rs. 2/8/- V.P. charges As. 8/- extra.

REYNOLDS & CO.

P. B. 1225 (M) MADRAS

By Dr. SUKUMAR ADHIKARY, M.B., F.R.H.S. (LOND)

ANTIVELIN

(Prepared under Ayurvedic System)

SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR SNAKE BITE

Also Efficacious for Scorpion Bites



EVERY HOUSEHOLD MUST KEEP A PHIAL HANDY
LITERATURE FREE ON REQUEST
115, Lansdowne Road
AGENTS M. SING & BROS. CALCUTTA 26

Name and address should be written in Bold Types for Prompt Attention.

Attractive Pictures in Albums

1. Beauties of India ... Re. 1
2. Beauties of France ... Re. 1
3. Beauties of the World ... Re. 1
4. Beauties of the Punjab ... Re. 1
5. An Album of Special Pictures ... Re. 1
6. Kok Shastra with many pictures Re. 1/8

FREE:—We include 100 Art Pictures of beautiful faces with every order of Rs. 3 or more. With FULL SET we include FREE a pair of Spectacles which would give a very pleasing view of some pictures.

Filmistan Book Depot, Putlighar, Amritsar

YOUR LUCK FREE

Simply name any flower or write the time and date of writing letter and get your 12 months life reading.

MAHAMUNI JYOTISH ASHRAM

SHAHDARA, DELHI (M.M.)

THE NEW TENANT (Continued from page 67)

my day's allowance in my purse?"

She was a little startled. He looked at her and laughed to relieve her embarrassment. "So, you have been pretty well fooled."

"Oh!" she muttered, understanding the situation. "Now I should never believe such people!"

CHANDULAL had not the courage to see Ashok, but his mother called for the latter through her daughter. He had much affection for the girl and would not deny her anything. As soon as he entered their house, the old woman told a sad tale. "Ashok Babu, if you don't help us now, the girl's marriage will have to be dissolved. She is well grown up..." She wiped her tears. "They have his scamp of a brother. You see how indifferent he is. We are half starving here and he would not seek a job. The rent is insufficient and he does not give all of it to us." She was sobbing. "It's a question of the girl's whole life—pray, Babu, help us, help the girl. You are a brother and everything for her..."

Ashok was moved at the women's wail. "I'll do what little I can. I have a little bank balance left. Try to manage within it," he assured her. Ashok left instantly without waiting to hear anything more.

The girl, Kusum, was in his house as he entered. He said to her in a jesting tone, "Now your marriage is near..."

"Who knows, Bhaiya, what'll happen at the last moment?" she

retorted shyly, as if she had some premonition or a bad dream.

"Ssh," muttered Ashok. "Well, I won't have my meals till the day you're married."

"Oh, I am going to see how you can fast for so many days," said the girl mischievously. "Bhabhi was telling me that you can't fast for even a day!"

"Well, you'll all see that now," he said, a little irritated.

PREPARATIONS for the marriage had begun. The old lady again interfered. "Babu, I'll manage with what you have given me. Chandu is also trying to get some more money. Tomorrow he is leaving for Bombay. He has a friend there. He'll manage to get something from him." Ashok was just watching what more was to come. "Er, yes," the shrewd woman continued, "I forgot one thing, I don't know how to arrange for a house for the bridegroom. They'll have to stay in another house till the marriage."

"Why, you may have my house. My wife and Baby will stay with you ladies. As for myself, I can spend the nights in the Company's office."

"That will do, but we don't wish to put you to any serious inconvenience. It's all for the girl that we are..."

"Never mind, it's a pleasure."

"Babu," she said, wiping her eyes. "You're more than a brother to dear Kusum. We are so grateful to you."

"Oh, I feel that I'm unable to do enough for her. Take these fifty rupees and get good ear-rings for the bride on my behalf."

CHANDULAL appeared on the scene. Greeting Ashok obsequiously, he explained: "We are much obliged to you for your kind and timely help. I'll repay every pie of your loan as early as I can. It's after all a question of the girl's future happiness or we would not have wished to trouble you."

"Yes, I understand that," said Ashok nodding politely.

"Today, sir, I'm going to Bombay. Mother must have told you all about it. Shall I purchase something for you? Certain things are much cheaper there."

"See if you can get a good suit-case. I need it very much."

Chandulal nodded. Ashok had to manage more money for him.

Seth Chandulal left for Bombay. His mother anxiously awaited news. Then his belated letter came informing her that he could not manage to get the amount from his friend. The other three tenants were refusing to hand over the rent to the lady. At this precarious moment Ashok approached each of them and

explained the situation, imploring them to co-operate and save the girl's life from ruination. The neighbours who held Ashok in respect agreed amicably.

Ashok did all that was possible for him to speed up the arrangements for the girl's marriage. His bank deposit had been depleted by now. On his way back, the girl's mother met him. "Babu, Chandu ha-n't been able to manage anything. We cannot carry on without a hundred rupees more. We have yet to get a dress for the bridegroom," she said.

"Well, take all of it now. This is all left with me," Ashok said, handing her the sum of Rs. 117 which his wife had given him to deposit with the bank. She had prudently saved this amount, stinting herself quite a lot.

WHEN Ashok returned, his wife asked him suspiciously, "Have you deposited the amount? I have been asking you since so many days and you forget every time."

"Well, if you care to listen at all, you'll know everything."

She stood in a state of mild suspense. Ashok avoided her gaze.

"The money you gave me, you know," he said, "I have passed

BIRTH CONTROL

Hygienic and Sanitary RUBBER APPLIANCES

GENTS		Each	Dos.	LADIES		Each
French Paragons	Rs.	0 4	Rs. 2 12	Rubber Check Passary	Rs.	2 0
H.W. Shroths	...	0 6	...	Non-Return Jelly Tube	...	2 4
Silk Paragons	...	0 8	...	Gonorrhoea Tablets 19 Tabs.	...	2 0
Health Paragons	...	0 12	...	GENVA SYRINGE		
Silk L. Paragons	...	1 0	...	(Both for Vaginal Douching and Rectal Enema)	...	6 8
American L. Sheath	...	1 8	...	Whirling Spray Syringe		
American Tip	...	0 8	...	(IMPROVED) For Vaginal douching	...	8 8

HEALTH & CO. (M.M. DEPT.)

