

My Magazine
of India

15th October - 1955

Vol-26



NO-24

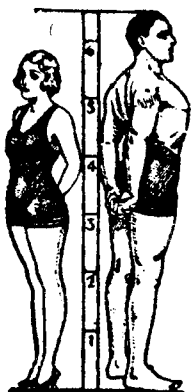
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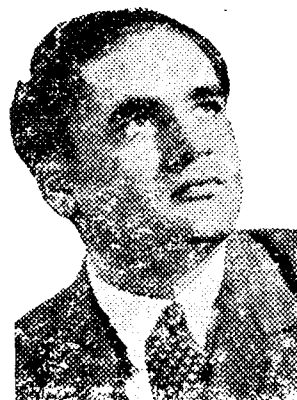
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(A TRUE EPISODE)

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

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

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Contents

ol. 26

15th Oct., 1955

No. 20

● Articles

TWENTY YEARS OF SOCIAL SECURITY IN U. S. A.	... 17
AUTOMATION IN INDUSTRY FAVOURED	... 27

● Skit

ATOMIC BOMB-AND AFTER!	... 23
------------------------	--------

● Stories

BOSTON'S MOST SHOCKING CRIME	... 14
SURPRISE MEETING	... 19
CHILD OF DESTINY (Serial Story)	... 34
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE	... 38
THE COSTLY PRESENT	... 44
LOVE FOR A LASS	... 65
DRAMATIC TURN	... 69
THE HOST AND THE GHOST	... 73

● Features

EDITORIAL	... 5
NEWS AND NOTES	... 7
SWARA YOGA	... 15
BOOKS AT A GLANCE	... 31
LET US LAUGH!	... 41
GLEANINGS	... 51
FACTS FOR FARMERS	... 58
YOU ASKED FOR IT!	... 78
SOUND AND SHADOW	... 80

● Competitions

SQUAREWORD No. D-49	... 94
2ND THOUGHTS	... 95
R. M. D. C. No. 303	... 96
" " No. 304	...



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



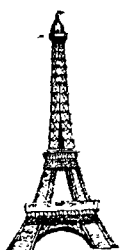
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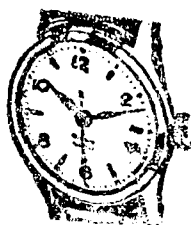
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MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

26th Year of Publication

SIXTEEN NEW STATES

FOR the second time since Independence the face of the country is being altered. When the Britisher left the Indian shores we were faced with the threat of Balkanisation. There were several powerful pockets of British influence in the form of Princely States, which bade fair to disrupt our unity. It was given to that political genius, Sardar Patel, to liquidate Princely India and bring about integration.

But the political map has been re-drawn by the States Reorganisation Commission. Appointed two years ago by the Government of India, the Commission consisted of Saiyid Fazl Ali (Chairman), Shri Hriday Nath Kunzru and Sardar K. M. Panikkar (Members). The constitution of the Commission was rendered necessary by the clamour in several parts of India for re-division of the country on a linguistic basis. Years ago, Congress had committed itself to this reform. The creation of Andhra State raised general expectations to a pitch.

Long before the States Reorganisation Commission's Report was scheduled to be released, Ministerial spokesmen had been feeling uneasy at the prospect of public reaction. On several occasions, the Prime Minister himself appealed to the people to give a calm and dispassionate consideration to the Report when it was published. In a last-minute broadcast, he called on the Nation once again to study the Report from all angles, in parts and in whole, with forbearance and dignity. He himself confessed to being "a little surprised" at some of the recommendations. It is no wonder, therefore, if people

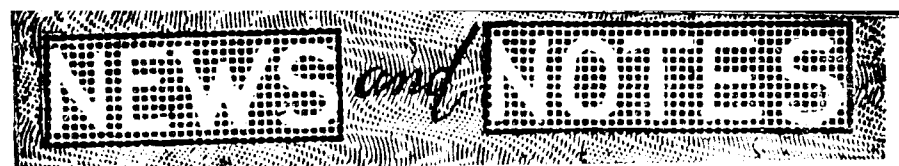
in some parts of the country where adjustments of boundaries are sharp enough or where a metamorphosis is effected, happen to be even more surprised.

