

My Magazine
of India

15th June 1966

vol-26.



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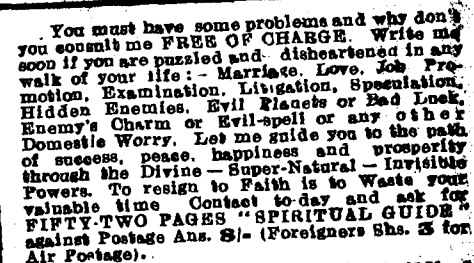
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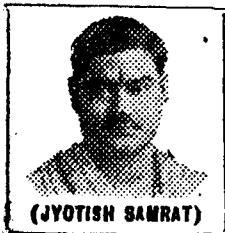
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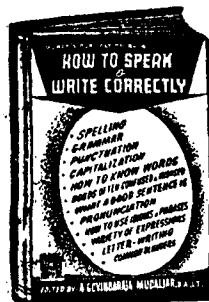
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THE CLASP OF FRIENDSHIP

MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

26th Year of Publication

The United Front Returns

AFTER a year of bitter political controversy, uncertainty and insecurity, Parliamentary Government has been restored in East Bengal. Governor's rule came to an end, and Mr. Mohammed Ali, the Pakistani Prime Minister, was in Dacca for some days, exploring with the United Front leaders the possibilities of an amicable settlement. It was a vindication of the cause of democracy when the leading party agreed to assume office.

In keeping with formal procedure, Mr. Fazlul Huq submitted the resignation of his 14-man Cabinet to the Governor. The veteran statesman was not willing personally to assume the reins of administration; he is nearly eighty-five. But even Mr. Mohammed Ali has conceded that Mr. Huq is still the undisputed leader of the United Front. Mr. Huq's nominee, Mr. Abu Hossain Sarkar, is now Chief Minister with four other colleagues named by their leader. Mr. Sarkar, who is sixty, is a shrewd politician and administrator. He was Minister in Mr. Huq's Cabinet and after its suspension went over to Karachi to take over the portfolio of Health in the Central Government. It would be interesting to recall in this connection that the new Chief Minister was an ardent Congressman before partition and was a valiant fighter for the country's freedom.

The sudden rise of Mr. Huq to power constitutes a thrilling chapter by itself. Mr. Huq and Mr. Suhrawardy conceived the happy idea of a United Front, comprising several parties, to rout the Muslim League. Of these the Krishak Sramic Party, led by Mr. Huq, and the Awami League, led by Mr. Suhrawardy, were the most formidable. The Karachi Government had decided to hold elections in East Bengal on

he basis of adult franchise and expected that the League would emerge victorious.

To the amazement of the High Command, the League sustained a humiliating defeat and a United Front Ministry came into being. Democracy won but it had the briefest spell. The United Front demanded greater autonomy, pressed the claims of Bengali as a national medium and wanted a larger share in the Central administration on the ground that East Bengal is the bigger half of the Dominion. The Central Government was alarmed at these trends and when Mr. Huq made speeches in Calcutta expressing his friendship for India and lack of faith in the political division of the country, it thought that he had over-reached himself. And the outbreak of riots in an industrial area in East Bengal afforded an opportunity to the Centre to intervene and place the province under Governor's rule.

Serious charges were levelled against the leaders of the province. The Communists who had helped the United Front to come to power were said to be playing a deep game and were responsible for the riots. Now, after twelve months of political paralysis, East Bengal is creeping back to normal routine and full-blooded life. What made the Pakistani Governor-General and the Prime Minister take this sudden step we do not presume to know. But it is of happy augury that Mr. Huq has resumed active leadership. India has noticed a wholesome development; consequent on the formation of the Sarkar Ministry, the exodus of the Hindu minority from East Bengal to West has almost stopped. The feeling of insecurity among the Hindus has given place to one of confidence, and the release of political detenus has even cheered up the minority community.

It is, however, matter for regret that the Awami League which worked in close co-operation with Mr. Huq's party and which has a bloc of 80 representatives in the Legislative Assembly should have been excluded from the new Cabinet. We hope the Chief Minister will avoid the mistake of alienating this powerful party.

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Municipal Chairmen Meet

At the Fifth Annual Conference of the Chamber of Municipal Chairmen in Madras last week, a demand for more powers was made by the delegates. In his welcome speech, Sri Palaniswami Gounder appealed to the State Government to implement the recommendations of the Rathnasabapathi Mudaliar Committee. Calling for the abolition of the Commissioner's post, he said that it would be enough to have a Secretary for assisting the Chairman.

"The position of the Chairman," observed Sri Gounder, "without even powers to create the post of a peon or to appoint a watchman is really pitiable." Municipalities, he urged, must have greater resources; the rate of compensation given under the Motor Vehicles Taxation Act should have to be increased and a percentage of the General Sales Tax should be allotted.

Sri S. S. Ramaswami Padayachi, Minister for Local Administration, disclosed that Government had taken certain important decisions on the report of the R. M. Committee. While the post of the Commissioner would be retained, the powers of Municipal Chairmen would be enhanced. He pointed

out that the institution of Municipal Commissioners, existing for more than twenty years, had proved its usefulness and announced Government's decision to provincialise the Service of Commissioners. And he promised speedy legislation to grant new powers to the Chairmen.



Vice-Adm. S.H. Carlill, C.B., D. O., Flag Officer Training Squadron, Home Fleet, Royal Navy, who has been appointed Chief of Naval Staff, Indian Navy in succession to Adm. C.T. Mark Pizey. The appointment is to take effect in July. Vice-Adm. Carlill was born in December, 1902.

It is indeed unfortunate that the Commissioner and the Chairman do not see eye to eye with each other on several important questions concerning civic welfare. Government must devise ways and means to widen the area of agreement and co-operation between the two. A committee of experts may well be appointed to examine this possibility.



The Rt. Hon'ble Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia, who has been appointed High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India in succession to Sir Alexander Clutterbuck.

Mahtab's Warning

Dr. Harekrushna Mahtab, Governor of Bombay, cautioned Hindi enthusiasts against any hasty steps towards introduction of the new official medium. In the matter of spreading a language there should be no room for compulsion or coercion. "If Hindi is the language of India," Dr. Mahtab said, "it is so with the consent of the

non-Hindi-speaking people, whatever may be their number. The question of language is not a political one for the doctrine of the rule of majority to be made applicable to it."

If there was a voice of protest from the South, went on the Governor, the fault lay with those who had shouldered the task of popularising Hindi. He would advise them to go slow. "No language can ever be forced upon a resisting people by any coercive method; not even by moral coercion, which is sought to be exercised by public denunciation of those who protest. If there is a protest, it has to be listened to, considered and then disposed of sympathetically."

The South was even more patriotic than the North, East or West, proceeded Dr. Mahtab. There was every need, therefore, for others to understand its difficulties and make the necessary adjustments.

We earnestly hope that this voice of wisdom from Bombay will be heeded by those Hindi fanatics in the North who have decided to go ahead with their plans for enforcing Hindi and rigorously exclude those who are not ready. Such a step will only alienate the South and strengthen the hands of communalists who are clamouring for a separate, independent State or Republic. Unless the Constitution is amended to put the language issue in cold storage or to allow for a process of slow evolution and adoption by universal consent, there will be trouble enough, we fear, and national solidarity will be undermined. Do Hindi fanatics relish such a prospect?

More Amenities On Railways

In the course of a broadcast last week, Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri promised more passenger amenities under the Second Five-Year Plan. He referred to the availability of Rs. 15 crores, provided for this purpose. There will be cheap standard menus to suit regional tastes. A telephone set will be installed at every station, big or small. Mobile cinema vans will be screening films to entertain passengers waiting for their trains.

He also announced the introduction of two vestibuled Janata trains, in which passengers could walk from

one end to the other, and there would be conductors posted on them to attend to the needs and conveniences of Third Class passengers. Going into detail, the Railway Minister listed waiting halls, benches, suitable lighting arrangements, good drinking water, improved types of latrines, more trees to give shade, etc., as the minima of amenities for every station.

But overcrowding still persists on some sections. It is clear that additional trains are the only remedy. There are passengers, even old and infirm, who have to keep standing in a crowded train throughout the journey. But no immediate solution seems feasible.

"Almost as handy as a magic carpet and a great deal safer"—that is the verdict of users of this new hydraulic platform made in Britain, which can put two men into almost any place where work is needed to be done up to heights of 40 feet. Operation is entirely hydraulic, pressure being provided by a small motor. All movements are controlled from the platform by means of pedals for raising and lowering and a knee-operated rotation control. This leaves the operator's hands free for work. The machine can be mounted on any chassis of three tons or over.



On the proposed exhibition of films, Shri Shastri stated: "The idea is to usefully fill the time of passengers waiting for trains and at the same time, to give them a visual idea of what is going on in this great country of ours. Some of the films will also provide practical guidance on personal matters of everyday interest to the people." In addition, we would suggest that every station and important train should be equipped with a radio set for relaying music.

Under-Estimate?

According to the latest census report, there are fewer beggars in India than in 1931. If personal observation and experience are any guide, the official conclusion would seem open to question. How often have we read reports in the daily press to the effect that there has been a noticeable increase in the number of beggars—

The challenge of the atomic age has produced this special typewriter which is used at Harwell — Britain's atomic energy research centre. It is a machine with two keyboards, giving a range of 180 characters, and is for the typing of mathematical formulae. Similar machines made by a Leicester firm are used extensively in connection with aeronautical, electrical and radar research and special work in industry. Also manufactured by this firm are more than 100 standard keyboard layouts for writing in almost every commercially-used language. These include those for languages such as Siamese, Arabic and Sinhalese. Manufacturers: Imperial Type-writer Co., Ltd., Leicester, England.



especially, the diseased, the maimed and the infirm. The obvious inference is that when the census operations were on, some of the begging fraternity went underground or proved elusive. "The basis of the census figures needs to be re-examined," comments *The Times of India*. "Does the label 'beggars' in the census calculations really cover all those who beg? The question is not altogether irrelevant because according to the census classification of various categories of workers, *sadhus* and religious mendicants have been included under the head 'Religious, charitable and welfare services.' It may be that many vagrants declared themselves as 'religious mendicants.'"

In cities, at any rate, the number of beggars is far larger and they are an unmitigated nuisance. There has been constant migration of people from the rural areas to

the urban and many of them take to begging when they are unable to find employment. What appellation has the census report given to these people? It would be better if Government reconsidered this question and called for statistics from each District Collector.

Destroy That Poster

To illustrate the severity of punishment that the law will impose upon those who practise untouchability, the Madras Government has issued a poster depicting a Brahmin who tells a Harijan to keep off and finds himself behind iron bars. We agree that untouchability is meaningless and should go. But the poster was an instance of thoughtless action on the part of the authorities. As *The Hindu* says, it is an offensive poster and constitutes an insult to a particular community. We would add that the Brahmin community is just one of the several communities in Hindu society that practise untouchability.

Instead of showing a Brahmin, the figure of a Hindu male could have been delineated by the artist. This would have been adequate to convey Government's warning without giving cause for offence to one particular community. Government, we understand, have decided not to use the poster hereafter. What of those now kept on show? We would appeal to the authorities not only to withdraw all copies of the poster but destroy them as well.

Even For The Uninitiated!

Reviewing the book "YOGA ASANAS" written by His Holiness Mahamandaleswar Sri Swami

Sivananda Saraswati, Founder-President of the Divine Life Society of Rishikesh, *The Mail*, the well-known daily of the South says: "Most Indians today have become Yoga-conscious. This book describes in detail the various 'Asanas,' with illustrations and instructions as to how to practise them. Swami Sivananda lays stress on the health aspect of Yoga Asanas. The language is simple and instructions easy to follow even for those uninitiated in the mysteries of Yoga. Individuals of all ages can practise Yoga Asanas, according to the Swami. The state of health, and convenience of the individual, under modern conditions, have been taken into consideration before recommending the type of Asanas that each can practise. This book is a guide to those interested in the practice of Yoga."

Readers who do not own a copy, we suggest, should. They will be doing a real service by presenting copies of this book to as many young men and women as their purse would permit. They will have thereby contributed at very negligible expense, towards improving the health of the nation.

For further details, please see the third cover of this Journal.

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Thou art Divine. Live up to it. Feel and realise thy Divine nature. Thou art the master of destiny. Do not be discouraged when sorrows, difficulties and tribulations manifest in the daily battle of life. Draw up courage and spiritual strength from within. Learn the ways to tap the source. Dive deep within. Sink down. Plunge in the sacred waters of Immortality, the holy *Triveni* within. You will be quite refreshed, renovated and vivified when you realise: "I AM THE IMMORTAL SELF."

Understand the laws of the universe. Move tactfully in this world. Learn the secrets of nature. Try to know the best ways to control the mind. Conquer this mind. Conquest of mind is really conquest of nature and the world. Conquest of mind will enable you to go to the Source of Soul-power and you can realise: "I AM THE IMMORTAL SELF."

Do not murmur. Do not grumble when troubles and sorrows descend upon you. Every difficulty is an opportunity for you to develop your will and to grow strong. Welcome it. Difficulties strengthen your will, augment your power of endurance and turn your mind towards God. Face them with a smile. In your weakness lies your real strength. Thou art invincible. Nothing can harm you. Conquer the difficulties one by one.



Founder-President
Divine Life Society, Rishikesh.

This is the beginning of a new life, a life of expansion, glory and divine splendour. Aspire and draw. Grow. Expand. Build up all positive virtuous qualities, the *Devi Sampati*, viz., fortitude, patience and courage that are dormant in you. Tread the spiritual path and realise: "I AM THE IMMORTAL SELF."

HAVE a new angle of vision. Arm yourself with discrimination, cheerfulness, discernment, alacrity and understanding spirit. A glorious brilliant future is awaiting you. Let the past be buried. You can work miracles. You can do wonders. Do not give up hope. You can destroy the harmful effects of

unfavourable planets through your will force. You can command the elements and the nature. You can neutralise the effect of evil influences and the antagonistic dark forces that may operate against you. You can change the unfavourable circumstances into the best possible ones. You can nullify destiny. Many have done this. You can also do so. Assert! Recognise! Claim thy birthright now! THOU ART THE IMMORTAL SELF.

Determination and self-reliance are very necessary for success in Self-realisation. A timid man or a coward dies several times before he actually dies. When you have once decided to take to spiritual practices, stick to it tenaciously at any cost, nay, at the risk of your very life. Be bold. Stand up. Gird up the loins. Realise the Truth. Proclaim it everywhere! THOU ART THE IMMORTAL SELF.

DESTINY is your own creation. You have created your destiny through thoughts and actions. You can undo the same by right thinking and action. Even if there is an evil or a dark antagonistic force to attack you, you can diminish its force by resolutely denying the existence of evil or resolutely turning your mind away from it. Thus you can disarm destiny. The one thought "I AM THE IMMORTAL SELF" will neutralise all evil forces, the evil influences of all malevolent planets and will infuse in you courage and inner spiritual strength. Wrong thinking is the root cause for human sufferings. Cultivate right thinking and right acting. Work unselfishly in terms of unity with *Atma Bhav*. This is right action. The right thinking

is when you constantly think: "I AM THE IMMORTAL SELF."

THERE is no such thing as sin. Sin is only a mistake. Sin is a mental creation. The baby soul must commit some mistakes during the process of evolution. Mistakes are your best teachers. The idea of sin will be blown into the air if you think: "I AM THE IMMORTAL SELF."

Don't say: "*Karma, Karma*. My *Karma* has made me like this." Exert, exert. Do *Purushartha*. Do *Tapas*. Concentrate. Purify. Meditate. Don't become a fatalist. Don't yield to inertia. Don't bleat like a lamb. Roar, "OM, OM, OM," like a lion of *Vedanta*.

You can do wonders and miracles if you apply yourself to spiritual *Sadhana*, *Tapas* and meditation. Read the book "Poverty to Power" by James Allen with interest and attention. You will be inspired. Draw up a programme of your life. Follow my "Twenty Important Spiritual Instructions and Forty Golden Precepts." Read my book "Sure Ways for Success in Life and God-realisation." Adhere to the spiritual routine. Apply yourself with zeal and enthusiasm to *Sadhana*. Become a *Naishtic Brahmachari*. Be steady in your *Sadhana*. THOU ART THE CHILD OF IMMORTALITY.

Thy essential nature is *Sat-Chit-Ananda* (Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute and Bliss Absolute). The outer cloak, this mortal physical sheath, is an illusory *Mayaic* production. Smile. Whistle. Laugh. Jump. Dance in joy and ecstasy. Sing "OM, OM, OM! Ram, Ram, Shyam Shyam."

Sivoham, Sivoham, Sobam Soham Sobham!" Come out of this cage of flesh. Thou art not this perishable body. Thou art the Immortal Self. Thou art the sexless *Atman*. Thou art the son of the King of kings, an Emperor of emperors, *Brahman* of the *Upanishads*, the *Atman* who dwells in the chambers of your heart. Act as such. Feel as such. Claim your birthright now from this very second. Feel. Assert. Recognise. Realise, not from tomorrow or the day after, but right now from this very second: "*Tat Twam Asi, THOU ART THE IMMORTAL SELF!*"

THE all-merciful God resides in the chambers of your heart. He is quite close to you. You have forgotten Him. But He still cares for you. Troubles are His blessings in disguise. He wants to mould your body and mind as fit instruments for His unhampered play or *Lila*. He ministers or attends to your wants in a better manner than you yourself will do. Try to throw away the load that you are carrying on your shoulder unnecessarily on account of your own egoism. Give up your self-created responsibilities and be at perfect ease. Have perfect faith in Him. Do total, unreserved self-surrender. Run to Him now. He is waiting with outstretched hands to embrace you. He will do everything for you. Believe me. Take my word for it. Open your heart to Him quite freely like a child. All miseries will come to an end. Say unto Him at least once with sincerity: "I am

Thine, my Lord. All is Thine, Thy will be done. Thou dost everything for my own good."

The gulf of separation will vanish now. All miseries, troubles, worries and diseases will melt away. You will become one with the Lord!

FEEL that the whole world is your body, your own home. Melt or destroy all barriers that separate man from man. Idea of superiority is ignorance or delusion. "*Isa-vasyam Idam Sarvam*." Develop *Viswa Prem*, all-embracing, all-inclusive love. Unite with all. Separation is death. Unity is eternal life. The whole world is *Viswa-Brindawan*. Feel that this body is a moving temple of God. Wherever you are, whether at home, office, railway station or at a theatre, know you are in the temple. Every work is an offering unto the Lord. Feel that all beings are images of God. Transmute every work into *Yoga* or an offering unto the Lord. Have *Akarta Sakshi Bhav* if you are a student of *Vedanta*. Have *Nimitta Bhav* if you are an aspirant in the path of *Bhakti*. Feel that God works through your hands, that One Power works through all hands, sees through all eyes, hears through all ears. You will have a new angle of vision. You will enjoy the highest Peace and Bliss!

May that Self-effulgent *Brahman* guide you in all your activities! Wishing you Joy, Peace and Immortality!

SWARA YOGA

There are various types of *Yogas* that help you to develop one or the other aspect of your personality. But *Swara Yoga*, the Science of Breath, dives deep into the mysteries of the Life-Principle and offers a comprehensive guidance on all aspects of the individual's life and personality. Success in life, earning of wealth and attainment of mental peace depend on one's health and activities. *Swara Yoga* guides both of them. It cautions about a disease that will appear in the future and prescribes as well the remedy for any disease that may be latent in an individual. It prescribes again proper moments to undertake fresh activities, so as to attain glorious success. *Swara Yoga* is, therefore, a secret science of health and longevity, of success and prosperity, of eternal peace and immortality.

The Yoga-Vedanta Forest University published *Swara Yoga* in book form last year. To help all those who could not get copies of the book, as also those who do not know about it, we are serialising *Swara Yoga* from this issue onwards. —Ed.

LIFE has ever remained a mystery in spite of the inestimable progress that Science has made during the recent few centuries. Even an all-round research conducted by medical experts could not solve this mystery. In short, 'Life' has never become an object for being experimented upon in any laboratory, save the mind-laboratory of the *Rishis*, the sages and seers of *Bharatavarsha*. Our only guide, to solve this riddle of Life, therefore, is the knowledge which we have inherited from our ancestors, the *Rishis* and *Yogis* of our land.

In the annals of the history of Indian philosophy, *Yoga-Vedanta*, we come across many a sane view of Life. Various schools of philosophy have differently interpreted and analysed Life, in their own inimitable way. But, *Upanishads*, the crowning glory of Hindu thought, has given us a correct presentation of Life. An impartial and complete analysis of birth, growth and functioning of every

animate being led them—the seers of the *Upanishads*—to the conclusion that breath is life, energy an activity, that breathing is life energy and activity.

MAN, as we see him, is essentially made up of three parts. Firstly, we see a mass of flesh and blood, interwoven with a network of nerves and supported by frame-work of bones. This mass of flesh is incapable of any activity by itself. Secondly, there is the Consciousness that resides within this inert mass. Consciousness too, is non-active by virtue of being non-dual. Even for the *Jiva* who possesses the ego, it is all like pitch-darkness covering a whole town, in the casual state. There is no activity either in the casual state. In the next lower state, the subtle or astral state, activity begins. The connecting link, as is, between the *Jiva* and his astral body is *Prana*, Vital Force. Correspondingly, the connecting link between the astral body and the gross physical body is the air that we take in. The air that

By H.H. Mahamandaleswar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

breathe is a correspondingly grosser form of the *Prana* that it contains.

It is the movement of the *Prana* that activates the various centres of the subtle *Jnanendriyas* and *Karmendriyas*. It is the movement of the air that we breathe, within this body, that activates our various limbs and organs, supports every action of our body.

In the *Isavasyopanishad* you will find: "*Tasminnapo Matariswa Dadhati*," which translated means, "by It, *Matariswan* (the air, *Sutratman*), supports the activity of all the living beings." In the second *Prasna* of the *Prasnopanishad* you will find: "*Taan Varishatah Praana Uvaaca . . . Avashtha bhya Vidhaarayameeti*." *Prana*, the greatest, said to them: "Be not lost in delusion, I alone, dividing myself five-fold, support this body and keep it." Again, you will find the same idea in *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*, Chapter VI, Section I.

Without this *Prana* or Vital Force, no action is possible for any animate being. On one side, the individualised ego exists and on the other side, its vehicle, the body, gross or subtle, exists. The ego successively identifies itself with anything and everything it comes across. Now it thinks it is the body. The next moment, when something wrong happens to the breathing system, it identifies itself with that. But, in truth, it is beyond all this, and further it is in a position to control all this, to analytically study the actions of the physical body and the *Prana*.