1st FLOOR, OPP. MAJESTIC CINEMA, GIRGAUM, BOMBAY 4

to the girl's mother. They needed it more than ourselves, after all."

STRUCK as if by lightning, she rebelled. "Don't we need it? Had I not asked you for the gold bangles? You have been evasive with your vain promises all the time since our marriage. Why did you not accept the offer when my mother was getting them prepared for me?" she blubbered and burst out into a flood of tears.

"We have to put up with the present situation, dear," said Ashok gravely. "I am not of the sort to receive charity from your mother. If God so wishes, I can get many such bangles for you."

He raised her lowered head, but she hid her face with the tail end of her sari.

"Don't weep, please. Now that you're with child it isn't good for you," he comforted her. He was tender towards her, all his feelings quickly rising to the summit. He tried to console her. He knew it would not be easy to buy her the gold bangles so soon. She wiped her tears, but sat resentfully, her face turned aside.

THE day before the marriage, Chandulal returned from Bombay. He tried to evade Ashok's looks but when Ashok approached him he accosted him hilariously.

"Did you bring anything for me?" demanded Ashok.

"Oh, yes, I have brought you suitcase." He presented a cash memo for Rs. 37 without talking about the rest of the money and the suitcase itself. Ashok took

the cash memo from his hand and remained silent.

The bridegroom's party was to arrive by ten O'clock in the night. Ashok, having vacated the house, was just going to tell them to that effect when he heard the old woman engaged in a brawl with his wife.

WE have been too considerate towards you, you know. We have never given so many facilities to other tenants."

"Considerate, indeed!" exclaimed Ashok's wife. "You have been diddling us out of our money, and now that your purpose is served, you speak such words!"

"Did we not whitewash your house when we left out those of the other tenants?"

"Yes, that you did for your own sake; you wanted the marriage party to stay in the house. It was not for us that you did it."

"We have shown you so many favours but you are ungrateful enough to forget them all," accused the old lady.

"What favours?" demanded Ashok's wife furiously.

"Babu knows all about it; he's now ashamed to show his face," she said trying to defend herself.

"Shut up! If you say anything more..."

"What will you do?"

Ashok heard all this silently from where he stood.

"You give us back all the money we gave you till this time, and we leave your house this moment."

"What money?" asked the woman with wickedness in her eyes and malice in her voice.

"The money you've been grabbing from us."

"Do you have it in writing that you gave us anything?"

"Of course not, but the whole world knows about it."

"Now, don't you make any false accusations. If you have such inordinate pride, you may leave the house."

"I knew you would say that some day. We don't want the money or anything back from you. If God wishes, our Babu can earn thousands; we are not thriving on the bit you have grabbed. We shall leave the house this moment," she retorted and left the room.

ASHOK barred her way at the door and looked calmly. He said to the old lady, "Well, I'm going to stay in the Company's office-room and my wife will stay with you till the marriage is over."

"No, I won't stay a single minute in this house," stormed his wife in a rage.

Coming back to their own flat, Ashok tried to explain: "Now, dear, don't be impulsive. Just bear up, and don't you put yourself to all this trouble; I care more for the child you are to have. It isn't wise that we leave at such a time. Wait till we get another good house, and we shall depart."

"No, I won't stay in her house. She has been abusing you, and I can't bear that!" She was

TRADE WITH AFRICA

Trade with Africa and earn thousands of Rupees. There are 500000 Rich Indians in Africa. For their Addresses buy Africa Business Directory

Uganda Africa Commercial Directory
Kenya Africa Directory Rs. 3. [Rs. 20]
Tanganyika Africa Directory Rs. 3.
Uganda Africa only Addresses Rs. 3.
Sample of African News papers Rs. 2.

4 Directories at a time less 25 per cent.
Discount post free. No V P P

THE INDIA & AFRICA GENERAL AGENCY
MEHSANA, GUJARAT, INDIA

Loans

upto Rs. 1500/-

arranged on personal surety.

Apply:—

Bharat Finance Agency

Shakti Nagar, DELHI-6

TREASURE FOR YOU!

We have revealed a dogmatic truth of Supernatural Science for utilization of general public for the achievement of their aims and ambitions in life. To be revealed to 100 individuals only. Make haste to be included in the list of first claimants by sending Rs. 11-4 or 2 Shillings meant for performance of Supernatural Elements. Enquiries against Rs. 4/- Stamps.

"SPIRITUAL COTTAGE"

Old Ry. Road, GURGAON, (Punjab)

BHAVANI FAME CARPETS

AGENTS WANTED

To secure orders for our Famous Artistic & Cotton Carpets and vat coloured Bed spreads on very attractive commission. Either sex desirous of working full time or part time may apply. Preference to travelling energetic applicants. For particulars & terms apply to:—

DHANAM COTTAGE INDUSTRIES
CARPET SPECIALISTS

BHAVANI P.O. (Via Erode, S. Ry.)

bbing. Ashok grew anxious on her own account.

"I wonder how you, such a silent and self-effacing girl, brought yourself into such a mess. You never say an angry word to anybody. Let us not undo all we did in a moment of such fitful temper. Just bear up for a couple of days more and take care of yourself. We'll leave this place as soon as we can."

He tried to soothe her wounded feelings. She was mollified a little.

He arranged that his wife and his sister should stay in one room. The rest of the house was vacated for the bridegroom's party. He informed the landlady that he was going to office and his wife was to stay undisturbed.

WHEN he reached the Company premises, he was too late. The keeper on duty, being unaware of his plan, had locked all the rooms along with his bed which he had brought earlier. It was the fresh outbreak of the monsoon and the weather had grown chill. He opened one of the standing fans of the Company in the compound and slept inside. But the next morning he had a severe cold and cough. This, coupled with his continued fast, made him sick. All these days he had been living on fruit and ate no cooked food.

In his feverish state he worked the office all day. There appeared no possibility of his getting any house in such a short period. He decided to go on leave back to his native town; he was certain about his transfer after the expiry of the leave. His application was sanctioned

on the recommendation of the immediate superior.

He came back early from office. His wife was eagerly waiting to leave the house. They packed up all the remaining goods. She had had no food during the past three days and her face was as pale as that of her husband. The usual mischievous smile on his sister's lips had vanished.