There are to-day twenty-seven States but the India of to-morrow will comprise only sixteen States and three Centrally administered territories. No more will we have Part B and Part C States. With them will go the institution of Rajpramukhs, though it is expected that one or two of the Princes may be appointed Governors. The sixteen new States that will figure on the map of India are: Madras, Kerala, Karnatak, Hyderabad, Andhra, Bombay, Vidharbha, Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan, Punjab, Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, West Bengal, Assam, Orissa, and Jammu and Kashmir. Delhi, Manipur, and Andamans and Nicobars are territories that will be directly administered by the Centre. And no mention will be made on the new map of the following States that are now so familiar: Travancore-Cochin, Mysore, Coorg, Sourashtra, Kutch, Madhya Bharat, Bhopal, Vindhya Pradesh, PEPSU, Himachal Pradesh, Ajmer and Tripura.

Only three States — Orissa, Uttar Pradesh, and Jammu and Kashmir — will continue with their present pattern of life and culture undisturbed. To Madras will be added some (not all) of the Tamil-speaking areas of Travancore-Cochin, and it will not be without regret in our State when Malabar will be ceded to Kerala.

It would seem that, like the curate's egg, the recommendations of the States Reorganisation Commission are good in parts, and one almost dreads the prospect of sharp controversy over some of the big changes. But Parliament is yet to sit in judgment and pronounce its verdict. We do not think that it will ride rough-shod over public opinion on so vital a matter.

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Is This Democracy?

In the elections to the (Madras) City Council Congress has been assured of a majority. It has won forty-four seats out of a total of eighty-one. We wish it had a more comfortable majority but, even so, it is a substantial achievement, deserving of our warm praise and congratulation.

But, as we pointed out in the last Issue, the way the elections were conducted calls for sharp criticism. First of all, the electoral lists were far from complete or perfect. There were many citizens who were eager to exercise their franchise but, to their consternation, did not find their names in the lists. Of these, quite a number had cast their votes in the previous elections (in 1952). One wonders why their names had been omitted and who is responsible for such unpardonable errors. On average, in a family of four adults, the names of two only could be traced in the register. Several rate-payers were so vexed at this anomaly that they did not go to the booths. This apparently is one of the important reasons why polling was very dull. Such mistakes should be corrected immediately and authorities, we hope, will make the lists complete and accurate before the next elections come off.

As we remarked last time, the hooligan element in certain divisions was much in evidence

not only during the electioneering campaign but also at the time of polling. It is alleged that because the secrecy of the ballot box was reduced to a mockery (spectators from outside the booth could easily see for whom the citizen was casting his vote) there was intimidation and harassment. Several honest, well-qualified candidates who were imbued with a zeal to serve the public were obstructed at every stage and overwhelmed by noisy disturbance and jeering from the other side. Thus peaceful canvassing, which is the birthright of every citizen in a democracy, was rendered impossible. Is it not the duty of the authorities to ensure that elections, which alone are the bedrock of a democracy, are not marred by violence and goondaism? An alarming sidelight on the recent elections was provided by the fact that hooligans, hired by some successful candidates, went in (unauthorised) procession and shouted threats and abuse at the defeated ones and their supporters.

If such things could take place in the heart of the State's capital, we shudder at the thought of happenings in the mofussil and elsewhere. This certainly is not democracy.

Nehru's Tour

Pandit Nehru's whirlwind tour of Madras State released a flood-tide of enthusiasm and jubilation

two decades since he had visited the districts of Salem, Tiruchirappalli, Tanjore and North and South Arcot. Also, he went to Pondicherry State and his assurances that the Union Government would do its best to promote its progress and cultural advance gave new hope to the cheerless people there.

In the course of a memorable speech at Fort St. George, the Prime Minister paid a tribute to the disciplined and quiet-mannered people of Tamil Nad. "I find here an atmosphere which is much more gracious, much more soothing, and much more civilized if I may say so, because I am getting a little tired of the shouting that goes on in the North as if that is supposed to be an exhibition of courage." Without discipline much of the values attached to life and civilization would be lost and people would be nothing more than a mob. Recalling the struggle for liberty under Gandhiji's leadership, the Prime Minister observed that freedom did not come to them by a lot of shouting, observance of hartals and the like. India paid a much heavier price than that. He then deplored the indiscipline and vulgar behaviour that one witnessed in the North. "When you combine vulgarity with indiscipline, it is a horrid mixture," he said. "I see it in my own province, and the neighbouring provinces."