When once man has learned how to manipulate this *Prana*, he will easily solve the riddle of life, and

getting mastery over life, can lead a disease-free life for eternal years. He will be in a position to draw more and more of this energy-principle, the Vital Force, from the Cosmos by a mere thought of the mind. He can ever remain young, having thus known the secret of tapping energy from the Cosmos, having learnt how to manipulate and sustain life. This is the *Yogic* war of cheating time, of being able to turn out dynamic work all through the twenty-four hours of the day, ever-retaining freshness and abundance of energy and youth.

In the market to-day, you will find the Ayurvedic tonic *Chyavanaprash* which takes the name from the Sage Chyavana, of yore. The Puranic story of *Rishi* Chyavana tells us how the great *Rishi* befriended the divine Twins, *Aswini Kumaras*, and regained Youth. The Ayurvedic tonic *Chyavanaprash* is also intended to help retain youth and energy.

The esoteric meaning of the story of *Rishi* Chyavana has got a special significance. Chyavana represents the human body and is derived etymologically from the Samskrit root, *Chya*, to go. It is never fixed but always moves from one state to the other; thus it grows from childhood to old age, and finally dissolves. The *Devas* are not *Jnanendriyas* in the body. They are ever maintained young and energetic by the force of *Prana*. Just as we resort to the physician for bodily ailments, for their supply of energy and vitality they will have to depend upon *Prana*. The *Aswini Kumaras* are the *Prana* and *Apana*. They are termed so because they are always galloping within this body like two

horses, without rest for even a moment. Further, they are inseparable. That is why they are referred to as the Twins. Chyavan's be-friending the Twins means bringing under control the *Prana* and *Apana* and utilising them to enjoy youth, vigour and energy.

Thus the real *Ghyavanaprash*, the medicine that *Rishi* Chyavana used to attain everlasting youth, is the control and manipulation of breath through *Yoga*, and this alone is the never-failing nerve tonic and energy-giver. Therefore, it is the imperative need for every individual who wishes to lead a healthy life of longevity full of energy and vigour.

SWARA Yoga is an ancient Hindu Science and Art that has fully analysed the working of this Life-Principle, *Prana*, and the functioning of Life within this body. It deals with the various channels along which the *Prana* vibrates within this body animating it and also prescribes means to regulate the flow of *Prana* to ensure good health and longevity. This Science or *Yoga* of *Swara* is more subtle and all-comprehensive than the Science of *Pranayama* which, when compared to the former, is but a bare outline of *Swara Yoga*. In *Swara Yoga* we find various effective means to check disease and death. This *Yoga* of breath should be practised under the direct guidance of a fully qualified *Yogi*.

(To Be Continued)

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We hereby certify that the above is the Official Key Solution of MYWORDS No. 43 in Original deposited with us by MY MAGAZINE on 19-5-55 in a Sealed Cover and which was opened in our presence to-day and that a copy of the above Official Key Solution has been lodged with the Bank.

For The Punjab National Bank Ltd.,

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SOME days ago, I was reading a Sanskrit work in which I found the verse: *Sangha Saktih Kalan Yuga* (in the *Kali Yuga* strength lies in combination). I was repeating it again and again when Dr. Nesan came in. He asked me whether I was repeating any *mantra*.

I said, "No, Dr. Nesan, the verse affirms the efficacy of combined and concerted action in this age."

Dr. Nesan replied, "That was what I came to tell you about. There is to be a Humanitarian Conference on Sunday, at 6 p.m. in our city. Will you come? Shall we attend it?"

I am not enamoured of Conferences which are only occasions for tub-thumping and gassing. I was about to say "No" but I politely checked myself and said, "Dr. Nesan, Hilaire Belloc says that in England success in an election is tested by asking two candidates to get up on a tub and go on gassing. Whoever gasses longer is declared the winner."



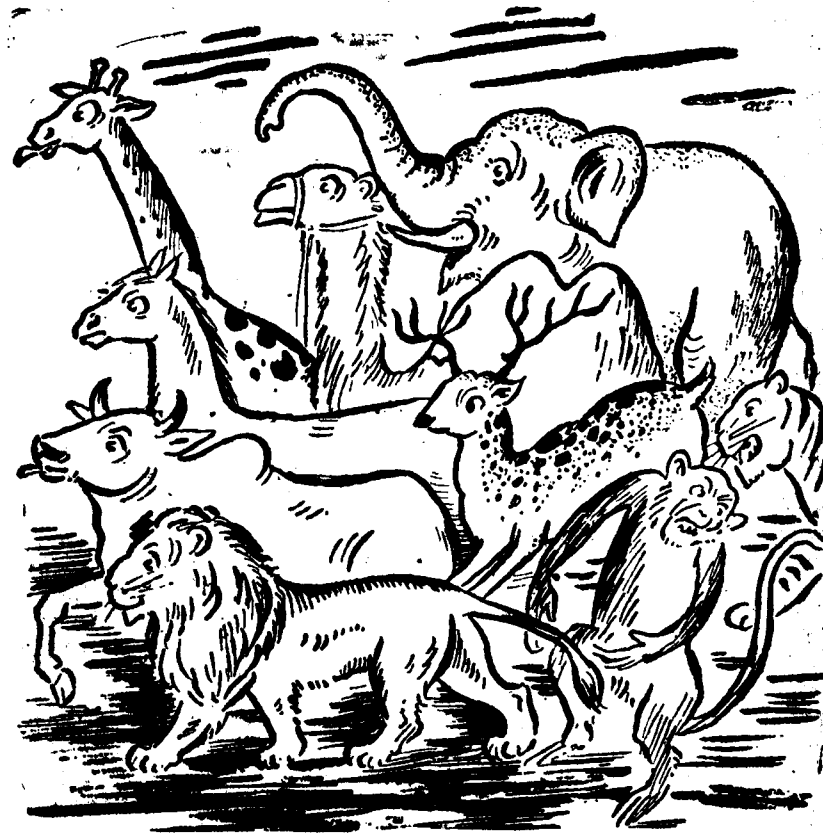
Conferences Galore!

Dr. Nesan laughed and said, "That is inevitable and inescapable in this democratic age."

Just at that moment Sarva-damana Yogi walked in. He gave both of us plenty of *vibhuti* and *kunhumam*. I do not know if he was a master of telepathy but he surprised us by saying, "You have been talking about a Human and Humanitarian Conference. I have come to tell you that there

are to be two animal conferences—one of herbivorous animals on Friday and the other of carnivorous animals on Saturday. There is to be a conference of birds on Sunday morning. Do you not think that it will be better to attend the human conference after the sub-human conference is over?"

I asked him, "Yogi Maharaj, you have taken our breath away. We cannot understand if and how



animals and birds communicate ideas. Nor can we understand how even if they do so, we can comprehend their means of conveying ideas."

He replied, "Do you not know that by Yoga we can comprehend the language of even sub-human beings?"

I told him, "You may know it. But how are we to know it?"

He remarked, "I will teach a *mantra* to you. It will enable you to have that power and also to speak in the language intelligible to them."

I HESITATED for a while. He asked me why. I said, "You know that Kaikeyi's father had that power and understood the language of ants and laughed. His queen insisted on knowing what he had heard and why he

H. S. Ramaswami Sastri

laughed. He became afraid and said that he was under a threat of penalty which would cost him his life if he revealed. But she insisted and he obeyed, and died."

The Yogi laughed and said, "There is no such command or penalty in my case. No harm will come to you or to me." Thereupon we agreed.

WHEN we went to the Herbivorous animals' Conference we found a vast concourse there. We were sitting on the high branches of a banyan tree. A mighty elephant presided over the Conference. The grievances of the animals were fully ventilated there. A bullock complained how the farmer exploited him to the utmost while under-feeding him. A cow complained how man took away all her milk, starving her calf and herself, too, all the time leaving her only the dustbins to nose about. Both of them said that when they got old they were sent to the slaughter house.

I wanted to cry "Shame!" but Dr. Nesan warned me in time by holding up his deprecating forefinger.

A horse complained how the driver overworked and underfed it. A humble ass stated that the washerman put an unbearably heavy load on its back and yet gave it nothing whatever to eat. A buffalo who was there shook its horns by way of signifying its agreement with the complaints but was too lazy and indolent to voice its grievances.

A dog said, "A few pet dogs are fondled and pampered by their human patrons. But most crea-

tures of my tribe slave for men and are yet denied our rations. Further, because some dogs get rabies, man who has not wisdom enough to find a cure for dog bite, gets all street dogs brained or electrocuted."

Once again I wanted to cry "Shame!" but Dr. Nesan forbade my making any noise.

A monkey complained that some thousands of its tribe were being shipped to the West for being killed so that their glands might be grafted on with human glands for human rejuvenation or for other experiments.

I could not suppress myself and cried "Shame!" but fortunately the animals were so engrossed in the ventilation of their grievances that the noise which I made did not fall on their ears. Many animals, like the deer, the fox, etc., complained how they were being killed for sport.

They observed: "What is sport or play to the humans is death to us."

THE President asked them why they should not seek the aid of the tigers, the lions and other fierce carnivorous animals to destroy the silly humans who killed for sport.

But a deer pointed out: "That would be suicidal. They would kill us for food even more than they do now. Further, they are afraid of men who kill them also for sport."

It complained also about animals being confined or ill-treated in circuses. Many animals drew attention to the way in which they were

being killed in the name of religion in temples and at sacrifices. They asked why when God made all of them, the idiotic humans thought that they would please God by sacrificing animals and birds to please Him.

I thought that this was an unanswerable argument and resolved to pose it at the Humanitarian Conference.

They asked also: "Our flesh-eating cousins are after us to kill us for food. But God has given to man the wisdom to grow grains. But why does he even now kill us for food? Why does he extract deadly liquor from grains to ruin himself?"

This argument also seemed unanswerable. I resolved to pose it at the Humanitarian Conference.

THUS the Conference was a great success from the point of view of the ventilation of grievances. The Elephant President described how elephants were trapped by men in pits during what are called *Khedda* operations and were overworked and underfed.

A cow then asked him: "You are strong, mighty and powerful. Why do you not resent all this and start a strike?"

The elephant replied: "Somehow or other, I feel afraid of man."

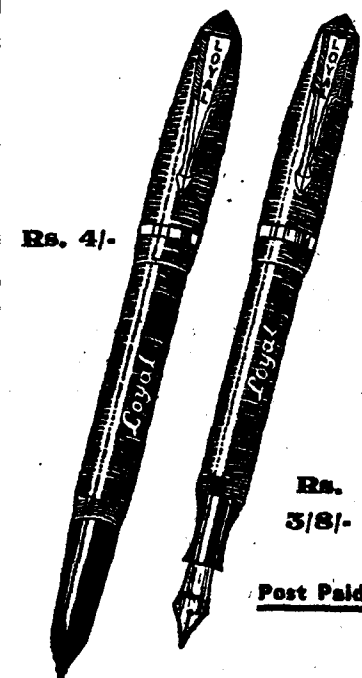
The weakest point about the Conference was that no member of it could suggest a remedy for any of the grievances. I felt a great pity for the poor animals surging over my heart and I jumped down from my seat paying no heed to Dr. Nesan or to the Yogi. The animals felt alarmed at first but I pacified them and told them:

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"My heart bleeds for you. Man has been most cruel and ungrateful in regard to you. There is to be a Humanitarian Conference on Sunday next at 6 p.m. I shall, if you agree, lead a deputation consisting of your representatives to that Conference."

They agreed.

We then attended the Conference of the Carnivorous Animals on Saturday. We were very much afraid of them and sat in silence on tree tops. Dr. Nesan's warning forefinger was not necessary at all. A lion presided. The animals condemned the actions of the humans relying on their scientific knowledge of destructive weapons and shooting them in the name of sport or otherwise. A tiger said: "I challenge man to a direct personal combat. He is cruel and cowardly and will not agree to a combat. Will any one carry my challenge to man?"

No animal came forward to do so. Dr. Nesan made signs to me to help them and, if possible, lead a deputation. I nodded my head in the affirmative. The Conference ended inconclusively.

On Sunday morning, we attended the Conference of Feathered Bipeds. An eagle presided. There also the members complained about the humans killing them in the name of food or religion or of sport and caging them in houses or temples or zoos. The session was brief but impressive.

Dr. Nesan told me: "Ramu, why do you meddle in these matters? The men at the Humanitarian Conference do not mean any business. There the vegetarians and non-vegetarians will clash.

The religious bigots will say that the animals will have a certainty of going to heaven if their bodies are killed on the earth in the name of God. Man will sit in the *machan* comfortably and kill in the name of sport.

"Do you not know that sadism is rampant among us and that man is the most ferocious of all animals while pretending to be rational, gentle, kind and humane? The scientist will seek exemption from all laws for the protection of animals in respect of his scientific operations based on vivisection. The Legislature will exempt the zoos and the circuses from the laws above-said even if it enacts such laws. Ramu, your enthusiastic humanitarianism will result in trouble for you and will do no good to the poor animals and birds. But I shall stand by you."

The Yogi also agreed to beg with us.

THE Humanitarian Conference began on Sunday evening. Dr. Nesan proved to be a sound prophet. There were innumerable wranglings. Every speaker harangued on compassion to animals but made verbal or mental reservations or both in respect of this or that action. I besought them to show *Ahimsa* in action instead of merely haranguing on *Ahimsa*. But I was not heard. I quietly slipped out and brought in the two deputations with myself at the head. Hearing strange cries of animals, most of the humans fled. The few who remained asked us, "Why have you brought these?"

I replied, "They beseech you not to kill them in the name of food or sport or religion. Please do not vivisect them in the name of

science or be cruel to them at circuses or zoos in the name of entertainment."

When the votes were taken at the Conference I found that I was in a minority. I shouted:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

I said, "Please resolve today that you will make amends for all your past cruelties, crimes and sins. Do not have a double ethical standard, one for humans and the other for sub-humans. Wars stalk the world and men are mown down in millions because of the cruelties and destructions inflicted by the humans on the sub-humans. May I make a suggestion? Please amend the Constitution by giving votes to animals and birds also."

At once a tall bearded man shouted, "Here is a Ranti Deva, Buddha, a Mahavira and an Asoka rolled into one. Throw him out!"

A huge mass of men surged towards me. As it was nightfall I found that the deputationists had quietly disappeared, especially as they found that there was no pity in human breasts despite the human tongues shouting *Ahimsa* slogans. Dr. Nesan and the Yogi quietly led me down a lane out of the madding crowd. Alas! I have now lost all faith in Conferences.



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THE KING OF INDIAN FRUITS!

THE mango season is now in full swing and the markets are loaded to repletion with this luscious fruit. Popularly known as the "king of Indian fruits", it is found in practically all parts of the country and is relished by the rich and the poor alike.

The eating of this pulpy and fleshy fruit may be regarded as one of the joys of life—the teeth sink into a golden juicy mass that has a tang and flavour all its own. Apart from being a source of vitamins, proteins and carbohydrates, this "richest fruit on earth" has numerous varieties, some of which are of great commercial importance.

Opinions differ as to the best variety of mangoes in India but *Alphonso* of Bombay and *Langra* of Banaras are perhaps the most renowned. The well-known southern varieties include *Bangana-palli*, *Totapuri*, *Fernandin*, *Mulgoa*, *Mundappa*, *Noolum*, *Paidiri*, *Rumani* and *Sanduri*, while some of the famous Northern varieties are *Dasehri*, *Safeda*, *Kalmi*, *Fazli*, *Pajri*, *Chausa* and *Soroli*.

There has always been a good deal of confusion in the nomenclature of mango varieties—not only do some go by more than one name, but sometimes the same name is used for two entirely different qualities!

The glossy and dense foliage of the mango tree would be prized for its shade and beauty alone. Unfortunately, however, it has suffered from the fallacy that trees of all kinds, unlike field crops, need no special attention after having been once planted and that soil of any kind is good enough for

them. In the absence of proper manuring and irrigation, a mango tree may just survive though not thrive. Be that as it may, it continues to distribute its fruit with generosity.

Unripe mangoes are used for chutney, pickles and preserves, and when ripe they are esteemed for wholesome desserts. With the development of refrigeration and air-transport, this nutritious fruit, which has been grown in India from time immemorial, holds out fair promise of export to foreign lands.

MANGO Shows have been organised all over the country from time to time, but the All-India Mango Show being arranged this year by the Indian Council of Agricultural Research, Union Ministry of Food and Agriculture, in two parts—one held in Bombay last month and the other in Delhi to be held some time in July—is the first attempt at bringing together different varieties at one place. An obstacle in the achievement of this objective has been the difference in the ripening time of mangoes in various States. Hence, it was considered desirable to split up the show into two separate exhibitions, one for the Southern and the other for the Northern varieties.

The object of the Show will not be fully realised unless the trees producing the prize-winning fruits are utilised for further extensive propagation. The prize-winners, it is to be hoped, will not reserve to themselves the privilege of producing their wonderful fruits from their orchards, but will disseminate freely the progeny of these outstanding trees.

COVER PAGE STORY:

The Two Sisters

By RAMANI MUTHANNA

MOHINI danced into the room and pirouetted gaily in front of the mirror. "How do I look?" she asked me and laughed as she read the admiration in my eyes. As always, she was smartly dressed, this time in a petal pink chiffon saree with a black off-the-shoulder blouse that contrasted vividly with her alabaster-like skin. Her eyes were touched with kohl that lent them the faintest air of mystery and her lips were outlined with lipstick. In all, she looked alluring and she knew the fact.

She went to the window and looked out for the car that would arrive soon to take her to the party. She was always busy doing a round of parties and picnics. She was constantly seeking excitement. No gathering was considered complete without her and the young men simply raved mad about her. But Mohini was a born flirt. She played fast and loose with them and left a trail of broken hearts in her wake.

"Mahesh is by far the most attractive man I have met," said Mohini. "Do you know what he told me last night? He said I reminded him of a bird of paradise. A nice compliment, don't you think? There he is now. I think he owns the smartest car in town. It is so typical of him. He doesn't believe in doing things by halves."

She waved to him from the window and then rushed away with a parting word for me.

I smiled indulgently at her retreating form. Dear Mohini, so candid and outspoken about her beaux! She had been equally eloquent about half a dozen other men. Her latest fancy was this chap Mahesh.

It was funny, I mused, as to how two sisters could be so fond of each other and yet so different. I was older than Mohini by two years. I was moderately good-looking. There was nothing flamboyant about me. I was of a serious bent of mind whereas Mohini was frivolous and fun-loving. I fought shy of company. Mohini liked nothing better than to have a good time. She had been in and out of love scores of times and I had loved but once.

Yes, I was in love and I hugged the secret closely to my heart. No one, not even Mohini, knew about my attachment to Sreenath. He was newly posted to town in the capacity of medical officer at the local hospital.

I had gone to the hospital to have my eyes tested as I had been suffering from persistent headache for the past several days.

I was summoned before him. He motioned to me to sit down and glanced down at the card I had brought with me.

"Anuradha Sinha." He read slowly and then looked up at me.

I blushed to the roots of my hair. Anuradha is a pretty fancy name for a plain girl like me and I knew it. I should have been named Kamla or Sarla or some other equally homely name.

"Well, Miss Sinha," he said with the forthright manner of a physician. "What can I do for you?"

I explained to him the nature of my complaint and by the time he had finished examining me he knew a great deal about me and my family and I knew nothing about him save that he was the man I had fallen in love with.

I DIDN'T see him for a long time afterwards. What possible excuse could I have for visiting him? I prayed that I would be struck down with some disease so that he could be called in to treat me. But nothing of the sort happened. In desperation I complained to my mother of a feeling of dizziness and a drumming in my ears. She, poor soul, was alarmed and immediately sent for the doctor.

Soon, Sreenath stood by before me. My ruse had succeeded. He checked my pulse and temperature, hummed and hawed and then talked some medical jargon that completely escapes me now. My mother went scurrying to see about a cup of tea for him and Sreenath turned to me.

"Doctor," I said falteringly, "what exactly is wrong with me?"

"I don't know if I have located the exact nature of the disease but I hope to diagnose it soon after careful and close observation."

His manner was grave but his eyes twinkled with laughter. I knew I hadn't been able to deceive

him. He had seen through my game and still he was not angry with me. Did that mean? But it was too early to hope yet,

Sreenath had come several times after that. I thought of the night before when we had been alone in the living room and a thrill of ecstasy shot through me. We had been talking of some prosaic subject when suddenly Sreenath had become serious.

"Anuradha," he said. "Do you remember the day you summoned me home by pretending illness?"

I nodded.

"Well, I have diagnosed your ailment and I think I can cure you."

"Oh, really?" I said laughingly.

"Yes. You are a love-lorn woman and marriage is the sovereign remedy for it. I have decided to marry you."

And with that he pulled me into his arms. I hid my face on his shoulder.

"Doctor," I said after some time. "Is this how you treat all your patients?"

"Not all. Only a chosen few!" he retorted and we burst into laughter.

MY mother's eyes lit with pleasure when I told her the news. Mohini ran up to me and hugged me. "You sly thing! You never gave me an inkling of your feelings. Who is he? Where is he now? Is he really worthy of you? Dr. Sharma sounds so dull."

Suddenly she gasped. Sreenath stood framed in the door smiling, debonaire.

"Hullo!" he said advancing. "You must be Mohini. You were always out when I called but I have heard a lot about you from Anuradha."

Mohini murmured something in reply. She was awkward and tongue-tied like a schoolgirl. But there was frank admiration in her eyes as they rested upon his handsome person. Soon she recovered her composure and chatted animatedly.

I MIGHT have taken warning when I saw the glint in Mohini's eyes. Any young man was like a challenge to her. Besides, Sreenath was doubly attractive because he was engaged to me and beyond her reach. I tried to laugh off my fears. Mohini wouldn't want to destroy her sister's happiness. She knew I loved Sreenath! But as the days passed it was evident that Sreenath was completely enamoured of her. He was like putty in her hands. My mother protested but I forbade her to say anything.

Mohini and Sreenath were married to each other on a fine day. They went to live in a bungalow on the outskirts of the town.

I couldn't bear to stay in the same town where I was bound to run into them every now and then. I took up a job as teacher in a neighbouring district. I corresponded regularly with my mother but as though by tacit agreement we refrained from writing anything about Mohini and Sreenath. My mother's sympathies were entirely with me for she considered me to be the wronged one.

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THE MESMERIST
MESMERIC HOME, MASULIPATAN

WEARY after a hard day's work I let myself into my house and then stopped dead. Sreenath sat in a chair awaiting me. He rose at my sight and came forward.

"Anuradha," he said, "please don't be surprised to see me. I came to attend a medical conference in this town and couldn't resist seeing you."

"How is Mohini?" I said trying to sound light-hearted. But his presence had awakened old memories and I had much ado hiding my emotions from him.

"She is fine," he said. But a sadness had crept into his voice.

We sat down and talked, he about his life at Jubbulpore and I about my job. But we couldn't deceive each other for long. Sreenath confided that his marriage was not a happy one. Mohini was too exacting. He hadn't the energy nor the inclination to keep up with the pace set by Mohini.

