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My Magazine of India

1st June 1955

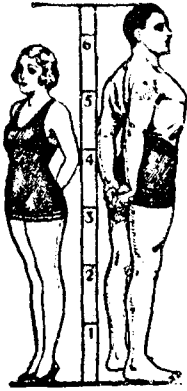
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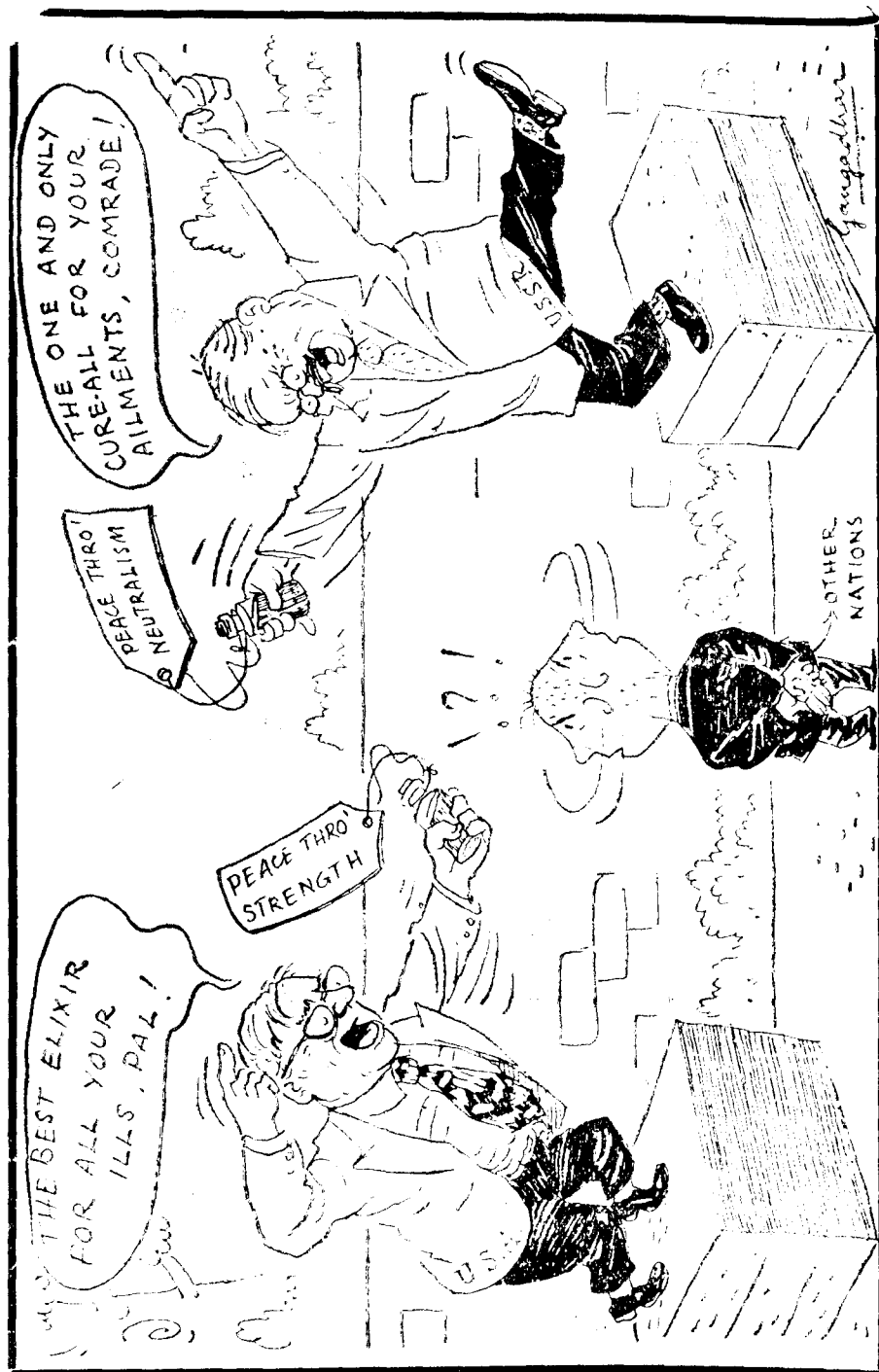
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All the names and characters appearing in the stories and skits in this Issue are entirely imaginary and any reference to living persons is purely coincidental. The opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. — Ed.



MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

26th Year of Publication

Indo-Pakistani Parleys

THE meeting in New Delhi between Prime Minister Nehru and Mr. Mohammed Ali of Pakistan helped to clarify several important issues. On Kashmir, however, no agreement was reached. But a new approach had been made. The Pakistani Prime Minister himself, while leaving for Karachi, revealed to pressmen that some slight progress had been made though it might not be substantial. The problem has been defying a solution all these eight years and it certainly is not practical politics to expect a settlement overnight.

The Nekhowal border incident in which Pakistani troops shot and killed Indians threatened to wreck the conference and bring on a wave of bitterness and ill feeling, was, however, overlooked when Mr. Mohammed Ali expressed regret and promised quick and effective action. Satisfactory agreement was reached at the lower levels between Pakistan's Minister for the Interior and India's Home Minister, on the one hand, and between the Rehabilitation Ministers of the two countries, on the other. Shri Govind Ballabh Pant and Maj.-Gen. Iskander Mirza discussed the question of border incidents and agreed on how best to prevent them. The demarcation of the boundary between the two Punjabs is to be finalised. This matter is to be given top priority and within three months the work is to be completed. And thus one of the sources of constant friction is to be closed. Also, the number of forces keeping watch on either side is to be cut, and accord was reached on the type of arms that they should carry. On other issues, like movable evacuee property, transfer of bank accounts, preservation of shrines and holy places in the two countries, there was amicable understanding. New travel facilities are to be provided for pilgrims and there is to be a full restoration of the rail link between the two Punjabs.

On the major dispute, however, the joint communique did not throw enough light. This much is clear: a less rigid approach was made. Both the Prime Ministers conceded that the will of the people in the State must be ascertained but it was thought that there was no need for a plebiscite nor for a plebiscite administrator, as recommended by the United Nations. It is nearly seven years since this proposal was made and several important changes have occurred in the State of Kashmir. A fully representative Constituent Assembly chose the form of government that the people preferred and the State is a sovereign independent republic within a bigger Republic that is India.

A plebiscite under U.N. auspices would imply the surrender of this sovereignty, albeit temporarily, by the present Government. Will it agree to this step? The conditions laid down by the U.N. for fulfilment prior to the holding of the plebiscite include demilitarisation and reduction of the forces on the Indian side apparently below the safety level. "The most formidable condition suggested was that the refugees uprooted from the disturbed areas," points out the Delhi correspondent of a local daily, "must be resettled and rehabilitated in their former places of living."

If it is to be just an election, to be conducted by the State Government in co-operation with, or under the supervision of, observers delegated by neutral countries, it would be quite practicable and Pakistan would have an opportunity of feeling the pulse of public opinion in Kashmir. But we wonder whether our neighbour will consent to this simple procedure. Already the Pakistani press is harping on the old conditions and the moth-eaten formula. "The only solution now seems to lie," observes *The Times of India*, "in a realistic acceptance by the two sides of the territorial *status quo* with such minor adjustments on the cease-fire line as may be necessary."

In Mr Ghulam Mohammed, Pakistan has a Governor-General who has a statesman-like vision and practical wisdom. There is no doubt that he will call for a compromise honourable to both sides and end this long-drawn-out dispute to the satisfaction of all.

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NEWS and NOTES

Teachers Discuss

At a conference of teachers in Cuddalore, Prof. E. N. Subramaniam of Madanapalle made the interesting suggestion that Janatha Colleges on the lines of the People's Colleges of Denmark could be established. Elaborating the idea, he said that in Denmark such Colleges helped to remove people's ignorance, improve their agricultural practices and banish poverty from the land.

Several teachers expressed themselves vigorously on the proposed change in the college medium. Sri G. Sundaram of Chidambaram pointed out how difficult it was to translate books on scientific subjects written in foreign languages. He emphasised that English had to continue as the medium of instruction.

Sri T. P. Sreenivasavaradhan made a new point in favour of English. He stated that if the regional languages were adopted as the media of instruction by different universities, inter-State migration would become difficult. He urged that the problem should be faced in a practical manner. Dearth of teachers and text-books compelled them to use the English medium for another twenty-five years at least.

Examinations also figured in the discussions. Sri C. Raghunathan, retired Deputy Director of Public Instruction, said that examinations were defective in that students stood in dread of them. Sri G.

Sundaram remarked that the fate of a student should not be decided by one examination only. Prof. Subramaniam quoted with approval Dr. C.P. Ramaswami Aiyar's suggestion that candidates should be permitted to answer question papers with the aid of text-books and said that it should be given a trial.

Sad Admission

In its annual administration report for 1953-'54, the Madras State Government makes some startling admissions about the City Transport. There was a general fall in the punctuality of the service. This was attributed to the general increased load and the breakdown of buses on the route. Old and outmoded, some of the vehicles were dragging on a weary existence and came to a dead stop in the face of the slightest obstacle.

Passengers are accustomed to such breakdowns even today. Especially on Sundays or holidays when only a skeleton service is being run, the bus quivers to a stop in the midst of some wilderness. The bus that comes up a long time after is too crowded to accommodate any of the stranded passengers. It takes more than two hours for a bus to proceed from the main shed on Bodyguard Road and replace the stationary vehicle. As we said before, there is room for considerable improvement if Government Transport is to meet all reasonable requirements. The peak hour traffic is being handled

Only enough but there are still some routes that receive step-motherly treatment. In all the areas, formerly served by the trams, more buses must be introduced. After the stoppage of trams, the number of buses should at least have been doubled. Also, the indignity of passengers standing in buses and hanging on to the straps must be done away with. Until seats are provided for all passengers, the problem cannot be considered to have been solved properly.

Nehru on Goa

Goa continues to be the cynosure of all eyes. Unfortunately, the violence of the Portuguese police is on the increase. On a batch of fifty-four volunteers who marched into Goa to offer satyagraha, fire was opened. Four of them received bullet wounds and are reported to be in a serious condition. The two leaders, Shri Goray and "Senapati"

Bapat, were mercilessly beaten, as also a number of satyagrahis.

Some of the satyagrahis who were released told a harrowing story of continual physical assaults by the police on all the fifty-four volunteers. Shri Goray was subjected to such a severe ordeal that he is said to have vomited blood.

Addressing a crowded meeting held in Bombay, leaders like Acharya Kripalani pleaded for swift and effective action on the part of the Government of India against Goa. Their considered view was that if immediately after the attainment of freedom the Central Government had asked the Portuguese to quit her colony within twenty-four hours, they would have complied. It was too late now and force was required to turn them out.

In reply to a letter from Dr. N. B. Khare, our Prime Minister has

stated that he is fully aware of the situation in Goa. "We shall take such action as we consider proper in the matter." In effect, he turned down Dr. Khare's request for police action to rid Goa of Portuguese rule.

Great Statesman

Opening the Srinivasa Sastri Memorial Hall in Mylapore, Sir Mirza Ismail, former Dewan of Mysore, recalled the splendid service rendered to the country by V.S. Srinivasa Sastri, that great orator and patriot. Sir Mirza described him as a philosopher, a man of peace who bore no ill-will to anyone. Not for him was the hectic excitement of political controversy, and he shrank from extremism of any kind. The Liberal leader bated the attractions of pelf and power and joined the Servants of India Society and contented himself with a modest emolument.

Sastriar's theme was, observed Sir Mirza, that if Indians only achieved unity among themselves, the rest could all be got early, and in the natural process of self-development. And conciliation and compromise were necessary for the attainment of unity. "So he stood for moderation and measured peace. The need for patient and

constructive statesmanship of that type is not now over and past," added Sir Mirza.

New Envoy

Sir Malcolm MacDonald has been appointed High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India. He succeeds Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, who has gone to Eire as the Queen's Ambassador. The second son of the late Ramsay MacDonald, Britain's Prime Minister before the Second World War, Sir Malcolm MacDonald served his country in various capacities. As the U.K.'s Commissioner-General in South-East-Asia, he has displayed a keen and lively interest in the problems of the East and he can well be called Britain's Ambassador of Goodwill. There is no doubt that when he takes charge of his office in Delhi by the beginning of September he will be warmly welcomed by all sections of the people as a friend of India.

Progress of Bhoodan

In some parts of India, especially in Bihar, the Bhoodan movement, launched by Acharya Vinobha Bhave, has made amazing progress. In that State alone, the leader himself has collected 23 lakh acres

A National Convention of Rural Women was held recently in New Delhi. Farm women representing various States, who attended the Convention, spoke on the occasion bringing their problems to the platform. The plenary session was presided over by a farm woman, Srimathi Harnam Kaur, from Amritsar. Photo shows a section of the farm women attending the Convention.



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land during his 27 months stay. Shri Jayaprakash Narayan, who made this claim, said in Bombay that Acharya Vinobha chose Bihar for concentrated and intensive work with a view to demonstrating the efficacy of the method of love and non-violence in the reconstruction of human affairs.

But in other States like Bombay and also in the South, progress, according to Shri Narayan, was disappointingly slow. Outside Bihar only 15 lakh acres had been collected. A more difficult problem now faced them. They had to make a proper and equitable distribution of the collected land among peasants and provide them with implements to start cultivation. And money had to be found to purchase tools for cultivation and cattle for the peasants who had to start from scratch. For every acre a sum of Rs. 100 was required by way of initial investment to put the new Bhoodan tenants on their feet. "It had been calculated that roughly a pair of bullocks would have to be given for every ten acres of land. A well had to be dug and ploughs and seeds had to be supplied adequately. The present target was to dig 5,000 wells in Bihar alone."

Shri Narayan went on to explain that they wanted Rs. 6 crores during the current year for settlement of Bhoodan tenants. While Government was expected to contribute a part of this sum, they looked to business and industrial sections in the various cities to donate liberally. The response from the latter was very encouraging, he stated.

Kickshaws to Go!

By April, 1957, all man-drawn rickshaws will have disappeared from Madras City. So says Sri B. Parameswaran, Minister for Transport. The trams made their exit in 1953, and now rickshaws are to be abolished through a gradual process of reduction. Such a possibility is, however, remote. Riding in a man-drawn rickshaw may be derided by some; it may be avoided by some others as a matter of conscience. But today it seems safer and more reliable than the auto-rickshaw.

Even the Minister for Transport had occasion to warn against the reckless driving of auto-rickshaws. He testified to this fact from personal experience. With great speed the driver of the auto-rickshaw zig-zags through vehicular streams and outstrips most of his rivals. But a sharp bend on the road or some sudden obstacle, not foreseen, upsets the driver. At times he loses control and the light three-wheeled structure turns turtle with serious consequences to the passengers inside. The Minister's advice was that drivers should make the public feel that travel by auto-rickshaw was safe, comfortable and cheap. Such a feeling of confidence has yet to be fostered in the public. Is the sense of insecurity the reason why this caution is painted on the rear of the vehicle: "In case of emergency dial 93"? As for ourselves, between the auto-rickshaw and the man-drawn one, we would vote for retention of the latter!

CULTURAL TRADITIONS OF MADHYA BHARAT

WITH the inauguration of the new 20 kilowatt A.I.R. Station at Indore last month, Madhya Bharat, with its rich cultural traditions, will begin to figure prominently in the broadcasting map of India. The inauguration represents yet another step in the progressive increase in broadcast coverage of India. In January this year, with the opening of the Rajkot Station of A.I.R., the culture of Saurashtra obtained an effective instrument of mass communication. Rajasthan followed in April with the inauguration of the Jaipur Station and the service to Rajasthan will be further strengthened when the 20 k.w. transmitter at Ajmer is installed within a few months. The stepping-up of the power of the Lucknow transmitters in April, likewise, has extended the broadcast service to new regions.

The history of Madhya Bharat is an epitome of the history of the whole of India. Avanti (Ujjain) rose to prominence under the Pradyat dynasty and enjoyed the status of a second capital of Magadha under the Nanda and Maurya dynasties. Asoka, during the life time of his father, stayed for a long time in Ujjain as Viceroy. His consort came from Vidisha, modern Bhopal. Their children Mahendra and Sanghamitra figured prominently later in the spread of Buddhism to Ceylon. Heliodorus, ambassador of the Greek King of Taxila to Vidisha, came under the influence of its high cultural traditions and changed his faith, becoming a devotee of Vishnu. The commemorative pillar set up by him can still be seen at Bhopal.

Subsequently, this region came under the sway of Kushan, Gupta, Pratibara and Paramara rulers. The Parmar dynasty of Malwa, founded in the 9th century, maintained the ancient fame of the Ujjain Court for literary and artistic culture. The poems of Munja, the Parmar ruler of the 10th century, have survived to this day. Bhoja (1018-1060), his nephew, revived the glorious memories of the Gupta dynasty by his own accomplishments and those of his Court poets, master builders, artists and scientists. It was Bhoja who built the artificial lake of Bhopal, 250 sq. miles in extent, created by throwing embankments of solid masonry across the watershed of a circle of hills. Bhoja organised a Sanskrit college at Dhara, modern Dhar, and is credited with the composition of more than 21 works on most varied subjects like astronomy, architecture, poetics, etc.

GHAZNI and Ghori overran the land, the latter initiating Muslim rule in the region. Humayun conquered southern Malwa from the rulers of Gujarat. The Maharattas, under the leadership of Chimmaji, the brother of the Peshwa and the two Sardars Maihar Rao Holkar and Ranaji Scindia, rose to power in this region, before the British consolidation which was resisted by Mahadji Scindia till his death in 1794.

Recalling the first great organised revolt against alien power is the unpretentious Samadhi of the Rani of Jhansi in Gwalior. The national aspirations which the Great Mutiny

did not realise moved to their inevitable fulfilment in 1947 when India became independent and on May 28, 1948, Madhya Bharat was formed by the integration of the various States in this region.

INDIAN classical literature is rich in allusions to Madhya Bharat. Ujjain is the place where Krishna is believed to have had his education. The city is also associated with the popular King Vikramaditya, round whom numerous legends, some of the most fascinating among Indian folk tales, have grown up. The landscape and people of this region have been mirrored in the beautiful verses of the great poet Kalidasa. *Meghadoot* mentions Avanti and Vidisha was the provincial capital of Agnimitra, the Sunga prince immortalised by Kalidasa in his *Malavikagnimitra*. Padmavati, another city of hoary traditions, is mentioned in the *Vishnu Purana* and has been vividly described by Bhavabhuti in his play *Malati Madhav* the scene of which is laid in this city.

Madhya Bharat has given to India one of her most famous musicians, Tansen. Tansen hailed from Gwalior and at the age of 8 began to study music under Swami Hari Dass, a great musician-saint of Brindavan. The Swami tutored him with affection for 14 years and according to legend taught him the esoteric art of singing the *Dipak rag* which could set things aflame by the power of the music. In Emperor Akbar Tansen found a great patron, who was able to appreciate his genius and he was an illustrious member of the group of nine great talents who graced Akbar's Court and who were referred to as *Nava Ratnas*, or the

Nine Gems of the Imperial Durbar. He married Mehrunnisa, Akbar's daughter, winning her hand as the prize for surpassing all others in a great music contest, organised by the Emperor.

Baz Bahadur, the last Sultan of Mandu, was also a great lover of music. The legend of Baz Bahadur and Rupamati is one of the most moving in the annals of Madhya Bharat. Rupamati was surpassingly beautiful and Baz Bahadur's devotion to her and to music probably weakened the realm. Tragedy loomed over the horizon when Adham Khan, Akbar's general, invaded Malwa, defeated Baz Bahadur at Sarangpur and annexed Mandu. Rupamati fell into the hands of the enemy but, too loyal to her memories to care for survival, she committed suicide.

THE mortal remains of Tansen are enshrined in a simple white tomb on a low platform near the tomb of Muhammed Ghaus in Gwalior, but his immortal spirit continues to be an abiding presence. Tansen's *Dhrupad* had a classical, austere purity. *Adarang* and *Sadarang* adapted some of the subtleties of Tansen's *Dhrupad* while relaxing its general rigour and thus evolved the *Vilambit Khayal*. The form was given a distinct pattern by Hassu Khan and Haddu Khan towards the middle of the 19th century and the new style thus created is known today as the Gwalior *Gharana*. Ustad Hafiz Ali Khan, recipient of the title of "*Aftab-e-Sarod*" from the President of India and Ustad Rajao Ali Khan, who too was honoured by the President with the title "*Sangeet Samrat*," are the two great living

exponents of the Gwalior *Gharana* today.

THE architecture of Madhya Bharat reflects the successive impact of cultures on this historic land. The city of Vidisha (Besnagar) was a well-known Buddhist centre associated with the Viharas of Sanchi and Buddhist remains have survived at several places like Rajpur, Ujjain and Bagh. Madhya Bharat is studded with Hindu temples. Perhaps the finest and the best preserved of these is the Udayeshwar temple at Udaypur, built by Udayaditya, a Parmar ruler of Malwa of the 11th century. Pink sand-stone has been used in this temple and its spire is one of the loveliest of its type in the whole array of Indian temples. Fine specimens of civic architecture surviving today are Raja Mansingh's palace and the 15th century Gujri Mahal in Gwalior Fort. This Mansingh is not to be confused with Akbar's contemporary; he was an earlier ruler who died just before Babar came to India. He was a great patron of music and other arts.

Mandu with its fine pools and luxuriant flora was a favourite with Muslim rulers. To Jehangir there was "no place so pleasant in climate and so pretty in scenery as Mandu." The Muslim rulers named the place Shadiyabad or the City of Joy. Between the 14th and 16th centuries a great number of fine buildings were erected at Mandu. About 75 of these still survive.

A fine tomb of the early Moghul period, 16th century, cherishes the mortal remains of Muhammed Ghaus, on the eastern outskirts of old Gwalior. This saint was the

spiritual adviser of Emperor Akbar. The tomb is crowned with an impressive dome and surrounded with beautiful screen work in stone.

THE heritage in painting and sculpture is also great. Bagh, about 90 miles from Mhow, possesses a series of big Viharas hewn out of rock and adorned with sculpture and paintings dating from the 5th to the 7th century A. D. The paintings here echo the Ajantan tradition. Subjects of wide variety are delineated here including the Buddha, the Bodhisathva, religious discourses, scenes from palaces and gardens, processions on horses and elephants. There are also decorative friezes of plants, flowers, birds and animals. When they were intact, the mural paintings of Bagh must have presented a magnificent panorama. Time has corroded away much of their beauty. Nevertheless, even today the remnants reveal a high artistic excellence.

(Continued on page 88)

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PHILOSOPHY OF SOUL, MIND AND WORLD

By H.H. Mahamandaleswar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

THE Supreme Consciousness, or *Para Brahman* manifests itself as *Jiva*, *Ishwara* and Universe. Though *Jiva*, *Ishwara* and Universe appear different, they are identical with the Supreme Self.

The light of *Brahman* alone is *Jiva* and all. Mind alone is the Universe. Mind is a manifestation of *Maya*. This Universe is nothing but the mind manifesting as such only through the potency of *Brahman*. The body with its organs, etc., is no other than mind.

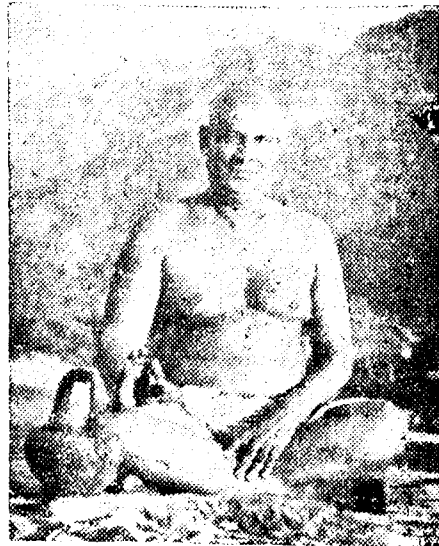
The play of *Chit* (Consciousness) alone shines as this Universe. The Universe as Universe ever is not.

The Universe is unreal. This ego is unreal. The Truth is that *Brahman* alone is the one Consciousness or Reality.

This Universe is nothing but the creation of the *Sankalpa* of the mind. This Universe is nothing but a diversity of *Maya*, the illusory power of *Brahman*.

The Universe shines as *Atma-Sankalpa*. The conception of the reality of the Universe will increase with thinking upon non-*Atma* or sensual objects. All things, though appearing different, are no other than *Brahmic* Light.