He saw the old landlady. "We are going away. We have been such a trouble to you; excuse us please," he said, coughing a little. "Whatever I did was just for the girl's sake and I don't want you to return to me my money. It's all yours." The old woman listened with a simper.

"Well, good-bye, good-bye, everybody," he shouted and stepped out. His wife and sister were already waiting for him in the carriage. He bade farewell also to the neighbours who had crowded round the carriage and were now blaming Chandulal and his mother with all their pent-up feelings. Chandulal escaped silently, ashamed before the bridegroom's people. His two brothers and the younger sister gaped in astonishment.

THE bride who had controlled herself up till now could not check her emotion any longer. She came out, fighting down her shyness. "Bhaiya, don't go!" she cried, tears streaming down her face. But Ashok had now made up his mind and ordered the carriage to move on. They tried to check the girl but she, in her frantic efforts to reach the carriage, fell down on the threshold weeping. "Bhaiya, Bhabhi, don't go!" she implored.

CHILD OF DESTINY (Continued from page 29)

There were many instances of poor people who went hungry from day to day being turned out with empty hands and empty stomachs by their parish priests who took care of their own stomachs and never offered even one single mouthful out of the sumptuous fare which decked their tables every day.

THERE was too much regimentation in this religion—in fact, so much of it that the ultimate purpose of self-denial and self-sacrifice was entirely forgotten. There were Catholics who would never dream of missing Mass on Sundays or eating meat on Fridays but who scandalised and cheated their neighbours with no qualms of conscience at all.

Yes, he had seen too much of this hypocrisy. He had witnessed too much of this smug sanctimoniousness on the part of those in whose hands lay the spiritual welfare of their flock. If the teachers of religion lived their own lives in direct antithesis to its doctrines, was this not in itself irrefutable proof that such doctrines were beyond the bounds of realisation and, therefore, a travesty of Divine truth?

If the ethics of a religion continually changed from decade to decade, was this not proof that such a religion was a mockery in the eyes of God? Why, he could still remember, though faintly, a sermon he had heard Father Sylvester, of St. Augustine's, preach more than fifteen years ago in which he consigned to hell those indifferent Catholics who went to dances and cinemas and thereby endangered their souls by mortal sin. But to-day, priests like Father Sylvester, and nuns too, were organising dances in aid of churches and schools! And what was still worse, the parish priest of St. Anthony's Church had built in the very compound of that church a modern dance-hall where dances and cocktail parties were held every Saturday night without fail! Were jitterbugs and the boogie-woogie less sinful than the old fox-trot?

AS he knelt in church that evening, Brian looked at the statues of saints and martyrs whom he had prayed to hundreds of times before and thought of the holy lives which those pure souls had undoubtedly led. What was

WANTED

to purchase or exchange
FRENCH PHOTOS
in any quantity old and new.

Write to:

Asgoo Jivanjee

Box 194, DAR ES SALAAM
P.O. TANGANYIKA, (Central Africa)

MESSAGE FOR MEN

Full Strength and health guaranteed. Thousands benefited. No failure. Confidential scientific treatment of all complaints. STONE Rs 10/-; Rheumatism radically cured. RHEUMO Rs. 5/-. Weak Sight restored SIGHTO Rs. 2/-.

DUKHION KA-HOSPITAL
NANGALRAYA, DELHI-10

LET NOT THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!



LEPROSY

Is a terrible disease that afflicts the human system and brings forth physical deformity with the symptoms of elevated patches, numbness or anaesthesia, swelling and thickening of the nerves etc. It is not only preventable but is curable. Ask for particulars and interesting free booklet.

LEUCODERMA

Is an ugly skin-disease indicated by white spots. It can be made to disappear rapidly and permanently by the well-tried external and internal medicines. Also treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis and other obstinate skin-diseases is made with success. Please write to.

The Specialist Physician

PT. RAM PRAN SHARMA
HOWRAH KUSTHA-KUTIR
P.O. HOWRAH.

Branch:-36, Harrison Road
CALCUTTA-9

it that inspired them to lead such exemplary lives, he wondered. Of course, it was the religion they professed. It must certainly be a remarkable religion that could make such heroes of men; but, then, other religions could boast of similar achievements. Oftentimes, he was oppressed with the idea of giving up the world entirely and devoting the rest of his life in the service of God. He had toyed with the idea of renouncing his Catholic faith and becoming a Protestant convert, but he could never make up his mind which sect to embrace. Christianity to him seemed a direct contradiction of Christ! Besides, he had to consider how his mother would take it. Mrs. Lacey was a staunch and practising Catholic.

THE ringing of the church-bells broke in on his thoughts at that moment and he looked up to find that the baptismal ceremony was over and that Mrs. Lanny was being conducted to the high altar to be blessed.

Abruptly, he got up, made a hurried genuflection and walked out of the church, dipping his hands in the holy water font, more through habit than through piety. Once outside, he lit a cigarette, puffed at it steadily about a dozen times, flung it away and waited for his mother and sister to rejoin him.

(To be Continued)

New Pal For The Bandits (Continued from page 4)

no stir other than the faint creak of saddle-leather as they lowered themselves carefully from their mounts.

AS part of their stock-in-trade, Connell, Willerby and Gilmore were carrying saddle-bags, which hung behind their ponies' withers. They unslung these saddle-bags, and from one of them Connell produced a canvas wrapper. It evidently contained burglarious tools, for a metallic clinking came from it as he handled it.

"You stay out here with the horses," he said to Blackie. "Take a tight hold on their reins, an' have 'em ready for us to make a quick getaway when the time comes. An' keep a close look-out in case somebody shows up—especially from the right. That's where the jail-house is. I don't count on no trouble from that quarter, for I reckon the sheriff an' any posse he might have raised is miles from here, but watch out just the same an' tip us off if anybody heads this way afore we're through."

Gilmore spoke. "A pity Blackie ain't heeled," he observed. "That deputy on the train must've been packin' a gun. If we'd thought of it at the time, Blackie could have relieved him of it."

"That's true," Butch rejoined. "But since we didn't think of it, Shorty, let him have yours."

Gilmore complied, and then he and Connell and Willerby moved to the rear door of the bank. They crouched beside it, and Connell fumbled with the tool-kit he had withdrawn from the saddle-bags in his grasp. Butch was the expert

in such tasks as effecting an unlawful entry, and safe-blowing. Willerby and Gilmore were mounted at home with a branding-iron when the rustling of cattle happened to be the job on hand.