Being a doctor he couldn't spare much time for social engagements. He had his obligations towards his patients. Mohini just couldn't understand his point of view. She thought he was a killjoy. Lately she had started going out alone and, of course, she didn't lack escorts.

"We have come to the end of the tether," Sreenath said brokenly. "We cannot continue like this any more. We live like strangers in the same house. I have tried my best to please Mohini but the trouble is that she wants me to make all the sacrifices. Anuradha, how I wish I

had abided with my first choice. I know you will regard me a cad for saying this but the more I think of what might have been the more wretched I feel. Anuradha, couldn't we....."

He left the sentence unfinished. His words kindled a ray of hope in my breast. Yes, why couldn't we marry? If Mohini and Sreenath were not happy, where was the sense in prolonging the agony? Fool, fool, I cried to myself. You had been let down once. Are you going to start it all over again?

EXACTLY a month after Sreenath's visit, I received a frantic summons from my mother. Sreenath and Mohini were involved in a car smash. The news frightened me out of my wits. I took the first train out to Jubbulpore.

Sreenath had escaped with minor injuries. But Mohini was badly hurt. She was lying in the hospital, her face swathed in bandages. She could hardly speak anything but wept continuously. She realised that her face would remain badly scarred. It was disfigured for ever despite the doctor's utmost efforts at repairing the ravage.

"You will not stop loving me now that I have lost my looks?" she would ask him. "Oh, I would be a good wife to you and make it up to you in all ways. Please... please don't grow cool towards me."

But even before he said anything she knew that Sreenath was too honourable a man to desert her at this stage. He might have walked out on her when she was confident of her own power.



Net gain of the Nehru-Ali talks in New Delhi:

Absolute absence of bitterness; absence of any definite conclusion; and a sincere desire to meet again for social courtesies.

Is the new Socialist Order a danger to Spiritual values? Is Socialism an aggressive form of Materialism?

Why cloud the issue by dragging politics into the reserved shelters of spiritual ideologies?

The protagonists of Socialism never breathed a sigh or syllable against Spiritual concerns.

Spiritual matters are Spiritual and so too material matters; and the twain can never meet or mix.

"Mohafiz-i-millat," meaning Saviour of the Nation, is the title forced on Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, Governor-General of Pakistan.

In spite of his ill-health and weakness, he has cheerfully agreed to bear the burden forced on him out of cruel kindness.

Andhra State Government is out for discouraging bigamy among its servants.

Let the Ministers beware lest they tread on the corns of some very great ones who are taking to bigamy!

Can Untouchability be removed by Laws?

Rightly does Smt. Maragatham Chandrasekharan express what Dr. Johnson said.

How small of all that human hearts endure.

That part which kings or law can cause or are?

"I have caught you, you are the thief," said a police officer.

"You have, brother. Set a thief to rob a thief is still right. Here is half of what I have got."

Which should be the official language of a State? Hindi or the regional language?

Cannot commonsense show the way out between the two?

Two solar eclipses are to come off this year: one on 20th June, and another on 14th Dec.

No matter what Astronomers and Physicists are worried about; but a Govt. employee, not so astral minded, is keen about those days being declared holidays.

Astronomers are to test one aspect of Prof. Einstein's theory of Relativity, by finding out whether the Sun, on June 20, in its total eclipse over Ceylon will make an invisible star visible.

But, it would have been more astronomically sporting if the sun had eclipsed itself even during the Professor's life-time.

Should cows be loved and protected or should they only be loved?

I do not rush to expatiate on love matters; but I am for protecting the cow, nay, for protecting other animals, too.

The Hindu Marriage Act has come into force.

Where is the spate of divorce suits that the opponents of the Bill threatened us with?

As Nehru pointed out, our Hindu womenfolk have the strong backing of that Good Fairy, namely, Mother Commonsense.

Madras Ministers for Revenue, Finance, Agriculture and Local Administration met to discuss Land and Produce problems.

But the Conference, though it met for three days and on the cool and refreshing heights of Ooty, did not include any of the Land Owners or Cultivators.

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Thanks to Goodluck, like all flamboyant Conferences, this one too came to no definite conclusions.

Indeed even to this day it is true what the late Lady Asquith said about Conferences and Commissions, "If you do not wish to do anything definite, get up a Conference or a Commission over the matter and so you get rid of a bother."

Goa Govt. wants a loan of Rs. 5 lakhs from a Savings Bank in Goa for improving Agriculture.

But, where are the Agriculturists in Portuguese India? Have they not left in large numbers?

Is it the motive to leave the Savings Bank empty if the Govt. has to go?

U.S.A. is entering into a military aid agreement with West Germany; but U.S.A. has already set apart 750 million dollars worth of military goods for W. Germany; this is only a third to be given.

Is this a step to help East Germany to seek similar aid from Soviet Russia?

"People agitate against Hindi by day, and attend Hindi classes in the night," says the General-Secretary of the Dakshina Bharat Hindi Prachar Sabha, to prove that there is no real opposition to Hindi.

But the General-Secretary does not seem to know that one might oppose Hindi and yet learn it under protest.

THE ARTIST'S REVENGE!

BY

S. Rajagopalan



"WELL, you, there, stop talking!" demanded the English lecturer, looking at Padma.

The whisper ceased. The lecturer proceeded but only for a short time.

"Look here, Padma. If you have anything to say to your friend, go out of the class-room and carry on. Your friend may

accompany you. I have no objection to her doing so. Don't waste my time here, both of you. Please leave the class at once!" ordered the lecturer.

Padma and Jayanthi stood up, mute as statues. They collected their books and walked out, in grim silence, to their respective rooms.

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A minute later, Jayanthi slipped out alone to the canteen.

THE Lecturer's rebuke was too much for Padma. After all, what had she done? She was merely asking Jayanthi where she had bought that new saree. She had for sometime been contemplating a few additions to her wardrobe, and there was Jayanthi flaunting an absolute gem of a saree that was so captivating. A girl has to act under such circumstances, and she had merely asked Jayanthi where she had purchased it, what its price was, etc., whether there were any shades of colours available, whether such a saree would suit her—the one which they had spent nearly three hours in buying at Chellaram's, no, no, Eastern Stores—and whether..... And then this wretch of a lecturer had bawled at them. What was a girl to do? Was there not any freedom for girls? Why did they allow this absolutely beastly man to become a lecturer? Why..... oh, why?.....

White-hot fury raged within her. This impotent rage finally simmered down to thoughts of dire revenge. This immediate urge found its fullest expression in drawing. She was an adept at caricaturing and in a frenzy she dashed off half-a-dozen caricatures of the offending lecturer. She drew him sitting, standing, crawling and rolling. She gave him a beaked nose, a hooked nose and a flat nose; she made his ears look like cauliflower, flapping about his ugly face like a monstrous mushroom.

She gave him bow legs, knock-knees and spindle-legs, three sets of teeth and hair like a porcupine's quills. She dressed him in rags and made him a scarecrow. Finally,

when her fury was abated, she sat back to admire her handiwork and soothe her wounded pride.

She had done a good job. There was the horrible lecturer, bereft of all his pompous dignity, with a toothy grin and bristling head. Of all the caricatures the one that delighted her most was the one showing the pompous ass standing with his feet wide apart, hands thrust inside his coat pockets, tie curling around his neck as though he had just passed through a wind-mill and his mouth wide open, uttering some vacuous banality. She stood back admiring this for some time, her wounded soul drinking deep of the cup of revenge she had contrived. Then, with a happy sigh, she chose just one drawing showing the Lecturer standing with legs wide apart. She put aside the other caricatures. Then at the bottom of the selected drawing she dashed off her signature and set it erect on her table, to give her additional solace as she moved about the room.

SOMETIME later, her friend Uma breezed in and they went out for a walk. When she came back, the caricature was not there. She ran up to Jayanthi's room.

"Where is the caricature?" asked Padma in great trepidation.

"Oh! you refer to the caricature of our English Lecturer?" said Jayanthi coolly. "You had drawn it very well. It should be well on its way to him—we have an efficient postal system, you know. Serves him right, my dear!" she added brightly.....

Padma was dismayed. Her lips quivered with anger. A great panic seized her.

"I thought....." began Jayanthi by way of hasty explanation, noticing Padma's mortification.

"Oh, shut up!" cried Padma with tears in her eyes.

THE next morning she ran to the College and ransacked the day's mail in the office. But she could not find any envelope addressed to that Lecturer. On enquiry, she learnt that the Lecturer had just then taken delivery of his letters.

Padma reeled. Fear followed anger. She knew that the Principal would not tolerate such an act. The College notice-board became a dread to Padma. Every time she looked at it, she trembled lest she should find her name on the 'fines list.' She dared not wish her Lecturer or the Principal when she met them. In the class-room she preferred the corner-most seat to escape from the notice of the Lecturer. A month of uncertainty and fear passed. Then one Monday, a peon came into the English class and handed a note to the Lecturer.

"L. Padma, No. 108. Wanted at the office immediately by the Principal," read out the Lecturer.

Padma's heart beat fast. Fear parched her throat. She felt that Doomsday had come.

Oh! that smile on the Lecturer's lips! Padma at once understood that the complaint had gone to the Principal. Even the slightest ray of hope was gone.

She entered the Principal's room, completely resigned to her fate. And she looked pale as death.

"COME in, Miss Padma," said the Principal with an encouraging smile. "Which do you prefer, books or money?"

Padma simply stared.

The Principal opened the College Magazine, fresh from the press. There the young girl saw her 'caricature' of the lecturer and an announcement underneath: "Awarded First Prize, Rupees Fifteen."

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NOT A CASE FOR DIVORCE!

KALYANI was enjoying that peculiar thrill which only the Madonna could have felt when she looked at her sublime son at her breast.

That was the state of Kalyani, now twelve days as the mother of a son as lovely as the round moon and as bright as the day star. Haran, the father of the boy, came for his morning salutation to His Majesty, his own first born son.

By this time, baby had been given his name, thanks to the father of Kalyani. He gave out that the stars and the planets and the family tradition all pointed to the only name Vikrama-Indra. So, for purposes of daily communication with baby, the mother, exercising her maternal privilege, cut it down to Vikram, not without some compunction that she was taking undue advantage.

"Vikram, dearest love, what are you going to be?" asked mother Kalyani. Baby did not reply when Haran entered.

"Kalyani, are you going to leave the matter to baby himself?" asked Haran.

"Baby, you won't answer, I see. Does not matter. Let me see your fingers, do please; don't shut them up like the shy tortoise; here, let me see. How long and tapering with shapely nails! Why, dearest angel, you can paint, or play on the veena, or, you can write lovely poetry! Don't you

think so, dear? Look at his fine fingers," pointed out Kalyani.

"But, Kalyani, painters, sculptors, musicians have not hit the grade in Indian Society as yet. True, they are fine arts, but today, people think more about other walks," remarked Haran.

"What is your idea?" asked Kalyani.

"Should finger nails decide a boy's career?" asked Haran.

"Then what should?"

"**K**ALYANI, all I mean to say is that a profession should be something that would help one to get on comfortably. Mere hobbies do not support one. What you have mentioned are hobbies; and, even as a profession, they can't be of much use," put in Haran.

"What profession, then?" asked Kalyani. "Why not think of the Bar?"

"Do you want to make a lawyer of him?" asked Kalyani.

"Yes, what is your objection?"

"Objection? I have every objection, very strong ones, too. First of all, there is your own father. He is an advocate. That is the very reason I shall never let Vikram be one," said Kalyani, in a tone far from pleasant.

"You say that you object, but you have given no reasons. That

is not like a sensible person, to dictate mere dislike. There must be some proper reason, Kalyani. You can't hate a profession because you don't like somebody in that profession," he remonstrated.

"**W**ELL, you want reason. Do not advocates help murderers and rogues? Don't they go to courts and try to get such wicked people off? Is that right? Great advocates appear on both sides. Those for the murderer say that he is not one and those who accuse him say that he is really a murderer. How can both be right?" asked Kalyani.

"That is precisely why you have the judge."

"Yes, there is the judge. He finds out the truth. He punishes or lets off the man. Then one set of advocates must be wrong. Should they not be punished?" argued Kalyani.

"Kalyani, all that is too much for our present affair. Do you mean to say that you would like Vikram to be a surgeon or doctor because you slyly began by showing the beauty of his long fingers?" said Haran.

"Suppose he is trained for medicine?" asked Kalyani.

"Just because your own father is a doctor, is that so?" Now it was Haran's turn to have a fling at Kalyani's father.

"Where is the harm if my father is a doctor? Is that any reason why Vikram shouldn't be one?"

"I know so much about the ways of doctors that I would never think of letting Vikram be one," asserted Haran.

"But have you forgotten that you are now attacking my father in his own bungalow. Is that fair?"

HARAN did not think that Kalyani would turn the conversation into such an undesirable direction. But Kalyani having chosen to be personal, he thought he might rise to the need of the moment.

"I care a brass button for your father's bungalow. I thought this was a gift to you and as such it is yours without somebody else being brought in as landlord or owner. All I say is that a doctor's career is not the one for my son." The tones of both had become far from endearing.

"Is Vikram to go without any profession? Or, is he to be building bridges like a bricklayer though under the name of an engineer?"

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By **DILLAG**

Of course, I won't have a bit of law; you won't have a bit of the medical work. Surely Vikram is not going to be a petty clerk and let the woodwork of the writer's table grow into his body and soul. What then is to be the fate of my poor boy? Is it for this that my grandmother and great aunt worshipped and made vows to so many Deities? Lord, lord, how can I....."

"KALYANI, Kalyani, is that your voice I hear? Why so loud? Sobbing eh?" Thus questioning, in ran Mr. and Mrs. Ramsesh.

Ramsesh and his wife were college mates of Kalyani and Haran. There was absolutely no ceremony in their visits to their chums. So, the moment that Mrs. Ramsesh thought she heard sobs from Kalyani's room, she dragged Mr. Ramsesh along with her and rushed into Kalyani's apartment.

Mrs. Ramsesh came, saw, thought and smiled.

"Why, what makes you laugh, Sundar?" asked Mr. Ramsesh.

"Wait a minute; be patient for a second, and you will learn," answered Mrs. Ramsesh in her dictatorial way.

Ramsesh did as directed.

"Now Kalyani, what is it?" asked Mrs. Ramsesh.

"Ask Haran. It is he that began it all."

Haran protested and said it was Kalyani that started the whole affair.

"Now, now, it doesn't matter a bit who started it all. What I want to know is this. What is it all about? That is a plain question," asked Mrs. Ramsesh.

"To put it in a word, it is about the choice of a profession," answered Haran.

"For whom?"

"For Vikram," answered Kalyani and Haran.

FOR full five minutes, the Ramsesh couple laughed and laughed till they could no longer laugh. They called for two full glasses of butter-milk and having drained the glasses, Mrs. Ramsesh kissed Kalyani and asked her and Haran to get some competent medical advice about the state of their mind.

The hint did what the mental doctor could have done, for, both Kalyani and Haran began to laugh, at themselves and the doctor was of course, not consulted. ☼☼

WILD LIFE LOVERS' PARADISE

FOR the lover of wild game, Assam is a paradise. It has probably the richest fauna in Asia. Outside Africa, perhaps there is no part of the world with so many varieties of wild animals, birds and reptiles.

For its rarity and interest, the most important animal is the great Indian single-horned rhinoceros of which Assam, its main habitat, has by far the greatest number.

Other animals such as the elephant, the wild buffalo, the bison and the swamp deer; rare birds like the florican and the hornbill and the king cobra and other kinds of reptiles also abound. Royal Bengal tigers and leopards are there, too. The largest single population of elephants, outside possibly Burma, is found in Assam.

It is the rhino—the Unicornis—however, that chiefly attracts the tourist to Assam from all over the world. The largest of its kind in existence today, the Assam Rhino is the emblem of the State. Once in large numbers, these animals had been domesticated and used by the Assamese for ploughing and they seem to have been used in battle as seen from extant illustrations showing formidable spikes mounted on their horns.

Indiscriminate poaching and ruthless killing by man, in his search for land, food and, often, mementoes once threatened to eliminate this animal from existence. Bengt Berge, a Danish naturalist-photographer, pessimistically wrote in 1933 in his book "On the Trail of the Rhino" that in another

hundred years the skeleton of this animal would be seen along with similar animals in the museums of the world. Certainly, judging from the rapid disappearance of this species in the last hundred years, it would appear as if the struggle was hopeless.

The drive in Assam to start game sanctuaries and save wild life from extinction gained momentum in the late thirties, and today there are four wholetime sanctuaries and two game reserves for the protection mainly of the rhinos, though other animals such as buffaloes, bison, swamp deer, etc., share in the protection. Altogether, there are some 464 square miles of such sanctuaries and reserves in Assam.

EXTREMELY mindful of the growing tourist traffic to Assam, the State Government has made a provision, to begin with, of Rs. 19,000 under its Five Year Plan to improve these sanctuaries—constructing cold-weather roads, inspection paths and tree-top houses inside the sanctuaries for watching wild life.

Assam's show-place is the Kaziranga Sanctuary in Sibsagar District. Bounded by Mikir Hills in the South and the Brahmaputra in the North, it is 166 square miles in extent and is easily accessible from Calcutta by air.

A five-room forest bungalow has recently been constructed at Kahara near the entrance to the sanctuary to accommodate visitors and is equipped with up-to-date catering arrangements.

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The rhinos and other wild game in this sanctuary can be viewed from elephant back at close range and a number of elephants are kept under the care of experienced mahouts.

As the log book kept at the Kahara Bungalow testifies, seldom has a tourist gone back disappointed. You cannot fail to observe this curious animal, which can live up to 100 years like an elephant, has a snout like that of a boar though sharper and bigger, pug-marks like an elephant's, though smaller, ears like the rabbit's, though bigger in size, and a rusty armour-plated body looking like nobody on earth.

The population of rhinos in this sanctuary is roughly estimated to be 250 to 300. Other animals include about 300 elephants, 500 wild buffaloes in a number of herds, 4 types of deer including hog deer and swamp deer and at least half a dozen Royal Bengal tigers. For really keen game-watchers and naturalists there are three temporary tree-top houses deep inside the sanctuary; one of them is as far as 10 miles in the interior.

The second most important sanctuary known as the Manas sanctuary, spreading over 105 square

miles on the north bank of the Brahmaputra is in the Kamarupa District and is, in some respects, of greater interest than Kaziranga.

Situated at the foot of the Bhutan Hills (Himalayas), it has on one side the beautiful Manasa river which provides good camping sites and fishing. This sanctuary contains elephants, buffaloes, bisons, rhinos, bears, tigers, pigs, and several kinds of deer, including the barking variety. The nearest railway station is Barpita Road from which there is a cold-weather motorable road to the sanctuary entrance.

THE third, the Sonai Rupai Sanctuary, is in Darrang district. Like the Manas Sanctuary, it stretches along the Himalayan foothills and contains a few rhinos, elephants, bisons, in addition to other animals. It can be reached from Rangapara railway station and Tezpur Aerodrome by all-weather motorable roads.

The fourth sanctuary, the Pabha or Milroy Buffalo Sanctuary, 19 square miles in area, is situated in North Lakhimpur and deserves special mention. This is exclusively meant for the protection of the magnificent species of the wild buffalo of Assam.

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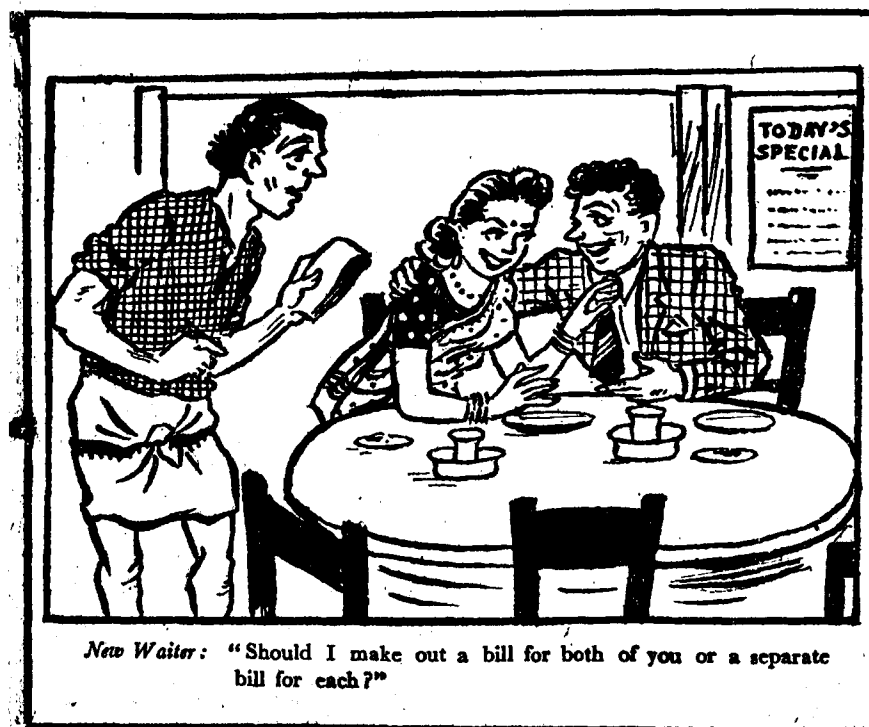
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The problem of high quality milk production begins with the selective breeding of the cattle themselves, then the management of grasslands to the best advantage. This has been a continuing process based

on the age-old skill and wisdom of the British farmer; on the country's highly organised and efficient veterinary services; and finally on modern scientific research.

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

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

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

State birth details or Letter writing time.

PANDIT N. AMBATANANDA

1st Floor, 31, NORTH MADA ST., MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG

IT is said that the world is balanced on the ample hood of "Sheshanaga." But for the cosmopolitan group of clerks working in a big Film Distribution office, the world seemed to be tossed about between love and hate, between doubt and suspicion, between luck and misfortune. While handling the show cards and photographs of heroes and heroines for despatch they looked longingly at the seductive poses of the glamour girls and looked enviously at the heroes, often wondering what these glamour boys had which the clerks did not have!

As they broke for lunch Joshi, Nathan and Desai grouped together and went to a nearby hotel. They pulled out their parcels of buttered *chappatis* and called for *dal* and curry. Nathan remained toying with his packet.

"Oh, I have no appetite!" he exclaimed. "I feel fed up!"

"You must be madly in love!" put in Desai. "Tell us what she looks like—or have you gone gaga over any of the heroines?"

"Love is a queer affliction!" opined Joshi. "Are you badly mauled?"

"Oh, I hate the girl—I hate her as much as I used to love her!" broke in Nathan.

"Maybe she did not like your complexion, or the way you speak Hindi.....!"

"Shut up!" burst out Nathan. "It has nothing to do with my

complexion or my Hindi. She is heartless, that is all."

"All girls are heartless—it is only the man who has a heart. Come, eat. No? Then tell us all about it."

Nathan looked angrily at Joshi.