The mind manifests itself as the external world in the shape of pains or pleasures. The mind subjectively is consciousness, while



Founder-President
Divine Life Society, Rishikesh.

objectively it is the Universe. The play of the mind arising out of *Chaitanya* constitutes this Universe.

Maya is of the nature of mind. If one attains Self-realization, all ideas of the Universe will vanish.

Manifold pains will arise in the mind in the absence of *Samadhi* which leads to *Brahmic* Bliss.

There will be no bondage, if you do not long for the fruits of actions. Cultivate pure *Vasanas* and divine virtues such as courage, humility, serenity, purity, dispassion, determination, discrimination, and *Vichara Sakti*.

Ahamkar or egoism binds and non-*Ahamkar* or egolessness brings freedom or release. Renunciation of egoism tends to the attainment of Self-realization or *Atma Jnana*. Renunciation of egoism alone constitutes the renunciation of all.

The actions of the mind are truly termed *Karmas*. Emancipation results from the disenchantment of the mind. Those who have freed themselves from the fluctuations of the mind can enter into deep meditation and *Samadhi* (super-conscious state). If the mind is purified of all its impurities, it will become steady and fit for concentration and meditation.

Those who have not cognized the Seer believe this world to be real. Time is but a mode of mind. This world, though illusory, is nothing but a manifestation of *Chit* (Consciousness). *Sankalpa* or thought manifests itself as *Jiva*, *Ishwara* and the Universe.

Concentration on the Seer leads one to Self-realization. Through the performance of *Nishkama Karmas* even sensual objects lose their grip over the *Karma Yogi*.

Actorship or enjoyership arises through the idea of I' or egoism.

Mental abnegation and control of *Prana* are the two requisites for the control of the mind, which leads to the attainment of everlasting peace.

The results of quiescence of mind, etc., which are developed through *Yogic Sadhana*, can also be attained through *Atma Vichara* or *Atmic* enquiry.

Infinite Bliss arises through *Nirvikalpa Samadhi*, consequent upon *Atmic* enquiry.

Jnana will arise even though a person is engaged in any kind of action. *Jnana* vision will enable one to realize *Atma* directly.

Self-realization arises after many births only, and that too with great difficulty and effort. Through the Grace of Lord, the higher spiritual state can be attained.

The path to Self-realization will be rendered smooth by the *Guru* who is able to make his disciple progress through various means, which includes true renunciation, though many obstacles may intervene. ♦♦

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FORTY GOLDEN PRECEPTS

By H.H. Mahamandaleswar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

(Continued from previous Issue)

36. Serve Sannyasins, poor, sick persons. This will give *Chitta Suddhi* (purification of the heart). Read *Vairagya Shataka* of Bartruhari. This will intensify your *Vairagya*. Read *Ramayana* and *Bhagavat Gita*. This will infuse *Bhakti*. Read *Upanishads*, *Yoga Vashista* and *Atma Purana*. This will give you *Paroksha Jnana*.

37. Meditate on OM. Do constant and intense *Nididhyasan* (meditation). You will have *Brahmanubhava*. This is the highest goal of life. This is *Sreya*. This is *Hitatama* (best thing for your well-being). *Bhakti* should go hand in hand with *Jnana* for some time. These are the two wings of the *Hamsa* bird (*Moksha*).

38. Give up back-biting, cavilling, scandal mongering, fault-finding, etc. These are all dangerous habits. *Maya* (the mysterious power of the Lord) causes havoc through these evil *Vrittis* to disturb the peace of the world. Develop good-finding nature. Always speak highly of others. Praise their good qualities. Don't taunt others. Don't intrigue. Don't vilify others. Don't interfere with others.

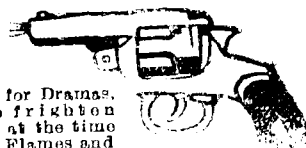
39. You must practise *Manana* (deep reflection) of what you have read over and over again. Mere skipping over the pages is absolutely useless.

40. You must not joke with others. This ends in enmity. Don't laugh much. Don't burst out in wild laughter. Talk in a whisper before great persons. Don't shout. Develop this habit. You can occasionally smile. Be serious. Reflect on *Atma*. He who laughs and jokes much, cannot think seriously on *Atma*.

(Concluded)

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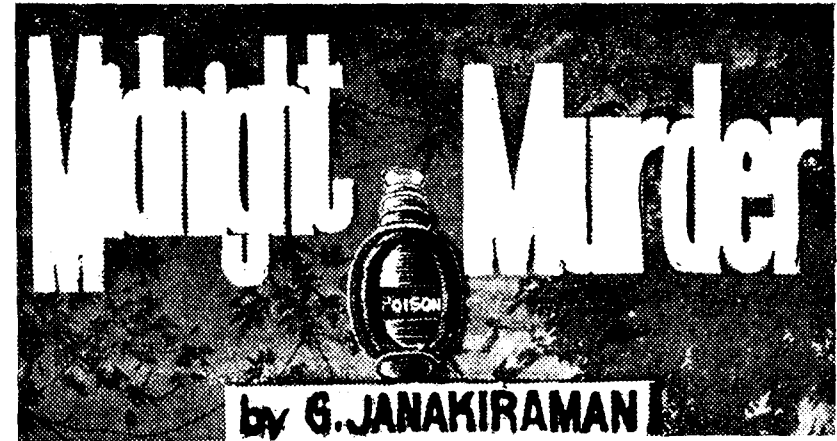
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CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS' CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that we have audited the accounts of M. MOORTHY, Competition No. 42 and find that the total cash and receivables by way of Entry 4, in the part of the Competition are: Rupees 1,610-4-0 (Rupees One Thousand Six Hundred and Ten Annas Four only).

Dated 1st June, 1955
Sd/- M. H. D. Srinivas
MADRAS

M. H. D. Srinivas
Chartered Accountant



THE train was about to leave the Madras Central Station. Usha was eagerly peeping through the window of her second class compartment. As the Bangalore Mail was in slow motion Moorthy, with a coffee-filled flask, came running and got in at last.

"You very nearly missed the train," said Narayanan, Usha's father.

"I, too, was terribly worried thinking you wouldn't be able to catch the train," remarked Radha, Usha's aunt.

Narayanan had a big medical firm in Madras City and was reported to be a very wealthy man. Usha was his only daughter. Moorthy was a distant relative of Narayanan, and when his parents died the kind-hearted Narayanan took care of him. Moorthy was brilliant in his studies and got an M.Sc. after making researches in some drugs. Radha was Narayanan's elder sister and lived with her brother. She had sent her son, Chandran, to Oxford for higher studies. Usha was very much interested in Moorthy and it was quite clear that she would

readily marry him if only she had the chance. Her father knew this and was greatly pleased, for he found in Moorthy a more suitable would-be partner to Usha than even Chandran.

Radha had planned to make Usha her daughter-in-law. But she knew of the intention of her brother and she never dared to oppose him. Though Narayanan was kind-hearted and noble he would fly into a temper if anyone opposed him. But the difficulty lay in the fact that Moorthy was not interested in marriage. It was not that he didn't love Usha, but he had an ambition to go abroad for specialisation in his field of study.

NARAYANAN had opened a branch of his firm in Bangalore and as he found this city more suitable for his health, he had decided to stay there and look after the branch. And he wished that Moorthy should mind his firm in Madras. That was why they were travelling to Bangalore with a view to settling down in their new residence there.

Usha was reading a novel and Radha was knitting. She was cleverly knitting with the needles which had unusually sharp ends. Usha had warned her she would be hurt by them, but she never cared. Beside Radha lay her small new puppy. Radha loved it very much for its intelligence, while Usha instinctively shrank from it.

MOORTHY took out his suit-case and opened it. It was full of bottles of various drugs. He was showing the drugs he had prepared and was describing their nature. He took a bottle and said, "Uncle, this is one of my best preparations, you know. It is a kind of poison very deadly and more effective than Prussic acid. A very minute part of it will cause un-

consciousness and the person will be dying the next instant."

USHA was startled to hear this and said, "Moorthy, are you not afraid of having such things or preparing them? I am terribly afraid. Imagine what will happen if it finds its way into our stomach by accident. Oh! please don't have them in the house or with you, either. Take them to your laboratory."

"Oh! don't imagine such things, dear," her father interposed. "It is kept in a bottle and closed in a case and why should you worry? We should really be proud of Moorthy for preparing such things. One day I expect him to be famous and his name will be in the



papers. He is a very clever man. And now, dear, it is time for you to sleep."

Usha's aunt spread the bed for her. Then the elderly woman continued her knitting work and the pup was showing the little tricks it had learnt.

MOORTHY and Narayanan were engaged in conversation and the young man told of his ambition for going abroad. His uncle was startled. "Look here, Moorthy, you have studied enough and now I am going to appoint you Manager of my firm in Madras. And soon you will be marrying Usha."

"Oh, what are you talking about, Uncle? I have already applied to foreign universities and I have been invited to Germany. Please do let me go. As for Usha, I will be marrying her as soon as I return to India."

"Shut up!" roared the old man. "You know my nature and you are wantonly opposing me. You think you can do anything you like as you have got a damned degree. You poor idiot! Don't you remember what your position was when your parents died? You betray the nature of wretches, even though you were brought up by me. Hereafter I will not be giving even a single pie for your studies!"

"But, Uncle, excuse me if I have told anything wrong. I will not be asking you money this time as I have been granted a scholarship."

The old man became furious. "You fool! Because you have got a worthless scholarship you have got the courage to flout me. What an insult! The fellow whom I have

chosen to marry my only daughter is to get money from some one, as if I am a poor, hopeless bankrupt! Moorthy, get out of my presence. Hereafter there is nothing between you and me."

Moorthy was struck dumb. By that time, Usha had got up and tears filled her eyes. Radha seemed to be sleeping undisturbed. "Usha, better compose yourself to sleep," ordered her father. She meekly obeyed him though she was weeping.

THE train halted at Arkonam. Moorthy went out with a sad face. Usha, even though she saw tears in his eyes, feared that either he would do something to himself or to her father. She remained sobbing in a helpless and pitiable condition.

She had little sleep. She heard slight noises. She saw the little pup playing with the knitting needles at that unusual hour and her aunt keenly watching it. There was no expression on her face, but she appeared to be either absorbed in something or gazing vacantly. Usha tossed on her bed and tried to sleep.

At Katpadi, Narayanan who was equally disturbed by this development, got up and had coffee and then went to sleep again. Usha watched him, but was not in a mood to speak with him.

Again, when the train was nearing Jalarpet, Usha was disturbed. She heard her father muttering something. Usha thought probably the pup had fallen on him for she still heard the pup jumping and playing about. Then she sank into a profound sleep in the small hours of the morning.

It was seven when Usha got up. The train had been delayed on its way and it was about fifteen miles from Bangalore.

The girl woke her aunt and got herself dressed. Her aunt seemed to be sleepy and Usha called her father to get up. There was no response. She shook him violently and alas! found him dead. She was unable to understand what had happened to him and Radha, when she learnt the truth, began to lament.

All the passengers in the surrounding carriages were astonished. It was daylight and so others thought that there might be a burglar inside. When the train arrived at Bangalore, a thick crowd of passengers were watching Usha and her aunt weeping bitterly over the body of Narayanan.

INSPECTOR ISWARAN, accompanied by Sub-Inspector Jani and a few constables arrived at the spot and cleared the crowd. As soon as Jani found the case was one of mysterious death, he took great precautions. Only Radha was able to answer his questions and she swore that Moorthy had killed her brother and told about the incident of last night. Usha was startled, but in her heart of hearts she thought that Moorthy could not have murdered her father.

Suddenly thinking of the poison, which Moorthy had shown, Usha took the suitcase which was open and found the deadly bottle remaining uncorked. Iswaran saw this and Radha explained its nature. The body of Narayanan was sent for post-mortem. Jani had the compartment separated and it was watched by the constables. Iswaran and Jani got in and made a thorough search.

20

"It's an unhappy thing that we should be greeted by a dead body in the morning," said Iswaran.

"But, sir," replied Jani. "I find this case is an interesting one. By the way, Mrs. Radha, can you tell me where Mr. Moorthy probably is hiding?"

"I guess he must be in the train," she said. The Inspector went along in search of him. After a time, two constables came back to report that the young man was neither in the station nor in the train.

"Don't you think it's strange, sir," asked Jani of his Chief, "that even after the news had spread throughout the station that a man by name Narayanan had died, Moorthy has not come to see the Uncle who had been once kind to him? Probably he might have got down either at Arkonam or at Katpadi."

"Oh, Jani! Remember that Moorthy has committed a murder and do you expect him to be here? We will have a warrant for Moorthy and we will easily solve the case when we get him," said Iswaran.

NOW, it should be mentioned that though Iswaran had much experience he was often hasty. Due to this disadvantage, Jani was able to solve many crimes and one can say that Iswaran was secretly jealous of him.

The pup which was sleeping got up and tried to bite Jani. It howled furiously. Radha caught it and patted it.

"A very curious doggy. Sleeps so long, doesn't it?" murmured Jani.

Usha who gained her spirits a little asked whether they could go

home. Iswaran sent them, telling that the body would be given to them in the evening for cremation.

WHEN it was about one o'clock in the afternoon, Jani got news over the telephone that Moorthy had come. It was Usha who spoke. Immediately Jani went to their house and found Moorthy weeping there.

"It's a good joke you are playing, Mr. Moorthy! You have courage enough to kill your Uncle and wisdom enough to sham sorrow in front of the relatives!" said Jani.

"Don't be rude, sir," retorted Moorthy. "If you think I have killed my Uncle, I am ready to accept the punishment and I deserve it indeed because I was so rude to him. But understand, sir, even in my dream, I'd have never thought of murdering him."

Jani took Moorthy to a private room and said, "Look, Moorthy, I am Sub-Inspector Jani, and Inspector Iswaran, who is interested in this case, is convinced that you are the murderer. And as for the proof, I can assure you that you had been to the carriage in the running train. Your shirt is torn at the side, see, and the same blue silk fibres are hanging on a nail below the last window of the carriage. Will you admit this?"

Moorthy was perplexed. He managed and said, "I admit that I had been to the carriage, but I didn't enter. I wanted to see my Uncle and Usha for the last time as I wanted to get down at the nearest station and then proceed back to Madras. I was planning to pursue my studies determinedly, but later on when I got down at Gudiyatham, I changed my mind and decided to obey my Uncle. So I caught the next train and came here only to find myself charged with the murder of my uncle."

"Mr. Moorthy, when you peeped through the window, were any of the people inside awake?"

"To my knowledge," replied Moorthy, "I don't think so. But I am not sure about Aunt as I saw her moving in the shade. Only her pup was playing."

JANI laughed and asked, "I am very interested in that pup. Does it sleep in the day only?"

"I think it sleeps only in the day," replied Moorthy.

"Now, Mr. Moorthy, as circumstantial evidence is against you, you will have to remain in the station at present. Be frank and hide nothing from us," advised Jani and sent Moorthy with two policemen to the station.

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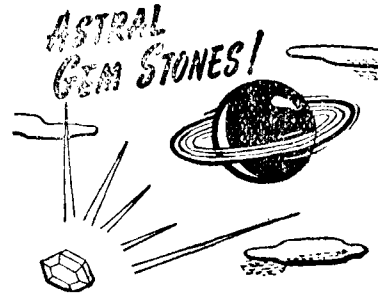
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"As far as the science of the stars is concerned, it can most certainly be shown, that the impression and perception of all astronomical phenomena, such as they appear on the earth, are to be found in the nature of sublunary things." KEPLER, *De Nova Stella in Pede Serpentarii*, Chap. 27.

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HE then called Usha into a room and said, "I am sorry to say, Miss Usha, that probably you, too, look guilty to me at present. I am suspecting each and everybody, including the pup."

"But," interrupted Usha, "I will be more relieved if I am found guilty instead of Moorthy. I am convinced that Moorthy is innocent."

"May I know who will be getting your father's property, Usha?"

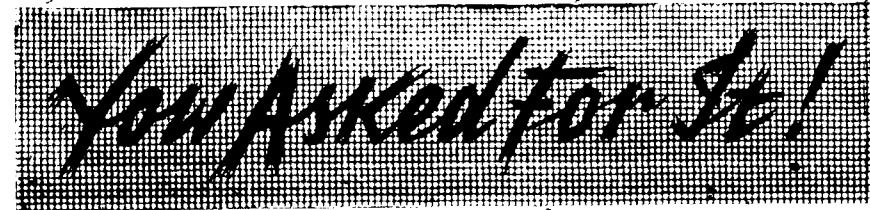
"By his will which he had declared, it goes to me," said Usha.

"And now get your mind clear. I have asked Moorthy about it and he has told me everything which may even be a string of lies. But I want you at least to be frank. Have you found any change in your aunt since last night? Or, please tell me about her hobbies and work."

"There is nothing much to tell about her. Last night she was knitting with her sharp needles and was watching that pup. She is even now carefully watching the pup and she has commenced knitting now. She is really innocent and she has no enmity towards my father. She once expressed her wish that I should marry her son Chandran, but since my father decided that I should marry Moorthy she dropped the proposal like a hot brick."

"Can you tell me what happened last night as far as you know? Don't omit even the minutest detail, which may prove later to be of great importance."

(To be concluded in next Issue)



—By K.R.S.—

T.P. Mani, Tirunelveli

Q.—What is your opinion regarding conducting "Archana" in Temples in Tamil?

A.—It's crass obstinacy to insist that "Archana" in temples should be performed in Sanskrit only. The "Archana" should be in the language which can be easily understood by the devotees. Otherwise, the "Archana" becomes merely meaningless mumbo-jumbo.

P. Dhananjaya Patro, Berhampur

Q.—Include the letter "S" in between K and R of K. R. S. Now, can you guess the name of the person who is a regular contributor to *My Magazine of India*?

A.—You think you are very clever, eh? Take it from me that K. R. S. is as different from the K. S. R. S. (K. S. Ramaswami Sastri) who is a regular contributor to the pages of this Journal as age, qualifications, experience and erudition can ever make two persons be so.

V.T. Shanmugam, Madras-12

Q.—I love a very black girl. Shall I marry her?

A.—Blackness is only skin-deep, chum. Banish the black thoughts and you will be surprised to find she has dazzling qualities which alone ensure domestic felicity.

Mohan Murari Barik, Birmitrapur

Q.—Are you going to offer yourself to the service of *Bhoodan Yagna*?

A.—Undoubtedly. Do let me know quickly who's got the lands and is willing to part with them for this poor and deserving guy.

N. Lakshminarayana, Guntakal

Q.—A rich girl is loving me which I don't like. Is there any way for me to get rid of her love?

A.—Sure, give her my address and compliments. I can afford to do some *prem dan* at the moment in return for *sampatti dan* on her part!

Narendra Jaiswal, Allahabad

Q.—Is it correct to say that a statesman thinks of the next generation while a politician thinks of the next election?

A.—You have said it, chum!

Surjet Kumar, Jullundur

Q.—Is it a fact that woman is the biggest hurdle in man's spiritual life?

A.—A hurdle can be leaped over — but far more of an obstacle is the bottomless pit of his uncontrollable monkey of a mind.

S. Achuta Rao, Kidderpore

Q.—Why is humanity going to fall into distress?

A.—Because it has nothing else to fall back upon.

N.V. Sitaram, Howrah

Q.—What is meant by dignified willingness?

A.—Inclination intended to impress.

Ardhanareeswaran, Vridhachalam

Q.—Why do we compare the bride's face with the lotus flower?

A.—Watch a lotus bud blossoming in a tank and then tell me if you don't catch the simile.

Chatti Narasimha Rao, Narsapatnam

Q.—What is meekness?

A.—Sheer inferiority complex.

Pakhandi Jha, Laheria Sarai

Q.—What is it which the haves have not which the have-nots have?

A.—Irresponsible freedom.

J.K. Sabarwal, Kotah

Q.—How many Entries have to be sent to permute fully the Clues in MYWORDS No. 43?

A.—The 11 Clues will be fully permuted in 2048 Entries.

Kansarla Adinarayana Rao, Madras-12

Q.—Can you donate me a "single tea" as a mark of respect?

A.—Sure and, as prohibition prevents otherwise, I shall drink it to your health!

YOU ASKED FOR IT! should be mentioned on top of the letters intended for this column. The views of columnist K.R.S. do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. The queries decide the answers—serious, frivolous or informative. And if the answer irritates you, remember YOU ASKED FOR IT!



I am asked: "Who are the rich, who the middle class and who the poor?"

The rich are

Those who have meat
But cannot eat;

The middle-class are

Those who can eat
When they get the meat.

The poor are

Those who can eat
But have no meat.

Why Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung?

Bandung is *bunda anga*: bind the limbs, that is, paralyse *Colonialism*, by binding the limbs of the Western Powers which intend to colonise.

Is it co-existence or extermination? Nehru's offer of one of the two to the Children of the World.

Every Nation wants co-existence while preparing for the extermination of the other side.

Rs. 100/- should be the minimum salary of a worker in India, is the

3 — 1st June 1955

demand on May Day by workers in Delhi.

But, does that minimum bestow a thought on the cost of living or size of a worker's family?

English language — how far, how much and when are fertile perennials in politics; not forgetting the pros and cons of its study and use in public life.

Fourteen students of the Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda are to go on a mountaineering expedition to Milam Glacier, 10,000 ft. high, in the Himalayas.

What about visits to some of the lovely mountain peaks and mountain scenery of the Western Ghats nearer Baroda which are described by English Novelists?

The Madras Minister in charge of Forests need not hold forth on the preservation of Animals, wild or mild to Indians.

Does he remember the teachings of Lord Buddha and the Animal Hospitals of Asoka?

Union Ministers are likened to "forwards" in a Hockey Team by Dr. Mahatab, Governor of Bombay.

What or who are the sticks? Is it the people?

* *

Harijans refuse entry to caste Hindus into their houses in a village in Dharmavaram Taluq in S. India.

Quite human and understandable, since caste Hindus shut their homes against Harijans all these centuries.

* *

We have "mobile" Dispensaries; we are getting a "Floating" Dispensary in T.C. State. Does this pave the way for a "Flying" Dispensary in the near future?

* *

Happy must Rajaji feel that he has after all got a theme upon which his restless energy could find free vent.

"Ban Nuclear Weapons," says Rajaji to the Indian Govt., "by not accepting American aid."

Great as a politician, he can never forget his lawyer's role in looking at only his view of the case he is advocating.

Mr. S.K. Patil, President, Bombay Congress Pradesh Committee, says, "Study of English should not be hindered in the interest of international good, greater knowledge and progress."

"Hate English only leads to Hate Hindi" is an excellent warning to those that love Hindi.

* *

Bhoodan is followed by Sampatdan and that is followed by Shramdan and all that will be followed by Premdan, perhaps the best of all *danam* as all can gift it.

* *

"Mango show," to be held in Bombay for the first time, is a welcome show to the young ones.

Better the Ministers for Agriculture note the fact and hold such shows, for a good sight at good mangoes is only next to enjoying them as we are taught by Thackeray.

* *

"Sarvodaya" pattern or Socialist pattern, which word is to be used for the Welfare State that is to be brought about in India?

Sri Nehru permits only the use of Socialism as he "was not quite sure we deserve to use it."

COVER PAGE STORY:

The Wayward Cousin

By "Gauranga"

SUNDARSEN was a young man of twenty-six with a handsome personality. He was tall and strong. He had captivated many a young girl's heart by his winsome figure and pleasing manners. He was a graduate and was employed in a European firm. Sundar was smart and intelligent. But he had one vice and that was regular gambling.

His parents had died in a train accident several years ago and he was their only son.

Two girls were deeply in love with him. One of them was Rita, a stenographer employed in the same firm he worked for. She was twenty-three years old and was very fashionable. She dyed her lips crimson and dabbed powder on her face. She wore stylish frocks and high-heeled shoes. And she gave herself airs.

The second was Sundar's own cousin, Rupa, who was a very shy girl. Aged seventeen, she was studying in the college. She was very pretty with natural red lips and sparkling eyes. She had an oval face and was beautiful. She was slim and slender. She always wore simple cotton sarees. She loved her cousin Sundarsen very sincerely but was too shy to confess her feelings to him. And she also knew that her parents would be furious if they came to know of her love for Sundar because they thought she was too young for all that.

Sundar dated with Rita often and went to the picture-houses

and racecourses. He fell for Rita's artificial beauty while Rupa knew nothing about her. She thought she was the only one who loved him. Whenever Rupa had any opportunity of meeting Sundar her heart would go pit-a-pat and she would simply stare at him.