Turning his attention to the economic development of the country, the Prime Minister expressed real gratification at the rapid strides that India was taking in all directions. The great schemes, the development works and the huge factories, strewn in

factory at Chittaranjan, the fertilizer factory at Sindri, the Bhakra-Nangal, the Damodar Valley and



An investiture ceremony was held at the Rashtrapati Bhavan recently to confer the President's awards of Bharat Ratna, Padma Vibhushan, Padma Bhushan and Padma Shri, which had been announced on Republic Day, 1955. Photo shows the President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, presenting the award of Bharat Ratna, the highest award of honour, to the Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru.

the Tungabhadra projects — symbols of new India, symbols of the new power that the Nation was controlling.

The Prime Minister imparted a personal touch to his speech when he told the audience that he had reached the evening of his life. "That does not mean that I am passing off suddenly. I may have some more years of work and I am going to work hard. And this is because I have no other interest in life except to function in this sphere. My life has been tied up with this work. It has been given to many of us here to see even the fruit of our work..."

And wherever he went and spoke, the Prime Minister emphasised that unity was most vital if the country was to go forward and urged on the people the need for hard, unrelenting work.

No Imposition ?

On the language controversy, the Prime Minister made an important statement at Bangalore, repeating his assurance that Hindi would not be imposed on the people of the South. Explaining the language policy of the Union Government, he invited the people to consider the issue in a calm and dispassionate manner. In our Constitution, several languages had been enumerated as national languages, and Hindi had been named as the official language of India. The idea was that English which had been used all these years should be gradually replaced by an Indian language. And Hindi had been chosen because it was best fitted to be the national medium.

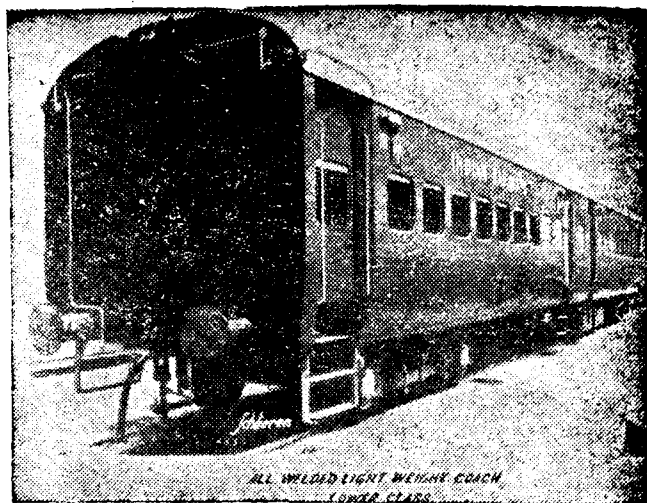
There was no conflict, he went on, between Hindi and the other

languages like Tamil, Telugu or Kannada. The Indian languages, all of them, were developing fast, as they should. They were becoming the regional media of instruction. But, on no account, must we give up English. "We must continue to learn it and learn it well," he declared. It would be an advantage if people learned other foreign languages also. As a great nation, we had our part to play in the international sphere, in politics, in trade and commerce, in science and technology. There was no antipathy to English. "Nevertheless, I feel that it would be totally unbecoming of us in India to adopt as the official medium a foreign language."

In regard to the All-India tests, the Prime Minister pointed out that the Union Government's policy was clear enough and that there need be no apprehensions or doubts in the minds of South Indians. Candidates could take their examinations not only in English and Hindi but also in a regional language.

Notwithstanding this assurance, it is the fear of many that there are fanatics in the North who are determined to impose Hindi on the South and banish English even before a decade is over. As it is, Hindi is being brought in by the backdoor to the South. Money order forms and post-cards tell their own tale of the dominance of Hindi. A Bangalore weekly, commenting on Pandit Nehru's speech, voices the general dissatisfaction in the South. Welcome as the Prime Minister's assurances were, he said nothing more than Pandit Pant or Shri Keskar. "The neat simplicity of the Hindi enthusiasts' solution is deceptive," it writes,

taken place in the design, construction, and furnishing of railway carriages since the commencement of rail transport. Advancing technology and changing conceptions of rail travel have combined to produce progressively greater comfort and safety. The process of evolution continues. Photo shows the modern all-steel, light weight coach manufactured at the Integral Coach Factory Perambur, Madras. This lower class carriage offers sale and relaxed travel.



pointedly. "English, as the official language, though from some points of view (according to them) it would be good, is impossible for sentimental reasons. Hindi is equally impossible for reasons which are no less sentimental but are evidently no less strong. If English appears foreign, Hindi appears as a rival to the other national languages. It is human, and, in particular, Indian, to be even more resentful of a rival within one's community than of an outright foreigner at a distance."