"If you had a heart you would know what love is!" he said.

"Nathan, why not tell us how bad it is?" put in Desai. "After all, you are in Bombay and it is our duty to help you. Who is she, what is her age, what kind of a figure has she, *et cetera*?"

"Oh, she lives in a building adjacent to mine and our windows face each other. I used to smile at her. After a while she returned my smile and then we used to..."

"Never mind the usual slow beginning," butted in Desai. "Give me your *chappatis* if you have no hunger—thank you. Now we know you looked at each other, smiled at each other—well, go on



and tell us something without those barred windows between the two."

"We soon began to meet—often at Chowpati—and gradually and gradually....."

Nathan stopped, sat tense, as if lost in thought.

"Now we are arriving somewhere. What happened gradually

and gradually? The inevitable, eh? Like all fools in love you must have poured a lot of silly baby talk down the eager ears of each other. A little clasping of the hand, then squeezing....."

"You pipe down Joshi! We all know that you pose to be a cave man where girls are concerned, imagining that they all fall for you. Come, Nathan, we understand that you two fell in love—what then?"

"Oh, the more I knew her, the more I admired her. I never met a girl like her in our State. She is so intelligent, so understanding. I had never been happier in my life. She is also of my caste, and so we decided we would marry."

"Very honourable idea—and now perhaps you expect one of us to go and persuade the parents—put a hatched egg in front of them!" remarked Joshi.

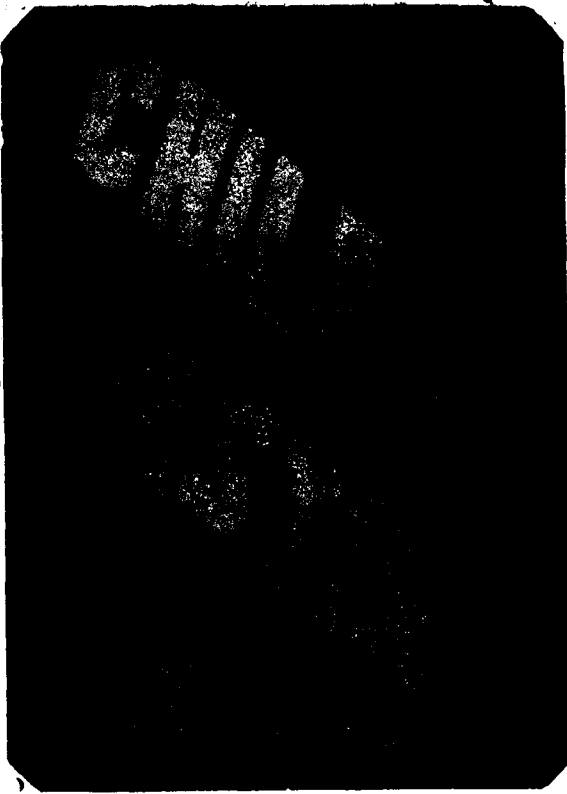
"It is no use. She is going to be married to another man! It has all been fixed up, and within a fortnight she will be married and taken away from Bombay."

"And you sit here telling us all this!" spouted Joshi. "You should either do something or sleep over it. You people have no guts. If I were you....."

"You would have gone and changed the window and looked at another girl!" remarked Desai. "I know the kind of guts you have brought from your place—we generally call it callousness! Now let the poor fellow speak. Yes, Nathan, so what are you going to do? What does the girl say?"

"Oh, that is the whole trouble. She is a bad girl. Do you know

BY RAJENDRA SHANKAR



Chapter Five

AT the moment when the two boys were laughing heartily there appeared in the door-way the stocky figure of Sydney who, though unaware of what had caused this laughter, giggled to himself as if he understood what it was all about. Brian was the first to see him, as he was seated facing the door-way. So he said, "Amusing, isn't it, Sydney?"

"Ee-ee-ee!" was Sydney's reply. His eyes had first rested on the little table standing against the wall to see if it was laid out for tea-drinking. As this did not appear to be the case (the tea-pot and cups had already been cleared),

he looked at the two boys and then at the table again, but without being able to convey anything to them. Both friends lit cigarettes and Brian, addressing his friend, said, "Things don't look too bright for Hitler, eh? Did you read this morning's papers?"

"Yes, I did. The Allied armies are doing fine, I think. It won't be long before we see the end of this blooming war, Brian."

"I think so, too. After all, there is something remarkable about faith, Colin. The Axis armies *may* be convinced that they are fighting to root out Imperialism and all that, but any-

body with the slightest respect for his own individual freedom knows only too well that the Allies are fighting to preserve that freedom. That is the sum and substance of what is going on today. When a man fights with his back to the wall and for his very existence, you may be sure that his faith is stronger than that of the fellow on the opposing side. Oh, yes, the Allies will win, sure enough; but I shudder to think of what might happen to both victor and vanquished after everything is over. It seems to me that they are making a grave mistake by talking so much of the world being a better place to live in once the war is over, and by promising so much. They may

have learnt very valuable lessons from the mistakes they made after the last war and it is quite impossible that they will avoid those mistakes. But that doesn't mean to say that no mistakes will be made now! The circumstances following the last war will be entirely different from those following this one, and new circumstances will demand new solutions. I doubt whether the Allies will be equal to the task since they are promising so much that is beyond their own ability to fulfil."

"I've thought so myself, Brian, though not in the same logical way as you have explained it now. In fact, I've thought of the aftermath of the war in relation to our own community. Do you know, on a rough average the income of every family in our community to-day ranges between three hundred and four hundred rupees? Our people are living in grand style today with nothing saved for the future. Some of us have even forgotten that we were in poverty just four or five years ago. In spite of this our boys are not concerned about the future. They've been promised everything under the sun and it's going to be a rude awakening when they find later on that all their dreams have gone up in smoke."

"And their reaction then will be just as fatal!" Brian concluded. "Take my word for it, Colin, we are going to see hundreds of our families giving up the fight for survival and abandoning themselves to their fates. With independence for India, which is sure to come sooner than most people think, there is going to be such an upheaval in our community life that it will leave us too stunned to realise the significance of what has happened."

THROUGHOUT this dialogue Sydney stood in the doorway, silent and listening. He was a man of few words, especially when it came to politics and the like. Of course, when drawn into a discussion he could hold his own in matters with which he was conversant such as those touching upon the domestic affairs of this or that family in town or the capital expenditure involved in cooking dinner for a given number of people. His politics were confined to what was likely to happen to grog-shops and military hotels should the Congress ever come to power—which, in his opinion, was utterly impossible.

STORY SO FAR

BRIAN LACEY and COLIN ANDERSON 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.**

He was a firm believer in the unassailable might of British bayonets and machine-guns and it was his honest opinion that nothing disastrous would ever happen to the community, of which he was a proud member, so long as there was a British race on the face of the earth.

BUT Sydney, nevertheless, was a good listener, especially in the presence of two such minds as Colin's and Brian's. For one thing, the two boys rarely addressed themselves to him; and for another thing, it was the fundamental basis of his philosophy never to make an unhelpful enemy of a potential friend. On the contrary, he often concurred with the other man's point of view by a non-committal nod of the head, even though it conflicted with his own.

So he had been listening to the two boys with his head nodding up and down automaton-like without being able to understand in the least what they were talking about, until, anxious to make a start in the direction in which his own thoughts were leading, he said, leaning against the door with his hands folded in front of him and his forehead set in deep furrows, "Yes, that's true. You know what happened when I went to the tea-shop this morning, Brian? (He had, in fact, been there a dozen times since). There were about six or seven people waiting for tea and I was there first, so I asked the fellow to serve me first. 'All right, Saar,' he said (Sydney here repeated the man's actual words as spoken in the vernacular), 'Don't jump like that. I'll give you your tea. These Anglo-Indians think they are white men after

they joined the army! Even white men won't jump like this!' I never took his tea. I said, 'No, I don't want it.' I went to the other shop, a few yards away. You know that young chap with whiskers? Dashed good tea he sells, Brian. I never knew the shop before. It seems he's the only one who gets some good sort of special tea-leaf!"

Having given the clue to what had been passing in his mind for the last fifteen minutes or so, he shifted from one foot to the other, while an uneasy frown appeared on his brow as he wondered whether the clue had found its mark.

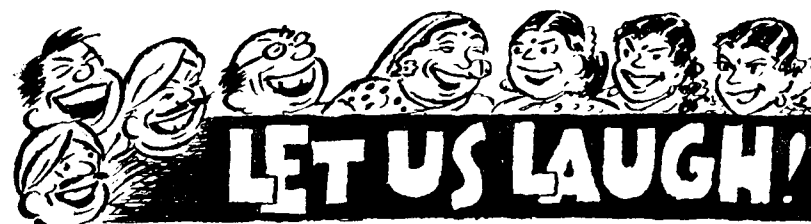
"Yes, that's true," Brian said. "There are plenty of indications to show that the other communities are hostile towards us. But that's more our fault than theirs, really."

A PAINFUL expression now showed on Sydney's face. It was as plain as a pikestaff that his gentle feeler had failed to elicit a favourable response or to excite any desire for tea-drinking. But he resolved to try again.

"They are going to have an air raid practice to-night, I believe," he informed them. "It's such a nuisance. You can't go out or do anything."

"Oh, hell!" Colin exploded. "You better get us some tea, Sydney, before the blooming thing starts. Here! Get five cups—two for Mrs. Lacey and Priscy as well."

(Continued on page 94)



A JEWELLER'S assistant, an absent-minded fellow, was being married. He was placing the ring on the bride's finger when he hesitated.

"With this ring," prompted the clergyman.

"With this ring," said the bridegroom, "we give a written guarantee, reminding the customer that the price will be refunded if it is not as represented."

Husband's Query

A woman much given to gossiping at neighbours' houses was taken ill one morning, and sent her husband for a doctor. The obedient man ran part of the way, then returned to put this query: "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

Of Course

The strong man was explaining his act to an agent.

"I place a heavy stone on my head," he asserted, "and then my assistant picks up a sixteen-pound sledge-hammer, swings it with all his might—and cracks the stone in half."

"That's wonderful!" the agent enthused. "But how about your head—don't you ever feel it?"

The strong man waved a hand.

"Yes," he admitted. "That's why I carry aspirins!"

5 — 15th June '55.

THE boss returned from lunch in a good humour, and called in the whole staff to listen to a couple of jokes he had picked up. Everybody but one girl laughed uproariously.

"What's the matter?" grumbled the boss. "Haven't you a sense of humour?"

"I don't have to laugh," said the girl. "I'm leaving on Friday, anyhow."

Good Reason

It was in a little Spanish town. The moon shone brightly, the scent of flowers had never been so sweet. A real night for romance.

A young man stood beneath a balcony and serenaded the beautiful senorita. After a few moments a flower pot hurtled through the calm night air and hit the young man on the head.

"Who threw that?" he cried, indignantly.

"I did," answered the senorita.

"But don't you like my singing?"

"I love your singing, but I never did like that flower pot."

What If?

"I see that tips are forbidden here, waiter."

"Bless you, sir, so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

what she said when I cornered her last night?"

"What?"

"SHE coyly whispered that she could do nothing about the marriage. The groom belongs to a family that has made a fortune in piece-goods. I got furious; she listened quietly. I shouted at her, swore at her for trifling with my virgin heart. She heard everything in mute silence, and then suddenly clutched my arm and spoke. 'Don't feel so bad,' she said. 'I also suffer, but then my father would never have allowed me to marry you. This man has money and a big house. My parents feel very happy about the match.' 'And what about me? What about your professions of love? How can you marry a man you do not love?' She digs her nails into my arm, trembling all over. 'Oh, you men can never understand. I am marrying him for security—but you I love—I will always be yours!' Then she got up and ran away. I sat stunned for hours at the beach. I could not have been more surprised if I had seen the rows of buildings on the Marine Drive crumble down and disappear in the sea. At moments I feel I hate her—but then she said she loves me. And when I think of that, I feel I could go and murder the man she is going to marry."

"Do nothing of the sort!" advised Joshi. "All this is just self love."

"Joshi, how can you hurt the poor man like this? You are really very vain and heartless. I wonder if you have ever been in love—real love!"

"Listen, Desai All the love you have ever harboured into your covetous bosom is for saving money or sponging on others. Nathan, this fellow thinks I am heartless—but I will tell you why I treat all this I-will-die-without-her stuff less seriously now than I did some ten years back. And if it is any help, I might tell you what happened some ten years back."

"Sure, sure," burst in Desai, "let us hear about your being in love and pining for a girl!"

"VERY amusing, eh? But at the time I was deeply stirred. There was a famous beauty of the screen, and one day I went to her house with a friend who was the production manager of a big film company. The heroine was ravishing, but her younger sister, Neeru, barely seventeen, was a stunner. She had a face, body and grace that could overcharge a run-down battery. And then came the last straw. The heroine, in order to recommend Neeru for a role, asked her to sing for my friend. Well, I can hardly speak about the way she sang; her voice, the cadence of the music, the subtle shades of emotion that flitted over her lovely face—it was all too thrilling. As I listened, my throat became parched, my heart began to throb—and now I know that these are the primary symptoms of falling headlong in love."

"Well, we left them, and I was haunted day and night with thoughts of her. Sleeping or awake, her enchanting voice came in mounting waves of rapturous melody, and wafted on it came glimpses of her breath-taking, beautiful face, her sinuous, grace-

(Continued on page 99)

TO BUILD UP STRENGTH OF A GIANT!

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:—

Relieved of Incessant Cough & Asthmatic Trouble.—For over five years I was subjected to incessant cough and Asthmatic trouble that nights had to be spent in terrible agony. I was advised by a friend to take your "BHEEMA-VEER". I believe it is a good tonic as it has given me complete relief. (Sd.) E. RANGASWAMY IYENGAR, Villivakkam.

No More Stomach Complaints.—Frequent stomach troubles have been the bane of my life. Many injections were administered and still there was no end to my suffering till, at last, your "BHEEMA-VEER" put an end to all my stomach ache and other complaints. (Sd.) RAMASWAMY, Sivaganga.

Reduced Considerably My Paralysis.—I lost all hope of ever finding a remedy for my paralytic disease. Your "BHEEMA-VEER" has considerably reduced my suffering in one bottle and I am fully confident that two more bottles will afford me entire relief. Please send two more bottles. (Sd.) N. SUBRAMANIA IYER, Srotriamdar, Ambasamudram.

JAMADHAGNI OUSHADALAYA

31, NORTH MADA STREET, MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4

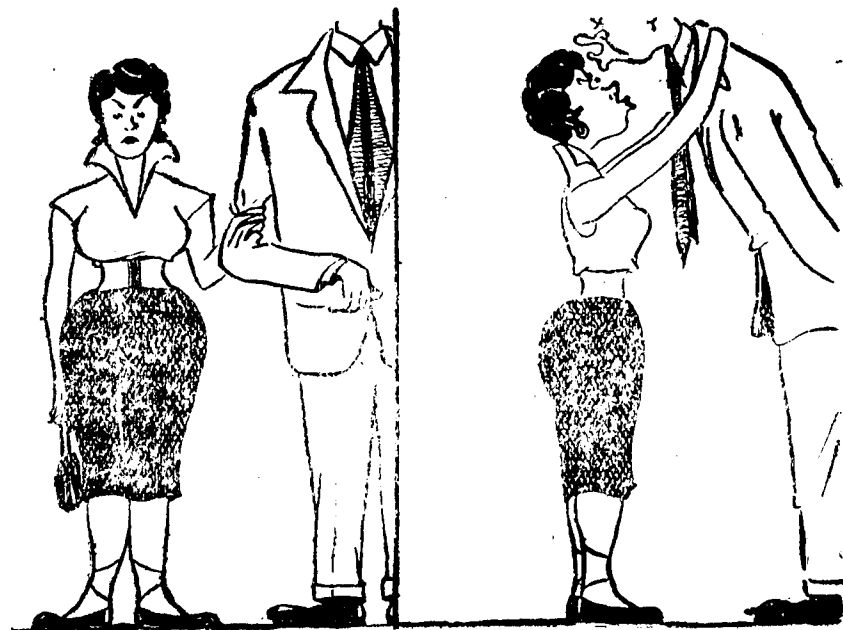
LONG after he had been admitted to service and assigned to an overseas post, a young man was puzzled to receive a message from his local medical board stating: "We regret to inform you that tests show that you have tuberculosis and a serious heart condition." A week later a cable arrived. "Please disregard previous report. Your record mixed up with another examinee."

The young man was equal to the occasion. By return cable, he despatched the reply: "Sorry to inform you that your correction arrived too late. I committed suicide last night."

Half Pleased

Friend: "You don't half look pleased with yourself."

Prospective Bridegroom: "I am. I've just been half promised half a house."



THE hungry, out-of-work actor raced into the pawnbroker's office. He slipped a watch on the counter, while visions of a good meal floated before his eyes.

"What can I get on this watch?" he asked.

The pawnbroker examined it and noticed that one hand was missing. "I can't take a chance on this," he said. "The minute hand is missing."

The actor caught the pawnbroker by the sleeve. "So what?" he said earnestly. "You can always sell it to a fellow who isn't in a hurry!"

Why the Hurry?

"Darling, let's get married?"

"Why the hurry?"

"Well, it would put an end to our being just crazy about each other."

THE sultan fell in love at first sight with the tourist's laughter.

"If you'll let me marry her," said the sultan, "I'll give you her weight in diamonds."

"Give me a few days," answered the tourist.

"To think it over?"

"No, to fatten her up!"

Two Hours for It?

Supper had been ready for a long time when the henpecked husband stole into the house and hung up his hat.

"Henry," said his wife from the dining room, "what do you mean by being two hours late?"

"But, darling, I've been run over," he protested from the hall.

"Well, what of it?" she demanded, coldly. "It doesn't take two hours to get run over."

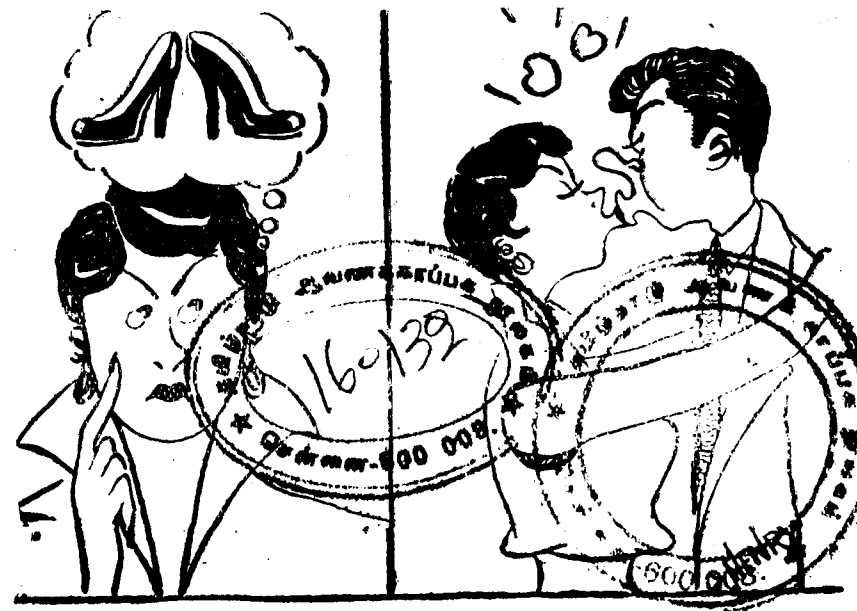
AN employer, leaving his office, was instructing his new secretary what to say if anyone called while he was out.

"I may be back this afternoon," he told her. "And then again, I may not."

The girl nodded brightly. "Yes, sir," she said. "Is that definite?"

Account Rendered!

Mother wanted to spend Saturday in town, and father, an accountant, reluctantly agreed to give up his golf and spend the afternoon with the children. On mother's return, father handed her the following report of the afternoon: "Dried tears 9 times. Tied shoes 13 times. Toy balloons purchased—3 per child. Average life of a balloon—13 seconds. Cautioned children not to cross road—21 times. Children crossed road—21 times. Number of Saturdays I will do this again—0."



invented high heels — now she never!



Diamond That Dazzled World!

OF all the treasures of India that once belonged to Britain in abundance, only one remains in possession today. It is the Koh-i-noor, the "Mountain of Light," that reposes in the Tower of London among the closely guarded Crown jewels, writes Col. P. T. Egerton in *Everybody's Weekly*.

The diamond has proved historically unlucky for men, but not so in the case of women. For this reason it forms the centre-piece of the Queen's Crown and not the King's, which boasts instead the sapphire of Edward the Confessor.

When Babar the Lion, the first of the Great Moghuls who conquered India in 1526, saw the Koh-i-noor, he exclaimed in amazement, "This diamond must be worth half the daily expense of the world." He was told that the stone originated in the Golconda mines of Southern India four or five thousand years before he came to Hindustan.

Humayun Killed

The Great Moghuls passed it on to their heirs, starting with Babar who died four years after it came into his possession. Humayun, who succeeded him, was killed

falling down a flight of stairs. His son Akbar, a born soldier and most able ruler, whose reign was contemporary with that of Queen Elizabeth I, took over the diamond and in the fullness of time handed it on to his son Jehangir, an indifferent ruler and still worse soldier.

Thereafter, the diamond continued its career until just over 200 years ago it started an odyssey of travel and adventure that has few historical equals.

Woman's Betrayal

At this time, in 1739, Nadir Shah, military despot of Persia, invaded India and captured Delhi with its Moghul emperor, Mohammed Shah, a poor representative of a noble line. Nadir Shah had been attracted by fabulous India, of which the diamond was one of the lures. There was no trace, however, of the diamond in Delhi, although the city was completely ransacked as well as sacked.

And then a leading lady in the harem of Mohammed Shah, to whom Nadir made love, and who, in turn, was anxious to propitiate the new ruler, revealed the hiding place of the gem to be in the emperor's own turban.

Nadir, with a cunning sense of hospitality, invited Mohammed Shah to a grand dinner party in the palace that covered a vast extent of ground and was a wonderland of pillared halls, of piazzas, and entrancing pleasure grounds. Amidst this splendour the guest was entertained and here the acme of compliments was paid to the fallen ruler by a custom obtaining among the high and mighty in the East.

Exchange of Turbans

An Oriental potentate, wishing to show special regard for the quality of his guest and by way of mutual love and esteem would exchange turbans.

Mohammed Shah wore his most gorgeous turban for the state banquet in the palace at Delhi, and towards the end Nadir made a self-deprecating speech by asking as a gesture of lasting amity that turbans should be exchanged. It was a desperate moment for Mohammed Shah. He recoiled, aghast at what was about to happen, but before he could do anything about it Nadir suited the action to the word, gracefully removed the turban of the luckless Mohammed and substituted his own.