Sundar was fond of his cousin but in a different manner. He almost regarded her as his little sister as he had none of his own. Whenever he saw her, he would speak to her gaily and crack jokes.

One day Rupa was returning home from her college when she met Sundar.

"Hello!" she greeted.

"Hello, Sis!" he returned the greeting.

Rupa's eyes were twinkling with joy at meeting him unexpectedly.

"Come on," he said, "let's have ice-cream."

Before she could protest he held her arm gently but firmly and led her into an ice-cream parlour. As they sat at a table Sundar said, "What news do you bring?"

Rupa shook her head, smiling.

"So our fair scholar is very busy, eh?" he remarked.

Rupa laughed shyly. Thus their brief meeting was over and as they parted he waved his hand and said, "Tell your Mummy and Daddy that I am coming over tonight."

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"Yes," she answered. She felt thrilled to have met him. She blamed herself for not having the courage to speak to him properly. He was coming to her house that night and he would bring her something for he always brought lovely gifts for her whenever he visited her. When she reached home she conveyed to her mother the news that Sundar was coming that night.

"You should have invited him to dinner," her mother said. "You know, he gets such nice things for you every time he comes here."

"I forgot, Mummy," Rupa said apologetically.

AT nine, the doorbell at Rupa's house rang in three short buzzes, a code of Sundar's. Rupa opened the door.

"Hello, Sis!" he greeted jovially.

"Come in, Sundar."

"And this is for you," Sundar said as he brought forth from his trouser-pocket a packet for her. As Sundar made himself comfortable on a sofa, Rupa ran to her room and opened the packet eagerly. It was a brand-new pocket book by one of her favourite authors.

"Oh, how lovely!" she beamed with joy and ran to her mother to show her the book.

"Did you thank Sundar for that book?" Rupa's father reminded her.

"Thank you, Sundar," Rupa said, turning to him and smiling sweetly.

"It must have cost you much," Rupa's mother commented.

"No, not at all. These pocket books are very cheap," Sundar replied.

Rupa's mother turned to her and said, "As soon as you finish with this book, mind you give it to me to read."

MANY days passed. Rupa did not meet Sundar since that night. One evening, Rupa was shopping and retraced her footsteps homeward. She carried a heavy bag full of supplies. She was staring at something in a shop when she felt the bag being pulled from her hand. She turned and saw that it was Sundar with his familiar smiling face.

"Hello, Sis!" he began in his usual manner. "Let me carry this heavy load for you." Before she could say anything, the bag was tucked safely under his arm. Together they walked along.

"I was nearby when I saw you panting and gasping with this heavy load," he said.

"You know, I was not at all panting and gasping," she said, smiling.

As they were nearing a restaurant Sundar's authoritative tone was heard saying, "Left turn! Forward March!"

They entered the restaurant and had a couple of cold drinks. He then accompanied Rupa to her house and when he had seen her home safely with her bag he went away. Rupa often wondered why Sundar was so helpful to her.

The next Sunday Rupa accompanied her parents to a cinema show. In the interval she came out and, to her great surprise and joy, she met Sundar in the lobby. A young lady was with him.

"Hello, Sis!" Sundar called. "This is Rita, one of my office stenographers."

Rupa smiled as her eyes met those of Rita for courtesy's sake. Their brief meeting was over and they went to their respective places. When the show was over Rupa thought to herself whether that office girl and Sundar were in love with each other. This thought terrified her very much. But she controlled herself and said, "It should not be! It cannot be!"

About a month passed. Rupa did not meet Sundar again.

"Why is it he is not coming to see us?" she asked herself again and again.

SHE had gone to her friend's house one day when suddenly Sundar dropped in at her house. He was received by Rupa's mother. Sundar briefly told her that he was to be married to Rita, the stenographer. Rupa's mother said she was glad that Sundar was going to marry at last and would settle down.

A few minutes after he had gone, Rupa came home. When she came to know about Sundar's visit she asked eagerly, "What was he saying?"

"He is going to be married to that Rita in his office."

"Rita?" Rupa was shocked to hear. "But, Mummy, she is not of our community!"

"What can we do?" her mother said helplessly and went on with her work.

"Mummy, did Sundar bring me anything?" Rupa asked.

"No, dear."

Rupa almost broke down with grief and said, "Yes, he forgets me just because he is going to marry some stylish steno! What do I care?"

She ran to her room and sobbed her heart out. She promised herself that she would never speak to Sundar again.

THE very next day she found him sitting on a bench in the park with his head supported on his palms.

"Hello, Sundar," she said.

"Hello," he said without looking at her.

"Sundar," she said softly, "what is troubling you?"

Sundar suddenly flared up and said, "Nothing! Go home and don't bother me. Leave me alone!"

Rupa was shocked to hear the harsh tone in Sundar's voice but she again said to him softly, "Sundar, you have never before spoken to me like this. Something is troubling your mind. Please tell me."

Sundar kept quiet. Rupa laid her hand on his arm and looked warmly at him.

"I am sorry I was harsh to you, Sis," he said turning to her. "I have been a fool. I tell you again and again I have been a damn fool. I bet money on horses and lost. Now I owe a large sum and I don't know where to procure it."

"How much do you owe, Sundar?" Rupa asked in a soft whisper.

"Seven thousand rupees!"

Rupa was stunned. But she controlled herself and told him,

"Sundar, I shall try to help you to some extent. Will you come to my house tomorrow noon, won't you?"

"You are going to help me?" he said, surprised at her offer.

Rupa smiled and said, "Yes, Sundar. I shall do my best for you."

"I will come but please don't tell any one, not a single person. Promise me," he said.

"I promise," she said, smiling sheepishly.

THE next day Rupa waited for Sundar at 2 o'clock. She sat in her room, all eagerness. The doorbell rang in three short buzzes and Sundar came in.

"Is your mother in?" he asked first.

"No, Sundar. Come in and sit down. I shall go to the room behind and return in a trice."

About fifteen minutes later Rupa came out with a bundle in her arms. She laid it on the table and untied the knots. There lay before Sundar Rupa's jewels and some cash.

"No, no, Rupa!" Sundar gasped and backed from the chair. "I cannot accept your jewels, at any cost. Please keep them. I shall try to get help somewhere else."

"You are going to accept them all," Rupa said firmly. And she put the money and the jewels in a leather bag which Sundar carried under his arm.

"You have altogether Rs. 3,000 odd in this lot," she said. "The jewels are worth Rs. 1,500 and the cash which I have saved is about Rs. 1,500."

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Sundar stared at her affectionately as he said, "Usually you accepted things from me, Sis, but now.....I shall try my best to return these as soon as possible." He then got up to go.

As he neared the door he turned to her and said, "Rupa, why do you want to help me?"

"Because I love you," she stammered out bashfully.

DAYS passed. Rupa's father casually said, "Sundar is not to be seen at all. I wonder what happened to him."

That evening he returned home and said in an alarmed tone, "I phoned Sundar's office and they told me that Sundar resigned his job there for reasons unknown. He did not tell them about his future plans. It appears he has left the city."

Rupa listened and couldn't believe her ears. She thought to herself that Sundar must have gone with her jewels and he must have married Rita by now. Two days later, Rupa received a letter from him which removed all doubts about him from her mind.

New Delhi,
3rd March, 1955.

My dear Rupa,

I am very grateful for your kind help. With the further help of another friend here, I was able to clear everything I owed. I have resigned my job in Bombay because my friend here promised me a better one. Now I am employed as assistant manager in a large firm on Rs. 500/- per month.

You might also be surprised to know that my engagement with Rita is off. Once again I am free as before. Somehow I have found out that she is not the type of girl for me.

Yours ever,
Sundar.

Rupa read the letter again and again. Her joy mingled with the tears which rolled down her cheeks. Sundar was free and she had yet the chance to get him for herself. She immediately replied to him and thereafter a regular correspondence commenced between the two cousins.

ONE day Rupa's mother asked her for the gold necklace. Rupa did not know what to say, for it was one of the few necklaces she had given to Sundar. And she had promised him that she would not tell any person about his debts. But she also never lied to her mother. Suddenly she had an idea and she said, "Mummy, I have lent it to one of my friends." She had neither lied to her mother nor betrayed Sundar's confidence in her.

Thus two years had gone by. Rupa had graduated from college and she helped her mother at home.

One night when the family was at home, the door-bell rang in three short buzzes.

Rupa's father who was engrossed in a newspaper sat upright as he heard that familiar signal.

"Is it Sundar?" he asked. Rupa ran to open the door.

"HELLO, SIS!" It was the same old jolly Sundar. He came in and sat down. Under his arm was the same old leather bag in which he had taken Rupa's jewels and money. He emptied the bag on the table and Rupa's same old jewels lay sparkling before her parents' eyes.

"What is all this?" Rupa's father spluttered.

Sundar told him everything about his debts and Rupa's ready but secret assistance to him. Then he brought out a small packet and handed it over to Rupa saying, "And this is for you, dear."

Rupa opened it with trembling hands. It was a lovely engagement ring! Before her father could ask about it, Sundar got up and slipped the ring on Rupa's finger. Then Sundar turned to Rupa's parents and said, "This means that I am robbing you of your Rupa for myself. She is no longer yours! We are going to be married, aren't we, Rupa?" he said turning to her.

She blushed. Her parents kept quiet for a while. Then they both blessed the young pair.

A month later they were married.

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GIFTS FROM THE HUSBAND!

"CHITTY," called out Leela, as she entered the garden gate. "What a long, long time you have been coming! Only a mile away."

"You are right, Leela," answered Chitty, "my uncle has come down on his way to New Delhi to press the claims of the Music Academy of his place. But he is so particular about everything being artistic and attractive that it is hard to say what might be jarring or enjoyable to his highly artistic nerves; he is so sensitive that if the baby cries out of tune, he says his musical sense would be jeopardised. You see what that means."

"So happy you have come! I wanted to tell you ever so many things," began Leela.

"Why, dear me, I see you have some very nice things, all of the latest style. When did you get them?"

"Not I, Chitty."

"Who? Your daddy?"

"Nor he."

"Come out, who got them?"

"My husband."

"Really?"

"Why not? What makes you wonder so about that?"

"Why, Leela, did you not tell me that he was rather indifferent about the home?"

"I did," answered Leela.

"Then," as Leela took Chitty to her own room, "why, your own room is quite a chic, bijou nook. You didn't tell me you were going to do all that."

"Not I. I had nothing to do with it all," assured Leela. "It is all my husband's."

"But he wasn't quite so nice."

"He wasn't," admitted Leela.

"AND if you won't mistake me, my good girl, were not his affairs far from looking up?" asked Chitty. "You were telling me that he was quite so doleful and dismal on that score and that was why he was far from pleasant these days, didn't you, Leela?"

"He was."

"Then, have things begun to look up in his business?"

"Far from it. Only a week back I gave away the title deeds of my property which I got along with my dowry."

For a moment Chitty sat thinking.

"You get along with that cup of butter milk, Chitty. Why are you suddenly plunged into deep thought?" egged on Leela.

"Any more new gifts from your husband?" asked Chitty with a searching look.

"Why, if you do want to know about that, look at this," said Leela opening her wardrobe. "These are the latest styles. These are for Prema. She wants only the best and the very best."

"You are only making things more and more puzzling," said Chitty.

"What is it that puzzles you?"

"Did your husband pay away the dues he was worried about, as you told me when last I was with you?"

"He repaid some of them," replied Leela.

"Where did he get the money?"

"YOU see, Chitty, about a fortnight back he came home from his concern and retired without a word. I got alarmed. I ran up to him. He was in his bed. I found that it was not that old complaint of his. I pressed him to tell me what worried him. After threatening him that I would not taste a bit till he did, he explained how things stood with him. I drew practically what I had in the bank and sent him next morning to his business," explained Leela.

"I see somewhat. But does that mean that all his troubles are over?"

"I just told you that after that I gave him the title deeds of my bungalow," replied Leela.

"But you have not answered my question. Has he no more troubles? That is what I want to know," pursued Chitty.

"Not exactly, Chitty."

"Then, has he got more troubles? Has he got more demands? Have you any idea of his dues?"

Leela tried to recollect things. Poor woman! She was more

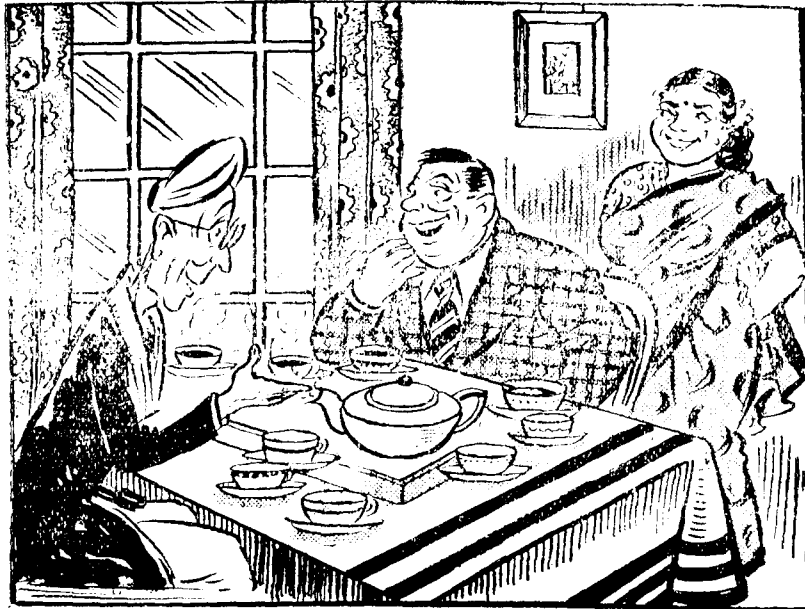
concerned about her latest things.

"I DO not know about that. But, this I can tell you. My husband was so genial last evening after our returning from the Indraprastha Picture Palace and we sat at the dining table that he looked at my necklace and diamond chain and told me that they would any day fetch half a lakh: they were of the best quality. But, I don't know why, Chitty, he tells me that, lovely as my jewels are, somehow I don't look so well with them. He says that they only disfigure me. They are good, very good ones. He says I look so lovely without jewels. He says I am one of those most adorned when least adorned. You see, he has such an eye to beauty and such a correct judgment and taste. He says, 'Leela, you are so superb when you are yourself without those trappings.' Last night, too, he made the same remark. Don't you think he just loves me for myself?"

"Now Leela, I am glad to hear you say your husband loves you. But, if you let me tell you, dear girl, I am afraid the change in your husband is deeper than mere love. His affairs are as bad as ever; you have already given him your money and your property. And now, he cannot but admire you especially when you are not decked with your jewels, which means, Leela, that you continue to be lovely without those valuable jewels. That is how I understand your husband's correct judgment in matters of style and the presents he showers upon you of late. In a word, your husband would want the jewels because they spoil your beauty and without them, he would love you the better."

By DILLAG

MEN ARE BUT CHILDREN....!



By H. S. Ramaswami Sastri

THE longer I live the more convinced I am about the truth of the great English poet Dryden's utterance that "men are but children of a large growth." Are not children eager listeners and admirers in respect of the fantastic impossible stories of Jack and the Beanstalk, Little Red Riding Hood, League-long Boots, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Andersen's Fairy Tales, Arabian Nights, Panchatantra (Fables of Bilpay as it is known in the West), Hitopadesa, Gulliver's Travels, etc.?

Even so are men. Their hunger and thirst for marvels and mysteries are insatiable. The Puranas

of ancient times, the romances of the mediaeval ages, the tall lies of Marco Polo, the detective novels and sex-aberration-fiction of today—all these gathered into a mighty and tremendous deluge of marvellous fabrications of the strange and the unusual, the impossible and the miraculous, dashing down in a cataract along the rocky river-bed of time, are not enough to satisfy the thirst of man who is after all, and fundamentally, a child though of a larger growth and though carrying in his hands atom and hydrogen bombs instead of biscuits, chocolates, ice-fruits and toy balloons of which kids are so fond.

I confess that though I am very old I am but a child of a larger growth. I am prone to linger in the land of pygmies four inches tall, the land of giants four hundred feet high, the land where bulls kill lions, the land where genii are shut up in bottles and stand from heave to earth in their full real size when released after uncorking the bottles and so on and so forth.

In fact, quite recently I was lost in the narrations of the marvellous life of Dhanalakshmi, the mystery girl of Coorg, who is said to have been living for years in full vigour and bloom without taking any food. Dr. Nesan, the scientist, realist and matter-of-fact man that he is, has been chaffing me about her saying that if she holds a *swayamvara* (self-choice by a maiden of her husband) as in the days of old, I would be a keen competitor though worn out by age.

SOME time ago he brought to me a newspaper cutting showing that the hungerless girl of Coorg eats and drinks like ordinary human beings. When I read that cutting one of my cherished illusions was murdered. Dr. Nesan was unnecessarily jubilant over that decline and fall of my illusion. He said: "I hope, Ramu, that you will get cured of the terrible epidemic of narvel-hunting and of living amidst illusions, which has weakened and softened your naturally strong mind. You have been living long enough in cloud-lands and in ivory towers. You must from today come down to the solid earth. Please give up hugging marvellous illusions to your breast and come face to face with realities."

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R. K. Madhav, Masulipatam

I FLARED up and said: "Dr. Nesan, because this case has become a soap-bubble and has burst, please do not think that all marvels are illusions. There are more things in heaven and earth, Dr. Nesan, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. A few years ago, in the presence of Sir C. V. Raman, a Hindu Yogi, Narasinghaswami by name, drank at Calcutta concentrated acids of a deadly nature including potassium cyanide.

"The whole demonstration was carried out under the strictest scientific supervision. Surely, Dr. Nesan, you will concede that Dr. C. V. Raman is a far greater scientist than yourself. Further, quite recently, Vidyavati of U. P., like the famous Shanti Devi, was able to remember, visualise and narrate all the incidents of her previous life.

"Nay, some time ago two blind persons suddenly got vision as the result of pilgrimage and devotion at Tiruvadaimarudur and Vaitheeswarankoil. Not long ago, a yogi, named Sardar Kant Singh, effected miraculous cures by gazing into the eyes of persons. He does not charge any fee for his cures. We have even now got persons who can cure deadly snake-bites by *mantras*."

Dr. Nesan said: "Ramu, you are flying off at a tangent. I do not propose to hear about and investigate all the marvels which you seem to have assiduously gathered in the course of your comparatively long life which you have lived amidst marvellous illusions and illusory marvels. We are concerned with one particular matter. Can a human being live

for months or years without food and water? I am positive that such a thing cannot be."

I retorted: "I shall give you such a marvel also, though you crow over the pricking of the Dhanalakshmi bubble. A few years ago, a *Sadhu* went to Tirukkattupalli near Tanjore and asked to be ferried over the Coleroon river. Seeing the *Sadhu's* tattered garments and apparent total poverty, the ferryman laughed outright and refused to ferry him across the river. Nothing daunted, the *Sadhu* walked on foot over the surface of the waters and crossed over to the other side while an amazed crowd of persons witnessed the marvel. The *Sadhu* reached a temple on the other bank of the river and sat there in deep meditation for months without taking any food."

Dr. Nesan said: "I have been telling you modern facts. In your turn, you give me ancient legends. Are there such cases today?"

I had no answer to give to that cynical question and kept quiet.

BUT the whirligig of time brought on a strange revenge. Three days later, I rushed to his house with that day's newspaper. It stated in its Hyderabad news column about a yogini:

"Manickamma who was reported to have not taken food or water for seven years, met Chief Minister Ramakrishna Rao and other Ministers this morning at Shah Manzil where they had assembled for a Cabinet meeting. Mr. Shankar Dev, Social Service Minister, who visited her hermitage at Seethakonda three weeks ago, introduced her to others. The twenty-year old woman, who wears

saffron robes, answered the questions put to her by writing on a slate. It is stated that hundreds of people throng her Ashram for her *darsan* every morning."

Dr. and Mrs. Nesan gave me many cups of Mrs. Nesan's famous fragrant coffee. Dr. Nesan then read the above news and said: "Ramu, it looks as if you have come to give Measure for Measure!"

[TOLD him about a yogi whom I knew and who lived for months on a few tender margosa leaves alone. I told him also about the well attested case of the Balayogi of Mummidivaram, a Harijan lad, who shuts himself up in a small hut for months without food or drink and who does not even answer the calls of nature. "The hut was surrounded by people day and night for days and days," I wound up.

Dr. Nesan looked puzzled and said: "I can understand the world outside of India but India seems to be a kind of Chinese puzzle to me. Strange things, strange animals, strange men and women seem to be attracted to India. It appears to be a home of yogis and yoginis, crocodiles, cobras and Bengal tigers. You and I may not agree about a few things but we fully agree about one thing."

I laughed and said, "Mrs. Nesan's coffee, I suppose!"

Dr. and Mrs. Nesan nodded their heads and laughed outright. ❖❖



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Miracles Of Modern Medicine

MEDICAL science during the past 50 years has virtually eliminated in many parts of the world diseases from which mankind has suffered throughout recorded history.

The latest advance is the success of the antipolio vaccine developed by the American scientist Dr. Jonas E. Salk, which promises to give medical men far greater control of poliomyelitis or infantile paralysis.

The progress that has been made during the past half century can be measured in one way by a comparison of the present life expectancy at birth with expectancy 50 years ago. The life expectancy has increased in nearly every part of the world.

Figures for the United States, for example, show that the life expectancy at birth in 1900 was about 50 years. Today the life expectancy is nearly 70 years.

Most of the progress in saving lives and thus lengthening the life-span has come as a result of controlling infectious diseases, particularly those that afflict children.

Part of the progress has come through scientific supervision of food and water supplies, the provision of adequate sanitary facilities and wide distribution among the people of health information which they can apply to their own situation. Social and economic improvements have also played a part, as has control of disease-bearing insects and rodents.

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The five principal communicable diseases of children half a century ago were Measles, Scarlet Fever, Whooping Cough, Diphtheria and Smallpox. The conquest of these diseases has been a major factor in preserving lives and lengthening the life-span throughout the world.

Measles today is moderated by using injections of gamma globulin, a fraction of the blood which was first discovered and prepared for use at the Harvard Plasma Fractionation Laboratory at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A COMBINATION of immunization by the use of serums, together with the use of antibiotic drugs, has lowered the death rates from scarlet fever to an important extent. The research of the American scientists, Dr. George F. Dick, and his wife Gladys Dick, succeeded in 1923 in isolating the streptococcus that causes scarlet fever. Dr. Dick later developed the serum that gives immunity to the disease.

Much of the danger of whooping cough has been removed by the use of a vaccine which provides immunity to the disease, and by the administration of antibiotic drugs. Chloromycetin, developed by the American scientist, Dr. Paul R. Burkholder, is the antibiotic drug that is most widely used to overcome whooping cough. The best vaccines, according to specialists, are those made by the Kendrick method, developed by the American bacteriologist, Dr.

"HEAVENS! Am I seeing aright?" I exclaimed, tugging at the sleeve of my companion, Madhav.

"Eh?" said Madhav, looking in the direction I indicated.

"Isn't that good old Paramu," I asked, pointing across the road, "stepping jauntily out of that posh car as if he owned it? Who is the dame accompanying him?"

"It is Paramu and his young wife," he said quietly.

"Eh?"

"I said he owns that car and that beautiful rich woman."

You could have knocked me down with a tooth-pick.

"Same old Paramu who had only a couple of months or so ago despaired of the means to keep body and soul together?"

"None other! Now he is rolling in money."

"Tell me all about it," I urged, feeling in the mood for a slice of the good old gossip.

"It's quite a story. You will scarcely credit it, but an ancient umbrella, which belonged to Paramu's grandpa, is at the bottom of his present good fortune."

"An umbrella!" I scoffed, a slight suspicion as to the soundness of my companion's mind creeping over me.

4 — 1st June, '55.

You know, I had only returned home that morning after being away in Calcutta for two months, so I thought I shouldn't be so darned complacent about Madhav's present mental state.

"Sounds strange, doesn't it?" he rejoined, without batting an eyelid. "Nevertheless, it's a fact. Paramu owes his present position to his grandfather's umbrella which, of course, ceased to be an umbrella after the accident....."

"Accident?" I butted in, and promptly became all ears. My

interest had been thoroughly roused now, you see.