The weekly then goes on to make the shrewd and wise suggestion that the Southern States will be satisfied only when Hindi is given an auxiliary status like other Indian languages.

Praise For India

That the bonds of Indo-Burmese friendship should be strengthened was the appeal made by U Nu, Burmese Prime Minister in the course of an address to the Anti-

Fascist People's Freedom League in Rangoon. He stressed the fact that the Governments and peoples of India and Burma had affectionate regard for each other. It was his experience that from time to time there were little rifts in Indo-Burmese relations due to rivalries and competitions of some Burmese and Indian trade interests. "We also found from time to time," he added, "ripples in Indo-Burmese relations due to lack of courtesy on the part of some of our officers."

Burma was for Burmese people, agreed the Premier, but he warned his fellowmen: "It is impossible to deny foreigners in any country, big or small, their legitimate rights. Excessive selfishness and short-sightedness will not pay in the long run."

In Burma's struggle for freedom, recalled U Nu, her leaders drew their inspiration from India. And he handsomely acknowledged how India had come to Burma's assistance whenever help was wanted.

In less than a month we will be celebrating Dipavali, the festival of lights. That the market will soon be flooded with crackers of all sorts is anybody's guess. There is every need, therefore, on the part of the State Police to regulate the issue of licences and ban the sale of those explosive types like the "atom bomb," the "rocket," the "electric," etc. Many terrible accidents have occurred in the past, arising from the careless use of dangerous crackers, and the resultant loss to life and limb all over India has been heavy. The Police can effectively prevent much avoidable tragedy if they are prompt enough.

The Punjab Tragedy

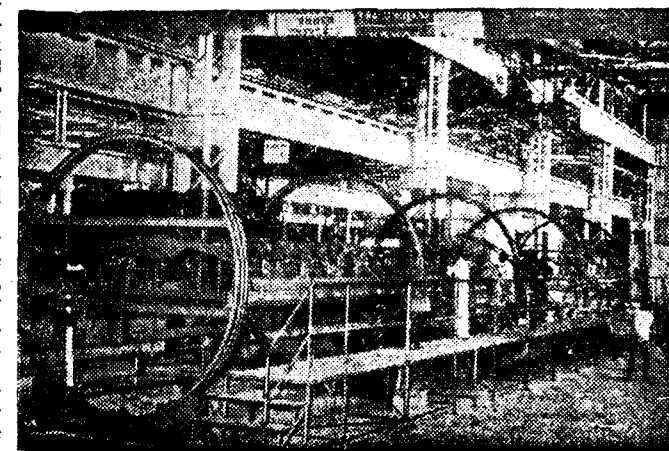
The whole nation has been stunned by the tragedy of the Punjab. As a result of unprecedented floods, especially in the districts of Jullundur, Ferozepur and Ludhiana, nearly 7,000 villages were inundated and at least a few

their lives. At the time of writing, there are reports that the floods have subsided, but the aftermaths are bound to be appalling. Both the State and the Union Governments have rushed to the rescue of the marooned and the homeless. Our Army and Air Force, too, are doing all they can to bring relief. We hope people in the rest of India and other State Governments, too, will readily lend a helping hand and contribute their mite. And they should remember that speedy help is of the essence of the situation.

"Laksharchana"

Iyotisha Ratna Pandit M.R.E. Murthy will be celebrating Sri Lalitha "Laksharchana" from 16th to 25th October, at 148, Ramakrishna Mutt Road, Mylapore, Madras. Those who desire to have separate "Archanas" specially performed for them may send Rs. 5 per "Archana," and receive blessings and "prasadam."

The present assignment for the Mechanical Department of the Integral Coach Factory is to produce 350 light-weight, all-welded steel construction body shells by 1959-60. The quality and the quantum of work produced by our apprentices in the first Assembly line, which has already been established, and the co-operation that is obtaining at different levels, encourage the hope that we should be able to achieve the production target without much difficulty. Photo shows Giant Roof Assembly Jig measuring 70 ft. by 10'-8" for the assembly of roofs.



took care to work only when he was sure the Professor was absent.

In the vault he found parts of a male human body, and he promptly informed the police. They established that the remains consisted of the pelvis or hip bones; of the right thigh from hip to knee, and of the left leg from knee to ankle.