Inglorious End

Nadir left Delhi shortly afterwards, carrying with him loot and an indemnity to the tune of £90,000,000 sterling. When he got back to Persia troubles began on all sides. He could not stem the tide of discontent that had set in. Finally, Nadir was assassinated and his dynasty came to an inglorious end. One of his generals, Ahmed Khan Abdali, seized the throne, and the Koh-i-noor, and

started out on a campaign of conquest. Ahmed led off by the seizure of Kandahar, at that time the capital of Afghanistan, and although he laid the foundation of the modern Afghanistan he was heavily defeated in an attempted invasion of India.

Sixty years later a descendant, Shah Shuja, was driven from Afghanistan and after a brush with the newly developing Russian power, fled to Ranjit Singh at Lahore, the Sikh ruler known as the Lion of the Punjab. This was where the British came on the scene, in 1837, when they sent a mission to Kabul, for the arrival of Shah Shuja in India had a profound effect upon British policy in regard to Afghanistan.

The Government of the day thought it best to restore Shah Shuja to the Afghan throne, who, it was hoped, would be friendly to their endeavour to maintain Afghanistan as an independent buffer state. The Lion of the Punjab had made terms of alliance with Shah Shuja, one of which was the surrender of the Koh-i-noor, and from this time dates its arrival into British ken.

Retreat from Kabul

The Lion, with the military might of the Sikhs behind him, the most warlike of the Indian races, seemed to the British diplomats to hold the balance of power. The Sikhs, joined with a friendly Afghanistan, could keep India safe. To this end Shah Shuja was reinstalled in Kabul by British bayonets. But everything went wrong. The plans had many draw-backs, not the least of which was the problem of how to maintain Shah Shuja on his rickety throne.

British military history holds no sadder tale than the retreat from Kabul in 1842, a little army of 5,000 men dreadfully encumbered with more than twice that number of camp followers. The Afghan war ended in disaster, 65 officers and men alone reaching Gandamak in Afghanistan. Only one, the heroic Dr. Bryden, reached British India, the sole survivor of an army.

Playing for Safety

Soon after the Afghan campaign Britain became embroiled with the Sikhs and in 1849 the great military state Ranjit Singh had built up passed into British hands, together with the Koh-i-noor.

Wisely it was decided to play for safety and hand the jewel over this time to a woman, Queen Victoria. In the interval it had to be safeguarded and was therefore entrusted to the care of Sir John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner at Lahore, pending transfer to England.

Missing from Pocket

Apart from being somewhat absent-minded, Sir John had other weighty matters in hand, and it is said that, putting the diamond in his pocket, he thought no more about it.

The following week the subject again came before the executive. Ways and means must be found to send it to London. In a flash Sir John remembered that the gem for which kings had risked their thrones lay in the pocket of his drill waistcoat. Controlling his emotion he kept a discreet silence until the meeting was over. He then hurried off to his quarters, only to find that the waistcoat was not there.

In Dirty Tin!

Trembling with apprehension he sent for his servant, who told him that he had sent it to the wash, first, however, taking out a piece of glass lest it might cut a hole in master's "vest." Asked to produce it he fetched a dirty, old tin box full of a jumble of oddments, and there among them reposed the "Mountain of Light."

The let-off gave Sir John such a fright that he applied at once for permission to send the stone to Bombay, a critical enterprise, owing to the dangers of the road, the immense value of the packet, and the length of time that would be taken by the 1,300-mile journey.

Re-cut and Polished

In those days the road from Lahore to Bombay swarmed with robbers, dacoits and Thugs. The Thugs (pronounced Tug) caused great anxiety, for a robber comes at you fair and straight, but a Thug had so many dodges and disguises that you never knew when he was after you until the noose was round your neck.

Sir John Lawrence was set a problem as to how best to get the jewel to England. Anyway a trustworthy officer was apparently chosen who carried the gem, and his ride became legendary. ...

On arrival in England the Koh-i-noor was re-cut and polished. It was no longer the largest diamond in the world. But its chief rival to fame, the Hope diamond, lies in deep-sea banishment at the bottom of the Atlantic within the bulk of the ill-fated liner "Titanic."

Complete Cure for High Blood Pressure?

New drugs and new methods of treatment stir hope for an early answer to the problem of high blood pressure.

High blood pressure is a long-term disease and lasts on the average for twenty years. But although a high blood pressure is abnormal, it is not from high blood pressure that people die, but from the heart and blood vessel diseases associated with it. It is one of the factors which promote hardening of the arteries and enlargement of the heart, says a medical man in *English Digest*.

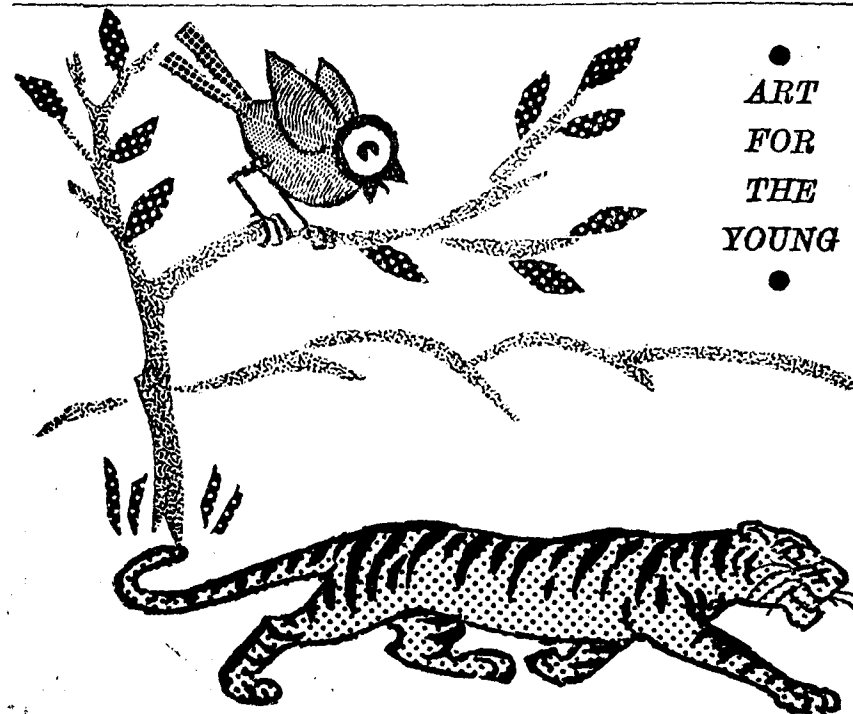
Even a minimum of high blood pressure aggravates these diseases. If you can lower the blood pressure you will remove the aggravation.

This is the goal at which medical science has been aiming. That they have already accomplished so much is due to the discovery of new drugs. These drugs are designed to hold the blood pressure down. One of the most commonly used is *hexamethonium* which works on the blood pressure nerves by anaesthetising them. It can knock down the blood pressure of practically any case.

Mild Sedatives

People taking it often find that their eyes will not focus, they don't sweat and it is difficult for them to swallow. For these reasons, doctors are loath to use it, except in the most extreme cases.

There are other useful drugs which do not paralyse the nerves.



ART
FOR
THE
YOUNG

The ordinary sedative will lessen the emotions and cause blood pressure to drop. In France and Russia, this method has been used for the treatment of very severe high blood pressure. The patient is put to sleep for thirty days and awakes only long enough to eat. The method, however, is not very practical.

The severity of high blood pressure in all patients has been greatly over-emphasised. It has frequently no symptoms. You can't make the punishment worse than the crime. You have got to suit the treatment to the disease.

Doctors are trying to find mild but powerful sedatives that will help the average case.

Ordinary phenobarbital is often very effective. It can lower even very high blood pressure without making the patient sleepy or depressed.

New Indian Drug

Another very effective sedative is the new Indian drug, *rauwolfia*. Many people have referred to it as a relaxing agent. It won't make you go to sleep. It will let you sleep if you feel sleepy. It has a definite blood pressure lowering action and a definite pulse-slowing action.

It is the answer to blood pressure cases of the mild, fast-heart-beat type. Moreover, it makes the other more powerful drugs much more benign, much milder in their effects, and much more acceptable to the patient.

Runs in Families

High blood pressure runs in families. This is not to say it is a hereditary disease. Children are

not born with the seeds of it. They inherit it by imitating the behaviour, emotional reactions, fear and anxiety complexes which they see in the home. High blood pressure is a disease peculiar to certain psychological make-ups and family backgrounds.

It is because of this that it is not peculiar to the high-pressure business executive. He may be under the utmost stress, but if he has not the psychological and family background, he will be comparatively immune. On the other hand, the housewife with these backgrounds may find herself an early victim.

Avoid Salt

The vulnerable people are the nice people: the hypersensitive. They like things to be right. They are socially conscious. They are very sensitive to the effect they are having on people. This makes them agreeable and easy to get along with. It also gives them anxiety complexes.

The old approaches to high blood pressure were diet and surgery. The difficulty with both these methods is to keep the treatment less troublesome than the disease. This is particularly true because salt has something to do with high blood pressure and must therefore be eliminated from the patient's diet.

The way the body handles salt—and the craving for salt and the amount of salt a person wants—are important factors. The most effective drugs are those which have the greatest effect on how the kidneys get rid of salt.

Blood-Vessel Damage

High blood pressure is so serious because it causes blood-vessel

damage and heart strain. If for any reason the little valves at the end of the arteries leading from the heart are clamped closed, then either not enough blood is going to get into the body or the pressure is going to rise.

Doctors still do not know what causes these valves to close. They suspect that the reason is partly familial and partly emotional. They know the only treatment is to use agents, drugs or methods which will relax these valves.

If Untreated

They know too that if high blood pressure goes untreated, it may lead to heart failure, stroke from rupture of the blood vessels in the head and kidney failure.

The average age when high blood pressure strikes is thirty-two. The average age when it proves fatal is fifty-one. But today, largely because of the discovery of *rauwolfia*, the lives of even the most severe high blood pressure cases are being prolonged considerably.

End in Sight

Doctors believe that with it they have at last got a method of drug treatment which can be taken as rarely as once a day, in small dose, and will keep such people on a moderately even keel indefinitely.

They believe that they have opened up a whole new vista in the treatment of hypertension: and that the end of the scourge of these modern times is in sight.

Earth's Hottest Spot

The earth's inner fires make the Pacific Ocean floor off the west

coasts of Central and South America the hottest spot so far known to scientists. This discovery was made recently by the University of California's Scripps Institute of Oceanography.

Records taken on the Albatross Ridge, a vast undersea plateau of the eastern Pacific Ocean, show that the heat flow there from the earth's molten core is three times greater than the average in other parts of the world. This is chiefly because the crust of the earth is thinner in that area. The earth's crust varies in thickness, ranging from a minimum of four miles beneath parts of the Pacific Ocean to 20 miles beneath the adjacent continents. It is warmed by heat rising from the hot molten core of the earth.

Smallest Storage Battery

A storage battery no larger than a postage stamp and about 1/4-inch thick has been developed by Yardney Electric Corporation of New York. Believed to be the smallest rechargeable battery in the world, the tiny cell weighs one-sixth of an ounce.

Zinc and silver electrodes are used in the battery, which has one-fourth the ampere-hour capacity of a regular battery that is 16 times bigger. It is expected that the battery will be used in portable communications equipment and electric wrist watches, and may "revolutionise" some photography and model aeroplane equipment. The battery could operate an electric-powered watch for more than a year without recharging, its makers say.

FACTS FOR FARMERS

Sweet Potatoes' Skin Colour

Does the skin colour of the sweet potato indicate its other qualities?

Recent work at the Indian Agricultural Research Institute, New Delhi, has shown that the colour of the skin of the sweet potato has no connection with sweetness or any other quality found in a good table variety. Most cultivated varieties of sweet potato have white or red skins. Some have brownish colour, too. In North India, farmers prefer the red varieties to the white, while in the South the opposite is the case!

Heat Treating of Eggs

Experiments conducted at the Indian Veterinary Research Institute have shown that heating eggs in water at 130° F (melting temperature of candle wax) for 15 to 20 minutes, prevents them from being spoiled during the summer months. It is during these months that egg spoilage is the greatest. The heat treatment kills the embryo in the fertile egg and thus improves its keeping quality. Heat-treated eggs kept at room temperature during May for fourteen days were found edible and almost as good as fresh eggs.

Faulty Feeding of Chickens

Withholding food from chickens for the first 48 hours of their life is not a sound practice, poultry specialists point out. In fact, the sooner the chickens begin feeding, the better start they get. Chickens deprived of food sometimes peck at each other, and some pick up litter; and this results in internal disorders. Chickens should also have sufficient hopper space; otherwise the strong chicks push out the weaker ones, which develop poorly. Feather-pecking and cannibalism in chicks can also be traced to lack of adequate hopper space. Specialists say that each chick should have one inch of hopper space.

Irrigating Vegetables

Farmers sometimes tend to over-irrigate their vegetable crops. This has been found to lead to diseases like 'damping off'. Thick sowing of seeds in a nursery also results in similar diseases. Though there can be no hard and fast rule about the frequency of irrigation, water should normally be given when the upper layer of soil shows signs of drying up. Irrigation should be deep so that the water soaks down to the root level. A shallow irrigation which leaves the root zone dry is of no value.

Mango-Hopper Trouble

Growers sometimes find their mango trees flowering profusely, but failing to set fruit. In many cases, this is due to the mango flowers getting infested with a pest known as mango-hoppers which damage them. This damage can be prevented by spraying DDT (0.16 to 0.25 per cent). Spraying should be done as soon as the bunches of flowers make their appearance in the beginning of the spring season. DDT emulsion or wettable DDT (Guesarol 550) also can be used in the same strength.

Harvesting Sugarcane For Gur

After sugarcane is harvested, it begins to lose in weight due to evaporation of moisture. It also loses a part of its crystalline sugar. Farmers are, therefore, advised to crush the cane for gur manufacture soon after it is harvested, preferably within 24 hours of cutting. While harvesting, the cane should be cut as close to the ground as possible, as the lowermost portion of the cane is the richest in sugar. Topping should be done just above the highest coloured joint. For gur-making, however, it is better to remove the top two or three joints.

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TOO SURE of HIMSELF!

By K. Subramanyam

KESHAV chuckled to himself as he turned away from the list that was put up that day at the Provincial Bank premises announcing the results of the successful candidates for the Probation Officers' posts. Keshav was, from the beginning, confident of his success because he knew he had done quite well both at the interview and in the written test. That day he invited some of his best friends and relatives to an 'At Home.'

A week passed and no sort of a letter of appointment or advice came from the bank authorities. Keshav went to the bank one day to enquire of the position. The Manager told him that it might take some three months or over to receive orders from his Head Office at Bombay and that the scheme of expansion of bank business in certain rural areas was since not completed.

"Three months to wait! What is this?" blurted out Keshav, his face turning purple.

"That's all I can say, gentleman," replied the Manager coolly and curtly, and turned aside to his work.

Keshav became angry, of course, not only with the Manager but with the bank authorities themselves, but the thought that he

would be joining soon as an Assistant Manager restrained his anger. A comfortable position like that bringing in a decent salary in the grade Rs. 250—600 plus some allowances per mensem would, he thought, go a long way towards assuring him of prominence and affluence. Out of the sixty post-graduate and graduate candidates who had appeared for the interview and the written test for three posts, only three candidates, including himself, could get those jobs, Keshav told himself. And he was easily the best among the successful three. Keshav was too sure of that. The immediate problem before him was how to make the best use of the three months until he got his appointment order from the bank.

HE had a plan. He dashed home, picked up an ante-dated local newspaper and began to scan the advertisement columns. A clerical post was vacant in a small bank named "Shrilaxmi Bank" in the city. Keshav, B.A., B.COM., hoped that he was by far a better candidate for the small post offered. He would, he thought, work in that bank for only three months and gain some knowledge and experience of the bank's working procedure. Well, he mused, this was a part of his probationary period! He at once sent in his application and after a week was

called for an interview and was later selected for the clerical post. Next week, Keshav went to join duty there.

KESHAV, B.A., B.COM., cared particularly for self-respect and dignity although he might have realised little about others' self-respect. He went in to see the Manager of Shrilaxmi Bank before joining duty, as he thought that a man like himself would first see the Manager and announce himself in person, and later report to the Accountant. Keshav wore a red silken tie over a costly flannel suit and a good tailor-made gentleman he appeared to be. The Manager was probably very busy at that time and without having a look at Keshav he said "Yes?" enquiringly.

Keshav now decided quickly whether to take his seat or not. He suddenly sank into the chair for, he thought, as a double graduate and man of self-respect, he was at liberty to do as he pleased before the Manager asked him to take his seat. After a few moments, the Manager set aside his papers and saw Keshav, B.A., B.COM., seated comfortably.

"Yes, please, what brings you here?" he demanded.

"Why, don't you know that I have been selected for the post in your bank? I have my orders now," spoke Keshav authoritatively, showing the Bank's letter.

"Oh, that's that, Mr Keshav!" remarked the Manager, assuming a serious expression. "You make a call on me as if you were a Collector or maybe the Managing Director of this concern itself!"

"I beg your pardon," said Keshav frowningly. "What do you mean by that? Was I lacking in manners? Let us argue out who has been wrong."

"No, no, my young gentleman. I can't leave my work and argue with an eminent man like yourself. You seem to be quite an independent man. Then, may I ask why a double graduate like you should at all seek a job here and deprive humbler folk of their chances? You are, my dear sir, unsuitable for this kind of job," the Manager remarked.

KESHAV at once rose from his seat and banged the table. He raised his right fist in a challenging manner and shouted, "Look here, oh, Boss of this great bank! Why the hell did you sign this appointment order? And you are

revoking the offer you signed and gave me? Don't you see the grave consequences that are apt to flow from this kind of temperament on your part? Will you show cause why you should not be....."

"Please shut up and walk out. My Accountant will talk with you tomorrow in this regard. I do not like to talk to a big person of your sort. That's all, good-bye!" said the Manager calmly this time, while directing Keshav to the exit.

KESHAV turned swiftly for the swing-door and out he went, mumbling and grumbling. The Bank Manager, a man of self-respect and dignity, wondered at Keshav's unbecoming attitude and impertinence. Never had he met before such a specimen as this, he told himself.

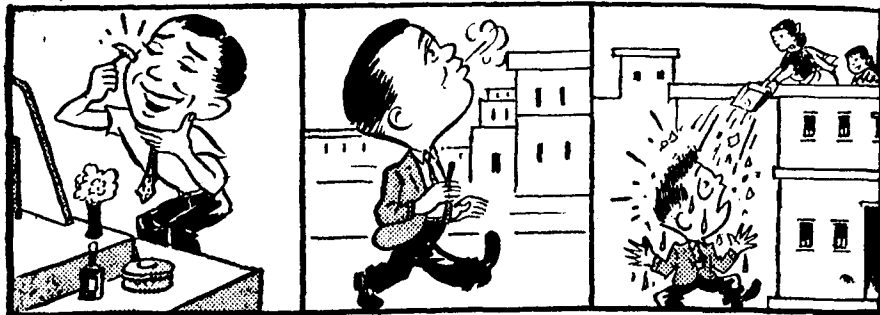
As Keshav came out of the bank premises, he was accosted by his friend, Madhav Rao.

"Well, Keshav," greeted Madhav Rao. "What are you doing here? Came for bank savings? It's long since we met each other."

"No bank savings, Madhav Rao. But tell me if you know anything about this great bank," asked Keshav.

"Well, Keshav, don't you know that I am working here as a clerk since a year? I have returned only to-day to rejoin duty here, after a month's illness."

"I see. You wretch, couldn't you find a better job than this? You are a B.COM., and you know typewriting too. What a queer chap you are! Now, leave that alone. You know, just I was



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you in any way," said Madhav, much embarrassed.

"But, listen," cried Keshav, becoming impatient all of sudden. "There is a vacancy of an Accountant's post in your bank. Just contact the Manager and tell him of my abilities. I just want to do my job earnestly and, of course, quietly. I am honest and straightforward. You know, how I was in our college days, managing the Union activities as its President?"

"KESHAV, all that you say is absolutely correct," said Madhav Rao, taking his turn. "But you cannot ask me, a poor fellow, to recommend you to our boss. You have previously created an impression on him that you are too big a fellow even for a Managing Director's post. Our boss likes me, no doubt, but who am I and in what capacity can I approach him for such a favour? It's quite absurd. You are a learned man and you must be competent enough to seek a suitable job by yourself. For this you require no assistance at all."

"Oh, down with your silly lecture, boy!" said Keshav indignantly. "You have failed a friend in need. You know, your own fate is sealed because of that wretched clerical post to which you stick on as a leech. What do I care, after all, for the Accountant's post in your bank or for the Assistant Manager's post in that big bank? I may have better luck in the near future, who knows?"

"Yes, yes, Shriman Keshav," snapped Madhav Rao. "Perhaps your luck will in the near future bring you an Ambassador's appointment!"

"VIMALA, Dear,"
I called my wife, knocking on the door, "please let me in."

There was no answer and I again called her as sweetly as possible. This time she opened the door.

"My dear, why are you always so late? Can't you come at least a little earlier?" she asked in a voice which was not as pleasant as I had expected from her.

We were married only six months, you see.

"How can I come earlier than this? After office hours, I go to the beach and from there I come all the way walking."

"You could come by bus," she suggested.

"But the bus is not mine, you see! It means money; and the days won't be smooth as they are now."

She did not say anything more.

Vimala sometimes behaves like an ideal wife and at other times, to my horror, like a cruel dictator. But as I wanted only peace, I always tried to keep out of her jurisdiction, that is, keeping away from the house when she began to nag.

But now I realised that her disposition was not conducive to domestic peace and I wanted to get out of the house somehow.

"I have told you many times that you should be in the house not later than 7 P.M.," she began before I could leave.

"And not earlier than when?" I asked trying to be witty.

6—15th June '55.

She laughed.

"Do you know how scared I am here when you are not in the house, dear?" she asked. Her voice, by now, had assumed her natural sweetness.

"And, dear," I replied, "do you know how frightened I am when you get angry with me?"

She again laughed heartily and I, too, joined her.

I dropped the idea of leaving the house and sat for my meal.

"DEAR, won't you arrange for a cook? You see, I have to do all the work here and I get very much tired," she remarked.

"Yes, yes, dear, I know. But are you aware how much I feel pained when I see my darling working so hard? I am looking for a cook who will suit our needs," I lied.

"There is a cook in our neighbourhood and she will serve us if we pay twenty-five rupees a month and give her a saree a year."

"But don't they require her?" I asked. "Why is she leaving them? How much does she get there?"

"She complains that she is not happy there. She says that she gets thirty rupees a month there. But after much persuasion, she has agreed to work here for twenty-five rupees."

coming out of your office after speaking out my mind to that chap, your boss. The fellow never cared to ask me to sit down."

"So.....!" exclaimed Madhav Rao. ".....are you the candidate selected for the clerical post which was recently advertised in the papers?"