WELL, said Madhav, I'll begin at the beginning, anyway. About a couple of months ago, if you remember, Paramu's old parents had given it up as a hopeless job trying to keep the wolf from the door. They had by now ceased to regard Paramu in the light of a potential bread-winner and reluctantly reconciled themselves to the fact that their only son was a chump of the first water. The only one of the family who wasted any affection on him was his grandfather, a cast-iron optimist.

One evening it came about that a slight rain was falling just as Paramu was preparing to go out. But the

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And old man wouldn't let him go out in the rain.

"You'll catch your death of cold, Paramu," warned the old gentleman.

"Oh, it's nothing, grandpa," laughed Paramu, turning to the gate.

"Wait, Paramu, you might at least take my umbrella, if you must go."

PARAMU hesitated. You know, he was well aware that the old man's umbrella, while perfectly harmless to the world at large,

wasn't much use against the rain. It was so full of holes that, looking up through it, you could get a clear idea of a starry sky even when there were no stars. Mind you, I am not saying anything against its usefulness as food and shelter to legions of moths, cockroaches and others of the insect world. I own that, maybe, the moths had been looking upon it as a source of an everlasting feast, and perhaps the cockroaches had found it a convenient breeding-ground and raised large families therein. But still, viewed in the light of a protection against the



rain, it was absolutely useless. So, naturally, Paramu was not overjoyed at the idea of spreading it over his head. Nevertheless, just to humour the old man, he agreed to take it with him. Well, it was fortunate, anyway, that he did, or it would have made all the difference to his future.

OUT on the road, Paramu hadn't walked a dozen yards before the rain started to come down in a huge cataract. He made an attempt to put up the umbrella. But it seemed to resent this effort. Obviously it had counted on spending its remaining days in peaceful inactivity and didn't like being suddenly called into active service like this. While Paramu was wasting his time coaxing the umbrella, the rain was doing its dreary best to soak him through. The umbrella continued to be obstinate.

"But Paramu was giving battle in truly heroic fashion and the umbrella, fed up with the whole



business, at last changed tactics and opened. And no sooner had it opened than a battalion of cockroaches, as if they had just been waiting for the signal of attack, charged out and on to his body and started to turn him into their future abode. However, Paramu freed himself from this menace promptly and finally succeeded in getting the umbrella up and over his head.

It was raining cats and dogs by now, and a strong wind was blowing. The umbrella, with all the holes it abounded in, was keeping at least some portion of the water out. So Paramu stuck to it like glue. But presently the wind grew stronger, and the umbrella seemed suddenly possessed of a desire to soar up to the skies. And Paramu was determined not to permit it to soar. The result was a tug-of-war, the outcome of which was unpredictable. The umbrella was obviously leaving no stone unturned to get rid of Paramu, and Paramu, apparently, was sparing no efforts to impress on it the value of being a friend in need. The issue hung in the balance.

But the very next moment the matter was taken out of his hands. Just as he was turning the corner of the street leading into the main road, a sudden, strong gust from the east caught him on the small of the back, and the umbrella, snatching victory from the jaws of defeat, shot out of his hands and took to wings. At this moment there proceeded from a few yards ahead of him a babble of voices. "Stop him!" cried an excited voice. "Catch him!" yelled another. A cyclist was racing madly up from the same direction as if pursued by the very devil.

Paramu's umbrella flew right into this bloke and stayed put round his neck, having very nearly decapitated him. And the next moment, the stunned fellow, losing vision completely, dashed into Paramu, bike and all, and the whole outfit then went crashing into what turned out to be one of the foulest gutters of the city. When Paramu climbed out of it he saw that quite a little crowd had gathered round the scene of accident.

"Stout fellow," said one of the crowd, regarding Paramu with wide-eyed admiration.

"Knocked him down with your umbrella, eh?" cried another, eyeing the battered umbrella as if it were King Arthur's sword or something. "Swell job!" he said.

PARAMU blinked. He couldn't make head or tail of what the two blighters said. And he was all the more at sea when he saw the fellows collaring and dragging away the cyclist, who now looked as if he had recently been mixed up with typhoons, water-spouts and

other acts of God. The crowd seemed to have doubled itself in the meanwhile, and, while most of them looked disappointed at the removal of the cyclist from the scene, quite a goodish few were looking at Paramu as if they thought he was the next best and might be relied upon to provide something in the way of wholesome entertainment for the masses. For a couple of minutes Paramu stood where he was, actually shedding tears over the remains of his grandpa's umbrella.

PRESENTLY, a stately-looking old man pushed his way through the crowd and, coming up to Paramu, started to fawn on him.

"I am extremely grateful to you, young man," he informed Paramu.

"Eh?"

"I admire your courage."

"You couldn't do better," mumbled Paramu dazedly, wondering what on earth was the old fellow babbling about.

"I don't know how to thank you.

You have saved me from a loss of eighty thousand rupees."

"Eighty thousand rupees!" bleated Paramu, slowly coming to the conclusion that the old man was a bit crankish.

"Yes. The thief, you know, posed as a customer and pinched from my shop a diamond

(Continued on page 89)



CONSTABLE (to friend): "I tell you this, everything in this world is upside down!"

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.



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

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

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

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

State birth details or Letter writing time.

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

In Lighter Vein:

The Feline Tribe

LET me be candid and confiding, I have no love for cats. Nay, I detest them. Their very miaows are enough to make me purse up my lips, pucker my eyebrows and invoke vile imprecations on the feline tribe wherever it may be found.

Nor does the colour of their skin make any difference in my viewpoint. Black Cats are downright blackguards with an unmistakable mischievous look about them. White Cats are white-washed scoundrels, every atom of their physical composition proclaiming hypocrisy and foul deceit. Brown Cats are pious frauds, simulating simplicity but harbouring perfidy of the worst description. And you almost exhaust feline species.

But my manifest antipathy to this ubiquitous tribe of quadrupeds does not prevent them from making nocturnal, even daylight, depredations into my kitchen and doing me incalculable disservice and showing much distemper to boot, when sometimes they are caught unawares in the act of pilfering.

Whether S. P. C. A. prevents cruelty to Cats or not, the *Shastras* and superstitions vie with one another in tabooing even the slightest injury that would result in the cat losing one streak of hair from

its body. The cats must have known this, else they would not dare to do so much mischief.

SPEAKING about cats, one necessarily lands on rats. A neighbour of mine whose house was a Hamelin with rats of all descriptions indulging in all kinds of pranks and devastations known to them, bought a cat, fed it with a lot of milk and provided all creature comforts with the intention of doing away with the rodent species through its help. But the well-fed cat had unlearned or forgotten the art of rat-catching and more rats came to the abode!

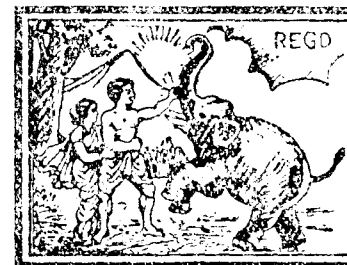


.... depredations

Yes, as rat-catching agents, cats have failed and failed miserably. As pets they are, in my opinion, absolutely good-for-nothing. In the City of Madras which has always a soft corner for these

By R. Bangaruswami

Nectar
of Life



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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 Joys of 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.**

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We receive many Appreciations every day like the following:—

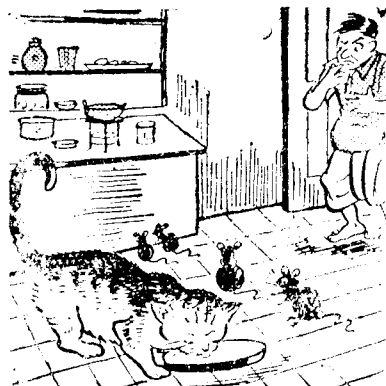
The Best True Tonic.—I have used your medicine "BHEEMA-VEER". In my opinion I can boldly say that all you have said in your pamphlet is more than true. It is a fact that my nervous weakness has been cured completely. It is the best of its kind anywhere. (Sd.) M.L. HASSAN, Delhi.

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

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

31, NORTH MADA STREET, MYLAPORE, MADRAS—4

eternal creatures, one found that in the worst days of Ration and Control they lived a sumptuous, care-free life, belonging to nobody and yet managing to live in comfort in everybody's house.



His house ... a veritable Hamelin.

You may wonder wherein lies the secret of their glorious existence? If I may venture to guess, it is in the partiality shown by the better, the softer, the more expensive sex to this pestilential brood. They shower on cats all their affection. The more the affection showered the greater the demand for it grows. Some girls even allow these sleek creatures to eat from their own plates and drink from their own cups!

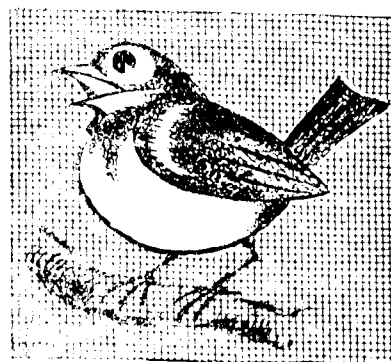
MRS. BUMBLE in *Oliver Twist* represents the views of her sex when she says: "I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can't think. They are so happy, so frolicsome, so cheerful, that they are quiet companions for me."

Man—as a general rule—bears no love for cats. He is more canine-minded than feline-minded, delighting more in hearing a bark or a growl than an uneasy non-descript shrill muttering *miaow*. Occasionally if he is not more

canine-minded he is more rat-minded. Look at the famous picture of Adam and Eve by Durer—Eve with a cat and Adam with a rat. Sometimes, however, he makes an exception in favour of wild cats. Indeed, they are beautiful and glorious, giving a full-blooded shriek and not a wishy-washy *miaow*. They possess another virtue. They hide during day-time and don't bother you with their mischievous, thieving proclivities. Even during nights they haunt vacant houses and rarely come to living habitations. Their fur is decidedly more useful

I RECENTLY stumbled on a pack of wild kittens! What a happy company they were, playful and frolicsome! They stared at me as though it was for the first time they had come in contact with a strange animal, and a human biped. But they had no time to stand and stare. They had nothing to do with the human species. They darted out and vanished into thin air, and out of my existence altogether.

But not so would the ordinary brand of kittens. I wish Nature would soon abhor them and make them an extinct species—as extinct as the Kiwi or the dodo.



A BUSINESS man signed a new fire insurance policy and that night his factory was burned to the ground. The company suspected fraud, but had no proof. The only thing the manager could do was to send the policyholder the following note:

"Sir,—On the twenty-third of the month you took out an insurance policy at 10 a.m. and your fire did not break out until 7 p.m. on that day. Will you kindly explain the delay?"

Correction

"You know," said a young know-all to a farmer, "your methods of cultivation are years out of date. I should be surprised if you made £10 out of that field of oats."

"So would I," came the warm reply, "it's barley."

So Clever

Porter: "A man got into your car and drove away with it, sir."

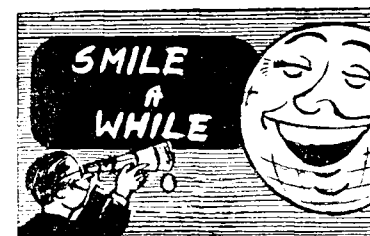
Owner: "What was the thief like?"

Porter: "I didn't notice, sir—I was busy taking the number of the car."

Good Point

"Mary, we have been married three weeks and the hole in my trousers is not darned yet."

"That has nothing to do with me. That belongs to your bachelor days."



PERSISTENCE

questioning during the days when the grounds of the country mansion were open to the public had driven the old gardener to exasperation, and he

boiled over when, as he was planting some saplings, a hearty individual breezed along with: "Ah! What sort of trees are you planting there!"

The old gardener straightened his back and almost shouted: "Wooden ones."

Purpose Explained

Telephone Operator: "Number, please."

Professor: "4711."

Operator: "But, sir, that is your own number."

Professor: "Yes, I want to talk to myself."

The Difference

She had taken her husband shopping, and when she saw him gazing rapturously at a beautiful mannequin she was angry.

She threw down the frock she had been inspecting and grabbed her husband by his coat-sleeve.

"Herbert, you never look at me like that!"

"No. But then, you never look like that yourself."

Talking of the Dead

"How's business?"

"Kindly remove your hat when you speak of it."

A THRIFTY man went to a lawyer for advice. After the interview the man ran into an acquaintance and told him about it.

"But why spend money on a lawyer?" asked the other. "When you sat in his office, did you see all the law books there? Well, what he told you, you could read in those books."

"Right enough," admitted the advice-seeker, "but that lawyer — he knows what page it's on."

More Like Mother

"Daddy, I got top marks at school for dictation."

"You get more like your mother every day."

Doubtful

Governor of Prison (to recaptured convict): "Out with it, man. How did you effect your escape?"

Distressed Convict: "Well, sir, me young wife sent me a file concealed in a cake, and I'm not sure now whether I ate the cake, and sawed me way out with the file, or ate the file and sawed me way out with the cake."

To Go Again

Little Emily had been to school for the first time.

"Well, darling, and what did you learn?" asked her mother, on Emily's return.

"Nuffin," sighed Emily, hopelessly. "I've got to go back tomorrow."

A SOLICITOR was walking along the Strand when he met a friend to whom he had recently given some simple legal advice, and to whom he had sent his usual sizeable bill.

"Nice day, isn't it?" remarked the friend, and then added, hastily: "But I'm not asking you; I'm telling you."

Anxious Enquiry

McGrab was interviewing his intended father-in-law.

"I've come to ask you for your daughter's hand," he said.

"All right," said the old gentleman, "that's fixed, then."

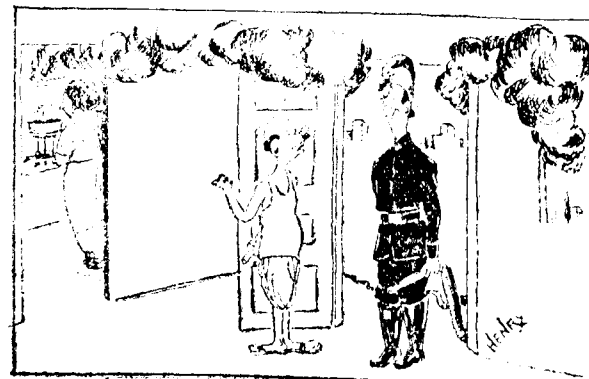
"Do her diamond rings go with it?" asked McGrab, anxiously.

No Hope

The vicar overtook one of his parishioners, a tradesman, after service, and remarked:

"I hope you derived profit from the service this morning?"

"Sir," returned the other, "I drop business on Sundays, and attend church with no hope of profit!"



"Oh, no! There's no fire around here—it's my wife doing her cooking in the kitchen."

TWO small ears heard about the Bishop of Birmingham's support of the theory that man had evolved from an ape-like stock. Shortly afterwards the owner of the ears was at the Zoo with his father.

After watching the light-hearted antics of the monkeys for some time, the youngster said:

"Daddy! Fancy all these poor monkeys having to be bishops!"

Felicitous Expression

He had backed three winners in the afternoon, and, to celebrate the fact, rang up his bookmaker.

"What is the matter?" asked the busy layer of odds.

"Well," remarked the joyful punter, in the best accent of the phone operator, "I'm sorry I've been trebled!"

HE had returned from a business visit to London, and was relating to his wife his many interesting experiences.

He said, "On one occasion I went into one of the biggest pubs for curiosity."

"How much does curiosity cost a glass?" asked his wife.

Successful Result

"My fiancée said four months ago that if my book was a success the wedding bells would ring."

"And the book is a great success?"

"Yes, a wonderful success."

"And are the wedding bells going to ring?"

"They have rung — she married my publisher."



CITY SCENE

160131

Gleanings

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!

IS there such a thing as lasting love at first sight? Does the ardent young man who tells the pretty girl of his choice that he "fell for her" directly their eyes met really mean what he says, or is he usually telling a "white lie?"

Springtime is ringtime every year but this year an American psychologist has shocked many lovers by declaring that there's no such thing as love at first sight.

Shame on him! He's a bachelor, of course.

There are thousands of happily married couples all over the world who could unhesitatingly testify that they fell head over heels in love on the very first day they met each other, writes Ashly Brown in *Tit-Bits*.

Terribly Bored

In fact, there are even instances of romantic young men and women who fell in love with each other's photographs or voices before they saw one another in person.

Why, there's an Englishman who fell desperately in love while sitting in a cinema — with a lovely girl 5,000 miles away!

Yes, in those pre-war days he had a farm in Tanganyika where he worked extremely hard. But he often felt terribly lonely, terribly bored.

He'd never been in love, had never met a girl who took his fancy. Often he would make his lonely way in the evening to a cinema in the nearest town. It was a ramshackle old place, but the films helped him a little to conquer his boredom.

Girl in the Crowd

One spring evening, feeling more than usually lonely, he went to the cinema in his car. It was showing, among other films, an old newsreel; and one of the items showed scenes at some Joan of Arc anniversary celebrations in the ancient city of Rouen. Idly, the handsome young farmer watched.

Then suddenly his heart beat faster as his eyes gazed upon the prettiest young woman he had ever seen in his twenty-four years.

She was among the crowd watching some dancing. Her face was so sweet, her expression so innocent and her shapely figure so attractive that he watched her fascinated — for perhaps a quarter of a minute. Then he saw her no more.

Tantalizing Glimpse

He spent a sleepless night, thinking of the girl and the strange fascination that brief glimpse of her held in his thoughts. He realized that he was in love with

her — with an unknown French girl who, for all he knew, might be married.

Every evening that week he went back to the cinema just to enjoy that tantalizing glimpse of the young woman. As he worked on his small farm he tried vainly to banish thoughts of her, but they kept flooding back.

He knew what he must do. He must go to Rouen and find her — somehow. But work on the farm was urgent, so reluctantly he decided to wait until the Rouen celebrations the following year before going to seek her.

Three Days Later

The festival spirit was in full swing when he eventually arrived in Rouen, more eager than ever to find the beautiful girl who had haunted his dreams ever since his first sight of her in the newsreel.

Hurriedly he unpacked his bag and then set off wandering the streets in the almost vain attempt to encounter her.

Three days later he was still looking for her. He had almost abandoned hope when he saw her — standing amid a group of people in the market-place. In real life



A machine which enables a normal person to talk to the deaf and the blind has been developed in Britain and will shortly go into production. The machine, called "Arcaid", resembles a small portable typewriter and easily fits into a leather case about the size of a woman's handbag. When the operator presses a letter on the keyboard a set of small pins brings up its Braille notation under the finger of the blind-deaf reader. In this picture a blind and deaf woman (right) is reading the Braille notations produced by a welfare officer attached to the Manchester Institute for the Deaf. Mr. A. R. Cooper, controller of the North-western region of the British Electricity Authority, is the inventor of the "Arcaid" and a non-profit making trust has been formed to handle the production and sales of the machine.

she looked lovelier than even he could have imagined.

Wedding Bells At Last

He ventured to speak. She smiled sweetly. Then she looked incredulous as he stammered his strange story. She was the daughter of a cafe proprietor in the city. Something about this serious young man impressed her and she agreed to meet him again that evening.

For her, too, love dawned as they sat sipping wine and listening to an orchestra in a Rouen cafe.

They married three months later and to-day are the proud parents of two children. Their romance—the romance that started through a bored young man seeing a lovely girl in a newsreel—will never fade, they tell their friends. For them both it was a case of love at first sight.

What Horse Did!

So it was for another young couple—Edna Curry and Edward Purnell, of south-east London. A horse brought them together—twelve-year-old Celia belonging to Edward.

One day the horse fell ill with pneumonia and was not expected to live. Edward despaired of saving her life. A neighbour mentioned the horse's illness to Edna, who, being devoted to animals, called and offered help.

The moment the couple met they both knew they were in love. Between them they nursed the old horse back to health. And at their wedding the horse was the "guest of honour."

For Twelve Years

Living in a Rio de Janeiro street was a very pretty schoolgirl. Next

door lived a good-looking, dark-haired young man. They often looked at each other over the garden wall but he was very shy and never spoke to her.

This went on for twelve years, both of them knowing they were in love, but neither speaking. He seemed very much older to the schoolgirl, so she despaired of his ever returning her love. In fact, he was only eight years her senior.

Fate in the shape of a good job took the young man to Britain. This separation made him realize he could not live without her. He summoned enough courage to write, saying: "I have loved you ever since I first saw you. Please come to London and marry me. I long for you."

She went, getting a job as a ballet dancer. They met and were married within three weeks. Friends call them an "ideal couple."

A Fortune Awaits!

Mademoiselle Anna Delphine Orlay died at Termonde in Belgium. She died peacefully and quietly as she had lived, and it was not until her will was read that it was discovered that this modest, retiring woman had left a fortune of 50,000,000 francs, writes Oscar Ray in *English Digest*.

Mlle. Orlay was a woman of orderly mind. In the room in which she was found dead, her will was prominently placed, as also were receipts from the bank showing the amount of her fortune.

"I give and bequeath to my brothers and to my nephew Edward the interest on my estate amounting to 50,000,000 francs, to be shared equally among them," wrote the testatrix.

"After the death of my brothers, I desire my nephew Edward to be my sole legatee.

"In the event of his predecease, I bequeath his portion to his legitimate descendants.

Vain Search

"In the event of there being no descendants, then ten years after the death of my brothers, my estate shall be divided among my natural heirs to the twelfth degree."

Hardly had one year passed after the death of this pious woman, when the first provision of the will was fulfilled: her two brothers died without issue. As to the nephew Edward, the executors searched for him in vain. Edward was not to be found.

He had decided to go abroad. Traces were found of him in England and later in America. It appeared that he had embarked under a false name for Australia, and then all trace of him was finally lost.

No Answer

What had become of him? Had he suddenly decided to change his destination *en route*? Had he adopted yet another identity? Was he dead? There is still no answer to these questions.

Is it possible that he simply settled in some part of Australia? Is it possible that on his far-off soil he is dragging out a hard and miserable existence?

And all this time a fortune of 50,000,000 francs, with interest accruing, has been awaiting him.

Where is Edward? Why does he not come and seek the inheritance left to him by his affectionate aunt?

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Kanpur—Vabro Aggarwal, Meston Rd.
Ludhiana—Rundun Pharmacy, Jai Singh Bros.
Lucknow—King Medical Hall, Gupta Med. Store, Central 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.
Moughyr—Kalyan Medical Hall, Batwan Bazar
Mysore—T. C. Natraj & Co., Chemists.
Nagpur—Amrut Pharmacy Ltd.
Nawan Sher Doaba—Dr. Asanand & Sons
Patna—Popular Med. Hall, Sen Pharmacy
Philaur—Dr. Bhulla Ram & Sons
Poona—N. Mahadeo & Co., Near City, P.O.
Raipur—C.P. Med. Store, Bajrang Med.
Simla—D.R. Vohra & Co. [Store
Secunderabad—C. Mool Chand & Sons
Surat—Dalal Bros., Chemists, C.N. Bros.
Sholapur—Pioneer Pharmacy
Saharanpur—A. Kitchner & Co.

STENO HOUSE AGENCY, AMRITSAR

the tribunal which was occupied with the dispensation of this fortune confided to a committee of three the duty of compiling a list of the natural heirs within these limits.

4,760 Heirs!

It was necessary to search 2,000 civil registers. It was a delicate, interminable task which took the searchers back through four centuries. The result of this monumental task was the compilation of a family tree which, when the sections were placed together, composed a scroll nearly 100 yards long.

Thanks to this tree—or more properly speaking, to this forest—the list was finally made up. It contained the names of 4,760 heirs spread about in England, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Canada, the United States, Japan and even in Turkey.

All strata of society and all the professions and trades figured in it. By the side of university professors were the names of agricultural labourers, priests, actors, nuns, all having among them this one common tie, relationship with the Anna Delphine Orlay who died in Belgium.

Perfect Delirium

As if the task was not already sufficiently complicated the news of this share-out began to spread, and the heirs became seized with a perfect delirium of excitement. New and ever new claims and protests began to pour in.

The prospect of having a share in a fortune of 50,000,000 francs intoxicated the various relatives. Losing all sense of shame, the claimants revealed secrets, brought forward the most intimate letters,

admitted illegitimate births, shameful ties of relationship. Rivalries sprang up, friends disagreed, all to take a bite at this cake and the pieces thus nibbled began to grow the smaller, and to shrink.

All this excitement would come to an end if Edward Orlay should return and present himself as the sole heir to the entire fortune.

But where is Edward?

Birth Without Pain

"All certified midwives will shortly be issued with Trilene inhalers for use in confinements," a recent news item informs us.

This is the latest step in the long trail towards painless childbirth which has been pursued steadily for a century.