ALONG with two police colleagues, Mr. Clapp called on Professor Webster, inviting him to visit the college yet again. Instead of taking the Professor to the University, however, they took him to the police station, where Mr. Clapp, after making sure there were no spectators, invited the Professor to enter. Webster went with them into the outer office, where Clapp said, "Gentlemen, I guess we had better enter the inner office."

Webster, now bristling with suspicion, asked, "What is the meaning of this?"

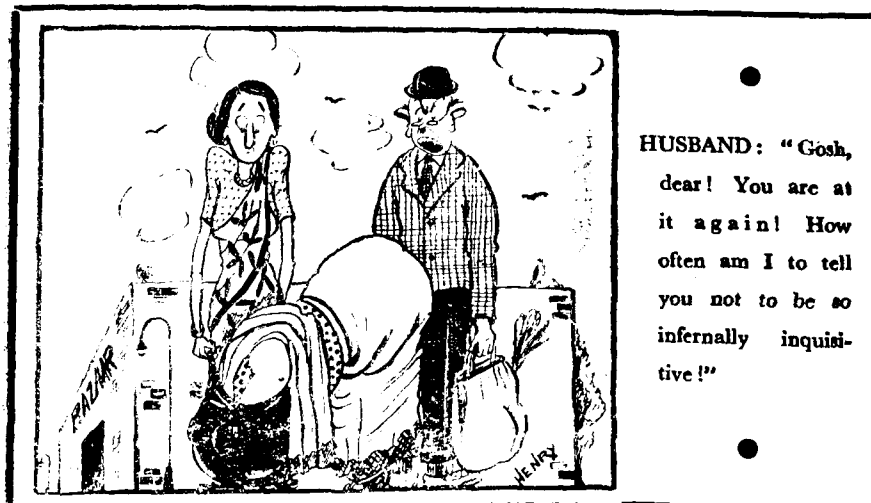
"Professor Webster," Clapp replied, "you will perhaps remem-

ber that, as we were crossing Cambridge Bridge, I told you the river below had been dragged. We have also been dragging in the college and we have done this to find the body of Dr. Parkman. You are now in custody, on the charge of being his murderer."

THEY took their prisoner to the college immediately in order to confront him with the human remains found in his private vault. It was then that Mr. Clapp and his colleagues found great difficulty in controlling Webster's behaviour. For he acted as if he was quite unaware of what was going on around him. In fact, his manner and conduct reminded them of a man suffering *delirium tremens*. When someone handed him a glass of water, he could not drink and he snapped at the glass like a mad dog.

It was Webster himself who later explained the cause of his peculiar behaviour. He said, "When I found the carriage was

(Continued on page 29)



HUSBAND: "Gosh, dear! You are at it again! How often am I to tell you not to be so infernally inquisitive!"

SWARA YOGA

By H.H. Bhu-Mandaleshwar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

Chapter VII

GENERAL INFERENCES

THE first and foremost duty of a *Yogi* who has mastered this Science of Breath with a full knowledge of the *Tattwas* and their course of action is to help the public with timely advice regarding the general features of prosperity in the land. The following few facts will be found to be of great help.

Let the *Yogi* sit in *Padmasana* at the time of *Mesha Sankranti* (the moment when Sun enters Aries) and analyse the nature of *Tattwa* and *Nadi*.

Earth, Water or Air in Moon denotes abundance of all variety of grains.

Fire and Ether generally denote famine in the land.

A flow in *Sushumna* indicates confusion, fear, and epidemics in the land.

Water indicates good rain. Air also indicates accidents and little rain.

If the proper *Tattwa* rises and *Nadi* flows according to the requirements of the week day, lunar day, and time of the day (while Sun enters Aries) success in every sphere is easily told.

Similar to the above, weekly, fortnightly and monthly and daily predictions should be given.

The breath should be made to flow in *Chandra Nadi* at the time of analysing the general prospects of the land.

If at the time of query, Fire rises, there will be wide fluctuation in the market. Ether denotes scarcity of goods in the market. At such moments, it is better to stay market proceedings and continue the same after a month or fortnight.

If at the time of query, the breath changes its flow from Moon to Sun, there will be fearful diseases in the land.

When *Chandra Nadi* is functioning, then earth will yield in plenty and it will also rain in time in plenty.

GUIDANCE FOR INDIVIDUALS

1. *EATING*: Eat well in *Chandra Nadi*, moderately in *Surya Nadi* and very little in *Sushumna*. It is better to fast while *Sushumna* functions. Food taken during that time is not digested. It will cause disease.