Connell went to work, at first before long the door was ajar. The three raiders slipped across the threshold into an office and made their way through it to the front section of the premises, where the cashiers worked by day behind their counter—and where a massive safe was located.

IT was dark inside the bank, but not so dark that they were unable to see sufficiently well for the purpose. Furthermore, they knew the lay-out.

"You get to the front window, Hank," Connell told Willerby. "an' watch the street. Willerby Blackie posted at the back, then I will cover us both ways. Shorty, you stick close to me."

Butch and Gilmore whipped round behind the cashier's counter and made for the safe. Willerby moved to one of the windows overlooking the town's principal thoroughfare, the only street worthy of the name. It was empty, and it remained so while he stood listening to Connell, the latter operated with practised skill upon the safe.

The task Butch had undertaken kept the burly outlaw busy for considerable time, Shorty seeing him with the necessary instruments from the tool-kit as called for them and finally passing him the 'soup'—thieves' slang

It chancy compound better known as nitro-glycerine.

Last Connell had completed his preparations, and suddenly Hank Willerby heard Butch and Shorty scuttle from the immediate vicinity of the safe. They huddled a corner well out of harm's way, and Butch called to Willerby in a hoarse voice.

"Any minute now, Hank!"

Willerby cowered down instinctively. There was a pause of some thirty seconds, and then the building reverberated to the blast of an explosion. With the air still trembling from the concussion, Gilmore and Connell bounded to the safe.

Hank Willerby darted from the window and joined them in a few paces. The safe door was wide open, and Connell and Gilmore were already plunging their hands within—to scoop currency into the saddle-bags they had brought with them. Willerby followed suit, and the three of them had stuffed those saddle-bags to capacity when they made tracks for the rear of the premises.

Shorty Gilmore was the first to run out through the back door. Likewise, he was the first to discover that Blackie and the others were conspicuous by their absence!

He stopped dead, and Connell and Willerby bundled into him. Amazed and aghast, they fetched alongside their diminutive accomplice and started confusedly into the shadows. Then Shorty Gilmore found his voice.

"What the.....!"

He did not finish the sentence. A figure moved into view round a lean-to that jutted from an adjacent building. It was the figure of the man they had rescued from the train, but he had no ponies with him. Shorty's forty-five was in his right fist, and another gun was gripped in his left. Both weapons were aligned on the trio of bewildered outlaws.

"Better drop those saddle-bags," he advised. "You won't be ridin' with them no place. For your information, the horses are tied up at the hitch-rail outside the county jail."

The bandits let go of the saddle-bags they were carrying. Gilmore jerked his hands above his head, but Connell and Willerby were in no mind to submit so tamely. Bellowing profanity, they grabbed for their 'irons.'

THE man they knew as Blackie pumped lead at them with both guns. A bullet from the one in his right hand whipped away Connell's hat and Butch promptly clapped his big paws to his skull in a frightened gesture. A couple of slugs from the left-hand revolver bit into the dirt at Hank Willerby's feet and set him capering like a cat on a hotplate.

The two taller bandits lost their taste for gunplay and joined company with Shorty Gilmore in meek surrender. At their captor's instructions they then unbuckled their belts submissively and allowed these to fall to the ground with their holstered six-shooters.

Meanwhile Sonora was astir. Windows were being thrown up all along the main street, and the citizens could be heard shouting to

one another, demanding to know the cause of the commotion that had interrupted their slumbers.

The dark-haired young fellow who was covering the outlaws now spoke again.

"START movin'," he commanded, 'an' don't stop till you turn into the jailhouse. Take the back way, for I ain't minded to march you through Sonora's main street and be put to the necessity of answerin' a lot o' questions. My aim is to get you under lock an' key—and quick, at that. Come on, move!"

The three would-be bank robbers stumbled in the direction he had indicated. Pausing only to gather the saddle-bags, which he slung over his shoulders, the man who had taken them prisoner strode behind the discomfited bandits and shepherded them to the jail, where a postern door stood open invitingly.

An aged turnkey was waiting in the jailhouse. It was plain from his nod of greeting that the dark-haired young man had already made his acquaintance, during the interval when Connell, Gilmore and Willerby had been in the bank.

"Here are the three chaps I told you about, old-timer," the young man said, and added with a grin, "I hope you've got your best accommodation reserved for 'em."

For answer the turnkey led the way to a cell, and soon the captive were lodged within it. As the door of it was closed and fastened upon the trio the young fellow addressed them through the bars.

"The sheriff will be right glad to see you when he gets back," he commented. "Like you figured he rode out towards Mesa Creek with a posse when he heard what had happened there."

The prisoners were eying him bitterly.

"I DON'T get it," said Connell. "I just don't get it. For an old friend o' Blade Marsden to 'raise' on us this-a-way..."

The dark-haired young man came in on him. "I'm no friend of Blade Marsden, feller," he interrupted, "for my name don't happen to be 'Blackie.' You're talkin' to Ross Bellamy, Connell. An' if the name Ross Bellamy don't mean anything to you, I can add that I'm a deputy marshal."



WHY WORRIED?

Be smiling & remember "KUMARI" (Tablets) to tone up your self confidence & keep your days smooth, normal & absolutely regular. We will help you with our immediate attention and advice on heart trouble from you about any difficulties. If you are vexed or uneasy, come up and order our TABLETS of three different potencies at Rs. 2/6/- & 3/6/- per tube (V.P. Extra).

Mrs. P. DEVEE, F.D.S. (M.M.) REGENT PARK, CALCUTTA

Main Stockists:— (1) Natham & Co., Cochin-2; (2) M. Ratnam, 76, College St., Colombo-13; (3) Overseas General Agents, Post Box No 171, Kuala Lumpur (Malaya).

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

Under orders to escort Marsden's friend Blackie to the State Penitentiary."

Butch Connell and his accomplices gaped at him.

YEP, Ross Bellamy went on, serenely, "you rescued the wrong man. I reckon Blackie tried to jump up an' put you wise to your mistake. But what with Gilmore luggin' him and you bustin' him over the dome, Connell, you never gave him the chance. And me? Well, I allowed it would be a good thing to let you go on thinkin' I was Blackie, and trail along with you. So when you told me to unlock the handcuffs I just made out I was fumblin' in his pocket while I bent over him, for I had me key myself, of course. Likewise, I had a gun—though I didn't aim to use it till I had the situation all weighed up. Which was that as well, for now I know where Blade Marsden can be located."