Some years after chloroform was discovered, the suggestion was made that it could be used to relieve women during delivery. The suggestion was an unpopular one until Queen Victoria, who had suffered severely in a confinement, insisted that the next time she would have her baby under chloroform, writes a doctor in the *Evening News*, London.

"Twilight Sleep"

Chloroform was then regularly used as a routine right up to the 1920s, when a drug called scopolamine, which produced a condition poetically called "twilight sleep," became almost a craze. This did not last very long.

The next big step was the introduction of what is called the gas-air apparatus, which is still widely used. Now Trilene is superseding it.

Trilene is the stuff used in "dry" cleaning. In a purified form it is a very efficient anaesthetic. It can be used by the patient. Its great advantages are that only minute quantities are necessary; It is quick-acting and its effect is much more lasting than that of gas.

Muscle Relaxation

Apart from anaesthetics there have been many other techniques for allaying the pain of childbirth. Hypnosis has been sporadically used for this purpose for over a hundred years. In many cases it can work perfectly. But it depends too much on the patient's co-operation to be of general application.

Then there is a technique of complete muscle relaxation which has been strongly advocated. Its results, too, depend on the patient.

Confidence: the Keynote

Recently the drug methyl pentynol (the fear-deadener), has been used to considerable extent and with success to give the patient confidence during confinement.

And there we have the keynote, confidence.

It is the old story of the mind ruling the body. Disease and malformation apart, fear and wrongly directed effort are the chief causes of unnecessary pain at confinements. It is therefore essential to banish any thought of fear of an impending abnormal process.

There are only two more considerations. Plenty of healthy exercise during pregnancy, and, when the time comes, performance of what the experts present tell you to do.

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With common sense and the new Trilene inhaler there is absolutely no need for any confinement to be the least painful.

When the Earth Quakes

When Princess Margaret was visiting Trinidad a little while ago her hostess, Lady Rance, the Governor's wife, took the precaution of asking the island's "earthquake man" to inform her at once if he had the slightest reason to think an earthquake would take place.

No earthquake took place, but the scientist kept a specially keen watch on his seismograph during the royal visit. Normally, it registers at least one small tremor every day.

U.S. Observatory

One of the finest of all earthquake "observatories" is at Fordham University in the U.S.A. There a deep underground vault blasted out of bedrock houses nine delicate machines which can record the vibrations of earthquakes or tremors anywhere on earth, writes a British weekly.

One seismograph magnifies about one hundred thousand times. When it was installed some time ago it began to record vibrations the scientists had never realized existed.

Each of these seismographs has a pendulum which sends a light beam to a roll of photographic paper on a rotating drum anchored in bedrock. In this way no resistance is incurred by the paper and recordings are 100 per cent. accurate.

Expensive Hobby

Earthquake spotting can be an expensive hobby, but more and more men and women are taking it

up. A good seismograph may cost £1,000, if an earthquake man is not able to make his own instruments.

The late Mr. J. J. Shaw, for years the world's best known individual recorder of earthquakes, had instruments installed in the cellar of his Midland home so accurate and sensitive that not only could they record tremors at the other end of the world, but they could also cut out vibrations from heavy traffic twenty yards away.

Human Seismograph

If an earthquake occurred anywhere when he was in bed, an alarm bell connected to the instruments rang in his bedroom. Said Mr. Shaw: "There's a strange fascination in being awakened in the night by a bell set ringing by an unseen force—a movement of the earth's crust thousands of miles away."

Another kind of "earthquake man" was Mr. Frank V. Jefferies, who claimed that when earthquakes occurred his body recorded the tremors. "I have felt tremblings running, as it were, through my whole body followed later by reports in the newspapers that an earthquake of some severity has occurred," he said.

He believed that when science progresses farther it will be found that the human body is far more sensitive to the forces operating around the earth than we realize at present.

Can't Say!

"What is the date?"

"I don't know, but look on the newspaper you have in your pocket."

"That is no use — it is yesterday's."

FACTS FOR FARMERS

Controlling Sugarcane Root Borer

The practice of harvesting sugarcane by digging it out has not only been found to add to the total yield, but also found to keep down the root borer attack to a great extent. The root borer, a common sugarcane pest, severely damages the cane crop in the early stages. The central shoot dries up and shows a greyish white colour. When damage is serious, the crop is lost.

Where digging out the cane crop is not practicable, the cane should be harvested by cutting it as close to the ground as possible. The stubbles left in the field should be removed and destroyed so as to kill the borer hiding in them. Wherever the pest is serious, agricultural experts also advise that farmers discontinue raising the rotten crop.

Protein-Rich Food Essential for Feeding Chickens

Proteins are essential for young growing chickens. Poultry specialists point out that unless chickens are fed with protein-rich food they do not make satisfactory growth. As cereals are somewhat deficient in proteins special foods rich in proteins should be given.

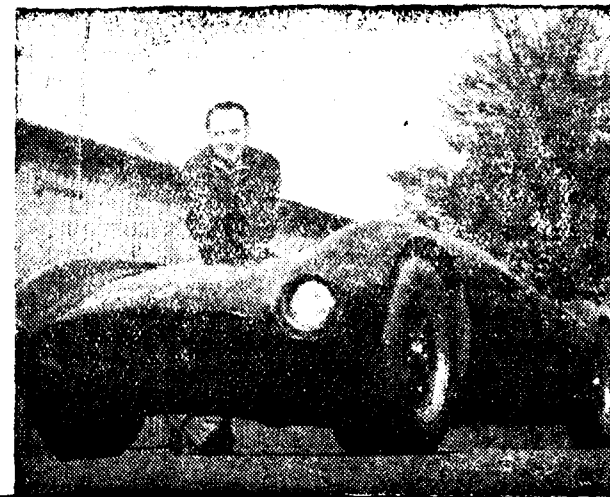
Separated milk or buttermilk solves this problem. If chickens are given either of these in place of water, there would be no need to look for other protein foods. Meat offal (intestines of animals from the

slaughterhouse) also gives excellent results. The meat offal should be chopped and cooked for an hour before it is fed with the mash. Feed chickens with ample cut green food every day from one week onwards, and also limestone grit or oyster-shell from two days onwards for getting good results.

Compost Is A Good Manure

Compost, whether produced on the farm or brought in from town depots, is a good organic manure, and is best applied to the soil at the time of preparatory cultivation. The dose of the manure to be applied to the fields varies with the intensity of cultivation, but, generally, ten to twenty cartloads (one cartload is equal to about 1,000 lb. of manure) are found to be adequate per acre of irrigated land. Where rainfall is between 20 and 50 in., four to eight cartloads per acre have been prescribed, and when it is less than 20 in., two cartloads have been found sufficient.

Compost manure is rich in organic matter, but is poor in nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. Farmers are advised to supplement it, wherever necessary, with nitrogenous and phosphatic fertilizers. Where intensively cultivated crops like vegetables, potatoes, rice or sugarcane are grown, it is profitable to use nitrogenous supplements, such as ammonium sulphate or oil cake. Compost manure supplemented with extra nitrogen, phosphate and potash gives good results for such fruits as banana, citrus and mango.



A new racing car with an overall height of less than two feet, designed by Mr. Eric Brando (seen here), will have its first race in the British Racing Drivers' Clubs Empire Trophy race at Oulton Park, Cheshire. The car, named "Halseylee," after the telegraphic address of Mr. Brando's business, has a 1,100 c.c. engine, and a weight of under 9 cwt. and is expected to reach 120 m.p.h.

Girl Who Planned!

THE girls were in the fair. They had come on foot. Not that they had no money to hire a cab as others did, but Indra, the eldest sister, would not spend even a pie that way. All the three sisters had had money enough given them by their father, and they could use it in the fair as they pleased.

Shanta and Brinda reluctantly followed Indra's instructions regarding their trip to the fair, but further than this they did not care to heed her. Whereas the eldest girl contented herself with seeing the sights, the other two started buying this and that to eat. As women often do, their mother had taken along home-made sandwiches with potato curry and pickles. This Indra ate and washed down her meal with a glassful of plain water.

Shanta and Brinda wondered why their sister had so sealed her purse. Their mother also shared the same feeling. Their amazement grew when they noticed that, whereas previously Indra would spend any amount to have one or the other plaything or sweet for the baby, this time though the kid asked for a toy she was placating him with only empty words.

They also recalled that some days earlier Indra had expressed her keen desire for a ride in the merry-go-round. Yes, there was one in the fair and, as the machine operated, a number of wooden horses whirled round and round with their riders bobbing up and down. The three sisters stood watching the scene with ecstatic

thrills. Shanta and Brinda could not resist the temptation. Indra laughed and danced merrily as her sisters went round and round seated on the wooden horses with their saffron sarees streaming gaily behind. But when they asked her to join in, Indra shook her head and turned her face saying, "I've no stomach for such a sport."

≡ By M.L. PEACE ≡

A FEW minutes later, the party moved on to a stall where Hindi books were on view for sale. Shanta burst out, "Oh, here is a book on Rana Partap." She picked it up and handed it to Indra. Eyes widening with joy, she turned over the leaves, feasting vividly upon the coloured plates but at last she put it down on the plank of the stall. Brinda's reaction was one of profound bewilderment inasmuch as the eldest sister, who a few days back was eagerly in search of such a book, now felt so cold about it as not to buy it. The reason was, as she guessed, that Indra was loth to spend any money.

Chaperoned by their mother, the girls moved on from stall to stall. Shanta and Brinda bought ribbons and tinsel things that struck their fancy, but Indra would not so much as untie the knot of her handkerchief which contained ten rupees in hard cash. "You've turned pinchpenny overnight!" taunted Shanta. But the

eldest sister's reply was just a faint smile.

BEFORE the sun came to its zenith the party returned home. At the tonga stand there was a discussion. While their mother was neutral the girls debated. Shanta and Brinda wanted to hire a vehicle. But Indra would only go on foot. At last the mother interposed saying, "With the day waxing hot it would not be easy for me to walk with the baby in my arms." Indra promptly

took over her baby brother in her arms. She walked off pointing at dozens of young girls and boys going on foot. "Why pay exorbitant fares for only a mile's ride from here to our home?" she remarked. The rest followed, muttering and showing looks of distaste in their faces.

WHILE the mother kept to herself Shanta and Brinda could not help talking about the strange stinginess that had come upon their sister. Why was she putting by her money? Was she building up her own dowry? Such were questions that puzzled the two sisters who were following at some distance behind Indra.



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—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.

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THE MESMERIST
MESMERIC HOME, MASULIPATAN

On reaching home, both the sisters told their father about Indra's stingy ways. He turned to the eldest daughter with an inquisitive look. She bashfully lowered her eyes. The father asked her to clear the mystery.

Indra smiled and said, "I intend to send my savings to the National Plan Loan that has recently been floated, father."

"That is a good idea," said the father heartily. "But this sum is too small to be accepted. Isn't it so?"

"Never mind. I must send it, come what may," countered Indra.

At this Brinda interposed, "You mean to earn interest?"

"Interest or no interest, I take it as an opportunity to serve our Motherland," was Indra's prompt reply.

THE girls' father became thoughtful with his chin cupped in his palm. Indra was silent while the other two girls went on saying this or that in a taunting vein. At last, he broke out, "Look here, this loan is going up by leaps and bounds, because everybody feels that Bharat should not depend on foreign aid to carry out her welfare schemes. Foreign aid, whatever may be said in its favour, ultimately means the surrender of our dignity as a free nation."

Before evening a sum of two hundred rupees was sent to the local branch of the Reserve Bank in the name of Indra as a contribution to the National Plan Loan. Soon news of this event spread all round. Early the following day girls of A. O. High School to which Indra belonged organized a committee and carried on a drive for small savings. Indra had become a heroine overnight. ❀

WRAPPER OF THE WORLD!

JUTE is one of the most important industrial fibres grown in the world today. This "wrapper of the world", as it is commonly called, is used in many ways besides the making of sacks. By itself or mixed with other fibres, it goes into the manufacture of such articles as linoleum and carpet backing, upholstery, roofing felts, ropes, cordage and string.

Although ancient Greek, Egyptian and Chinese manuscripts refer to a pot-herb similar to plants of the genus *corchorus* (jute) the fibre was not cultivated on a really large scale until the early 19th century. Today it is one of the biggest Commonwealth industries. World production of jute is centred almost entirely in the Indian sub-continent, where much of the crop is grown in the Ganges delta.

The fibre is obtained from the bark of two cultivated species of annual plants which thrive in hot, moist climates. The best conditions for growing jute are found in East Bengal, Pakistan, where 67 per cent of the world's raw jute is now grown. With India and the United Kingdom as the first and second largest producers of jute goods—Pakistan is making an increasing contribution from her expanding new industry—Commonwealth production of jute goods amounts to about 75 per cent of the total world output.

The Government of Pakistan has entrusted the task of helping the jute industry to the Pakistan Industrial Development Corpora-

tion, which was set up in January 1952 by an Act of Parliament. The Corporation is now implementing the six-year Development Plan of the Pakistan Government under which it was proposed to install 6,000 looms by 1957.

THE Indian jute industry celebrates its centenary this year. It was in 1855 that the first jute mill was erected at Rishara, thanks to the efforts of an Englishman, George Acland, who began life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, and a Mr. John Kerr. India's first power loom for jute was introduced four years later.

Earlier than that, however, in 1832, the commercial use of jute was first exploited in Dundee, fourth largest city in Scotland. From there all the other world jute manufacturing industries have sprung. How did this Tayside city of Dundee, 8,500 miles away by sea from the main source of supply, become the hub of the industry? We have to go back over 150 years to find the answer.

After the jute fibre was first discovered in Bengal by East India Company representatives, parcels of it were sent to Britain in 1796. Dundee, which already had a 400-year-old history as a centre for the spinning and weaving of coarse fibres, such as wool and flax, was the one place in the whole country that had the machinery and technical ability to exploit the new fibre. It was at first adapted to the existing flax machinery; the raw jute had to be made into tow (shorter lengths) before it could be

apun and it had to be impregnated with oil and water to overcome its extreme dryness. Whale oil was extensively used for this purpose, for Dundee was at the time an important whaling station.

MANY years of experimenting were necessary to solve the early processing problems, and so it was not until 1832 that the jute manufacturing industry became established. Today, in Dundee and the surrounding districts, it is not only one of Scotland's traditional industries but it is also one of the most up to date in the world. Since the war a sum of £6,500,000 has been spent on modernising the industry, including the installation of new mill and factory machinery and the introduction of flowline production methods and new materials handling procedures.

Dundee's Jute Technical College, one of the most modern of its type in the world, has attracted overseas students for the past 20 years. Nearly all of those attending the jute processing course are from India and Pakistan. At the present time there are 35 Indian and Pakistani students taking a three-year course. About a dozen other overseas students take evening classes. The normal course embraces all forms of jute manufacture and leads to the award of the Technical College's Diploma in Jute Manufacturing combined with the appropriate City and Guilds Examination. Students are also employed by local textile manufacturing firms where they gain invaluable practical experience.

Scientists in the British Jute Trade Research Laboratories in Dundee continually investigate possible new uses for jute. Much

research has been done in the treatment of jute fabrics to withstand rotting through soil contamination and sea-water, and in proofing against fire, water and acid fumes.

Advice on technical matters is freely given to both Indian and Pakistan manufacturers by Dundee's jute machinery experts. A recent example of this helpful attitude was the visit which Dr. J.R. Whittaker, Principal of the Dundee Technical College, paid at the invitation of the Indian Jute Mills Association; he flew out to inspect and give advice on the improvement and expansion of the Indian industry's Jute Technical College in Calcutta.

The links between the United Kingdom and the Indian and Pakistani industries have been further strengthened by the fact that considerable quantities of jute processing machinery have been exported especially in recent years to these Asian countries.

THE excellent working conditions in Dundee's jute industry have aroused considerable interest among overseas visitors. The wages of operatives increased since 1945 by 77 per cent for men and 90 per cent for women. A new Wages Structure based on job evaluation is a model of its kind, and its operation is being closely studied by other industries in Britain.

An interested observer in Dundee today can scarcely fail to be impressed by the unique position of its jute industry — the successful harmonising of 120 years of traditional skill and experience with the latest developments of modern scientific research. ♦♦

"JAYA! JAYA!"

shouted out a voice from a room upstairs. "You haven't brought me hot water for my morning shave."

Jaya left her books and note-books on the small desk. The home work she was doing was just half done. Yet she put it aside without a murmur or a second thought. She hastened to the kitchen and, emerging with a vessel of hot water, went to her father upstairs.

Jaya was a very shrewd and intelligent girl, just fourteen years old. Her face was bright—lit up with the charm of innocence and youth, which can be seen only in girls of that age. She was studying in the Fourth Form in the local high school, and her teacher had given her assignment to be completed at home.

The beautiful little girl knew quite well that her teacher would fall foul of her if she went to school without completing the work given. But at the same time, she realised that it was her daily duty to take a mug of hot water for her father to have his morning shave. If she delayed taking it to him, he would most definitely lose his temper.

Of course, her father was not a tyrant. He loved Jaya dearly and provided her with all that she needed — gave her whatever her heart yearned for, with the least hesitation and without minding the cost. He would just shout out at random if

Her New Home

he became angry without finding fault with or scolding anyone in particular. But even of that Jaya was afraid. She knew that she was in duty bound to obey and serve her father and mother, as long as she was under their well-meant control.

"You can now go and complete the home work given to

you," said Father in a kind voice as she placed the brass vessel of hot water on his table.

IT is a fine morning six years later. A taxi is waiting outside that very house now.

An impatient young man, handsome and well dressed, stands on the stone steps. He looks like one about to go out on a long journey. Mother and Jaya are inside that room. In fact it was to that very room that Jaya took a brass vessel of hot water for daddy to shave with, when we first saw her.

"Have you packed everything that Jaya needs? Have you put them all in her trunk?" Father asks Mother, holding a suit-case in his hand.

Mother nods her head to signify that she has done all that.

"Have you sent down the big trunk and the bedding?"

"Yes, they are kept ready in the taxi," says Mother.

Jaya prostrates before Father and Mother, receives their hearty blessings, and stands in respectful silence before them. Her young husband is at the door, waiting impatiently

By P.R. Rama Iyengar

and silently ordering her to be brief in her leave-taking. He is too proud to think of going and prostrating before his father-in-law and mother-in-law though custom demands such veneration on his part. He does not think it worth while to salute them and receive their blessings. Perhaps he is sure of the same, whether he bows before them or not.

"JAYA, my darling," says Father, with tear-laden eyes. "All these years you have been under my care and protection. Now that you are married, hereafter your husband is your lord. Even as you obeyed me and served me, you should obey his least wishes—

study his inclinations and satisfy him in all possible ways. In return for your love and devotion, he will protect you, provide you with all that you need, and treat you as his own self. You two have become one the moment he tied the sacred thread around your neck."

JUST then the young man who had stood impatiently at the door, leaves his place and walks up to his father-in-law. He bends down, touches the old man's feet, and stands up with folded palms. The words of advice given by that gentleman have moved him beyond expression. He cannot stand any longer as an impatient spectator to this leave-taking. Gone is his

pride. Gone is the disdainful look with which he had viewed the parting scene. In their place we find penitence and humility.

The bride's father pats the young man affectionately. He draws out Jaya's right hand and puts it between the young man's outstretched palms.

"YES, my dear Ramoo, she is now yours, to make or mar. You can either cherish her or leave her to perish—but remember that she is dependent upon you. Of course, she may occasionally go to this house and stop with me a while—both of you are always welcome to do that—but these visits can only be of short duration. Yes, my dear Ramoo, all these years she was under my protection—but, the other day, when she sat on my knees, and I allowed you to tie the sacred yellow thread around her neck, she ceased to be mine—she became yours and continues to remain yours."

Tears appear in the middle-aged gentleman's eyes. He pauses as if to get mastery over his emotions.

None of those present is able to remain unmoved by this pathetic leave-taking.

"I will do my best not to misuse the power you have passed on to me. I will justify the trust you have placed in me. Whatever fortune befalls me—be it good, bad or mediocre—Jaya will share it with me, share it alike and equally. She will be my true partner in life," says the young man.

This assurance satisfies father not a little. At least his son-in-law is not the proud and indifferent

young man that he first mistook him to be. He was also capable of feeling—and was inclined to listen to the advice of elders. Mentally the old gentleman offered his thanks to God for having blessed him with such a noble and intelligent son-in-law.

At last Jaya leaves her paternal home—to enter a strange home. She knows not what will befall her there. She is not sure whether she would meet with good treatment or ill-treatment in the new household to which her father has sent her.

JAYA is crooning a lullaby and rocking a cradle. It is two years since she left her parents' home. But her baby is not in a sleepy mood. Slowly he rises from the cradle and looking at Father, who just enters the hall, smiles invitingly at him, with outstretched hands.

(Continued on page 92)



MODERN LADY (to Cashier): "Will you treat this as confidential, Mr. Cashier, and advise me? Supposing I divorce my husband under the new Marriage Law, can he still operate the joint account?"

CHILD OF DESTINY

By
ET. FERNANDEZ

Chapter Five

IN moments of crisis or of great decisions the philosophical mind often goes off at a tangent, to dwell on other matters where the heart and soul of man are deeply involved. To those who look upon life in a detached way it is a common experience that, when the heart is lonely and sorrowful, nothing can eclipse in magnitude and in effect that which the heart feeds on. The memory of a lost love gives more pleasure than pain to such philosophical minds. In this turning-point in his life, the heart of Brian Lacey was oppressed and lonely with nothing to console it except

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that which it had lost irretrievably in so sudden a manner.

Alone together, the two boys found much to engage their thoughts. They had grown so close to each other that the parting which was so near at hand was a thorn in their hearts which pierced deeply and painfully.

With a heavy sigh Brian said, "At least there is one fact that should compensate me amply for whatever regrets I might have in leaving this place—I have no love to leave behind and no heart to break, no woman to mourn the sad departure of her lover! It is however poor consolation—more painful than if it were otherwise!

That's funny, isn't it? I go to a strange place with nothing to labour my soul and yet, the thought of going is unbearable!"

"Who knows you may perhaps find a new love waiting for you?" Colin said.

"Is love such a simple thing, Colin? Can there be an old love and a new love? Is there a multiplicity of loves and are they so cheap and in so much abundance? Then, why does the loss of love affect us so? To what purpose does it pull at one's heart-strings and make one miserable and yet happy in the contemplation of it?"

The younger boy was deeply touched. "We must not give in

to sorrows, Brian," he said. "You've said so yourself so many times, remember?"

"Yes!" His voice was tired and listless, hopelessly forlorn. "I'm acting like a girl, ain't I?" Then, after a pause, he added with great feeling, "But memories are memories, Colin, no matter if it is a man who remembers or a woman. My memories are still green as if they were things of yesterday!"

"You've never told me what it was, you know," came the accusatory reply. "You said you could not tell me then."

"I'll tell you now," Brian began, and lit a cigarette. Colin lit one too.

STIFLING all feeling and in an easy and natural flow of speech, Brian recounted the story of his own love, of his first meeting with Hilda Jenkins, of their hours of companionship together, of their first confession of love and of the sudden break in their courtship. Concluding he said:

"I cannot bring myself to believe that her love for me was affected. As you know, Colin, I have always held the belief that real love on one person's part must be reciprocated in full measure by love on the other person's, or it can never be love at all. I have analysed my own love from every conceivable angle, in as detached a manner as possible, and even now I think of her with a longing that is not influenced by infatuation or passion. I can't believe that her love for me is dead. We always said that we would live in the other's mind if one of us died and that, if both of us were dead, we would still be united in love in the hereafter. I meant it, and

she meant it. I know when a person speaks the truth, and I knew that Hilda's expressions of love were sincere and genuine. At this very moment, I am positively certain that she must be thinking of me just as I am thinking of her."

BRIAN stopped speaking. His last words seemed to carry him to another world and he leaned forward with his eyes fixed before him, revealing the great desire and longing which had come over him at that moment. His cigarette had been reduced to a mere stub, but still his hand hung limp beside him as if it had become benumbed.

STORY SO FAR

BRIAN LACEY and **COLIN ANDREWS** are close friends. Brian is in love with **ANGEL** whom he, however, had to lose owing to her parents' dislike of him.

Brian gathers through his sister **PRISCY'S** talk and his visit to a christening party that he is disliked by his community.

Colin warns his friend not to air his views in public. But Brian believes his community should identify itself with the local people. Colin feels his community should have a colony of its own, cut off from others.