"Of course, I was. But you will appreciate it if I let you know that I have already been selected as an Assistant Manager in the Provincial Bank and am awaiting my orders. There is some delay in the matter and I simply liked to sit and work in your bank instead of wasting my time. Now that your boss is a churlish fellow, why should I care for him?"

"Enough of that, Keshav. I know that the bank Manager is a respectable and considerate gentleman. He is very modest himself and doesn't like any show."

"Stop it!" cried Keshav. "If that bloke cares for his comfort alone, what about my own self-respect?"

Madhav Rao didn't know what to say. He bade him good-bye and went into his office. Keshav walked on to the bus-stand, meantime contemplating his future fortune and prosperity.

SIX MONTHS had rolled by. One day, in the morning, Madhav Rao got dressed, ready to leave home for his office. To his surprise, Keshav, who never cared to

meet him all these days, stood at the door to meet him.

"Well, after a long time, again, Keshav!" said Madhav Rao with a grin. "How are you getting on with your big job in the Provincial Bank? You are now an Assistant Manager, I suppose, and I desired to talk to you so much but, unfortunately, you did not notice me calling you a number of times from behind the reading room. Anyway, tell me all the news."

"I am all right, Madhav," said Keshav, spiritlessly. "By the by, not to waste my precious time and yours too, please tell me if you happen to have personal contacts with your Bank Manager."

"Why, no!" exclaimed Madhav Rao who was astonished. "What's your move?"

"You know, I resigned my job in the Provincial Bank. That's nothing, after all," said Keshav with a forced smile on his face. "These Directors and the General and Deputy Managers are insistent that I should respect them! I cannot even now understand, Madhav, what they mean by that and how they expect respect out of the way when they cannot realise that I, too, am an officer in the concern and that I am an educated man, besides? They speak, especially the Directors, to me in the same way as they do to the Accountants and Clerks working under my supervision. What is the speciality in entertaining me as an Officer there? Circumstances such as the above have forced me to resign my job for the sake of dignity and self-respect."

"Keshav! really I am sorry I cannot help you or rather assist



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"That means something has gone wrong with her there," I ventured. "Otherwise, why should a cook leave for another house on lesser pay?"

"Whatever it be, I tell you, we must have the cook. I can't work always like this," she asserted.

"Well," I said. "I have no objection. By the grace of God, I am getting Rs. 200/- a month and if we pay Rs. 25/- out of it to a cook, God alone knows how we can pull through in this town."

"Don't you feel depressed, dear. God will show us a way," she consoled me.

WE engaged the cook the next day and she was so obedient that I came to the conclusion that Rs. 25 a month would be no serious loss. But alas! after a few days I came to know that she began to grumble when she was asked to prepare an extra dish.

"Women are always like this," I said when my wife complained about the cook.

Anyhow, I wanted to get rid of her and save Rs. 25/- a month. I asked the cook one day how she was getting on.

"Really," she began, "I feel wretched enough. I came here leaving a thirty-rupee job and a fine house and loving people. I do not know what to do."

"Don't worry. If you want to go back, we have no objection," I said, watching for the effect of my words.

"Never mind, sir. I will remain here. How can I leave you two? I don't have the heart," she said in a hurried tone.

I knew that the neighbour did not require her services as she was very quarrelsome. I, too, wanted to get rid of her. However, when the cook persisted in saying that she would stay in the house for our sake, I heartily felt sympathy for the woman. She was allowed to stay on in the house.

But as the days passed, I began to see a great change stealing over my wife. Many women friends used to come to her daily and she used to go out with them in the evenings. The women used to look at me with suspicion and, though amused, I could not find any reason for their hostile attitude. However, I asked Vimala one day who they were and where they went. She only replied that they were her friends and went in the evening together for a walk. And she warned me that I should not interfere in women's affairs.

As I was a lover of peace both in the house and outside, I did not press for more information and the matter ended there. But I was horrified as more and more women poured into my house week after week in increasing numbers.

"What is this, dear?" I asked my wife seriously one day. "Why are they all coming to our house alone? Have they no other house to go to?"

"It is my will," she replied calmly.

I was terribly angry. But I kept quiet for the sake of harmony.

After a few days, I came to know from the general public that almost all the 'educated' women of the city were organizing a union for their rights which had so far been denied to them by men. I

heard my name being mentioned as the person who allowed his house to be used by these women for thinking about their organisation. But I was not happy to earn such a sort of reputation. Men used to whisper amongst themselves whenever they saw me and I began to keep myself behind closed doors as soon as I returned from office. But even in the office, I was looked upon suspiciously

"DEAR, why are you not going to office? Are you not well?" She placed her palm on my forehead and said, "I am sure there is no fever! Why are you sitting at home, dear?"

"You have earned for me a bad name. How can I go to the office and show my face to my colleagues?" I asked her angrily.

"Bad name?"



ously by my friends and, I took one month's leave so as to cool my senses. But alas! there was yet another nasty rumour that I had taken leave to help the women build their organisation!

As I kept staying in the house, my wife one day questioned me.

"Yes, bad name! What are you doing with those women here daily?"

"Oh, that! That is our business and men have nothing to do with that. I can't see why you should earn a bad name because of us!"

"All the people in the street make fun of me saying that I am the person who was responsible for the women's assembly in my house. My dignity has been hurt. You have no idea at all," I shouted.

"Only men say like that, because men are selfish. Because some women are assembled in the house, you say you earned a bad name. Why so? What is bad in women? We are going to put an end to all these things. Women will no longer remain slaves to you men. We have our rights!"

SHE went on with her spirited lecture. But as I was a lover of peace both in the house and outside, I said, "You talk as if men are brutes! But I know that it is men who must be pitied and freed. Do you know that in many a family husbands find themselves in an unenviable position? And you talk as if you women know nothing about it! How wonderful!"

I again continued, "You talk of freedom. What do you mean by that? Freedom from whom?"

"Freedom from men."

"That means?"

"Husbands!"

"Oh, I see! Now all your eyes are turned on husbands! Poor husbands! God alone knows what their lot is! Working all the day in the office and suffering innumerable hardships to feed their wives. And women want freedom! Freedom, isn't it? You want freedom to beat them?"

"What are you saying, dear?" she asked in a distressed tone. "What we won't allow is that you all think of us as chattels."

Women are equal to men in every respect. If men commit faults, women too shall have the right to do the same."

"If men jump into wells?"

"Enough, dear. This does not permit of flippancy. However, you *must* go to the office tomorrow."

"But as women have their rights, don't forget that men too have theirs. It depends on my wish whether I should go to the office or not," I said as calmly as possible, though I wanted to laugh.

I could see distress on her face and tears came down, chasing one another.

"You are weeping, dear! Why?" saying so, I put my arms around her and kissed her.

NEXT day, too, I did not go to office. She brought me my coat but I did not put it on. This made my wife very unhappy. But the womenfolk who used to come daily to the house began to murmur amongst themselves when I kept all the day in my house. I heard them whispering, "It seems he is working as a detective to report to men about our activities."

I could no longer contain myself and laughed loud and long. My wife came running to me.

"Dear, what is wrong with you? Please tell me," she demanded. She was weeping again.

"If anything is wrong with me, dear, you know you won't get correct information from me," I said calmly.

Now she began to weep in a louder tone.

"Why are you weeping, dear?" I tried to console her. "I have

taken one month's leave and what will those people say if I go to the office now? Don't worry. I can help you in your organisational work if you require my services."

She said nothing but I found her in a very sad mood. The ladies began to whisper as they found my wife sad. I could hear them asking my wife the cause for her sadness. But I heard no explanation from her. "It seems he has beaten her," they complained. But after a few days, to my surprise, I found the ladies smiling at me though I did not feel comfortable.

But one day a lady with her gang approached me and said, "Kindly excuse us. We will be grateful if you kindly help us in our organisational work. We like progressive men like you, but hate all old-fashioned men who bully women for their selfish ends."

It was no compliment for men and I wanted to shout "Shut up!" But as I was a lover of peace both in the house and outside, I said calmly, "I am prepared to offer my services, if you require them; but I cannot bear any unjust criticism of my fellow men." That silenced them all. Saying, "Thank you," they went out.

THE month was over and I went to the office. By this time my colleagues thought I was a stout-hearted champion of women's rights. Even some of my friends, who should have known better, avoided me.

I generally used to give a certain percentage of my salary to my wife for household expenses. But as the days rolled by, she began to put forth more demands and I was

bewildered to find that she wanted more than I could afford.

"What is this, dear?" I said one day seriously, "You want more and more every day. You know, I get only Rs. 200/- a month."

"Yes, yes, I know, my love. But I have to give subscription to the organization."

"What is the subscription?"

"Rupees 20/- a month."

"Only Rs. 20/-?" I asked as if it was very little.

"What, dear? Is Rs. 20/- a big sum?"

"No, no. It is only one-fifth of my salary. But why should you give so much?"

"It is my liking. It is our affair!" she snapped.

"WELL," I said calmly, "and don't ask for any money from me in future because it depends on my whims and fancies."

"It is my right to get half of what you get. A resolution has been passed to that effect in our council," she said.

"What if you women pass resolutions?"

"A wife is entitled to get half of what her husband gets; that is the rule."

"If it is so, a husband is also entitled to get half of what his wife gets, and that, too, is a rule. As you are not giving me anything, I am also not going to give you anything."

She did not say anything further. Every first of the month she grabbed my purse and took half my pay with her inimitable smile. I had already stopped protesting.



By **K.R.S.**

Naresh C. Patnaik, Khurda

Q.—Employment is Nature's physician and is essential to human happiness. Any comments?

A.—Employment should not be taken to mean here work in an office, be it a private firm or a Government Department. It should mean merely work. The work must, of course, not be of the evil type. To be fully engaged in work helps to give enough exercise to the body and mind and man is bound to fall or feel ill the least number of times. The lazier a man, the more is he likely to be sickly. To cite an instance: Such of those men who are very industrious in office, active in social circles, etc., usually settle in small villages after retirement with the idea of doing nothing at all except to rest. This forced rest to a body accustomed to be active makes it rust and the persons usually die in a few months!

Narendra Jaiswal, Allahabad

Q.—Is it true that politics is the last refuge of a scoundrel?

A.—That was true a decade ago. Now, politics is the first preference.

N.V. Sitaram, Howrah

Q.—Marriage to a man is like a tie and by marrying he loses his independence, says a friend of mine. What is your opinion?

A.—Your friend's idea of independence is pitifully poor. Even when unmarried, he has to be dependent on the hotel for his food, the dhobi for his clothes and so on. Marriage may bring responsibilities no doubt but there is no question of dependence or independence.

V.T. Shanmugam, Madras-12

Q.—What will be your deep proposal about the cine actors and actresses?

A.—That they should not try only to get booked in as many pictures as possible but act in such a way as to add to the greatness of Indian films before the world audiences.

Miss R. Thangam, Alleppey

Q.—Has Swami Sivananda who, it is said, was a doctor before he became a Sanyasi, written any book to guide doctors and nurses? Can you help me to know, as I am a nurse and wish to have his guidance?

A.—Your question amazes me for just when your card reached me, I received the Journal "Health and Long Life" published by the Divine Life Society of Rishikesh in which a book "Home Nursing" written by H. H. Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati is fully reproduced. In the book, the Swamiji gives invaluable advice to the Nursing profession. This is a piece of writing which should become the Bible of the Nurses.

S. Achuta Rao, Calcutta-23

Q.—Will it be a success if prohibition is introduced in Bengal?

A.—Prohibition will succeed in building up a prosperous illicit distillation business as a cottage industry, whether the place is Bengal or Brahmhaloka.

P.R. Damodar, Mercara

Q.—Which is a good picture — A.V.M's *Girl* or Vijaya's *Missiamma*?

A.—*Missiamma* is undoubtedly a better picture. Its entertainment is greater because of the exquisitely humorous appeal of the story and acting.

N.V. Sitaram, Howrah

Q.—Can you understand good people thoroughly?

A.—Yes. And the bad ones too, and am therefore quite misunderstood all around!

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!

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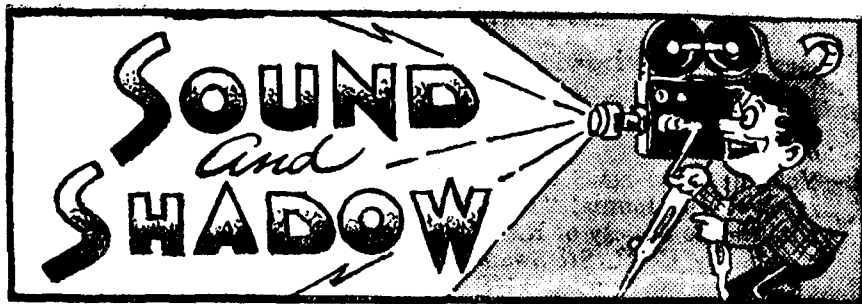


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PRIVATE ENTERPRISE SUSTAINS AMERICAN THEATRE

THE theatre in the United States is unusual in that it is—and has always been—a matter for private enterprise. There is no national theatre supported by federal funds nor any government subsidy to bear all or even part of the expense of productions. The financial risks involved in producing a play (and with today's high cost these are considerable) must be taken by individuals who—in case they make money on their venture—will turn a part of it back to the federal government in the form of income taxes. Moreover, the theatre itself, through the 10 per cent federal "amusement tax" added to the price of each admission ticket, makes a direct contribution to the national treasury.

The dependence of the American theatre upon private enterprise accounts in large part for another anomaly: the fact that although the United States now stretches across 3,000 miles—from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific—and encompasses hundreds of cities, the focal point of the theatre has remained in New York City. There, in the nation's financial capital, the theatre has stood its best chance of finding "angels"—the

name given to individuals who invest in productions, whether they furnish all the funds to produce a play or join with others in a partnership venture.

Thus Broadway, the famed theatrical section of New York City, continues to exert a dominant influence upon the destiny of American playwrights, actors and producers because it is in Broadway theatres that practically all the nation's professional productions are staged. And the reactions of New York audiences and critics to a new presentation will determine whether it dies an early death or survives to become a "hit" which eventually may go on tour and be seen in major cities throughout the country.

New York For Financial Backing

To those who consider it unfair for New York's theatrical tastes to determine the taste of the nation, there are others who argue that the character of the city—with inhabitants drawn from every state in the Union as well as from every country in the world—makes it peculiarly fitted to wield such influence.

And while the theatre may be dependent upon New York for

most of its financial backing, it draws the greatest majority of its authors, actors, producers, directors and technicians from the far corners of the United States. Some of Broadway's biggest "hits" have been plays which depicted life in other sections of the country—for example, the musicals *Porgy and Bess* and *Oklahoma*—and its brightest stars have been actors and actresses who got their first experiences in hometown musicals, summer theatres or non-professional "little theatre" groups.

Mixed Theatre Diet

A survey of Broadway productions for the ten-year period 1944–1954 showed that during that decade New York producers had taken options on more than 2,500 plays. Of that number, 770 had opened on Broadway. This theatre diet—averaging 77 new plays a year—also offered variety. Of the 770 plays produced, 298 were comedies, 225 were dramas, 184 were musicals and 63 fell into miscellaneous categories.

Before even the most modest play opens on Broadway, its production costs have run into thousands of dollars—money usually advanced by the "angel," or backer, to cover theatre rentals,

cost of scenery and costumes, and the salaries of cast and technical crew. Musical shows are the most expensive, sometimes requiring hundreds of thousands of dollars in advance financing.

The Role Of "Angels"

To-day, there are approximately 20,000 "angels" in the United States who invest surplus cash in Broadway productions. Some of these are practical businessmen who prefer to spread their investments among several shows and thus reduce the risk of any single heavy loss; others are people who love the theatre and have such faith in a playwright or producer or actor that they invest their entire savings in a share of his show.

During the 1953–1954 season, one Broadway musical was financed by the joint investments of 167 different "angels." The same year the play *Trip to Bountiful* enjoyed a moderate success—to the delight of 20 guides employed by the National Broadcasting Company at New York's Radio City. These modest-salaried employees had pooled their savings to invest in the production—to buy a small share in a drama they liked and which they believed American audiences would enjoy.

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In the current 1954-1955 season,
some 40 backers financed the pro-
duction of the play *Cat on a Hot
Tin Roof*. This production received
the New York Drama Critics
Circle Award and the Pulitzer
Prize as the year's best play and
its "soldout" performances gua-
rantee the backers a speedy return
on their investments.

Rather than seek the backing
of individual investors, a few
Broadway producers prefer to
make pre-production agreements
with motion picture or recording
companies. In such an arrange-
ment, a company will agree to
supply the money necessary for a
show in exchange for the first
option on later producing rights.
This right to record all the music
from a new Broadway play or to
reproduce it as a motion picture
will frequently reward the option-
holder many times over for the
money invested in the original
production.

Loyalty And Respect Of Devoted Following

It was Lester Markel, Sunday
editor of the *New York Times*, who
wrote, "If the theatre dies—it will
be because those who are in charge
do not really cherish it."

To-day in the United States, the
theatre admits to some of the
problems which beset any big
business but it also enjoys the
loyalty and respect of a devoted
following who "cherish" it. It
belongs to the people—to the
"angels" whose investments make
productions possible, to the artists
who find complete freedom of
expression there, and to the ever-
changing audiences who look to
Broadway each season for the best
in theatrical fare.

Walk-out From Cinema Theatre

About twenty African students,
including a girl, walked out of
a cinema theatre in Ootacamund
recently on the ground that por-
tions of the film *Mogambo* depicted
African life in a distorted and
offensive manner. These students
were camping at Ooty in connection
with the Summer Camp sponsored
by the Indian Council of Cultural
Relations.

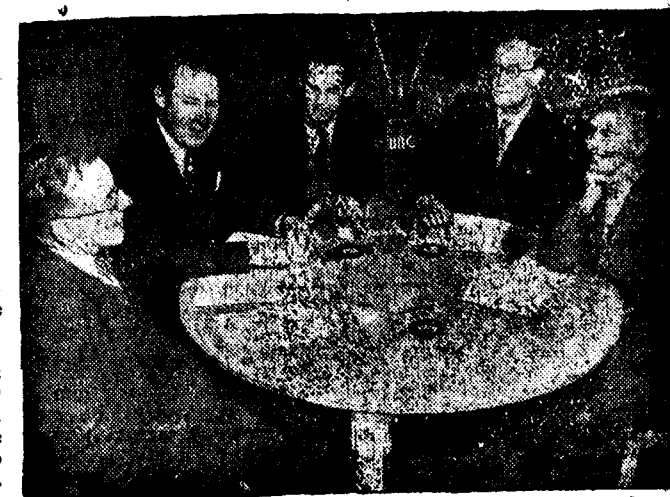
The students complained that
the film depicted conditions which
did not exist, and such pictures,
they felt, were intended for impe-
rialistic propaganda with the
object of showing to the World
that the Africans were still savages.
While conceding that conditions
in the interior might not be quite
good, the students felt that the
producers of the film did not give
a balanced view of the conditions
in their country, particularly the
rapid progress that had been made.

The students wondered how such
pictures could have the support of
the authorities in India because
the aim of the Indian Government
was not only to establish good
relations between Africans and
Indians but also to help them to
overthrow colonial domination.
They hoped that such film would
not be allowed to be exhibited in
India. The African Students' Association, which represented
about 220 students, recently passed
a resolution condemning films like
King Solomon's Mines, *West of
Zanzibar*, and *The Snows of Kil-
imanjaro*.

Madras Cinema Employees' Demand

The annual General-Body meet-
ing of the Madras State Cinema
and the Studio Employees' Union
was held in the Union Office
recently. The meeting passed a
resolution requesting the Central
Government to include the Film

Lady Astor, the
Rt. Hon. Hugh
Gaitskell and Mr.
A.J.P. Taylor take
part in a session of
"Question Time",
the impromptu dis-
cussion on current
topics broadcast
weekly in "London
Calling Asia"—the
British Broadcas-
ting Corporation's
regular programme
in English that is
broadcast to South
and South-East
Asia and the Far
East. Mr. A. J. P.
Taylor is on the
left, and next to
him sits the Rt.
Hon. Hugh Gaits-
kell. The producer,
Mr. Hugh Burnett, is in the centre and beyond him is Mr. Eric Robertson, Head of
the BBC's Far Eastern Service and Question Master of the programme. Seated on the
far right is Lady Astor.



Industry in the Second Five Year Plan. By another resolution, it requested the Government to take necessary steps to direct the management of studios to pay the wages of workers promptly on pay days and to make necessary amendments in the Wages Act to abolish the distinction between wages and 'salary' contained in the Act. The following were elected office-bearers for 1955: President, S.P. Rajabather; Vice-Presidents, Mannar and N. Balaraman; General Secretary, N. M. Govindan; Assistant Secretaries, E. Madurai and T. Ekambaram and Treasurer, A. M. Chockalingam. An Executive Committee of 20 members was also constituted.

Film Awards

The Executive Committee of the Film Fans' Association of Madras has constituted a Panel of Judges to select the Best Picture, Actor and Actress for 1954 in Tamil and Telugu. Out of 39 Tamil pictures censored and released in 1954, the Committee has selected 12 pictures to be screened to the Judges. The Committee has also selected 10 Telugu pictures to be screened. Awards will be presented at a special function following the selec-

tion of the "Bests" of the year 1954. The Committee has constituted for the first time a Special Award for the "Best Theatre" in the City. The Committee expects the awards to be presented towards the end of September.

New Chairman of Central Board of Film Censors

Madhusudhan Damodar Bhatt, I.C.S., has been appointed Chairman of the Central Board of Film Censors by the Union Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. He is a senior member of the I. C. S. who served as Municipal Commissioner in Bombay and Chief Secretary to the Bombay Government, and was until recently Chairman of the Tariff Commission.

Madras Sangeetha Nataka Sangam

The Government of Madras have appointed Srimathi Rukmini Devi Arundale as the Chairman of the Madras State Sangeetha Nataka Sangam for a term of three years and the Secretary to Government in the Finance Department as the ex-officio Treasurer of the Sangam for a period of three years from May 28, 1955.

The following persons have been appointed as the members of the General Council of the Madras State Sangeetha Nataka Sangam: (1) V. C. Gopalaratnam; (2) M. P. Periaswamithooran; (3) S. Venkateswaran, I.C.S.; (4) T. M. Narayanaswami Pillai, M.L.C.; (5) R.P. Sethu Pillai; (6) Sangitha Kalanidhi Chittoor Subramania Pillai; (7) Sangitha Kalanidhi Musiri Subramania Aiyar; (8) Dr. V. Raghavan; (9) Rajah Muthia Chettiar of Chettinad (10) Gopinath (11) E. Krishna Iyer; (12) T.K. Shanmugam; (13) R. Sambanda Mudaliar; (14) S.S. Vasan; (15) B.N. Reddi; (16) Isaiarasu M.M. Dandapani Desigar, (17) Sangeetha Bhupathi-Sangeetha Kalanidhi Maharajapuram Viswanatha Aiyar (18) Natya Kala Kesari Vazhuvoor V.B. Ramaiya Pillai; (19) Srimathi Balasaraswathi; (20) Nagaschuvai Selvan T.N. Sivathanu; (21) Kalaiavanar N.S. Krishnan; (22) V. Nagiah; (23) P. Sambamoorthy.