"Incidentally, I may add, I understand Blackie is in bed at the local doctor's house, an' feelin' mighty sorry for himself."

Connell was gripping the bars of the cell-door.

"I still don't get it," he faltered. "Blade said Blackie was six feet tall an' dark-haired..."

"But he didn't know that before Blackie was tracked down he'd dyed his hair red in an attempt to disguise himself," Ross pointed out.

"An' he was sittin' on your right," Gilmore protested. "When a man is took to the State Pen they allus fix the handcuffs to his right and it is fastened to his escort's left."

NOT in this case," Ross Bellamy retorted. "What you didn't know was that Blackie's right arm was in plaster, for it had been shattered at the elbow by a bullet at the time of his arrest."

He juggled significantly with the revolvers he was still holding.

"And what you guys ought to know by now," he finished, "is that I'm as handy with my left as with my right!"



T.B.

of

- LUNGS
- STOMACH
- GLANDS
- BONES
- Etc: Etc:

This astounding booklet "Facts About Tuberculosis" gives YOU all the information you would like to have on this timely subject, in a plain easy-to-understand style. Issued absolutely FREE to every one who may genuinely need it.

**FREE
Booklet!**

Write for your copy to:

Post Office Box No. 167, New Delhi

Aquarists' Corner:

SOME OLD FISHES

THE fishes of this report may be defined as odd in two senses of the word. Odd either in behaviour or odd in the sense that they were single specimens of an unusual species which chanced somehow to be included in a dealer's exportation can. In this latter category comes the "Horsehead" or, to give it its correct title, *Acanthopsis choiro-rhynchus*.

Mme. Du Breuil of Hong Kong first brought this fish to my notice when she wrote telling of her excitement on finding a queer looking specimen among some newly imported stock at her Chinese dealer's shop, writes R W. Andrews in the article published in the Journal of the Winnipeg Exotic Fish Club of U. S. A. Madame had on a previous occasion informed me how clever the Chinese were at giving any unknown (to them) fish a popular name. In this instance, when Madame enquired the name of her find, the dealer gave it a quick glance and blandly replied "Horsehead". Time proved how apt this christening was, for when the fish was finally identified by expert authority, the classification report stated: "The head, in fact, is horselike in appearance." Further letters from Madame told me how the acquired fish had now settled into its new environment and although quite an active fish of nearly six inches in length, it showed a peaceful disposition towards the smaller tank inmates. In general, its

activities are an energetic scavenging over every part of the tank bottom in search of anything edible tubifex and dried foods being equally relished. When resting the fish lays lightly on the sand or else on a plant leaf, but at the slightest sign of danger it buries itself into the sand at knifelike speed until all that can be seen is its snout just projecting out of the sand's surface.

IN general appearance, this fish like the loach, has a slender elongated and laterally compressed body. The head is long, angular and tapering to a rounded snout, the mouth underslung, whilst the top jaw is adorned by a bunch of tiny whiskers, and protrudes beyond the lower jaw. The eyes, set high in the head, are of normal size, not tiny, as in some loach. The finnage is prominent and triangular shaped. The single dorsal is set about midway along the back immediately above the paired ventral whilst the anal is set back towards the bifurcated caudal which has sharply pointed lobes. Colouration is an overall silvery-brown, with a row of darkish brown dots along each lateral line and another row just above a number of dark bars across the spine. This particular specimen owned by Mme. Du Breuil came from Java, but the species also occurs in the rivers of Burma, Malaya and Siam. It is a member of the family *Cobitidae* Loaches.

Incidentally, news has just been received from the same source

another lone rare specimen discovered among the same Chinese dealer's stock. But apparently Chinese ingenuity failed this time to apply a popular name and the fish's correct identification remains in doubt. This specimen has a torpedo-shaped, slightly compressed, laterally, body. The head is blunt with rounded snout and bunch of small whiskers on upper jaw. The unpaired finnage is triangular with bifurcated caudal. The first large dorsal is set close behind the head, with a second smaller dorsal set well back and directly above the anal. Colouration — a pale yellow background, heavily marked with three large irregular patches of black along the body, top of the head being completely black. Specks of black are also flecked about the finnage. This fish seems to possess the scavenging habits so typical to the catfishes. The chief characteristic is its ability to swim normally, sideways or upside down and it can also attach itself to the glass sides of the tank. It is very active, not shy, and came from Bangkok.

MANY types of catfish swarm in the rivers of Africa, of which perhaps the most interesting are the *Synodontis*, a few species of which have adopted the curious habit of floating or swimming in an inverted position. One such species is the *Synodontis nigreventris* (popular name, Upside-down catfish). In this fish the normal colouration has undergone an actual inversion so that the back is a mottled black and light buff, whilst belly is jet black, conforming to nature's scheme of camouflage. But it should be noted, however, that the given colouration of the *S. nigreventris* applies to my personal observations, for this

is a species in which individual specimens may show colour variations quite different to that ascribed to the species. This fish can also change its colour with extreme rapidity to merge with lighting and general colouration of its surroundings. Just to give an instance, according to plant formation and colour of tank's bottom compost, the fish may appear light coloured with black stripes or even the reverse. Body and finnage is akin to the genus *Corydoras*.

THE *S. nigreventris* is by nature a shy fish and spends an appreciable amount of the time laying amid the surface or background plants but when food is dropped into the tank it will dash out, taking the food either as it falls through the water or else from the tank bottom. In this latter case the fish does a rapid roll over to the normal fish position and after sucking in a mouthful quickly reverses position again to upside-down, then retreats back into cover to eat the collected meal, this performance being repeated until hunger is appeased. It is a great eater of algae and this seems a "must" in the fish's diet if it is to remain in good condition.