The workers of Brandon & Co., in which Brian, is an employee, decide on a strike. Brian advises them against it but his interview with the Works Manager is mistaken by them and they try to harm Brian. Colin suddenly appears and saves his friend. Brian lodges a complaint at the police station.

Brian is asked by the General Manager of the concern to go over to the Bangalore Branch on transfer so that he may not be harmed by the employees on strike. Brian informs his mother, sister and Colin about the transfer. Colin assures him of the help of his uncle in Bangalore. **NOW READ ON.**

Colin, still watching him, asked, "Was she very beautiful?"

Brian was rudely awakened from his reverie. Turning to Colin abruptly he smiled and, for answer, got up and went to his trunk from which he took out with great care a small parcel, neatly wrapped up in cellophane paper. With tender care he unwrapped it and took out a photograph which he held up to Colin saying, "This is my love!"

SURPRISE and incredulity showed on Colin's face as he held the photograph before him and stared at it in sheer amazement. If any other person had told him that the girl in the photo was that person's love he would have scoffed at him for being such a poor fool as to think that beauty such as this was so easy to own. It was no common face that he was now looking at. There was beauty imprinted on every part of it. The long black hair, the smooth and even brow, the thin, dark eye-brows, the soft eyelashes, pert mouth and the lips around which a smile seemed to hover—all these claimed attention. The most remarkable thing about the girl's face was the beauty of her eyes. They seemed to look at Colin with sadness and loneliness, with passion and fervour, with a depth of feeling and emotion indescribable beyond words. He had never seen beauty like this before.

"It's hard to believe such an angel-like girl like my Angel could have forgotten me, isn't it?" Brian asked.

Colin, lost in his own thoughts, said, "Brian, I can't believe that a girl like this could ever go back on any confession of love which

she has once made. There is character written in every part of her face. A girl like her would be just incapable of spurning a man to whom she has given her heart. It just isn't possible!"

"**BUT** it has happened, my friend!" Brian reminded him. "And I know that she did love me, if ever a woman loved, or I am the biggest fool that ever lived! We met as lovers, I tell you! We spoke as lovers! We planned to get married! She was willing to make any sacrifice if it came to that, just to be with me. And all of a sudden, one day, I heard that she had gone. The wonder of it all is that she had allowed her parents to send her away—and she never sent one single word to me before she went nor had she bothered to write to me even after that. Maybe she was not in a position to write to me before she went. Her father must have packed her off to the station all in a few minutes, giving her no time to realise what he was about. But she could have written to me at least after she had arrived there. That is what I can't get over even now. Nobody knows what I've been through—remembering, remembering, remembering, until I felt that I was going mad and my mind became benumbed. But it is all over now, I suppose! I've tided over that crisis. I love her still—in fact, I love her more than ever but I love her with a heart that has been purified through loving her. Our separation has done just that!"

After what seemed an interminable silence, Colin asked, "What sort of a person did Mr. Jenkins strike you to be?"

(Continued on page 90)



M.G.M.'s YEAR OF PEAK PRODUCTION!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER will reach a peak of production and employment this month, with Studio Head Dore Schary's announcement recently of 55 story properties in various stages of preparation for the company's 1955-56 schedule.

"Our story selection has been concentrated on assuring a stimulating diversification of pictures," Schary said, "featuring a wide variety of subjects treated in widely different ways. Our programme looks exciting and big and provocative. I'm highly optimistic that it will have unusual interest and appeal for the constantly growing potential audience domestically and abroad. M.G.M. manpower, both in numbers and experience, has no equal in the motion picture industry. The company's full star, executive, producer, director and writer creative talents, as well as its vast technical skills and artistic resources, will be utilized in the forthcoming productions. The coordinated all-out effort of our studio team in which each can take pride, guarantee the success of our programme and a bright and prosperous future for us all."

Stepped up pre-production activity to implement the long-range programme has brought over-all employment to an increasingly high level in recent weeks.

A total of 32 writers are currently at work on screen plays of 28 productions, the largest number in the past two years, and 14 directors, a record number for the past three years, have been assigned to 19 pictures, with additional assignments to be made in the near future.

Best Sellers & Stage Hits

The list of 55 properties, according to Schary, is not only the largest of any studio, but contains the most important single group of pre-sold best sellers, New York stage hits and literary classics ever planned for production by any company at any one time.

Within the next six weeks, four major pictures will go into production. They are:

Dianne, adapted from the unpublished novel by John Erskine, author of "Helen of Troy", starring Lana Turner, Pedro Armendariz, Marisa Pavan, Roger Moore, Taina Elg, Ronald Green, Henry Daniell, John Lupton, Sean McClory, Alan Napier and Torin



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Thatcher, directed by David Miller, produced by Edwin H. Knopf, and written by Christopher Isherwood.

Kismet, New York musical hit in its 69th week on Broadway, starring Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Dolores Gray and Vic Damone, directed by Vincente Minnelli, produced by Arthur Freed, and written by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis.

I'll Cry Tomorrow, which headed the best-selling non-fiction lists for months, starring Susan Hayward, directed by Daniel Mann, produced by Lawrence Weingarten, and being written by Jay Richard Kennedy.

Jeremy Rodock, an epic outdoor story by the author of *Shane*, starring Spencer Tracy, directed by Robert Wise, produced by Sam Zimbalist and written by Michael Blankford.

Also scheduled for production in June is *Forever Darling*, starring Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, their first film since the successful *The Long, Long Trailer*, which M.G.M. will release, directed by Alexander Hall, produced by Desilu and written by Helen Deutsch.

Among the outstanding books planned for production are: "Something of Value", Robert Ruark's sensational new novel of Africa, to star Grace Kelly, "Robin Hood" (musical version) starring Howard Keel and Jane Powell, to be directed by Stanley Donen, produced by Jack Cummings; "Ben Hur", immortal classic by Lew Wallace, to be directed by Sidney Franklin; "The Female", starring Ava Gardner, to be directed by George Cukor, and "Mary Anne", starring

Elizabeth Taylor, to be produced by John Houseman.

Indicative of the wide range of subjects to be filmed in coming months are: "The Last Hunt", action outdoor novel of the West during the last days of the vast buffalo herds, starring Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger and Russ Tamblyn, written and directed by Richard Brooks.

"Lust for Life," adapted from Irving Stone's passionate and sensitive biography of the great Dutch painter, Vincent Van Gogh, starring Kirk Douglas, to be directed by Vincente Minnelli.

"The Tender Trap," brought to the screen from the New York stage hit, starring Frank Sinatra. Other such hits to be produced are, "Team and Sympathy" and "Peg O' My Heart."

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," one of the most memorable real-life love stories in all literature, to be directed by Sidney Franklin.

"The Teahouse of the August Moon," one of Broadway's outstanding successes of many years, a charming and hilarious comedy to be produced by Jack Cummings.

"All Our Yesterdays," the powerfully dramatic original story of a man's efforts to regain his lost past, starring James Cagney.

"Gaby," a tender romantic story against the background of the ballet, starring Leslie Caron and Taina Elg.

"Week-end at Las Vegas," a gay musical of backstage show business in the fabulous Nevada playground, to be produced by Joe Pasternak.

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Commenting on forthcoming productions of specialized interest, Schary said, "In today's market, there is room for challenging pictures of contemporary background. 'Blackboard Jungle,' which is currently doing record business, is another affirmation of the fact. The film we are now making, 'Trial,' will undoubtedly prove equally powerful and profitable."

Two other pictures, scheduled for immediate production, that fit into this category are *Fearful Decision*, the dynamic story of a father's dramatic gamble to save a kidnapped son, and *Court Martial*, a tense and compassionate story of a young Army captain, a hero on the battlefields of Korea, who is captured and on his return to the United States stands trial on charges of collaboration and treason, to be produced by Arthur Loew Jr., and written by Stewart Stern.

Novels And Biographies

Other novels and biographies include "Raintree County," "Charlemagne," "The Wilder Shores of Love," "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," "Running of the Tide," "The Big Sin," "Raquel," "Somebody Up There Likes Me," "Hans Brinker" or "The Silver Skates," "Prisoner of Paradise," "The Golden Princess," "The Painted Veil," "East River," "The Amazing Nellie Bly."

Pictures to be based on either original or magazine stories include "Bannon," "O'Kelly's Eclipse," "Protection for a Tough Racket," "The Spig Wead story," and "My Most Intimate Friend."

Other outstanding pictures are:

"The Wayfater," based on the life of Buddha written by Christopher Isherwood, "International

Revue," "32nd Day," "Star Bright," "Don't Go Near The Water," "Air Force Academy Story," and "Wonderland."

Also scheduled for future production are "Wedding Day," "Four Sisters," "The Colonel Played Cupid" and "Largely a Question of Love."

More Masterpieces

Among the important M-G-M pictures already completed and which will be seen in theatres in the near future are: "Interrupted Melody," "The Prodigal," "The Marauders," "Love Me or Leave Me," "Moonfleet," "The Scarlet Coat" "It is Always Fair Weather," and "The King's Thief."

Currently in production are "Bhowani Junction," best-seller novel being filmed in Pakistan and England, starring Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, William Travers, Abraham Sofaer and Wilfrid Hyde White, directed by George Cukor, written by Sonya Levien and Ivan Moffat; "Quentin Durward," being filmed in France and England, starring Robert Taylor and Kay Kendall; "Trial," current best seller novel and "Forbidden Planet," sensational science-fiction picture.

Rifle for Robert Taylor

A specially built rifle given to Robert Taylor by the famous Winchester firm is only third of its kind ever to be presented. Robert Taylor, now starring in M-G-M's Cinemascope production of *Quentin Durward* was awarded the third gun for being the "Outdoorsman of the Year." The first was a gift to ex-President Truman, while the second was presented to Prisdnet Eisenhower.

Raj Kapoor An Impostor!

Before a battery of flashing cameras and a distinguished gathering of the trade — artistes, technicians, stars and the elite — G.M. Pictures' *Delhi Ka Thug* mounted the sets at Ranjit Studios recently. Nargis, the leading lady of the picture, faced the *Muhurt* shot while Raj Kapoor, playing the title role (an impostor, in plain English!) acted the Clapper. Miss Asha Mahtani, niece of financier T. Tarachand, switched on the camera. Among those present were Mr. & Mrs. T. Tarachand, Mangharam Mahtani, Chandulal Shah, Goharbai, Balraj Sahni, Nirupa Roy, Nadira, Anwar and a host of other popular figures of the screen. Regular shooting commenced almost immediately after

the *muhurt*. The set shot was of a girls' hostel.

The inmates of this hostel are girls of varied vocations. Nargis sells the dolls manufactured by her father; Shammi is a professional astrologer; Hira Sawant is a dancer, while Rajni is a poet. Indira Bansal's interest in life, however, is that of becoming a heavy-weight champion. The business on the current set, therefore, consists of the eternal conflicts, jealousies and war-of-wits of these diverse characters and brings out in bold relief the humour and ironies that such an association can bring in its train. While shooting proceeds apace, Shanker and Jaikishen are busy tuning a couple of songs which they hope to record by the end of the month.

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World Film Festival Awards

The Grand Prix was awarded to the American film *Marty* at the International Film Festival held at Cannes. The Grand Prix picture *Marty*, directed by Delbert Mann and starring Borginne, tells the tale of how a fat man whom nobody loves finds romance in the dingy streets of New York City.

In the category of "Special Mention" was the acting of child star Baby Naaz in the Indian film *Boot Polish*, produced by R. K. Films. Other awards given were: Production—Serge Vassilief of Russia for his production of the Bulgarian film *The Heroes of Chipka* shared with Jules Dassin for *Due Fife Chez Les Hommes* ("Rough House"), Best Male Actor—Spencer Tracy for his acting in *Bad Day At Black Rock*, an M-G-M. picture; Group Acting—Soviet actors in *A Big Family*.

Crime And The Cinema

"What we need more than anything else is to reform the people and find out the background for juvenile crime. By throwing the blame on a bad book or a bad picture we are merely finding an escape," stated Sri Ramakrishna Aiyar, Chief Presidency Magistrate of Madras, when he presided over a meeting of the Film Fans' Association of Madras in the City recently. "Let us now go deeper and see that the defect is in ourselves rather than in so many new-fangled things," he advised.

Speaking on "Crime and the Cinema," the subject of the evening, Sri Parthasarathi Ayyangar, Madras City's Commissioner of Police, said that crime existed long before the cinema came into

vogue and the film was not the one that started crime altogether. Every scientific advancement was useful in many ways and there was also the danger of its being abused. But so far as the cinema was concerned, he pointed out, it could be used to spoil the young. To some extent producers who had an eye on commercial values had not desisted from doing so. We should like to have the cinema, he urged, but it should entertain and educate and not corrupt. It was our duty to see that acting in films was made a respectable profession which family children and young men and women could enter safely, he declared. He also urged the Film Fans' Association to spread the message that the public should patronise films which were really good.

Congress High Command Urges Stricter Censorship

On a representation made by 64 M.P.s. to the Congress High Command stating that a stricter censorship of Indian and foreign films should be enforced, the High Command asked for the views of Dr. B. V. Keskar, the Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting. The members of Parliament had stated, inter alia, that "the Indian producers have all along tended to copy American producers and their methods... the effect on impressionable young minds of over-sexed stories and crime pictures depicting bloodshed, brutality and violence need not be described... the students and younger people go in large numbers to cinemas and the craze has become so much that they do everything, including stealing money, for going to the cinema... the present day cinema has been

one of the important unsettling factors of our school and University student life...the cinema especially in a country like India with an objective of a Welfare State based on Socialistic pattern should be guided and controlled more effectively"

Dr. Keskar is understood to have stated in his note that certain types of films definitely had an anti-social aspect and that social effects of unchecked trends in films might adversely affect the "all-out drive that we are making for national reconstruction on all fronts."

The Working Committee of the Congress considered the representation and the note at its Berhampur Session and agreed with the view that rules and regulations regarding censorship of films should be strictly enforced. This view was communicated to the Union Minister by the General Secretary of the Congress Party.

Vasan Protests Against Unfair Criticism

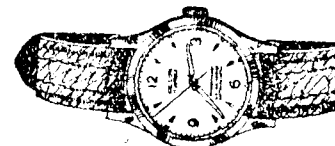
Sri Vasan, President of the Film Federation of India, and boss of Gemini Studio, has protested against the unfair criticism of the film industry. He states that interested parties, narrow-

minded bigots and social reactionaries are behind the campaign of calumny and that "it is a matter for regret that the Congress Working Committee has allowed its august name to be brought into this controversy." He stated that if any objectionable films were shown to the people the blame should rest on the Ministry for its own censors had passed such films. He does not deny the need for censorship but pleads there should be no over-censorship and that responsible men should not indulge in wild and sweeping statements about films and film people.

Projector Breakdown Led to Setting Fire to Theatre

The projector of a cinema theatre in Serampore, a place 14 miles from Calcutta, went out of order during the middle of a show. A section of the audience demanded refund of their ticket money but the Management refused to do so. This enraged the ticket-holders who asked for the refund and they attacked the hall with stones and brickbats and finally set fire to the theatre itself. Police and fire engines soon rushed to the spot and extinguished the flames but a considerable portion of the theatre was already burnt down!

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— Cinbay Releases

Shiv Bhakta, A. V. M. Productions' mythological, was released at Regal. Shahu Modak, Pandari Bai, Misra, Anant Kumar, Padmini, Ragini, Rushyendramani and others are in the cast of this film directed by S.L.N. Simha.

Raftar, Filmco's first-rate entertainer, was released at Roxy. Talat Mahmud, Nadira, Lotan, Baby Naaz, Meenakshi, Abbas and others are in the cast. Story and dialogue are by Akhtar-ul-Imam.

Shakhs-e Lootera, the thrilling swash-buckling adventure story in the Robin Hood tradition, produced by Eagle Films, was released

at Palace and other theatres. In the cast are Shashikala, Kamran, Kamal, Mohan and Randhir.

Roop Basant, Shah Pictures' story of Rajput heroism, was released at Kamal Talkies. In the cast of the picture produced by Ramniklal N. Shah are Chitra, Daljit, Roopmala, Hiralal, Gulab, Kanta Kumari and Kamran. A.M. Khan has directed.

Shah Behram, Baharistan Productions's release at New Roshan Talkies, tells a tale of love, hatred, bloody conflicts, mirth and magic. Directed by Nanubhai Vakil, the film has in its cast Asha Mathur, Mahipal, Hiralal and Tiwari.

● — ● — ● — ● — ● — FILM REVIEW — ● — ● — ● — ● — ●

Jashan—Soulless Story And Disappointing Direction

Hindustan Art Productions' *Jashan* could have been a screen classic if the story had been handled in a more imaginative manner and tellingly told through the actors by the director. The screen, however, gives us a soulless story, disappointing direction and drab dances.

This Hindi film, released as an Idd attraction at Maharani Talkies in the City, has in its cast top artistes like Vyjayanthimala, Kul-dip Kaur, Karan Dewan, Pran, Agba, Randhir and Johnny Walker, besides the minor ones in the supporting roles.

Seema (Vyjayanthimala) is the only daughter of late Seth Dharam Dass and heiress of a vast fortune left by him. She lives a life of luxury in the Western style till Bimla, an ordinary school teacher, tells her plainly that she should not allow her wealth to swell her head and she should become self-

reliant and issues a challenge that she cannot by herself earn even a thousand rupees during a whole year. Seema takes up the challenge and leaves her riches behind her and reaches Bombay to seek a job. After several bitter experiences, she meets Prof. Devakinandan Brindabanwala (Agha), a street harmonist with a big name, and he persuades her to join forces with him as her dancing and his music would yield good returns. His friend Karan (Karan Dewan) immediately takes a liking to Malthi, which is the new name assumed by Seema.

The three are spotted and engaged by Seth Roshan Lal (Pran) to play in his dramatic troupe. The Seth's infatuation for Malthi is disliked by the till then leading lady of the troupe (Kuldip Kaur). Many things happen to separate Malthi and Karan who turns out in the end to be the son of a very big

Seth. Pran and his leading lady perish in the fire started by her. Karan, who suffers from amnesia on account of an accident, has agreed to marry another girl but at the crucial moment Malhi appears on the scene to claim him. He fails to recognise her. But the girl he is to marry proves to be Malthi's friend and she gives up Karan. Malthi, now revealed as Seema, marries Karan, now known to society as Shyam.

When Seema accepts the challenge, the audience feels thrilled and expects a glorious build-up and its sympathies are with the heroine hunting for jobs. It is a very good start — but, alas, the story writer, Krishna Chander, has woefully failed after that. From then on the story limps and finally falls flat to the ground of audience-frustration. The suspicion is strongly felt that the dances were devised first and then the latter part of the story made up to justify the dance sequences!

Vyjayanthimala's dances bring credit neither to her nor to the dance directors, B. Hiralal and Chinni. The dance directors evidently seem to think that movement of any of the limbs of females to the accompaniment of music is dancing! On the acting side, Vyjayanthimala has given

quite a convincing portrayal.
places, she is superb.

Karan Dewan is disappointingly dull. He has lost a splendid opportunity to play a virile role.

Pran has given a very tame rendering of the villain's role. His usually villainous looks and swagger are much missed.

Johnny Walker may be said to have the worst role ever assigned to him. It looks as though he is rehearsing before the mirror in his bed-room rather playing before a camera.

Music is average. At places, the sound recording is defective.

The director, S. Shamsuddin, has not only not been able to get the best out of these top artistes but has also failed to properly place the sequences. For instance, the sudden clearing of the identity of Karan and his subsequent reunion is quite clumsy. That he should have shown the same nursing home and doctor in two different incidents is proof of lack of attention to details.

Jashan, produced by N. Mohammed for Hindustan Art Productions, is very much like a child prodigy — brilliant in the beginning and from then on disappointingly dull!

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Rajulu Marayi—Refreshing Rural Realism

The real India is rural India. And the small agriculturist is the backbone of the country. The trials and tribulations of such agriculturists have provided a magnificent and moving theme for *Rajulu Marayi*, Sarathi Films' Telugu production, released at Krishna and Rajakumari Talkies in the City.

Film fans who have reached the suffocation point on account of the humid air of films whose production values consist of spectacular scenes, magnificent sets, sword-fights and dazzling dances and whose stories belong to the category of semi-historical, folklore or too-silly-to-be-real "socials" will warmly welcome the breeze of refreshing rural realism that is *Rajulu Marayi*.

It is true, of course, that the theme is nothing new but what matters really is the treatment of the theme. It could easily have been killed by turning it into a cheap rural romance replete with rowdy rows and repulsive rustic dances. It stands to the credit of the producer, the director and the

story writer that they have preferred realism to deliberate wooing of the masses by stooping to such methods.

Sarathi's *Rajulu Marayi* is topical, true to the everyday world around us and demonstrates that a production need not be of a lavish variety to click at the box-office. The entire story revolves around tiny hamlets and the producer has shown commendable shrewdness in not falling into the temptation of showing the avaricious landlord of the village as living in a bungalow and riding in a Buick Eight to the lure of which others of a lesser calibre would have easily succumbed. Producer C.V.R. Prasad has done a commendable job, undoubtedly.

Kotiah (S.L. Perumallu) is a small agriculturist who is already in debt to Sagariah (C.S.R. Anjaneyulu), the crafty and greedy landlord. Sagariah is helped to cleverly rob the poor peasants by the village Karnam (Ramana Reddi). With a view to pay the dowry demanded by the father of Gopal (V. Narasimha Rao) to marry

his daughter Bharathi (Ammaji), Kotiah approaches Sagariah for a loan. The latter's insistence on the signing of a joint deed by Kotiah and his son Venu (A. Nageswara Rao) fails as Venu refuses to do so. Further, Venu's love for Radha (Sahukar Janaki), daughter of ex-serviceman Ratnam (B. Seetharam) is objected to by Kotiah who finally drives his son out of the house. Despite Sagariah's plans to get Radha married to his henchman Poliah (Relangi), who is her maternal uncle, Radha and Venu marry. Sagariah resorts to several means to harass them. Venu, with the united support of the other peasant friends, submits a petition to the Collector detailing all the misdeeds of Sagariah and the Karnam. The Collector, after a personal hearing, fines Sagariah and dismisses the Karnam and allots all the waste-land to the

poor ryots. Venu becomes the hero. Sagariah still plots and does everything in his power to teach Venu and his friends a bitter lesson but all his attempts fail and finds himself finally in the hands of the police. Venu is welcomed back to his house by his father. The whole village is happy.

A. Nageswara Rao puts over a remarkable portrayal as a rustic youth. His actions are as virile as they are realistic.

Janaki easily steals the picture as the rural Radha. She has admirably succeeded in playing a role that calls for conveying the entire gamut of human emotions.

C. S. R. Anjaneyulu as Sagariah, the greedy landlord, fails to impress. He rolls his eyes far too much for us to watch any other emotion on his face.



DECLARING his lasting love is Venu (A. Nageswara Rao) to Radha (S. Janaki) in this rural setting in Sarathi's *Rajulu Marayi*.

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Relangi as Poliah does cause deep-throated laughs but his comic acting lacks polish.

S. L. Perumallu as Kotiah lives his role. The scene in which he defies Sagariah and the one wherein he helps his son to dam the breach in the village lake are unforgettable.

Hemalatha as the mother of Venu and Bharathi is convincing.

Ammaji who plays the role of Bharathi has a very charming face but has practically no scope to show the abilities she might have.

Ramana Reddi as the Karnam has surely qualified himself for such roles hereafter.

B. Seetharam as ex-Lance-Naik Ratnam is able to impart to his role a dignity and mannerism that are quite remarkable.

Wahida Rahman's dance is the *piece de resistance* of the picture. Lithe and lovely, she dances her way through the picture straight into our hearts in this maiden appearance. The film fans' eyes that have tired of seeing the Travancore trio and other such dancing dames in practically every

film light up with interest at Wahida's appearance and follow every move with growing wonder and full approval. Sarathi Films have done the fans a service by introducing this new and welcome face, figure and performance.

The director, Thapi Chanakya, has every reason to feel proud of the picture. He could, however, have avoided showing the Karnam's clumsy attempt to seduce Radha for even without it his role is sufficient enough to highlight his villainous nature.

The picture would have been even better if its length of 17093 feet had been cut by a couple of thousand feet. Shortening of the opening song, cutting out the song of the bridegroom Gopal, etc., would have helped to this end.

Music by Master Venu is pleasing.

Rejulu Marayi means that "days have changed." Sarathi Films' picture must remind the other producers in the South that times have indeed changed and they too should come out with such engrossing and true to life socials, simple and satisfying.