The Government have sanctioned a grant of Rs. 2,500 to the Madras State Sangeetha Nataka Sangam towards its initial expenditure for the year 1955-56.

Cine Population

The annual attendance of the cinema halls in India is estimated to be over 60,00,00,000 people or on an average India's census of 356,879,394 visit Cinemas twice a year. India has approximately 3,500 Cinema houses, and to cater for their needs 238 films, on an average, are produced each year by about 300 producers in 65 studios scattered all over the country. It is calculated that about Rs. 42,00,00,000 have been invested in the cine-industry in India. The gross annual income of the film

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industry in India is in the order of Rs. 25,00,00,000. The industry employs about 1,00,000 people in its various sectors.

Nargis in "Miss Mary"

Nargis has been signed to play the heroine's role in Vijaya Productions' *Miss Mary*, the Hindi version of their successful *Missamma* in Tamil and Telugu. Prasad will direct *Miss Mary*. Dev Anand will play the hero's role. Nargis's birthday was celebrated on 1st June in Madras City by her friends and admirers at an exclusive party held at Hotel Oceanic where she stayed.

Eight-Lakh Entertainment Tax!

Pakshiraja's *Azaad* has paid an entertainment tax of Rs. 7,90,233 to date! The gross collections are nearly 34 lakhs. These figures are in respect of collections in Bombay, Bengal, Bhusawal, Secunderabad, Jullunder, Gauhati, Jaipur and Delhi. Producer S.M.S. Naidu has every reason to feel proud not only for the success of his film but also for his contribution to the national exchequer.

"Uran Khatola" to be Televised

Sunny Art Productions' *Uran Khatola*, starring Dev Anand and Nimmi, a print of which has been sent to London for showing at the Indian Film Festival there, will be televised, it is reported.

Filmistan's Unique Record

No other film concern can claim the unique record of having three successive film hits and silver jubilee runs as Filmistan does. Its *Nastik* was an undoubted hit

and had a silver jubilee run. Its *Nagin* is also an undoubted hit and is in its silver jubilee week at several centres in the country. Simultaneously, *Jagriti*, another Filmistan production, is showing to capacity houses and will soon enter its silver jubilee week. Quite a unique record for Filmistan, surely.

"Aan Baan" Nears Completion

Producer-director, D.D. Kashyap's *Aan Baan*, a Rajput legend, can be said to have neared completion with the shooting recently of a court scene at Minerva Studios recently. In the cast are Nalini Jaywant, Ajit, Usha Kiran, Mahipal, Pran and Baij Sharma.

Bombay Releases

Premiered at Lamington and other theatres was Bhagwan Art Production's *Pyara Dushman*, starring Nadira, Jairaj, Bhagwan, Leela Gupte, Baburao Pehelwan, Vasant Rao Pehelwan and others. Directed by A.R. Zamindar and Bhagwan, *Pyara Dushman* is a seafaring drama of true love — between a valiant prince and a bewitchingly beautiful swordswoman, daughter of a pirates' chief.

Ha Ha, Hi Hi, Hoo Hoo is the funny title of Kamal Chitra's rollicking comedy-cum-musical released at Kamal and other theatres. Shyama, Sajjan, Ranjana Radhakishen and others are in the cast. Direction, story, lyrics and dialogue are by P.L. Santoshi. Music is by Vinod. The picture tells the story of a comedy of errors — of Kamla, the young and beautiful leader of the Ha Ha Girls (a party of entertainers) and her ultimate marriage to Kumar. She is mistaken for a princess and

Kumar for a prince while the real prince and princess are mistaken to be poor persons. All the trouble is caused by the assistant of a marriage broker who has sent the wrong photos to the four principal parties. The dances and music add to the entertainment.

Naqab, Tasviristan's production released at Super Cinema, tells the story of a villainous vizier aspiring for the hand of the crown princess and for that attempts to usurp the throne of her father. In the cast are Madhubala, Shammi Kapoor, Hiralal, Asha Mathur, Ajit, Yashodhara Kathju, Maruti and others. Lekhra Bhakri has directed.

Tamil Productions

Arumai Anna, *Asai Thambi Kathai*, Srimathi Picture's production, is to be released shortly. In the cast are A. P. Nagarajan, T. R. Ramachandran, N. S. Narayana Pillai, S. S. Sivasooriyan, Karunanidhi, Elumalai, Sairam, Raghuveer, Madhuri Devi, Raja Sulochana, M. S. S. Bhagyam, Sasila and Vimala. Direction is by G. R. Rao.

R.R. Pictures' *Gulebakavali*, directed by Ramanna, will be released shortly. M.G. Ramachandran, T.R. Rajakumari, G. Varalakshmi, Raja Sulochana, E. V. Saroja, Chandra Babu, Thangavelu and others are in the cast.

Ready for release is Venus Pictures' *Amara Dheepam* in Tamil and Telugu, featuring Sivaji Ganesan, Padmini and K.A. Thangavelu in the Tamil version and N.T. Rama Rao, Savithri and Relangi in the Telugu version. Story and dialogues are by Sridhar. Directed by T. Prakasha Rao, it was shot at Vauhini.

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Chella Pillai, A.V.M.'s hilarious social, is to be released on the 24th of this month in the City and at all centres in the South. Directed by M.V. Raman, the picture has in its cast K.R. Ramaswami, T.S. Baliah, K.A. Thangavelu, B.R. Panthulu, N. Seetharaman, Savithri, Kanamba, Pandari Bai and others.

Telugu Productions

Sasirekha Parinayam is the next picture in Telugu of Vijaya Productions. It will be directed by K.V. Reddi and will have in its cast Savithri, N.T. Rama Rao, C.S.R. Anjaneyulu, Relangi. They will play the roles of Sasirekha, Lord Krishna, Abhimanyu, Ghatotkacha, Sakuni and Lakshmanakumar respectively.

N.T. Rama Rao, Sarathi, Janaki, Chaya Devi, Dr. Govindarajulu, C.S.R. Anjaneyulu, Peketi and

others are in the cast of **Kanya sulham**, Vinoda's production. P. Pullia directs the picture. Music direction is by Ghantasala Venkateswara Rao.

Chedapakura Chededavu, Bhaskar Films' Telugu picture, has completed its shooting schedule. Directed by Bhaskara Rao, the film has in its cast N.T. Rama Rao, Amarnath, Pushpalatha, Janaki, Relangi, Raja Sulochana.

Prakash Pictures' **Anthe Kavali**, under Prakash Rao's direction, is completed. In the cast are G. Varalakshmi, Sree Ram, Jagadeeswari, Lakshmi Kantham, Jaggayya and Ramana Reddi.

Joya Films' **Bala Sanyasamma** is progressing at Revathi Studio. Jaggayya, Varalakshmi, Suryakantham, Relangi, Kutumba Rao, Surabi Balasaraswathi and Krishnakumari are in the cast.

FILM REVIEW

Vipranarayana — Stress On Sex Spoils Sublime Story

Among the *Alvars* (poet-saints) held in great reverence by the Vaishnavites is Thondaradippodi Alvar, otherwise known as Vipranarayana. Vipranarayana's devotion to the Lord and utter humility are forcibly explained by the other name given to him, for Thondaradippodi means "the very dust of the feet of the devotees of the Lord." It is the superbly sublime story of the life of such a great self-realised soul that Bharani Pictures' **Vipranarayana**, in Tamil and Telugu, tells on the silver screen.

Vipranarayana (A. Nageswara Rao), whose soulful *Thirumalai*, a peerless poetic offering to Lord

Ranganatha, is sung or recited at every Vaishnavite shrine in the South, was born some centuries ago in Thirumandangudi. From childhood he showed a remarkable devotion to Lord Ranganatha and in course of time built a small cottage in a garden on the banks of Cauveri near Srirangam. His sole delight was to make garlands from the flowers blossoming in his garden for daily offering to Lord Ranganatha. The rest of the time was spent in the study of scriptures, discourses, etc. All his needs were carefully attended to by Rangarajan (Relangi), his disciple.

The screen story begins with this background and tells the rest.

Deva Devi (P. Bhanumathi), a maid of rare beauty and the second daughter of Ranganayaki, a *devadasi* of Thirukkarambanoor, has made such a name for her dancing abilities that the Chola King of Nisalapuri (now Worur in Trichy district) commands her to give a performance at his court. The command performance proves a great success and Deva Devi is sent back in a royal palanquin with royal escort, and bearers carrying plates loaded with royal presents. On the way, she happens to see Vipranarayana's garden and cottage and immediately wishes to spend some time there. During her sight-seeing, Vipranarayana returns to the cottage but so absorbed is he in his meditation on the splendour of Sri Ranganatha that he fails to notice Deva Devi kneeling down and awaiting his blessings. Deva Devi feels incensed and insulted at such a reception and makes the bold remark that Vipranarayana's piety is so much of sheer sham. Her elder sister Madhuravani (Sandhya) protests and warns her not to speak lightly of the great soul. Deva Devi laughs at her sister's remark and then vows that she would somehow make Vipranarayana the slave of her physical charms.

To fulfil her vow, Deva Devi comes like a forlorn girl to Vipranarayana's cottage and seeks his protection against an unkind world and a cruel mother who, she says, are bent on her continuing the profession of the caste to which she unfortunately belongs. Despite his disciple's pleadings not to give shelter to Deva Devi, Vipranarayana allows her to stay in the garden. In a short time, Deva Devi not only succeeds in driving

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away the disciple but in making Vipranarayana her physical slave.

Deva Devi is forced to go to see her mother. Unable to stand even a minute's separation, Vipranarayana follows her. When Deva Devi's mother realises that Vipranarayana is a penniless person, she forces him out of the house.

Lord Ranganatha, in the guise of Rangarajan, Vipranarayana's disciple, gives a golden cup, which belongs to the temple and is used for daily worship in the sanctum sanctorum, and disappears. Because of this valuable article, Deva Devi's mother welcomes Vipranarayana back.

Meanwhile, the cup is found missing at the temple and the King is informed. The tactless information given by the maid-servant leads to the arrest and trial of Vipranarayana, his disciple, Deva Devi and her mother at the Court. The King finds Vipranarayana alone is guilty and orders that the hands that stole the sacred cup should be cut off. But the swords that should have cut the hands turn into flower garlands and a divine voice from the sky tells the truth regarding the cup. Vipranarayana and Deva Devi, while worshipping at the temple, merge into the divinity of the Lord.

This superbly sublime story of a *bhakti*'s trials and salvation has been badly handled. Vipranarayana's spiritual glory and his peerless hymns receive scant treatment. Sole attention seems to have been devoted to the seduction of Vipranarayana by Deva Devi. In fact, the seduction scene may be said to be the highlight of the film. It is, indeed, a thousand pities that the producer and director did not

realise how much they were harming the spiritual greatness of Vipranarayana by such elaboration. Instead, the same incident could have been shown in a more subtle manner. The scene showing the saree on the ground where previously Vipranarayana and Deva Devi stood in each other's embrace conveys the worst visual suggestion to audiences consisting of women and children of all ages. The scenes wherein are shown two servants of the temple talking and behaving to show their sexy ideas are crude and vulgar. Is a temple, that too Lord Ranganatha's temple, the holiest of Vaishnavite shrines, the place to show such vulgarities? And, remember, the incidents are supposed to have taken place centuries ago when piety was at its loftiest!

Recently, quite a storm was raised by the submission of some M.P.s that the films are endangering public morals. Sri Vasana gave a fitting retort by stating that the films shown were those passed for exhibition by the Censors of the Government. This retort is forcefully brought to our memory by seeing this picture for it is really strange that such scenes should have escaped the Censors' scissors.

Nageswara Rao as Vipranarayana has put in a very tame performance.

Bhanumathi dominates the picture throughout. Her acting is quite compelling and she, therefore, lives the role. No wonder if Vipranarayana succumbed before such a Deva Devi! The sad thought, however, remains that she should have allowed so much of stress on sex to spoil such a sublime story for she and her husband Ramakrishna are the

owner-producers of the picture. Her Bharathanatyam pieces are not quite to the standard of her usually high abilities.

Relangi seems to have really found salvation in this picture for we see him minus his usual over-acting antics. He is very impressive and the restraint shown does him and the audience good.

Rushyendramani as Ranganayaki, the mother of Deva Devi, is in her usual mettle.

Sandhya as Madhuravani, Deva Devi's sister, has not been given enough scope for us to assess her abilities.

A. M. Raja, T.V. Rathnam and Chellamuthu's play-back singing is good.

Ramakrishna's direction is only average. He has failed to exploit the potentialities of the theme and the artistes like Nageswara Rao, Sandhya, etc.

Udaya Kumar's dialogues seem to have been written to convey at several places two meanings — the innocuous and the suggestively vulgar.

That *Vipranarayana* in Tamil is a dubbed affair is evident by the faulty lip-movements of many of the actors.

If sex had been the sin that almost ruined saint Vipranarayana, it is the stress on sex that has spoilt the film *Vipranarayana*. With greater imaginative attention to details, scholarly treatment of story and by exploiting in a better manner gifted Bhanumathi's playing Deva Devi's role, this film could have been a proud achievement but alas! it is not and that is the regret.

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Mr. & Mrs. '55—Great Expectations Doomed to Disappointment

The film fans conjured up visions of the magic of movie music and moonlight, romance and rhapsody and a sizzling story the moment they read the title of Guru Dutt Films Ltd.'s latest Hindi picture. And they were right, too, for isn't *Mr. & Mrs. 1955* a tantalizingly promising title for a picture?

Great, indeed, were the expectations of the film fans for they felt that the producer-director-actor Guru Dutt would tackle the pressing problems facing the modern couple and expose the hollowness of modern living. But the picture doomed to disappointment the great expectations. The story had for its plot a hackneyed theme with clumsy attempts to fit it in with the present-day society. The incidents are incredible, the development of the theme unconvincing and the final end altogether flat. Rich girl and poor boy, the ultra-modern versus the old-worldly, the triumph of the latter over the former — this is a theme that has been tackled by many a story writer of the screen since two decades with varying successes. Guru Dutt's latest attempt is *farring* for it is like a Rolls Royce riding on a bullock cart.

Nirmala (Madhubala) is brought up in the very lap of luxury and lives a fancy-free life. She is ultra-modern. She is left a vast fortune by her dead Uncle on the condition that she must be married within six months. Otherwise, she will lose the inheritance. Her aunt Sita Devi (Lalita Pawar) is determined that her niece should inherit the fortune by marrying some young man or other. But Nirmala has given her heart to

some one else who is forever evading the bonds of wedlock. Sita Devi rings up her friend who is the Managing-Director of a daily paper to help her. He obliges by sending Pritam Kumar (Guru Dutt), a cartoonist who had sought his help for a job in his office. Pritam is surprised to learn that the "job" which he is offered by Sita Devi is to marry her niece Nirmala but that he should be a husband in name only and should finally divorce her. He is promised a very good financial compensation. Through a series of incidents, Pritam and Nirmala fall in love with each other. But Nirmala starts disliking him immensely the moment she finds out he is the man paid by her aunt to marry her! After the marriage in a Registrar's office, Pritam finds he is treated like dirt by his wife and her aunt. He finally manages to take her away in a car to his house in the village where his sister-in-law helps to change Nirmala's queer notions. Just when she is again devoted to him, her aunt comes on the scene and forces her to return to the city.

Piqued, Pritam induces his friend Jani (Johnny Walker) to snap him as he is seated with an empty whisky bottle and two beautiful Anglo-Indian girls on either side cuddling him. He gives this photo to Sita Devi who in turn shows it to Nirmala. A suit for divorce is started and Pritam finds he has lost Nirmala. He decides on leaving for Delhi but while waiting at the airport his Nirmala rushes straight into his arms because she has learnt the truth about the fake photograph. The lovers are, necessarily, happy.

But not the audience! From beginning to end, incredible incidents tax our imagination. It is too much to expect an aged aunt would ever phone a friend for recommending a man, a total stranger, for such a job like that of marrying her niece! And the conditions of the marriage are still more incredible. The quarrels and the coming together are too melodramatic.

Why the picture has been titled *Mr. & Mrs. 1955* is, indeed, a puzzle. The couple could belong to the times of Adam's great-grandchildren as easily as they can be said to belong to 2055! The ultra-modern atmosphere like the swimming pool scene, etc., is obviously meant to exploit feminine limb-appeal rather than anything else of a laudable type.

The comedy part of the picture, closely interwoven with the main story, is crude. Nowhere in 1955 or even 50 years hence can we ever hope to see a press photographer playing Romeo to all the typist Juliets in the office with the other male elements all sitting or standing like paralysed persons! Johnny Walker singing the duet with his typist sweetheart and crawling on the floor and between tables, etc., is the height of absurdity.

Lalita Pawar as aunt Sita Devi has given a very good account of her role.

Madhubala is good only in certain sequences, especially in the latter half of the story. In the first half, as the spoilt fancy-free girl, she looks and acts in quite a ridiculous manner.

Guru Dutt has done well on the acting side. As a director, he has

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failed for he has piled incredible incidents upon an improbable story and has narrated it in a very disappointing manner. The worst directorial lapse in the picture is the scene showing Pritam and Nirmala singing and running hither and thither and playing hide and seek among the sarees and bedsheets being held for drying by washerwomen. In spite of their doing all that, not one of the washerwomen is shown expressing surprise or curiosity at the strange scene of a city man and a modern young girl chasing each other! They stand dutifully like the paid extras which they are.

Johnny Walker does his role quite well. The role itself is not true to life but his acting is good.

Regarding the others, they have not had enough scope even to merit a passing mention.

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Books At A Glance

Pesum Padam Malar 1955.
(Editor, T.V. Ramanoth. Published by Ramanoth Publications, 17, General Patters Road, Mount Rd., Madras-2. Price Rs. 2/-)

The publishers of the attractively printed, interestingly written and informative *Pesum Padam*, the Tamil film monthly, have brought out their Annual Number to mark *Manmatha*, the Tamil New Year. In this Annual Number, the reader is offered the rich fare of very fine articles by such well known personalities of the Tamil screen like S. Balachandar, T.R. Ramachandran, K.A. Thangavelu, T.K. Shanmugam, V. Nagiah, T.K. Ramachandran, S.V. Subbiah, N.S. Krishnan, M. Somasundaram (of Jupiter Pictures), Marcus Bartley (Cinematographer of Vaubini Studios), B.S. Ramayya (story and dialogue writer), D. Balasubramanyam, Padmini, T.P. Muthulakshmi, Madhuri Devi, Pandari Bai and Vidyavathi. Art plates in natural colour of T.R. Ramachandran, Padmini, Pandari Bai, Savithri, Anjali Devi, Sri Ranjani, Lalitha, P.R. Sulochana, Jamuna, Sivaji Ganesan, Ragini, Manohar, Mainavathi, Vanaja, M.N. Rajam, Suryakala, M.K. Radha, Krishna Kumari and P.K. Saraswathi are sure to be carefully treasured by the readers. The Annual Number contains the following as well: Reviews of Tamil Pictures released in 1954, Diary of Important Events of 1954 and 2-colour photographic highlights of the pictures *Neethipathi*, *Pennarasi*, *Onre Kulam*, *Ghollapillai*, *Kanavane Kankanda Deivam*, *Porter Kandan*, *Manoratham* and *Maadulan*.

The Journal also has given its awards to the best picture (*Manohara*), novel theme (*Antha Naal*), best producer (A.V. Meyappan), best director (S. Balachandar), best actor (Sivaji Ganesan), best actress (Padmini), best villain (P.S. Veerappa), best new face (P.R. Sulochana), best comedian (T.S. Durairaj), best story and dialogue writer (Sridhar), best play-back singer (T. M. Soundararajan) and best dancer (Vyjayanthimala).

The Annual is worth the price and its place in the book-shelf.

Swadesi Type Foundry Tamil Types Brochure (Published by Swadesi Type Foundry, 51, Guruvappa Chetti St., Chintadripet, Madras-2.)

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From the brochure, the interesting fact is gleaned that Tamil was the first among the Indian languages to grace the printed pages. The brochure is remarkable for the fact that the passage printed to display the various sizes of type of the same series has not only a connected, interest-sustaining narrative but gives us an idea of

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The brochure states that the Tamil types are available in Bold, Bold Italic, Bold Condensed and Antique from 72 to 8 point and Roman series in 24 to 6 point. The matter in the brochure displays the "Ganapathi New Tamil Roman No. 4" type in 48 to 6 point.

The New Year Book 1955

(Edited by P.C. Sarkar. Published by S.C. Sarkar & Sons Ltd., 1-C, College Square, Calcutta-12. Price, Rs. 3/4/-).

That this book is highly useful to people, whatever their profession or status, is proved by the fact of this being the twelfth edition. 68 pages, comprising many altogether new sections and enlargement of the old sections, have been added to this edition. World economic and sociological data and fuller information about various aspects of Indian economic problems and activities have been incorporated for ready reference. The compiling of the index has been done with commendable care. The section "Who's Who in India and Pakistan" has added to the reference value of the book.

Nage-Nanya (Compiled by H.R. Nagesha Rao. Published by Chathaka Prakashana, 42, Journalists' Colony, Sri Jayachama Rajendra Road, Bangalore. Price, As. 6/-).

This Kannada Booklet, pocket-size, contains 96 pages of humorous jokes and witticisms, classified under different headings. The jokes are bound to create full-throated laughs when read or retold to others.

Midnight Murder

By G. JANAKIRAMAN

● **In the Previous Issue.** NARAYANAN, the wealthy owner of a medical firm in Madras with branch in Bangalore, is travelling with his family by the Bangalore Mail. Accompanying are his elder sister, Radha, his charming daughter, Usha, and Moorthy, a rather distant relative, who has specialised in his study of medicine and who is carrying a box full of dangerous poisons. There is also a playful puppy with the party. It is Radha's pet. Shortly after the train's departure from Madras, the old man quarrels with Moorthy and asks him to clear out at the very next stop. When Usha wakes up early in the morning as the train is nearing Bangalore, she is shocked to find her father lying dead. The police take charge of the body at the station and carry on vigorous investigations.

USHA nodded her head and began to narrate. He took notes as she went on and suddenly interrupted, "When was it you last saw your father or heard his voice?"

Usha said, "It was when I heard some noise and my father murmured something. I thought it was the pup that disturbed him."

"Did you see your aunt afterwards but before the train reached here, moving up or doing something?"

"Oh! I remember I saw her going to the bath-room with her needles. Because she was taking them, I made particular note of it."

"Was it before the train reached Jalarpet?"

Usha replied in the affirmative.