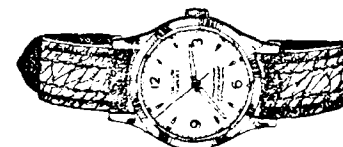
During last year, Mr. A. Marks, the well-known London fish importer, sent me along a can of various fishes in which, to my delight, I found one of those rare odd specimens. It took some while before this fish was finally identified as *Nemacheilus selangoriensis*. In appearance the species has an elongated, well-rounded body, the head slightly tapering to an underslung mouth which has six medium size barbels. By comparison with the body, the finnage is quite large. The triangular dorsal is set midway along the back, directly

above the ventrals, whilst the anal is well back near the bifurcated caudal, which has long incurving lobes. The background colour is pale yellow, this being crossed by a series of wide, reticulated black bars. A jet black line extends down across the gill cover centered by the eye itself. The front edge of the dorsal has a black spot at its base and another black spot shows at the root of the caudal. The general behaviour of this *Nemacheilus* has made it a firm favourite with me, for I have never known any other fish so tame and so inquisitive of what was happening in its tanks, or come to that, outside of it. Observation has shown it to be of a most peaceful disposition for though it is several sizes larger than the Glowlight and Neon Tetras which occupy the tank, I have never seen any indication of aggressive action against them by this fish. In point of fact, I have on occasion noticed the reverse.

THE swimming action is accomplished by a series of jerky movements but it can also dart at amazing speed. One of its queer habits is to hang suspended from a plant stem, by anchoring itself with its pectorals hooked over the stem. The favourite resting place, however, is between two of the large *Cryptocoryne griffithi* leaves, which completely fill the upper water area of the tank. Food is taken at all depths of the water, the barbels being vigorously waved and curled to guide food into the mouth. The bottom compost also is well worked over for anything edible. It is stated that there are over fifty known species of *Nemacheilus*, yet when any of them appear in an aquarist's collection they seem to do so as a rarity. ☸

PRICES SMASHED DOWN STOCK CLEARANCE SALE UPTO 28-2-1954

Here are the MOST UP-TO-DATE SWISS MADE wrist watches at AMAZINGLY REDUCED PRICES! This SALE shall last upto 28-2-1954 AT THE MOST HURRY UP, therefore and POST your order JUST NOW to avoid disappointment!!! Each watch with GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE and a BEST QUALITY STRAP!!!



GTD. 3 YEARS. Chromium case Rs. 16/15/-; Golden Rs. 17/15/-; Centre Second Luminous Radium Dial Rs. 19/15/-.

GTD. 5 YEARS. 5 Jewelled Rs. 25/15/-; 15 Jewelled Rs. 29/15/-; Superior Rs. 32/15/-; Best 15 Jewelled Lever Rs. 41/15/-.

GTD. 10 YEARS. WATERPROOF SHOCKPROOF. ALL PROOF. 15 Jewelled Luminous Radium Dial Rs. 40/15/-; 17 Jewelled Rs. 45/15/-.

Steel Strap, if required, Rs. 2/15/- extra.

POSTAGE, PACKING FREE! No Sales Tax! WRITE TO-DAY!!!

SWISS WATCH CO. (M.A.)
Post Box No. 121, New Delhi-1

HERNIA

WONDERFUL REMEDY BY
OUTWARD APPLICATION,
THOUSANDS BENEFITED
WITHOUT OPERATION

Apply for testimonials and directions:

The Manager, H.C. ROY'S
DIVINE TREATMENT HALL
118, Upper Circular Rd., Calcutta 9
Phone No. BB1216

Thousands Benefited: Why not you?

CAN GET

15 JEWELS WRIST WATCH
TEA SET — GRAMOPHONE
CYCLE — RADIO and such
other costly gifts.

!!! Absolutely Free!!!

Contact: — **Kamal Gift House**
Post Box No. 1100, BOMBAY-1

MYWORDS COMPETITION No 40 OFFERS

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 7,500	10,000	FOR 1 & 2 ERRORS Rs. 2,500
--	---------------	---

FOR EASY WIN & QUICK RESULTS
 CLOSING DATE IN MADRAS MONDAY **7-3-55**
SUBJECT TO RULES & CONDITIONS

CLUES

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The more elderly a person, the more is he likely to dislike this. (ROT or ROW?) 2. Curiously enough, an aggressive person's friends seem to be those who are — (DIFFERENT or DIFFIDENT?) 3. When hubby is — the wife would do well to cease nagging him. (MULE or MUTE?) 4. Most young men seem to lack this these days. (AIM or VIM?) 5. Elderly person who is — is apt to make children feel tongue-tied. (TEASE or TENSE?) | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. The sterner a father, the less likely is he to get this from his children. (LIB or LIP?) 7. Man who takes one in a hurry usually has cause to repent at leisure. (BRIBB or BRIDE?) 8. Man who seldom feels — about anything is likely to achieve nothing. (SORE or SURE?) 9. Many a man would not have become a henpeck if he had known her — before he married the wife! (WELL or WILL?) 10. 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.

Extremely Low Entry Fees !

From this Competition, the Entry Fees are again reduced as follows:
Rs. 1 for 6 Entries. = Rs. 2 for 18 Entries. = Rs. 4 for 48 Entries.

Mywords No. 40 :

KEY SOLUTION. The Sealed Cover containing the Official Key Solution of MYWORDS No. 40 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 March, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*.

PRIZE LIST. The List of Prize Winners (which may be abridged) will be published in the 1st April, 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 April, 1955.

ADDRESS your Covers containing Entries to:— MYWORDS No. 40, 99 Roadway Madras 1

ENTRY No. 1.	RO	DI	FI	FF	ENT	MYWORDS No. 40 Competition
	MU	E				
	IM					
	TE		SE			
	LI					
	BR		I	E		
	S		RE			
	W		LL			
	CHEA					

How to Fill Up: Each line of 10 Blank Squares top to bottom constitutes one Entry. In the Form above are Blanks for 24 Entries. In each only the apt letter which completes the word should be filled up.

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. _____

FULL NAME (in Ink) and Block Letters) { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss _____

No. of Entries _____

FULL ADDRESS _____

Amount Sent _____

MYWORDS

No. 40

SQUAREWORD No. D-39

Prize Offer: Rs. 3,00,000

CLOSING DATES: For Hand Delivery Boxes. 5-3-'55.
All Posted Entries. 8-3-'56.

ACROSS

4. "Sensible parents seldom try to make child — against his natural inclination." EAT, FAT?

Becoming *Fat* is not left to one's inclinations or wishes. It is a matter conditioned by the body's functional tendency. Reject *Fact*. Child that is hungry will surely make its need known in an obvious manner. If it refuses to *Eat*, it will be because it is not hungry or is indisposed. Some foolish parents force it to *Eat* when it is not so inclined. But sensible parents won't do so for they know that such forced eating will surely lead to its greater indisposition. Enter *EAT*.