Grihalakshmi—Old Wine In New Bottle Lacks Sparkle

Rohini's *Grihalakshmi* in Telugu took the film fans of the South by storm twenty years ago. The picture was considered a landmark in "social" films and the courage and abilities of the producers and director were highly praised.

Grihalakshmi in Tamil, now released at Gaiety Talkies in the City and at all centres in Tamilnad, is therefore so much of old wine in a new bottle—the wine, however,

lacks sparkle and is, therefore, stale. The Tamil version no doubt has two top artistes of the day but has nothing new or remarkable by way of any production value.

The picture could have been improved by less footage (it is 16,400 feet long), a more sensible conception of the comedy for mass appeal and a more realistic narration.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

The Closing Date has been extended to 15th June, '55. There will not be any more extension under any circumstances.

Manager,
My Magazine of India.

Dr. Krishnan (M. K. Radha) is happy with his wife Radha (Anjali Devi), two children (a daughter and son), father Ulaganatham Pillai (T.E. Krishnamachari) and brother Gopu (Raghuvver), a college student. In the same town lives Usha (Meenakshi), a dancing girl who is out to ensnare Dr. Krishnan. But Gopu falls in love with her and determines to marry her. This is objected to by Radha in strong terms which leads to Gopu leaving the house. Gopu's infatuation for Usha ends when he sees her fooling with all sorts of people. Dr. Krishnan is made to suspect his wife's relationship with his own brother. In such an emotionally upset condition, he easily falls a prey to Usha's wiles and takes to drinking also. His complete financial ruin is cleverly brought about

by the combined efforts of Kailas (Sairam), Manickam (Angamuthu) and Seth Ramanlal (Kittan). The distracted wife Radha is subjected to every humiliation possible by the husband. Ulaganatham Pillai dies broken-hearted, leaving his property to Gopu. This enrages Dr. Krishnan. The father's death brings Gopu back to the house and, seeing the precarious condition of his brother's daughter, he runs to Usha's house to bring back his brother. There he hears the accusation against him and tells his brother, Dr. Krishnan, the real truth. Before the brother could be reconciled, he is shot dead by Kailas and Seth Ramanlal. Dr. Krishnan is accused of committing the murder and is tried and found guilty by the Court. Meanwhile Usha is dangerously hurt in a car accident and she is brought to the Court where she reveals the identity of the real murderers and dies. Dr. Krishnan is acquitted. His wife Radha who had been temporarily insane regains sanity and all ends well.

It is a very clumsy sequence where Usha is shown in a male attire and attempting to hang herself in order to decoy the Doctor to her house. While Radha's becoming mad is quite convincing, her suddenly becoming sane in the

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Court is as inexplicable as it is amusing.

The scenes wherein Usha comes to the Doctor's hospital and attempts to interest him in her physical charms are too unreal and show a very amateurish conception of directorial handling.

How the censors permitted a particular dialogue that makes every woman in the theatre go red in the face with embarrassment is not understood. This dialogue is a piece of conversation between Angamuthu and M.K. Radha. He is shown examining the patient. The dialogue is meant to have two meanings — one apparently innocuous, the other only too obviously vulgar.

M.K. Radha gives a very convincing portrayal. Anjali lives up to her standards. Meenakshi is

brisk enough and her dancing is good but her dialogue delivery is not quite happy to the ear. The camera has failed to do justice to her face. Sairam and Angamuthu provide the comic relief, ably helped by Kittan as the Seth. Raghuveer shows signs of promise.

Songs are only average. Director H.V. Babu has no doubt been able to get the best out of M.K. Radha, Anjali and Meenakshi but he could easily have made a better job of it if he had avoided the sequences referred to. He need not have shown Raghuveer being killed. The chasing of M.K. Radha by a solitary Sub-Inspector and a couple of constables is most ludicrous.

In spite of a good story, excellent acting and appeal, *Grihalakshmi* cannot be said to have clicked at the box office.

Sneha Seema—Purposeless Tragedy

Associated Producers' *Sneha Seema*, a Malayalam picture which was released at Chitra Talkies in the City, has made a courageous attempt to solve a problem of great social interest and, for reasons not known, failed pitifully to offer a good solution and has therefore been forced to find a way out by letting the hero and the heroine meet with sudden death!

It is a purposeless tragedy and therefore fails to draw crowds. The war years provide the background to the story and the majority of incidents take place in a Christian community.

Two boys, Joli and Baby, and a girl, Omanni, are childhood friends. Joli is parentless and poor and grows

up to be a foreman in a factory, the manager of which is Omanni's father. Baby grows up to become a doctor. Joli and Omanni are very much in love with each other but Omanni's father wants her to marry Baby, the doctor. Omanni refuses and hence is driven out of the house by him. Omanni and Joli marry on their own, thanks to the help of the parish priest.

Joli is forced to resign his job as he is accused of inciting the labourers. After working as a coolie in a clay factory, Joli joins the I.A.F. as a pilot so that his wife and child might have every comfort. During an air operation over Burma his plane is shot down and he is presumed killed, and Omanni is so informed by the

authorities. She refuses to believe it for a number of years till at last her father's death, her helpless position and doctor Baby's overwhelming and unselfish devotion persuade her to marry him. Joli, whose face and figure are terribly disfigured, is released from the Japanese prisoners-of-war camp after the liberation of Burma by the Allies and returns to the village only to find his friend has married his wife. He plans a terrible revenge but the final futility of what it would mean makes him decide on leaving the place for good. But an accident brings him to the doctor's hospital. He is recognised and when the doctor shouts out the glad news to Omanni, Joli dies. The sight of seeing him again and dead is too much of a shock to Omanni and she too falls dead on the body of her husband. The doctor now takes upon himself the noble service of bringing up the young daughter of Joli and Omanni.

Such a challenging theme like the husband returning to find his friend is married to his wife could have been successfully exploited by making the hero keep his identity a secret and leave the village for a distant place. There he might be shown as doing social service to forget his personal misery. The director could have

scored by letting Joli then express a desire to see his friend, wife and daughter, revealing his identity and dying after blessing them.

Padmini plays the heroine's role quite flawlessly but she has not been given enough scope to show off her talents in a picture of her own language.

Satyan and Sridharan Nair play the other two important roles of Joli and Baby quite well.

The comic interludes are extremely crude. Photography is not to the standard. The picture drags in the beginning and picks up interest only when the main characters are shown as grown-ups and that is after nearly one-third of the picture has to be patiently seen!

The director, S.S. Rajan, does show he has abilities by his handling of the main roles but he ought to have given equal attention to other characters. If he had done so, he would have succeeded in maintaining interest from the very beginning. His ending the story on a note of stark tragedy is as unnecessary as it is indicative of unimaginative treatment of the most important part of the story. *Sneha Seema* is an average picture only as it lacks production values.

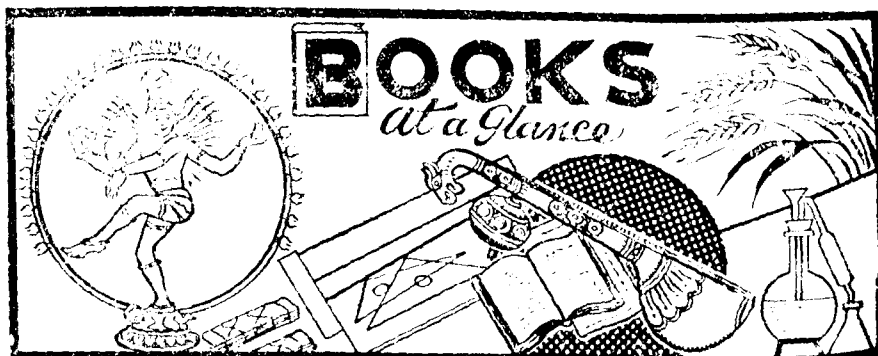
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(By Sami Chidambaram. Published by Thiruvalluvar Puthakalayam, 108, Corporation Fruit Market, Madras-1. Price Re. 1/-).

Today Vadalur, in South Arcot District of Madras State, is a place of great pilgrimage for therein lived and died Saint Ramalinga Swami. Next to Thiruvalluvar and Pattinathar, he is the most revered saint of modern times. He was born in 1823 in Marudur near hallowed Chidambaram. He was the youngest son of Ramiah Pillai and Chinnammaiyar. He had two elder brothers and two elder sisters. His father's death a few days after his birth necessitated the family's moving to Madras City. It was here that boy Ramalingam grew up. Even in his ninth year he showed his peerless

proficiency in composing poems of great beauty and deep meaning. He used to visit Pattinathar's samadhi in Thiruvottiyur, near the City, daily and drew deep inspiration. When he was a youth he married his elder sister's daughter. After this he went to Chidambaram to settle down. Later on, in 1867, in his forty-fifth year, he settled in Vadalur. He established the famous *Samarasa Suddha Sanmarge Sangam* (Association for Peaceful, Pure and Good Living). His motto, as also that of the *Sangam*, is: "*Arutperum Jothi, Thanip- perum Karunai*." It means: "God's glory is indescribably dazzling. His mercy is incomparable and unique."

Saint Ramalingam died in January, 1874. His death itself was unique. On the day of his

death, he asked his students to lock up the room in which he was seated and told them to wait outside and open it after a specified time. When the door was opened according to his instructions, lo! he was not there at all. His disappearance is still unaccounted for. The pious think his very being merged within God's resplendent Self.

Saint Ramalinga Swami expressed all his opinions on diverse topics in charming, lucid and easy Tamil poems which are known as *Thiru Arutpa*.

The author has succeeded in giving us a peep into the life and mind of this great soul. Under 35 headings, each heading giving a concise idea of the Saint's sayings on a particular topic, the author makes us marvel at the highly advanced views of the Saint. The Saint has pleaded for one religion, widow re-marriage, ahimsa, love of fellow beings, a casteless society, etc.

If the authorities could prescribe this book for non-detailed study by the Tamil students, they would have helped the young minds to know the greatness and goodness of Saint Ramalinga Swami.

Sri M.D. Nagabhushana Mudaliar has done a service to Tamilnad in bringing out this book. He states in the Preface that many such books on the lives of great saints and social reformers will be published in due course. Such books can never be too many, especially in these days of growing atheism and scoffing of social customs. An English edition of the book would help in making the non-Tamils in our country to know and admire Saint Ramalinga Swami's greatness.

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Cultural Traditions Of Madhya Bharat

(Continued from page 13)

The rock face of the base of the Gwalior Fort has a series of monumental Jain statues. Similar rock cut figures, but smaller in size and number, are found in the Khandar hill at Chanderi. Low and deep relief carvings decorate the Udayeshwar temple and scenes from the Ramayana have been carved in long friezes in the temple at Padhavali in Morena district. There is a colossal image of Varaha, the incarnation of Vishnu as a boar, at Udayagiri. One of the most impressive of the sculptural masterpieces of India, a land exceedingly rich in sculpture, the

Varaha radiates power in the vigorous contours of his torso. The tremendous myth of raising the earth, submerged under the waters of a primeval sea, has been matched here by an imaginative vigour in conception and execution.

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Thanks To The Umbrella! (Continued from page 44)

necklace worth eighty thousand, and was making off on his bike when you knocked him down. I have just turned him over to the Police."

"You are a jeweller?" asked Paramu, with the air of one who has solved a profound mystery.

"Yes. My shop's just round the corner."

THE old fellow then took Paramu to his palatial shop, and over a cup of tea, expressed a desire to do him a good turn. Naturally enough, Paramu told him that he couldn't do him a better turn than give him a job. The old boy, of course, was all for it, and from that day Paramu was in his employ.

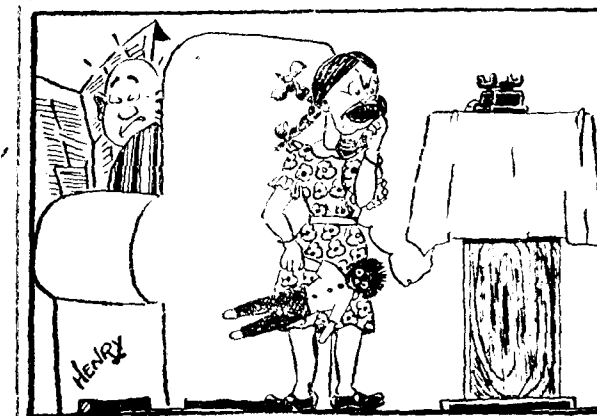
The next day a very beautiful girl called at the shop and asked to see the boss, who happened to be out at the time. She then began to chat with Paramu. She said she had heard all about his intrepid courage in tackling the robber single-handed. Paramu had half a mind to tell her that she had got hold of the wrong end of

the stick. But the poor fish realised that he couldn't even open his mouth. The fact was, without realising it, he had fallen head over heels in love with this ravishing beauty. It wasn't long before he discovered that she was a very romantically minded girl. She started talking her head off about the Arabian Nights. Paramu, at last finding his tongue, followed up by comparing her beauty with that of the queen of Sheba.

THEREAFTER they began to see a lot of each other, meeting in parks and cinemas and on the beach. It was, what you might call, a whirlwind romance. And, before long, they were married. Of course, the old jeweller had at first kicked up a row and refused his consent but later on agreed to their marriage.

"The old jeweller?" I said. "What had he got to kick up a row about?"

"Why," said Madhav, "didn't I tell you? I suppose didn't. Well, the girl is the jeweller's own pet" daughter!



● ● ●
"Sorry mister, you've got the wrong number — I've not promised to marry anyone yet!"
● ● ●

CHILD OF DESTINY—(Continued from page 70)

"That has always been to me the greatest enigma ever!" the other replied, taking the photograph back and looking at it. "Mr. Jenkins looks a drunkard and a bully. Hilda did tell me that he drank pretty often, but not until I saw him personally did I realise that he must be an inveterate drunkard. The day mother and I went over to see him, he was reeking of liquor and his eyes were blood-shot. He used the most vulgar language, which was quite shocking. Only drink could have made him what he is."

"And his wife?" Colin queried.

"AN ill-mannered woman," Brian described her. After a moment's silence he said, "I shouldn't speak of them like this, I know. After all, they are Hilda's parents; but even the neighbours in town speak badly of them. Mr. Jenkins, I found out later on, was always in debt. It seems he used to drink every night and beat Hilda and her mother. Some people say that her mother, too, was addicted to liquor. But Hilda never mentioned it to me."

"Did your mother say anything?" asked Colin.

"Yes, she did. She told me that Hilda must have been putting on an act for me. But that couldn't be, Colin. I tell you it couldn't be. Mother never saw Hilda. She had already left for Bombay that morning! How could one judge a person without seeing that person first?"

"Did the people there have anything to say about Hilda?"

"I never troubled to find out. Neither did I go about making enquiries regarding Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. What I heard about them just came my way without my asking the few people who offered the information. Nobody knew of our affair. We didn't advertise it. And nobody knew why Hilda had been sent away."

"But I think you said that there were people standing in the street and watching what was going on?" Colin reminded him.

"Yes, there were, but not Anglo-Indians."

"A curious set of affairs, isn't it?" Colin said.

"Yes, it certainly is. But it's all over. She's gone and I'm sure that she must be married by now."

THERE ensued a long interval of silence between the two friends after which Brian observed, "We are both heart-broken lovers, aren't we?"

The other boy smiled and answered, "No, not me. It's over now. How strange that love could die when one sees one's idol shorn of all its adornments and virtues!"

"Why! What has happened?" Brian asked amazed.

"You'd be surprised and amused to know. Philo's going to have a child."

"What!"

"Yes. For a soldier!"

"Gosh, Colin. The way of all flesh, eh?"

"Yes, the way of all flesh — quite a common thing nowadays. Plenty of girls having babies for soldiers. Some fellow must have promised to take her to England or something and that's a thing that goes to the head, you know. They think England is a paradise on earth — a place where they would live as queens. They must go there to find out! I suppose you remember Cecilia Brisson, Brian?"

"Yes, of course. What about her?"

"It seems her mother received a letter from her. She's in Middlesex or some place. She wants to come back. Wrote and told her mother that she's suffering martyrdom there! It seems she has to wash her own clothes, broom the house, wash dishes — everything! Evidently, she must have thought she'd have a servant there to do the house-work and a nanny to mind the baby; but she's been thoroughly disillusioned! It seems when she queues up for rations, the other womenfolk just make fun of her and ask her if she thinks she's a lady! Her husband is in France, I believe, and he never writes to her at all."

BOTH boys laughed uproariously.

It was often a topic of conversation between them — this craze on the part of girls of their community to marry British soldiers and go off to England. Of late, the Americans seemed to be enjoying the field, without much opposition. Whenever they discussed this between themselves the two boys would say: "Great! After all, our community started that way, didn't it? They're improving the breed!"

(To be Continued)

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HER NEW HOME (Continued from page 67)

Ramoo is unable to resist the invitation. He rushes up to the cradle, lifts up his bonny boy, puts his own face against the little one, and fondles him.

Until that child was born, the two young ones had lived in a world of their own. They had loved each other as only true lovers can. There had been nothing to divert or share their affections or attentions.

Jaya had obeyed her father's injunctions to the last letter. She had proved a very faithful and obedient wife, and Ramoo had always been quite proud of her. What a jewel had he been lucky enough to have as his partner in life! What a perfect woman!

When the boy was born, they both showered their affection on that little darling with all their heart. To them he was the finest baby born in this world. It was cute, sprightly and charming. They doted on that mite as only parents can on their first born.

Thirty years have rolled by.

UPON a bed lies stretched a sick old man. He is not able to move from his bed—he talks with difficulty. The doctor feels his pulse. He shakes his head dolefully.

"The end is drawing near," he says. "It is just a question of hours."

Near the cot, at the dying man's feet stands a middle-aged woman, the very embodiment of grief. In

fact, her grief is too great for tears or sobs. Her heart is almost breaking.

By the side of the bed stands a young man. He is also an incarnation of grief. Every now and then he applies his kerchief to his tear-laden eyes, and looks fondly and lovingly at the fast-paling face.

Is it necessary to introduce these three persons, dear Reader?

THE dying old man is Ramoo. It is his wife Jaya who stands at the foot of the cot and sobs as if her heart would break. The young man standing with tear-filled eyes by the side of their cot is their only son. He was but a baby when you last saw him—but now he is a strong young man in the prime of life.

Ramoo slowly beckons to his son with a slight nod of the head. His hands have already begun to disobey him.

"Call Mother near my face," he whispers in that youth's ears. In fact, he does not whisper—he talks as loud as he can. Yet his voice is scarcely louder than a whisper.

Jaya comes and stands close to his face.

Ramoo makes a sign for her hand and asks her to put it in those of their son in his presence.

"My dear boy," he says, after this was carried out, "I am going away—going away from you

all—going away for ever. I leave mother in your charge. It is your duty to love her, cherish her and protect her, until her life's journey is over, and she joins me in Heaven."

Ramoo pauses for breath.

"My child, I loved your mother more than anything else in the world until you were born. I took care, proper care, of her all these years. She is an innocent old woman, ignorant of the ways and wiles of this world. Tell me that you will take good care of her, and I will depart from this world in peace. Her future is the only question that causes me great anxiety and makes my life linger thus."

"I promise, dad, on all that I hold sacred, that I will take good care of her," the young man promises.

JAYA'S eyes are filled with tears. She is unable to give utterance to her surging feelings of sorrow and gratitude. How considerate and careful her husband was even in his last moments! And it is her sad lot in life to survive such a noble and selfless husband!

How she wished to die with him—to keep him company even in his journey after death, as she had done during his life's long journey!

But her husband had ordered her to spend the last span of her life under the protection of their son. And this she resolved to do—putting aside the thought of suicide which momentarily flitted through her mind.

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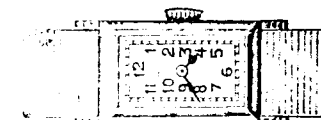
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MIRACLES OF MODERN MEDICINE—(Continued from page 40)

two years. This vaccine was perfected at Tulane University at New Orleans, Louisiana.

THE conqueror of yellow fever was the American scientist, Dr. Walter Reed. In a series of classic experiments performed with human volunteers at Havana, Cuba, in 1900, he and his associates proved that the disease was carried by a certain type of mosquito. The application of Reed's discovery led to control of the disease.

The use of an anti-cholera vaccine has brought a large degree of immunization against cholera, and the use of the drugs sulfadiazin sulfaganine has been successful in checking the disease. Dr. M. L. Crossley of the American Cyanamid Company was one of the outstanding leaders in perfecting them.

Another sulfa drug called phthalysulfacetimide is also effective against cholera. It was developed by Dr. Henry Seneca of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons and Dr. Edward Henderson of the Schering Corporation of Bloomfield, New Jersey.

A new type of anti-cholera vaccine, reported to have several advantages over previous vaccines, was developed in 1944 at the Biochemical Foundation at Newark, Delaware. Called BRF, the vaccine "should pave the way toward the elimination of cholera in the world," according to specialists.

Typhoid fever, caused chiefly by impure water, is being overcome in many areas by improved public health measures, the use of a specific vaccine, and the use of

the antibiotic drug, chloromycetin, developed by Dr. Paul R. Burkholder in the United States.

A new U.S. antibiotic drug called synnematin, described as "the first known positive cure for typhoid fever," was perfected in 1954.

Another new antibiotic drug is puromycin, which promises success against sleeping sickness. This flyborne malady spreads death and lingering illness throughout wide areas of Equatorial Africa. Puromycin, the new "miracle drug," was discovered in 1954 by the Lederle Laboratories of New York.

DESPITE the amazing successes that have been achieved in recent years, there are some areas in which death rates appear to have increased. In large part, they may have increased temporarily because the longer life-span has put more people into the older age groups in which the so-called degenerative diseases usually take the highest toll. The degenerative diseases include heart disease and cancer.

New attacks on heart disease and cancer are being made now in many laboratories throughout the United States and in some other countries as well. Some of these studies are supported partly by public fund drives like those which finance the work of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, and partly by the United States Government.

Leading organizations now conducting large-scale research work on heart disease and cancer are the American Heart Association and the American Cancer Society.

First Prize For 23 Solvers!

RESULT OF MYWORDS No. 42

In MYWORDS No. 42, the Competition Management received Rs. 1,510-4-0 by way of Entry Fees. In conformity with the Rules & Conditions governing this Competition Rs. 530-12-0 being 33 & 1/3 per cent, was deducted from the amount received. The nett amount of Rs. 1,073-8-0 was again divided: Rs. 805-2-0 for All-Correct winners and Rs. 268-6-0 for One-Error and Two-Error winners on a 75 and 25 per cent basis to be in conformity with the amount originally fixed as the target, viz. Rs. 7,500 and Rs. 2,500. Printed on Page 16 is the Chartered Accountants' Certificate regarding the actual amount received as Entry Fees.

Thus, 23 Competitors who were able to submit All-Correct Entries share the First Prize Amount of Rs. 805-2-0, each getting Rs. 35-0-0.

154 One-Error solvers and 67 Two-Error solvers share the Runners-up amount of Rs. 268-6-0. Each One-Error solver gets Re. 1-3-0 and each Two-Error solver gets As. 6-2-0.

Appearing below are the full names and addresses of the All-Correct Solvers. For want of space, full addresses of the 1-Error solvers are not given. Instead, their names and places in alphabetical order are published. Two-Errors winners' list is not published for want of space. The number shown in brackets indicates the number of shares won by a Competitor. Two-Error winners need not send any Scrutiny Claims now. Their prizes will be sent on the due date.

The Last Date for receiving Scrutiny Claims is 9th June, 1955.

Scrutiny Claims received without the Scrutiny Claim Fee will be ignored. (See page 96 for Scrutiny Claim form.)

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

ALL-CORRECT SOLVERS. Each Awarded Rs. 35-0-0.