"Now, Miss Usha, do you know that Mr. Moorthy had been to your compartment after the quarrel?"

"Was he?" exclaimed Usha. "Oh, damn him then. That means he did it!"

"Let it be anyone. Why wasn't your compartment locked?"

"It was locked till Moorthy was with us," replied Usha. "But when he went out, no one cared to lock it again."

"That's all, Miss Usha, for the present," said Jani and came back

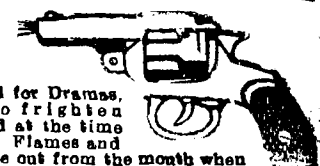
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to the hall. There he found Radha knitting with red plastic needles. When she saw Jani coming she put down the needles and enquired, "Anything you want from me, sir?"

"NOTHING, madam," replied Jani with a smile. He saw with curiosity as the pup took one of the needles and began playing. He then remarked, "It is funny that such an elderly lady as you should be so keenly interested in dogs. Usually old women here hate dogs, isn't it? Or, am I wrong?"

"Yes, sir," replied Usha's aunt. "But this little creature is so very intelligent and he knows numerous tricks. Shall I make him show a few to you?"

"No, thanks," said Jani. "I am surprised to note that Moorthy travelled with you in the same train in the Inter class. After all, you are correct in saying that he was travelling in the train."

"But," interrupted Usha and then suddenly became silent as Jani winked at her to keep quiet.

"Yes, I know he was travelling with us," replied Radha. "And that was why I urged you to catch him in the station itself. He is lying that he got down on the way."

"Can you tell me how you were assured so?" inquired Jani.

Radha started to say something but checked herself. "I was thinking that he should be travelling because he might have expected to meet my brother again when he was calm. My brother was terribly angry, you know, and that was why I pretended to sleep at that time. If I had spoken, I'd have probably been scolded."

Jani asked where the phone was installed and Usha showed it. He rang up the police station and after giving some directions returned to the hall.

"I think you must have spent a sleepless night," said Jani to Radha. "Why not have a nap now?"

"No, I was sleeping till Usha woke me up in the morning," assured Radha.

She asked Jani to have some coffee and went in. Jani was watching the pup.

She brought the coffee and Jani sipped it in a hurry and went out, murmuring his thanks.

ISWARAN was waiting for him at the station. "Mr. Jani, I hear you have given directions to search for two needles on the rails near Jalarpet. What is the necessity for that?" he asked.

Jani laughed and said, "To pin the murder on Moorthy. Now, sir, you should know that Moorthy had been to the compartment while the train was in motion and I saw the same silk fibres of his shirt on a nail below a window."

"Was it so?" asked the Inspector eagerly. "It is good that you have noticed that, Mr. Jani. I will make Moorthy confess that he had been to the compartment and killed his uncle."

Jani slowly said, "He accepts the former part of what you have said, but denies he killed his uncle."

At that time, the post-mortem report came. It was found that by the injection of a minute quantity of a deadly poison in his

right arm that the man had died. It was also found that it was very difficult to determine when he died, but it was around three or four in the morning.

THAT evening all were present at Usha's house, including Moorthy who had been taken there by Jani. Radha gave tea to all, but Jani found something missing.

"Mrs. Radha, I was very much interested in your pup. Where is it now?"

Radha didn't speak. Usha informed Jani that it had fallen through the window in the third storey and died. Jani appeared sad for a moment.

Then Inspector Iswaran began, "Mr. Jani, I think all of us know who murdered Narayanan. It was the poison prepared by Moorthy

and it was he who had been to the compartment while the train was running and committed the crime. It was good that Mrs. Radha suspected this as murder, for at first sight it appeared that death was a natural one due to old age. The body of Narayanan will be brought soon and then we will be taking Moorthy to the station. The case will commence within a week or so, as it has been made clear who killed the victim."

USHA was weeping bitterly. Radha appeared solemn and grave. It was not clear whether she was sorry for Moorthy or for the death of her pup.

A constable came and gave a small paper parcel to Jani. A little later the body was brought in and Iswaran was about to leave the house when Jani asked all to sit.

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GRAM "TRINAYAM"

"What is the matter, Mr. Jani? What do you want to tell?" inquired Iswaran, with annoyance in his tone.

"I am sorry for the poor pup, Inspector. It had received the punishment for its crime," remarked Jani significantly.

"What do you mean, Mr. Jani? Tell us clearly if you have anything on your mind and don't be talking about pups and kittens."

"Well, Inspector, sir, it was the person who threw the pup from the third storey who really killed Mr. Narayanan."

EVERYBODY except Radha was astonished. Suddenly they saw Radha running upstairs, and Jani and others ran after her to catch hold of her. It was of no use. She ran up to the third storey, locked the room from inside and jumped out of the window.

All of them were stunned at the attempted suicide of Radha. She was immediately taken to the hospital.

Inspector Iswaran was serious and stern. "Mr. Jani, are you going to explain this or not? What are we to say about the accident when the authorities demand a statement?"

"It was Radha who murdered her brother. Probably she wanted him to die so that her son could marry Usha and thus gain her brother's wealth. You might have noted that the bottles in the suitcase were scattered here and there and even the bottle containing poison was not kept properly. If Moorthy had taken it from the

plank above, it would not have been so. A short person took it and again replaced it and that was why the bottles were irregularly kept in the suitcase."

OPENING the paper parcel, he produced two knitting needles which were sharp at the end. "These were the things that were found between the rails near Jalarpet. That means someone threw them into the hole in the bath room. It was Radha who went into the bath room and Usha saw her."

"But," interrupted Iswaran, "did Radha actually dip the needles into the bottle and inject the poison?"

"No," replied Jani, "as Usha was lying opposite to her she was afraid to go near her brother. She dipped the needles and gave to her pup, which took them and plunged them into her brother's body as she probably gave the necessary directions."

"Yes!" cried Usha. "That was how the pup was playing when I saw it. It was holding the needle in its mouth and was pricking at the floor."

"Similarly," continued Jani, "was it playing when I saw it this evening. Radha suspected that I understood something about it and so made an end of the pup as soon as I left. But I had left a constable to watch and he confirmed that Radha had dropped the pup. Moreover, Radha saw Moorthy when he came to see his uncle and Usha and committed this crime after he went. It was in the belief that Moorthy was travelling in the same train that Radha murdered

her brother. But unfortunately he had got down at Gudiyatham. I suspected him till I thought of the needles and this morning I found new red plastic knitting needles with Radha."

Inspector Iswaran was slowly smiling. "After all, Mr. Jani, though you are my junior, you win. Accept my congratulations. Mr. Moorthy, I am assured that you are innocent. I will be getting a statement from Radha soon."

The phone rang and Iswaran heard that there was no danger to Radha's life but that she wanted to see the police to give her confessional statement. Iswaran immediately left.

USHA ran to Moorthy and fell at his feet and cried, "Moorthy, please do forgive me. I very foolishly thought for a moment you were the murderer. I realise your love for me and my father from the very fact that you tried to see us before you determined to depart. Will you not pardon me?"

Moorthy wiped her tears and smiled.

Jani said to Usha, "It's not enough if you get pardon from him, Miss Usha. You will have to marry him if you really want to be forgiven!"

Moorthy shook hands with Jani, and said, "I owe you my life, Mr. Jani. Please don't fail to come to our marriage, with all your colleagues. We will never forgive you if you don't come."

Jani smiled and took leave. ☞

(Concluded)

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CHILD OF DESTINY—(Continued from page 48)

This was all Sydney wanted. His efforts had borne fruit at last. "Right!" he replied, coming to life.

THE time which elapsed between the transfer of the money from Colin's pocket to Sydney's hands was so quick that Colin burst into laughter and said, "I knew what he was driving at, Brian. That fellow is a pucca diplomat!"

Brian, too, joined in the laughter and Mrs. Lacey and Priscy came running into the room to see what the matter was. When Brian and Colin told them how Sydney had cleverly made them send for tea, Mrs. Lacey also laughed, and Priscy smiled for the first time that evening. In the meantime, Sydney came back and he and Priscy went to fetch cups and saucers.

Sydney himself did the honours of serving out. As he banded to each one of them their cup of tea he said, "Taste this tea and tell me how you like it."

Everybody in the room agreed that the tea tasted well—much better than on previous occasions. And Sydney took the opportunity of informing them that the tea-walla would be getting a fresh supply of tea the following day. Having satisfied himself that he had provided for the morrow as best as he could, he removed the jug and other things from the table and left the room in no time, to consume his own share in silence and contentment.

The air-raid practice started just then. In the street could be heard the Warden's voice shouting, "Put out those lights! Shut those windows! The next time you have

those lights on, I'll have you fined! No more warnings, mind!"

Mrs. Lacey said she must be going to bed. As Colin refused to have supper with them she told Brian that his food was served in the dining-room and kept covered.

Colin wished her goodnight and said, "Cheerio, Priscy."

The girl didn't look at him but said "Cheerio, Colin," in a voice which was faint and walked out with her head still bowed down.

"Poor Priscy!" Brian commented. "She's taking this thing rather badly, you know. I rather thought that my going to Bangalore would make her jump for joy. She has always been keen on travelling and seeing new places and now she dreads leaving this place!"

Colin said nothing in reply. He didn't know what to say.

THE two friends then continued their chat, discussing various subjects of interest to both of them. Colin asked Brian how Christmas was with him, to which Brian replied that his mother was trying to raise a loan and that a party had promised to call on the following morning with the money.

The conversation then turned to Colin's two brothers, Frank and Duncan. Both, Brian was told, were causing Mrs. Andrews very great sorrow. The old man was too timid to advise or chastise them for fear that he would lose the little respect they paid him. As for Mrs. Andrews, she was a woman who had implicit faith in the goodness of God, to whom she turned in her sorrow, imploring Heaven's help and mercy on her

two sons and beseeching God to help them turn over a new leaf. Of late, Frank and Duncan appeared to have a good deal of money to spend and it was Colin's feeling that they had not come by it honestly.

"We rarely have anything to say to each other," he said. "They are out of the house for the greater part of the day and return very late at night, sometimes as late as one o'clock in the morning! I can't keep any of my clothes hanging about the room as they take them and use them without even asking me. I can understand mother's reluctance to question them for she is afraid that they might do something desperate but dad's fear is what beats me completely. The fact is that he is afraid of them in a physical sense. Dad is showing himself to be a coward!"

"Don't they ever go to church on Sundays?" Brian asked.

"CHURCH? They haven't been to church for ages—not to my knowledge, anyway. But it's strange that you should ask such a question, Brian," Colin said.

"Why?" queried Brian.

"Oh, well. You don't put much importance on church-going, do you?"

"I'm afraid you misunderstand me, Colin. I thought I've explained my views on it clearly enough. I wouldn't forbid anybody from going to church. If they believe in it, well and good. The human mind reacts to belief in a remarkable way, Colin. The miracles in the Catholic Church are not peculiar to that Church alone. They are found in every

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value for its own sake. Men must live together amicably and peacefully for their own safety. That's the real thing. Civil laws and good government are framed and established for the benefit of the society—for the safety of men's lives, individual and collective—and not for the salvation of men's souls. That, indeed, is the essence of good religion, if you wish. When the world learns to see life in this perspective, then will there really be established that peace and tranquillity which the world yearns for to-day. Until then, we must continue to live in doubt, fear and uncertainty."

"BUT it's hard to give up a faith, or a religion, or a practice, which one has been used to since one's birth. And religion, no matter under what nomenclature, if faithfully practised, has proved to be beneficial to human beings. That much you can't deny. Why then deny men the right to practise their religion?" Colin contended.

"That is so. Why, indeed? I don't really. As I said, if a man believes in a certain thing, well, all the better for his own peace of mind and his own progress, mental or physical. I won't stop him. The trouble is that religion as we see it today has made more hypocrites than honest men. That's the fact! Say whatever you like, you can't shake that belief of mine. It's my belief!"

"It's a topic that gets one nowhere, really," said Colin, rising from his chair. "I've seen ump-teen people arguing on religion and not once have I seen one or the other side relent one bit. It's the most controversial subject and it has been so ever since one man

set his own standard up against the Church of Rome!"

"The more the pity! And the more significant it is, that which should bind men together in harmony and good faith keeps them apart."

By now the all-clear was given and, taking leave of his friend, Colin left the house. Priscy and her mother had long since gone to bed, but Sydney, who was lying in the verandah, was still awake smoking a cheap cigarette, and humming "*It's a long way to Tipperary*." He jumped up to help Colin take his cycle out and to close the door, after which he lay down to sleep and was snoring peacefully the very next minute.

ALONE in his room Brian lay on his back, a cigarette between his fingers, thinking of the girl who had passed out of his life so suddenly. He decided to go without supper that night. Rising from bed, he went out and woke up Sydney.

"There's my supper lying on the dining-table, Sydney," he told the sleepy man. "You better finish it up instead of allowing it to go to waste."

That was just what was required to wake up Sydney. He bounded out of bed at once and dashed for the dining-room where he fell on the plate of curry and rice with such avidity that an onlooker would have wondered whether the man had eaten at all for the last three or four days! With his own hands he washed the plate and bowl, kept them in place and went back to bed to light another cigarette before dropping off to sleep again. (To be Continued)

When Love Was Young—(Continued from page 44)

ful body. I was getting crazy. I did not know what to do. And then like all fools in love, I wrote a letter—a love letter that ran into pages, telling her what an enchanting voice she had—a voice that could draw the soul of the listener out and then give it a knock-out blow—or something to that effect. A man in love can always write, the hysteric fever churns up his glands to bring out the cream of expressions—all the ethereal nonsense—and then finally I begged her to give me a chance to hear her again. I kissed the letter, pressed it to my heart, kept it under the pillow all night and early next morning posted it at the head post office. And then started days of delicious suspense, of thrill that was tinged with fear, of hope that carried a long tail dipped in apprehension, of dynamic love with a glowing rainbow of expectancy, and of lurking doubt lest the letter fell into wrong hands.

"I WOBBLED up and down in the ocean of love, buffeted by the high waves of insatiation. As days passed, the tense atmosphere of hope became excruciatingly surcharged with despair. Time seemed to stand poised—it could give me bliss or kill me with one stroke. But it did neither. For days I wrung my hands and fretted, but nothing happened. Was my letter lost? Or was she too shy to reply? Should I write again and break down the barrier of her shyness?"

"But did she get the letter?" asked Nathan, now listening with great interest.

"Of course, she did—and shared it with the family!"

"Oh, how cruel of her!"

"NOT at all! It was a conquest for her. What was turning out to be a matter of life and death for me seemed merely a moment of victory for the heart of a girl that thrived on adulation. Anyway, I knew nothing about it till I met my friend one day. He gave me a queer look and drew me aside. 'Joshi!' he accosts me, 'since when have you developed a poetic heart and a musical ear?' You can imagine how I felt! Sacred and loving words wrung out in worshipful adoration had only betrayed me. And then I heard how Neeru had shown the letter to her sister and they had all passed delightful hours reading and laughing at the sentences I had distilled from the very sap of my budding love, from the poetic fervour of the eternal lovers. I felt as if I had been slapped in the face. For days I sulked and then left Poona and came over to Bombay. I wanted to forget the music of her voice, the apparition of her haunting face."

Nathan was beginning to feel sorry for the man they all considered so matter-of-fact and heartless.

"Joshi, does she still haunt your memory? Did you meet her again?"

"Oh, I have now forgotten it all. Only your condition reminded me of it. Well, some six or seven years later I went to see a film. During the interval I found a woman sitting beside me. She gave me a smile. I was mystified. I did not remember to have seen

(Continued on page 102)

church, even in Hinduism and Mohammedanism, and they are found in every walk of life. Doctors will tell you that a very high percentage of cures may be attributed to a staunch faith in the efficacy of the treatment they have undergone. Faith is at the bottom of every great achievement the world has witnessed. So it is desirable that men should have faith, no matter what form it takes. If Christians go to church with faith I would certainly encourage them to do it, as far as I am concerned. I myself don't do it because I just haven't the faith. My convictions point the other way."

"You say it is faith. Faith in what?" asked Colin.

"Faith in the goodness of God towards those who come to worship Him."

"But you've said that you don't believe in the goodness of God!"

"**W**RONG, Colin. I said that I don't believe that God could ever discriminate between his own creation, between one man and another. It becomes clear to you once you observe life in all its various forms. You see a beggar on the streets maimed for life, for no fault of his own. You see a man living next door who is rolling in money and continues to make tons of it, but who at the same time commits all the sins in creation — debauching, drinking, gambling, robbing his employees of their rights, making them work to the sweat of their brows and giving them no encouragement whatsoever — while on the other hand you see the other man who goes to church every morning, in fact, but still labours in poverty,

with nothing to eat for days on end and without a decent stitch on his back. You see a fellow in your own office who shirks every bit of work that is given to him but who gets promoted to a higher position (probably because he is in the good books of this or that boss, or is related to the man at the top, or is always showering gifts on his superiors in office), and you see on the other hand the other fellow who does his work honestly but stays on the same salary for years and years, even though you are sure that he is efficient and industrious.

"You see a man torturing his wife and starving his children because of his infatuation for another woman thriving on the job he holds, with enough money to spend for the satisfaction of his lust, and you see the faithful husband, or the faithful wife, straining every nerve from morning till evening to keep the pot boiling and the home in good order, with poverty stealing upon them slowly and steadily until it is too powerful to fight against and their spirit is defeated. Where, then, is the justice of God? If you can find an answer to that question, I shall readily be converted to your faith."

BUT Colin held his own. Religion, especially Roman Catholicism, was dear to him and nothing could shake his faith in it.

"There is the influence of God in every walk of life, Brian. There is the goodness of God to be seen everywhere."

"Give me one example, then," challenged Brian.

"What about the thousands upon thousands of families that

live in unclean surroundings, on pavements and by the gutters, and who are as healthy and strong as any other class of people, by the blessing of God?"

"**G**OD has nothing to do with it, Colin. It is their environment which makes them so. A scavenger who gathers our filth is inured to the sight and stink of it. A child which is brought up in the gutters, so to speak, becomes inured as it grows to the environment which surrounds it. The human system is the most adaptable thing imaginable. You cannot deny that fact. Surely you are not going to tell me that the little Toda babies up in the Nilgiris, or those in the Himalayas, with no clothes on their little bodies, are kept from feeling cold by the blessing of God? They are used to it, that's all! And that applies to every aspect of human life. God has absolutely nothing to do with it at all."

"You really don't believe in God?" Colin demanded.

"Of course, I do, Colin. But what I don't believe in is this tommy-rot of God doing this and not doing that. He just hasn't got the time to worry about all these silly things. He has set in motion a chain of events and those events must take their course —

that's all. Not even God himself could now control them. That's my philosophy!"

"But the number of people whose crimes find them out, Brian? Are you forgetting them?"

"Well, what about those people? Their crimes have found them out, that's all. God does nothing to bring them to justice, does He? If a man sows the wind, he reaps the whirlwind. In many cases the criminals are not found out at all. How do you explain that? Is God so partial and is He so grossly unreliable that he must discriminate between one criminal and another?"

"If the world really moved and acted as you yourself do, Brian, there would be no salvation for society!"

"Really? Why?"

"Well, don't you see? There would be no religion to steer a man, nothing worth living for, no goal to aspire to through the practice of a good life. There would be injustices, rapes, crimes of passion in every form, cruelties. No civil law would be possible. There will be complete anarchy!"

"You're wrong, Colin, completely wrong. Society as you call it must learn to appreciate its own

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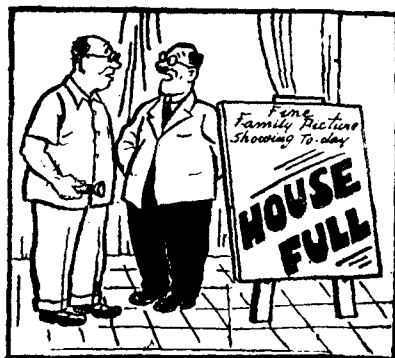
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“ And that night when I returned home, I laughed and laughed till my entrails began to ache. Listen, Nathan, it is all bunk the way we get crazy about a girl and become hysterical and raving. It is pure humbug. You wait, Nathan. In a few years you will not recognise your calf — she will have developed into a cow! And then you will realise, as I have done, how childish and silly it is to throw ourselves at the feet of idolised Beauty, when we are only dealing with an organic entity that will soon bloat or shrivel. Come, it is time we returned to the office. All those heroes and heroines — their photos, I mean — have to be despatched to catch this evening mail.”



Illustrated Weekly's

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Say is too authoritarian in tone to be apt. One who has a *Way* with the boss, one who knows how to tackle him, should be chosen as leader by trade-unionists. *WAY* wins.

1. "As a tribe, — swear a
lot!" DRIVERS, DROVERS?

What kind of *Drivers*? Car or bus or train? *Drovers* are those whose profession or occupation is the driving of cattle. As a tribe, class, they do swear a lot for they have to handle inarticulate and obstinate cattle! Back DROVERS.

3. "At posh restaurant, even for cup of tea you may have to pay through —" NOSE, NOTE?

What *Note*? And how much? Being a posh restaurant, the management will charge highly even for a cup of tea. One has to pay through the *Nose*, pay dearly. Enter **NOSE**.

A. "Even when he knows opponent is superior, spirited player usually tries to make — of things." FIGHT, LIGHT?

Light implies under-estimate, which is not right. Being "spirited," the player will try to make a *Fight* of things. **FIGHT** scores.

7. "When their child rebels in later life, tyrannical parents realise it's their own fault."
SHALL. SMALL?

Shall is too imperative here. Some tyrannical parents may never realise the real fault. *Small* meaning "little" is used here though the usage is strange and unhappy. Taking the sense of the word into account, **SMALL** is recommended.

8. "Age is apt to tell on
—" ABILITY, AGILITY

Age is *apt* to tell on physical *Abili* (not mental). But age *will* tell on *ABILITIES*. In view of the "apt", back ABILITIES.

9. "A hypocrite's feeling usually — by a sweet tongue
MARKED, MASKED?

Masked means characterised. A crime won't even allow the others to his sweet tongue. His feelings were *Masked*, disguised, by his sweet tongue. **MASKED** should score.

10. "We're apt to be charged when person we owe money haven't repaid says he has only for —" CHAT. TH.

If he has come only for *Chat* and the hints we are yet to pay, the chagrin will be so great as when he comes and as has come only for *That*, for his man **THAT** is a winner.

11. "One can usually tell from way it turns whether a — is any good." TAP. TOP?

"Turns" is the pointer here. It is not enough if the *Top* can be turned on or off well but the quantity of water that can get from it that is important. It is from the way it turns that we can say whether TOP is any good at all. Enter TOP

As the Advance Pull of Squareword D-44 was not received till the moment of our going to Press, comments on it could not be published in this Issue. Full comments on Squareword D-44 will be published in the 1st July, '55 Issue.

— "Spotter"

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