5. "Really bad — usually resents candid criticism." SINGER, SINNER?

Really bad *Sinner* is not only past all redemption but also beyond caring for any kind of criticism. "Usually resents" thus does not appear to be apt in respect of *Sinner*. A really good *Singer* eagerly welcomes criticism so that he can improve. But the really bad *Singer*, instead of doing so, usually resents the candid criticism! Back *SINGER*.

7. "As a rule, the keener his sense of humour the more tolerant man is of —" SNOB, SNUB?

A *Snub* is a deliberate personal insult and the man who can tolerate it should be very thick-skinned, indeed. Even the man with the greatest sense of humour cannot but resent it. While a *Snob* is irritating to most people, to the person with keen sense of humour he presents a ludicrous figure with his sophisticated airs. *SNOB* should score.

12. "Brave indeed is the man who'd say that woman's superiority over man is — a thing of the past!" NOT, NOW?

The "brave" part and why exactly there should be any question of woman's superiority over man I am unable to understand. Under the circumstances I would suggest the fans permuting both *NOT* and *NOW*.

13. "Trying to convince man of his folly often means — one's

It is not right to assert that in every case where attempts are made to try to convince man of his folly often means *Wasting* of one's time. In some cases, though far and few between, there can be good results. One cannot convince a man about his follies all on a sudden. One has to talk with him on several occasions and that means *Waiting* one's time. Vote for *WAITING*.

15. "His becoming aware that he is getting old is likely to be — if a man is vain." BLOW, SLOW?

The vain person will never face the realities of life. He will always be in a self-deluded state. Hence, even when he does become aware that he is getting old it will not be a *Blow*, shock, to him. Being very vain he will be likely to be *Slow*, take a long time, to become aware of the truth. *SLOW* scores.

16. " — audience is usually compliment to speaker." DENSE, TENSE?

Tense audience cannot mean an audience on the keen edge of excitement but one that is much angered, irritated. That cannot be a compliment to speaker. *Dense* should not be taken to mean stupid. The word indicates that it is a packed, crowded audience. Such a big audience would surely be a compliment to the speaker's oratorical abilities. *DENSE* wins.

17. "It's usually shock when we find after friend's death that he didn't — nearly so much as he pretended." OWE, OWN?

To find after friend's death that he didn't *Owe* so much as he pretended to be cannot cause so much of a shock as surprise and relief. When we learn that friend who died didn't really *Own* so much as he pretended he did would be a shock for obvious reasons. Back *OWN*.

18. "When in mixed company, we usually resent a man's saying things — shouldn't say." HE, WE?

The word *We* might indicate men as well as women. Why should both men and women say things in a "mixed" company? It's an impossible contradiction. We can easily understand why people should resent a man's saying things *He* shouldn't

DOWN

1. "Before — personal servant careful man usually checks his belongings." FIRING, HIRING?

The pointer here is the word "before" in the clue. To check one's belongings before *Firing*, dismissing personal servant is not so useful as to check the servant's belongings after dismissing him. But before *Hiring*, engaging, a personal servant a careful man usually checks his own belongings to ensure he will not miss any of them later. Go in for *HIRING*.

2. "Jealous dog-lover tends to resent strangers — his dog." PATTING, PETTING?

Putting of dog by strangers cannot be so harmful as their *Petting* it. A dog is kept to keep strangers away. But when it is *Patted* by the strangers, then it will become familiar with them and will therefore not bother to bark at them at all. The jealous dog-lover will surely resent this. Vote for *PETTING*.

3. "One is usually loath to admit to colleague that one — dislike of him." HAD, HAS?

The snag about *Had* is that it refers to what was the feeling in the past. Such a confession might probably make them close friends instead of being merely colleagues. But when he *Has* dislike of colleague, it is only natural he should be loath to admit it to the colleague for very obvious reasons. Bet on *HAS*.

6. "The more given a man is so — people the less sensitive he is, as a rule." RILING, RULING?

It is not right to state that the more a man is given to *Ruling* people the less sensitive he is. His being a leader, executive or in similar positions might necessitate his being given to *Ruling* others more and more and yet continue to be as sensitive as ever. But those given to *Riling*, abusing, vexing others, are usually indifferent to others' feelings. And the more they are given to *Riling*, the less sensitive they become. Back *RILING*.

8. "People who lack — are apt to be regarded as easy-going." AIM, VIM?

It is not easy to know whether a man has *Aim* or not. Quite easy, however, is it to know whether a man lacks *Vim*, energy. Those who are not active, lack *Vim*, are quite likely to be regarded as easy-going. Vote for *VIM*.

FREE to all MARRIED

"MYSTERIES OF WOMAN'S LOVE"
Woman is a mystery. He who knows it wins her heart.



This daring booklet reveals this secret art to you, whatever your age. Apply for a free copy stating your age and profession.

D.A.B. LABORATORIES
B.G. Road, Post Box No. 1372, DELHI

READ

'CHITRA' WEEKLY

ANNUAL Rs. 5 SINGLE COPY As. 2

● COMMENTS ON CROSSWORDS ● SHORT STORY
● CINEMA ● CARTOONS AND ARTICLES

Specimen Copy Against 2 As. Postage Stamp.

CHITRA

Maharani Rd., INDORE CITY (M.B.)

UNEMPLOYMENT

Are you or any of your relatives trapped in this epidemic?

Why not then get most paying agency for Silk Hand-kerchiefs, Bodices, etc., on lucrative terms?

D. R. PURI & SON

6E/4, East Patel Nagar, New Delhi-12

ANNUAL DIRECTIONS FOR 1955

Learn in ADVANCE the Good Luck that awaits you in 1955. The Reading gives MONTHLY and WEEKLY FORECASTS



on your
FINANCE
PROFESSION
HOME
HEALTH
MARRIAGES
TRAVELS
CHANGES
LUCKY DATES
NUMBERS
COLOURS
STONES
and other
important

occurrences till the end of 1955.

Send your Date of Birth. Price Rs. 4/- by M.O. or Rs. 4/12/- by V.P.