ABBAS G., 311, Main Street, MHOW, M.B.
ANAND MEHTA, c/o Pioneer Automobile Co., Kashmere Gate, DELHI-6.
ANNAPP T.U., Taluk Clerk (Retd.), East New Street, SRIVILLIPUTTUR, Ramnad Dt.
BASANGOUDA B. KAMATGOUDAR, Hospeth-Galli, House No. 3301, GOKAK, Dt. Belgaum.
FASIHUDDIN S., 61, Sadar Bazar, MEERUT CANTT., U.P.
ISAAC M.L., Chathanoday, VANDANMETTU P.O., Kottayam, T.C.
JULIANA DE'SA (Mrs.), c/o C. De'Sa Cooper Eng. Ltd., F-2, Room No. 1, Cooper Colony, SATARA ROAD.
KRISHNA LAL ARUN, Postal Clerk, S.B. Branch, P.O. MORADABAD, U.P.
KUNASEKARAN N., 98, Varada Muthiappan Street, MADRAS-1.
LAKHE, Inspector of Post Offices, MHOW, M.B.
MEENA GUPTA (Miss), c/o M/s Radhey Shyam Ram Niwas, I.T. College Crossing, Faizabad Road, LUCKNOW, U.P.
NARASAMA K.V. (Smt.), c/o Kesava Kuntala Laxmiah, YELLANDU P.O. Khammameth Dt.
NARAYANA V.L., c/o V. Venkata Raghaviah, 145, Georgepet, ANANTAPUR.
NATARAJAN T.R., Fitter, Token No. 56, Strathie Co-operative Engineering Works, Portuguese Church Street, MADRAS-1.
PARANJOTI H., c/o M/s A.J. Declase & Sons Ltd., Asramam, QUILON.
PREM M.K., Modi College, MODINAGAR Meerut Dt., U.P.
RAICHANDANI N.S., c/o Nishat Medical Hall, 4, M.G. Road, POONA-1.
RAJAGOPAL RAO T.N., 109, Venkatrangam Pillai Street, Triplicane, MADRAS-5.
RAJ KUMARI JAIN (Mrs.), c/o Prof. M.K. Prem, Modi College, MODINAGAR, Dt. Meerut, U.P.
RAJARAM V.N., Postman, HOSUR P.O., Salem Dt.
SRINATH G.S., Typist, Superintending Engineer's Office, Thungabhadra Reservoir Circle, MUNIRABAD, Raichur Dt.
SWAMY K.S.R., Transport Controller's Office, Secretariat, CUTTACK.
VALLURI S.R., P & T. Office, KOVVUR, West Godavari Dt.

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

(10) ABBAS G. Mhow; Arakkal Viswanath Pillay, Niranom.

(2) BASANGOUDA B. Kamat Goudar, Gokak; (3) Bhaia J.L., New Delhi; Bhupendra Bahadur Sinha, Khadda, U.P.

CARVALHO D. (Miss), Madras-1; Chanchaiddas N. Chaitani, Hirakad, Orissa; Chandra Sekharan K., Kuttalam; Christian B., Samalkot.

DATTATIRAYA Rao Y., Drug; Devender Kumar Syal, Basi; Devi N. Rajchandani (Mrs.), Poona-2.

FAKIR Hazra, Burdwan; Falloon S.A., Darbhanga; (3) Fasihuddin S., Meerut Cantt.

(5) GHANSHYAM Das Saxena, Mathura, U.P.; Gopala Ayyangar V.R., Madras-5.

HIRANI (Mrs.), Lucknow, U.P.

INDIRA (Mrs.), Ahmednagar.

JADHAV Sulochana P. (Mrs.), Sangli; Jose Marie Ribeiro, Bombay-20.

KALAVA Kuntala Laxmiah, Yellandu; Kalaperumal D., Pelandurai; (5) Kamala Ganesh R. (Mrs.), Madras-7; Kanwar Singh (Jr.), Rajayanpura, Hissar Dt.; Karri Rajeswara Rao, Berhampur; Karun Kumar Chakravarti, Calcutta-27; Kasturi Lall, New Delhi; (2) Krishna Iyer K., Anantapur; (9) Krishna Lal Arun, Moradabad U.P.; Krishna Swami P.D., Bangalore-1; Krishnaswami Iyer P.S., Ariyalur; (2) Kurup K.E.C., Deolali.

(2) LEKHRAJ M. Vachani, Ajmer.

MADHAVAN PILLAI C. Alleppey; Mahadevan K., Munnirpallam; (2) Mahajan S.D., Jhansi, U.P.; Malhar V. Gadre, Bagalkot; Mano Gupta (Miss), Lucknow, U.P.; Mohan Gupta J.P., Coonoor R.S.

SCRUTINY CLAIM RULES & CONDITIONS

Such of those Competitors who believe that they have won a Prize in MYWORDS No. 42 and it is not stated in the List of Prize Winners published in this Issue that they have won such a Prize or that the shares they are entitled to are incorrectly stated in the published List of Prize Winners may demand a Scrutiny provided such a Scrutiny Claim is made within 9 days from the date of publication of the List of Prize Winners in MY Magazine of India of 1-6-55 and the Claim is accompanied by a Scrutiny Fee of Rs. 3. The Scrutiny Fee can be paid either by Money Order or crossed Postal Order payable to MYWORDS No. 42, MY Magazine of India, 32, Broadway, Madras 1. The Scrutiny Claim and P.O. or M.O. Receipt as evidence of payment of the Scrutiny Fee should be sent by Registered Post only. Scrutiny Claims received without the accompanying Scrutiny Fee will be ignored. In the event of a Scrutiny Claim proving correct, the Scrutiny Fee will be refunded. The distribution of Prize Amount will be automatically re-adjusted in case a Scrutiny Claim is substantiated.

Fill up the Blank spaces in the Claim Form printed below and send it with the Scrutiny Claim Fee.

Covers containing such Claims should bear "Scrutiny Claim" marked prominently on the top left corner.

Name Competition No.
No. of Entries sent
No. of Entry Forms sent
Claim for: 1st Prize / 1-Error / 2-Errors.
Scrutiny Fee Paid by P.O. / M.O.
Number of the P.O. / M.O. enclosed

(15) NAKASAMA K.V., (Smt), Yellandu; (6) Narayana V.L., Anantapur; (2) Narayanan R., Delhi; Natarajan G., Quilon; (2) Natarajan T.R., Madras-1; (2) Nirmal Singh Chandigarh; Noronha L.G., Mombasa, Kenya.

(2) PANNA LAL Sharma, Bhopal; Patnaik L.V.N., Vizianagaram City; (7) Prem M.K., Modinagar; A Pushpa Arun, Moradabad, U.P.; Pyare Lal Gupta, Akola, M.P.

(9) RAICHANDANI N.S., Poona-1; Rajam P.S., Bhiknoor R.S.; Rajan C.P.S., Cuddapah; Rajaram V.N., Hosur; (16) Raj Kumari Jain (Mrs), Modinagar; Rajkumar Singh, Kharagpur. SAROJA (Miss), Madras-1; Savarimuthu P., Gooty R.S.; Shanthi M., Chingleput; Shanti Devi Mehra (Mrs), Moradabad, U.P.; Srinath G.S., Munirabad; Subramanyam T., Adoni; (2) Subramony M., Trivandrum-1; Sundaram N.S., Madras-1; (10) Swamy K.S.R., Cuttack.

THANGAMANI G.M., Madras; Thanga Raj, Bombay; Tunani Dalip Lalchand, Jhinkpanti.

VANHALTREN P.E., Madras-1; Venkataratnam P., Hyderabad, Dn.

(2) YUSUF H. Madraswalla, Madras-1.

ZUBERI M.H., Hyderabad, Dn.

PERMUTED ENTRIES

Competitors can send any number of Entries to MYWORDS Competition.

Competitors who wish to absolutely permute all the 10 Clues in 1024 Entries need not show the full permutation worked out. It will be enough if they write on the Entry Form or on a plain piece of paper: "All the 10 Clues fully permuted in 1024 Entries."

Competitors who wish to send a lesser number of Entries permuting the alternatives of a few Clues only must show the full permutation worked out on the Entry Forms or plain piece of paper. Entries received from such Competitors not showing the permutation will be disqualified.

Competition Manager,

MYWORDS

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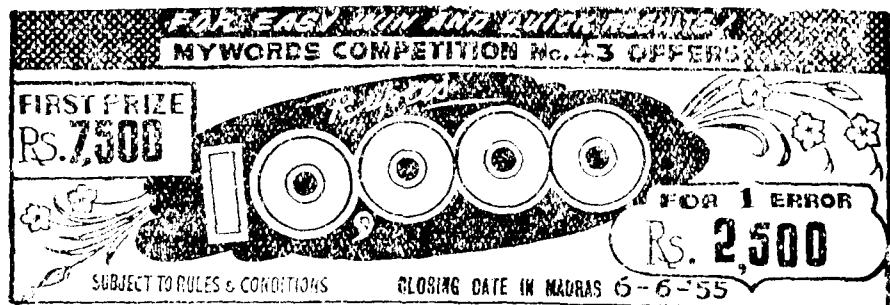
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CLUES

- One is not likely to forget the experience of a first — in a plane. (FLIGHT or FRIGHT?)
- The prospect of having to stay awake late into the night might — some people. (ALARM or CHARM?)
- Election speeches are bound to have partisan — (FERVOUR or FLAVOUR?)
- Blind faith in — has made many a man to suffer unnecessarily (RELATIVES or SEDATIVES?)
- Wife would be at a loss to know where she stands with husband who's — (ARTFUL or FITFUL?)
- If text-book provides very dull reading, school-boys are apt to — over it. (BROWSE or DROWSE?)
- Young man in bus is apt to feel very self-conscious to see the young girls inside — at him. (GIGGLING or GOGGLING?)
- During heated discussion on Bill, Minister's — statement that the Government will not be worried whether the Opposition is going to support it or not will raise a stormy scene. (BALD or BOLD?)
- Young men seem to have more — these days. (NERVE or VERVE?)
- To conduct a — is not as easy as people seem to think it is. (CAFE or CASE?)

Competitors' attention is drawn to the fact that the prize amount due to them in a Competition or any other amount which may be in their credit in other transactions with us will not be adjusted in respect of Entry Fees etc., of this and subsequent Competitions.

Mywords No. 43:

KEY SOLUTION. The Sealed Cover containing the Official Key Solution of MYWORDS No. 43 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 June, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*.

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

ADDRESS your Covers containing Entries to:— MYWORDS No. 43 32, Broadway, Madras 1.

Extremely Low Entry Fees!

Rs. 1 for 6 Entries. = Rs. 2 for 18 Entries. = Rs. 4 for 48 Entries.

For All-Correct:— Rs. 7,500. For 1-Error:— Rs. 2,500. (Subject to Rules & Conditions.)

ENTRY No.1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
1	F	I	G	H	T																			
2	L	A	R	M																				
3	F	R	A	V	O	U	R																	
4	E	L	A	T	I	V	E																	
5	R	I	T	F	U	L																		
6	R	O	W	S	E																			
7	G	G	L	I	N	G																		
8	B	L	D																					
9	E	R	V	E																				
10	C	A																						

How to Fill Up: Each line of 10 Blank Squares top to bottom constitutes one Entry. 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.

MYWORDS

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

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

No. of Entries

No. 43

FULL ADDRESS

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Rs. 10,000

FOR ONE-ERROR
Rs. 2,500

SUBJECT TO RULES & CONDITIONS CLOSING DATE IN MADRAS 6-7-'55

CLUES

- Well-brought up girl is likely to dislike intensely a sly — (DIG or DOG?)
- Youngster who has a marked tendency to — when he shouldn't is usually snubbed. (SNEAK or SPEAK?)
- Those who — money usually regard those who don't as spendthrifts. (HAVE or SAVE?)
- How amusing is a mad person's fancy for — (RAGS or RIGS?)
- Our film producers would do well not to show villain playing a drunken — as film fans have tired of it. (ROLE or ROUE?)
- If young people resent old person's tendency to — it is because they have not understood the effect of advanced age. (DOTE or DOZE?)
- that is noisy and persistent is likely to grate on person with jaded nerves. (COUGH or LAUGH?)
- Young man who indulges in — often is bound to come to grief sooner than later. (DRINK or PRANK?)
- Wife will be well advised to keep quiet instead of resenting it when husband — (FLARES or GLARES?)
- It is usually not realised how much of all round practical experience is required to direct a — well. (FARM or FILM?)
- Persons who have a practical bent of mind seldom — (HOPE or MOPE?)

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ACROSS

1. "Modern college boys often seem to display more interest in — than in studies!" DAMES, GAMES?

It is too much of an unwarranted generalisation to state that all modern college boys often seem to display more interest in Dames. In the past, students took little interest in Games. But now they seem to display more interest in it than in studies. Bet on GAMES.

4. "— are days when even those drawing good salaries have to spend a little carefully." THERE, THESE?

The word These is misleading. Why should the well-salaried spend "a little" cautiously at all These days? Even those drawing good salaries have to spend a little carefully during month-end. "There are days" refers to this period. Enter THERE.

6. "Thanks to various projects undertaken, our many young engineers have something — to do." NEW, NOW?

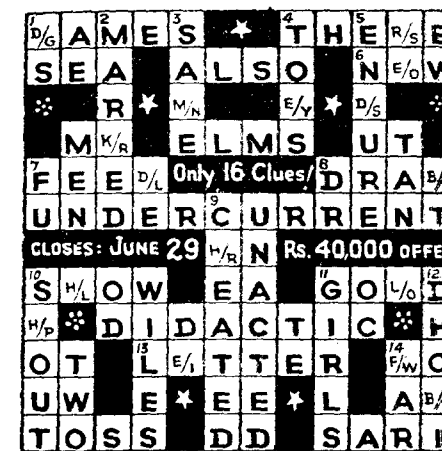
Both the words are apt. Hence, permute the words NEW and NOW.

7. "To do really heavy work one must — well." FEED, FEEL?

To do really heavy work calls for strength. Merely to Feel well will not be enough. To have strength, one should necessarily Feed, eat, well. Back FEED.

8. "Cricket match that looks — sometimes takes thrilling turn." DRAB, DRAW?

Cricket match will look Drab, uninteresting, because the players are unenterprising. Such a match will seldom take "thrilling" turn. In spite of best efforts by both sides, a cricket match might look like ending in a Draw. But sometimes, last minute boundaries and sixers might make the game quite thrilling. Vote for DRAW.



10. "His having long lead near finish often prompts jockey to — off." SHOW, SLOW?

Even though he may have long lead near finish, no jockey would Slow off for it is an unwise thing to do. His having such a lead might prompt him to Show off. Back SHOW.

11. "After a few years, man who left his country for — often longs to get back." GOLD, GOOD?

Why Gold only? Man who left his country for other reasons might also feel likewise. A person might leave his country for Good, for ever, and settle in a foreign country. The novelty of the new place will wear off in a few years and he will long to get back to his country of birth. GOOD scores.

13. "In well-run office, we seldom see — lying about." LETTER, LITTER?

Even in well-run office one can see letters lying about on tables. But we can seldom, never, see Litter, things scattered about, in a well-run office. LITTER wins.

DOWN

2. "Many a promising man's career has been — by weakness for women." MARKED, MARRED?

It will be most ridiculous to concede that many a promising man's career has been *Marked* by weakness for women. Some men may have such weakness but not many. It is only too true that many a promising man's career has been *Marred*, ruined, by weakness for women. Back MARRED.

3. "After mental breakdown, man may never seem quite — again to his intimate friends." SAME, SANE?

Mental breakdown need not necessarily mean insanity. Human nature is such that when a man has had a mental breakdown and later becomes all right, his intimate friends would still think he is not the *Same* person he was! SAME scores.

4. "Mummy's likely to be annoyed with visitor who treads on her darling's —" TOES, TOYS?

Visitor treading on her darling's *Toes* will definitely annoy the mother whereas visitor's treading on the *Toys* is likely to annoy the mother. Bet on TOYS.

5. "A hectic life in youth very often makes old age difficult to —" ENDURE, ENSURE?

The "very often" and "old age" rule out *Ensure*. Even properly lived persons die young. It is true that hectic life in youth often results in badly affected constitution in old age and so it will be difficult to *Endure*, bear patiently. ENDURE wins.

9. "Film star's not likely to forget producer who — her!" CHEATED, CREATED?

It is not good to prefer one alternative to the other. So, permute both CHEATED and CREATED.

10. "How annoying are people who — when terseness is called for?" SHOUT, SPOUT?

"Terseness" is the pointer here. One can *Shout* in a terse manner. But *Spout*, speechify, and terseness are contradictory and therefore annoying. Enter SPOUT.

12. "— can handicap one hopelessly in rainy season!" DHOB, DHOTI?

Why the *Dhoti* should handicap one in rainy season is not clear. Does the Compiler think of the West? The *Dhobi*, washerman, is always unpunctual and the rains would be a welcome excuse for him to be even more unpunctual. We would thus be handicapped by him. Go in for DHOB.

14. "The leader of a nation needs to be capable of seeing — ahead." FAR, WAR?

The leader should be capable not merely of seeing *War* ahead but *Far* ahead. Such a person alone is called a statesman, FAR should score.

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SQUAREWORD No. D-43

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ACROSS

5. "It's often pathetically easy for wealthy people to — social-climbers." ABUSE, AMUSE?

All that is required to *Abuse* social climbers is courage and that surely is no monopoly of the wealthy people only. Social climbers have necessarily to please all the important people and have therefore to flatter, etc. Even though they need not even attempt to *Amuse*, whatever they do or say will be said to be amusing, entertaining by the social climbers just to please them. It is wealth that does it and it is this that is pathetic. Back AMUSE.

7. "We're seldom surprised when dotting mother says her son's — isn't good enough for him." PAL, PAY?

However fond the mother may be of her son, she can't be so foolish as to say her son's *Pal*, friend, isn't good enough for him. She will have such a high opinion of his abilities, real or imaginary, that it is no surprise for us to hear her say her son's *Pay* isn't good enough, sufficient enough for him. He deserves more, in her opinion. PAY scores.

9. "It's usually big surprise when people we have — speak kindly of us." HATED, RATED?

We may have *Hated* people secretly. Then, it can't be a surprise if such people speak kindly of us for they don't know our real feelings towards them. It should be a big surprise if people we have *Rated*, openly scolded or abused, should speak kindly of us. RATED wins.

12. "Cynic might well say that people who are — seem to miss much of the pleasure in life." GRIM, PRIM?

By merely being *Grim*, appearing to have a forbidding look, a person need not necessarily miss much of the pleasures in life. But by being *Prim*, a man might miss the pleasures for his *Prim* attitude might prevent

his participating in or denying himself of the pleasures. Enter PRIM.

14. "As a rule, good wife seldom — her hubby." RILES, RULES?

A wife who cannot and will not *Rule* her hubby is yet to be born! Her efforts to *Rule* him may be open and aggressive or secret and subtle but the fact is there undeniably. "Seldom" in the Clue thus goes against *Rules*. A "good", loving and obedient, wife will as a rule seldom, never, *Rile*, abuse her hubby. RILE scores.

15. "Women are more inclined than men to become — about gossip relating to themselves." CURIOUS, FURIOUS?

"Gossip" is used in a vague sense. It may be of a trifling or serious nature. If it is the serious type, then both men and women will become equally *Furious*. If it is the trifling type, men won't care to know further about it but women would do their best to know. Go in for CURIOUS.

16. "It's often very helpful for ambitious youth to consider what successful business man —" HAS, WAS?

It will not be so very helpful for ambitious youth to know what a successful businessman *Was*. To consider, analyse, what a successful businessman *Has*, like his push, efficiency, etc., might be very helpful for ambitious youth for thereby he can understand how to make a success of himself. Bet on HAS.

17. "We're apt to look with disfavour on person who takes pleasure in — of his rivals." DEFEATS, DEFECTS?

Defects may be of character. There is no reason to look with disfavour on person who takes pleasure in the *Defects* of his rivals for it is a common thing in this world of free enterprise and keen competition. But to take pleasure in *Defeats* of rivals indicates a malicious, spiteful, nature and this is bad. Back DEFEATS.

18. "It often counts much against him when applicant for job is — about answering questions." **SHY, SLY?**

Applicant who is *Sly*, cunning, in answering questions may succeed in passing the interview. But applicant who is *Shy* in answering questions may be thought to be nervous, lacking in self-confidence. It will go against him. **SHY** should score.

DOWN

1. "Conscientious parents often wonder how far they should be tolerant towards youthful —" **REBELS, REVELS?**

Tolerance of any degree should never be shown towards youthful *Rebels*. While strict parents might frown on youthful *Rebels*, pranks, conscientious parents might wonder how far they should tolerate such *Rebels*, merry-making. Back **REVELS**.

2. "We're usually very gratified when man we've said was — proves to be so." **HOUND, SOUND?**

Hound is a person who behaves in an abominable manner. *Sound* person is one who can be thoroughly depended upon. It is difficult to choose between the alternatives. So, permute both **HOUND** and **SOUND**.

3. "Young bachelor might well take heed of henpecked hubby's advice on how women will try to — him." **TRAP, TRIP?**

Young bachelor may not bother about how women will try to *Trip*, fool him. But he will take heed of henpecked hubby's advice on how women will *Trap*, snare him into matrimony for the advice comes from a man of bitter experience. **TRAP** wins.

4. "It's apt to make worker — when he is promoted to overseer." **CAPTIOUS, CAUTIOUS?**

Worker who is promoted as overseer is bound to be *Cautious*, careful, in the discharge of his duties. But he might at an unguarded moment behave in a *Captious*, critical, peevish, fault-finding manner. Enter **CAPTIOUS**.

6. "Girl with social ambition is apt to regard her parents' advice as mere attempts to — her progress." **BAR, MAR?**

No parent will ever *Mar* their child's attempts to progress. But parents might advise her to avoid this or that and such advice will be regarded by girl with social ambitions as her parents' attempts to *Bar* obstruct, her progress. Bet on **BAR**.

8. "We're apt to be wary person who makes excuses will great —" **ABILITY, AGILITY**

It's difficult to know or assess the *excuse* Ability with which a man offers excuse. It's only natural for us to be wary of person who makes excuses with great *agility* quickness. Go in for **AGILITY**.

10. "Man with sense of independence seldom stays long with boss who — workers a lot." **CURSES, NURSES?**

If boss *Nurses* workers, there's no reason for the workers to quit. If he *Curses* them a lot, then the workers who have a firm sense of independence will soon quit, resign. Back **CURSES**.

11. "The more optimistic shareholder the less likely he is to think — in shares big enough to justify selling." **RISE, RISK?**

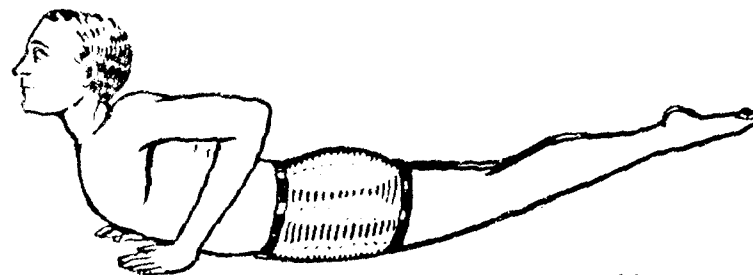
The more optimistic the shareholder the less likely he is to think there will be *Risk* at all. Even when there is a *Risk* the share, the less likely is he to sell. more optimistic he is for he will expect them to *Rise* even more. Vote for **RISE**.

13. "As a rule, the more a man — for his children the more he is criticised by other parents." **DOES, GOES?**

The more a man *Does* for his children the more is he likely to be envied or appreciated. But the more a man *Goes* for his children, punishes them, the more will he be criticised by other parents. **DOES** wins.

By "SPOTTER"

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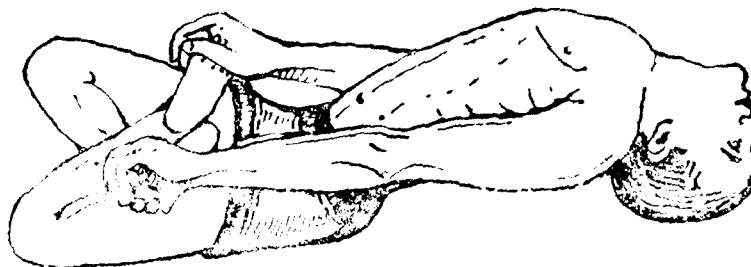
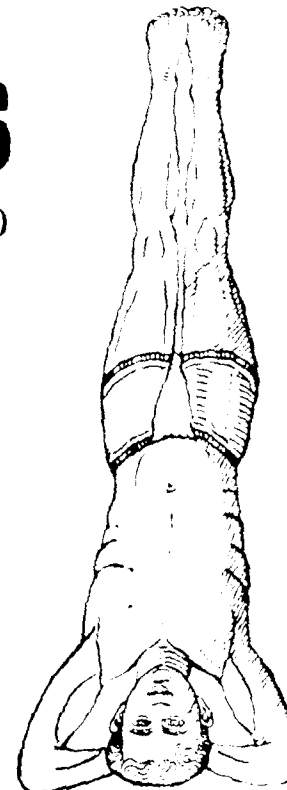
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