PROFESSOR SEKHAR
The Great Mesmerist & Zamindar
EI URU (W.G. Dt.)
ANDHRA STATE, INDIA

BIRTH-CONTROL

WITH Dr. WILSON'S OF U.S.A. DUR-REX ONLY.
ALWAYS FRESH STOCK

	Per dozen
Dur-Rex Fls. thin (U.S.A.)	Rs. 4 8
Dur-Rex Deluxe Fls. (U.S.A.)	... 6 0
Dur-Rex extra Sup. (U.S.A.)	... 9 0
" American Tips Sup.	... 6 0
Kotex F.L's Superfine	... 3 0
Paragon Sheaths Wash Sup. each	... 1 4
Paragon Sheaths Wash Std. "	... 1 0
" Transparent Sup.	... 1 10
" " Crocodile Sup.	... 1 8
" " " Transparent Sup.	2 0

For Ladies

	each
Check Pessaries first quality	Rs. 2 4
" Transparent	... 2 12
Birthco Jelly Per Pot	... 2 4
Whirling Spr y Syringe extra Sup.	... 9 0
Improved quality	

Packing and Postage FREE on order of Rs. 15/- and above.

The Allied Traders (M-4)
687, Nanapeth, POONA-2 (India)

9. "How tiresome people usually are who regard lightly deed we regard as —!" **BRAVE, GRAVE?**

Very few, indeed, are people who are immune to flattery. Hence, when people regard as *Brave* a deed we regard lightly we are apt to feel flattered and not tiresome. It is only when people regard a deed as *Grave*, serious or dangerous when we regard it lightly that we are apt to get tiresome at such an exaggeration of the risk which in our opinion is not there. Go in for **GRAVE**.

10. "Wife usually resents being asked by hubby to — down household expenses." **CUT, PUT?**

The husband would ask wife to *Cut* down expenses either because he can't afford it or because he thinks she's overspending. To *Put* down means to maintain an account. This means he suspects her of spending on things other than household requirements. Whatever the hubby's reason, wife will resent it. So, permute both **CUT** and **PUT**.

11. "His knowing worker's weaknesses sometimes tends to make boss —" **SHINE, WHINE?**

It is difficult to imagine how exactly the boss can *Shine* "sometimes" only by knowing the workers' weaknesses. He can make use of his knowledge to *Shine* all the time. While a boss will not usually or always *Whine* before workers after knowing their weaknesses, sometimes, occasionally, he may tend to *Whine*, coax, cajole them for he knows their weaknesses and can tackle them in a proper way. **WHINE** should win.

12. "It's often necessary for man to quarrel with woman to know her —" **WELL, WILL?**

The woman may not have a *Will* of her own. But by quarrelling with her, the man can know all the qualities in her that can be seen only when she is in a temper. Vote for **WELL**.

13. "Speculators often act foolishly when they think — is round the corner!" **BOOM, DOOM?**

If the speculators think that *Boom*, prosperity in trade, is round the corner, they will not act foolishly at all. They will buy all available shares, etc. It is only when they think that *Doom* is round the corner, depression, that they would start selling shares, etc., they hold in a panic only to discover they were foolish in their haste. Enter **DOOM**.

— "SPOTTER."

NOVELTIES in BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Bleacho: Whitens Black Skin.



Cold or Vanishing
Cream each ... Rs. 2/-
Powder " " 2/-
Liquid " " 2/-

Film Stars *Shyama, Lalita, Monica* highly speak of '**BLEACHO**.'



RED BLACK CREAM
for Pimples, Scratches,
Pains, Sprains etc. Re. 1

SPERTON CREAM

for Wrinkles. It tones up loose and stretched portions of body. Gives strength to nerves.



Packed in collapsible tube. Rs. 3/-

Baldex Hair Cream for dandruff and falling of hair. Re. 1/-

Bustifrice: Shapens the loose busts. Rs. 3/-

Film Star Hair Curling Cream. Rs. 2/-

Alfa Beeta Bleaching Cream for chapped hands and feet. Re. 1/-

Blackol (Kala Tel): Blackens hair. Rs. 2/-

11 o'clock Hair Oil: Cools the head and lengthens hair. Re. 1/-

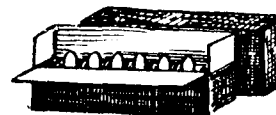
Suraiya Hair Oil. Re. 1/-

Zulf-i-Vijyanti Hair Oil: Re. 1

Scents: Rashk-i-Chaman Re. 1/-
Meena Kumari " 1/-
Night Queen " 1/-
Press-Me-Not " 1/-
Mid Night " 1/-

Beauty's Love: In collapsible tube. Re. 1/8/-

Scentawax: Concentrated perfume solidified for rubbing on the face to give it a smooth touch. Its effect remains for several hours. It is used by gents as well, after each shave. 6 in a box.



Scentabs: Perfumed Tablets. Tie up one to your kerchief. It imparts nice smell at all times. Packed in glass tubes. Each tube Re. 1/-

Fitna: Semi solid perfume. Re. 1/-

Steno Shampoo: Cleans the scalp and the hair; keeps head perfumed for several hours. Powder Re. 1/- Liquid Re. 1/-

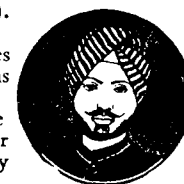
Redex: Keeps your cheeks red, smooth and scented. Re. 1/-

Bed Time Floral Water:

Hermetically sealed in ampoules. Cut open ampoule and wash your hands & face at bed time and have a scented sleep for the whole night. 6 ampoules in a box. Rs. 2

Hair Fixers:

- Pepsu (Greaseless). Re. 1/-
- Black Fixo—Fixes hair and blackens it. Re. 1/8/-
- Steno's Brilliantine Fixes your hair and gives it a glassy touch. Re. 1/-



Depi Hair Off (Scented): Remove hair in two minutes. Powder Re. 1/- Liquid Re. 1/-

Apparatuses:

- Cleo—Reddens cheeks by vacuum method. Use it for a few minutes daily. Rs. 12/8/-
- Universal Nose Shaper—It shapes and corrects all types of ill-shaped & deformed noses. Selling in America and Germany at a very fancy price India price Rs. 15/- only.



Wanted Agents for places not represented.

STENO HOUSE AGENCY
Steno Buildings
P.O. Steno House Agency
AMRITSAR

"If a customer wants to take open delivery of the goods, he may please order out our local Agents, if any, in his town, (visit list in our other advertisement appearing)

[illegible]