Sweets should be taken when Earth rises, liquids in Water, fried things in Fire, roots, tubers and cereals in Air and salts in Ether.

The following order should be observed with regard to diet: Earth in Moon—rice and milk; Earth in Sun—oats; Water in Moon or Sun—oil-cooked foods;

Fire in Sun or Moon—flour and beans; Water in Moon—ghee; Water in Sun—oil-cooked foods; milk porridge when Earth and Water are in Moon; Earth and water in Sun—butter-milk.

Generally take fruits and milk when Earth, Water or Fire functions in the Moon. When Air or Ether functions in Moon take cooked leafy vegetables.

The order in eating should be ghee, sweets, sour and pungent things. You should begin with ghee preparations and end your meals with pungent things.

Kheer or *Payasam* (rice cooked with sugar in milk) is a good diet for the practitioner of the *Swara Yoga* in particular and for all in general. Too hot foods and acidic foods should be avoided. Hot food along with sour or cold milk gives rise to biliousness.

Cold and watery foods taken during Moon give rise to rheumatism while increasing at the same time the uric acid content.

Food should be taken in *Chandra Nadi* very slowly, to ensure perfect digestion.

When *Chandra Nadi* is made to function while taking food and just after it, all poisons are destroyed.

2. **BATHING:** Enter into the river or tank while *Surya Nadi* functions. Biliousness will be cured thereby. Come out of water when the flow changes from Sun to Moon. Uric acid will increase if you stay in water during the flow of *Chandra Nadi*.

For taking oil baths, apply oil while the moon flows, take bath

when the *Surya Nadi* functions. This will prevent the formation of cough and phlegm.

Water that is too hot increases bile. Too cold water leads to rheumatism. Baths, especially oil bath, should be in tepid water, or water warm enough to relieve pain.

FLOW IN NADIS

If Moon alone flows for days together continuously without the sight of *Surya Nadi* or vice versa, death should be predicted within a fortnight or month.

The continuous flow of any one *Nadi*, either Sun or Moon, for three full days indicates death within a year.

If there be a continuous flow in any one particular *Nadi* for two days together, death is indicated within two years.

If the continuous flow to any one *Nadi* be for a full day, then death is indicated in three years.

Checking the flow of breath through *Surya Nadi* helps one to transcend the Solar time.

He who is an adept in this science and has a perfect control over the flow of breath and rise of the five *Tattwas* attains immortality by making the Moon flow during the day and Sun by night.

The above facts are revealed so that one can find suitable means to prolong life and practise *Yoga*.

(To be Continued)

TWENTY YEARS OF SOCIAL SECURITY IN U.S.A.

TWENTY years ago, the United States embarked upon a new era of social legislation when the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed into law the first Social Security Act. The 1935 law set up for the first time in American history a nation-wide system of protection for wage earners and their families against loss of income through old age, death and unemployment.

The keystone of the system was a federal contributory insurance programme providing benefits to those retiring because of old age. In addition, the law authorised federal grants to set up state-administered programmes for unemployment compensation, assistance to the needy aged and blind, and maternal and child welfare services.

In 1939, the old-age benefit programme was expanded to include dependents and survivors, and became known as the old-age and survivors insurance programme (OASI). At that time it covered some 35,000,000 workers or about 6 out of 10 employees in trade and industry.

Since then, major amendments in 1950, 1952 and 1954 have extended the coverage of the law to 20,000,000 additional workers and substantially increased payments to beneficiaries. The law now provides retirement insurance for 9 out of 10 persons who work for a living, including most of the self-employed. The principal groups excluded are federal workers who are under a staff retirement system, doctors and lawyers.

2 — 15th October '55.

Average payments to retired workers as a result of these changes have more than doubled. The cumulative effect of the benefit increases is illustrated in the case of Miss Ida M. Fuller of Ludlow, Vermont, who received the first monthly benefit check under the OASI programme. For January 1940, her payment was \$22.54. Now it is \$51.50.

THE 1954 amendments to the Social Security Act were of special importance in the development and strengthening of the social security programme. They made the coverage of old-age and survivors insurance almost universal and the level of benefits more nearly adequate. The maximum monthly benefit for a single person was advanced to \$108.50, and for a family to \$200. By July 1955 the number of persons receiving benefits had passed the 7,500,000 mark and the beneficiaries were receiving payments at an annual rate of \$4,600,000,000.

The protection of the OASI programme extends to workers throughout the United States and its territories. In fact, it is in effect anywhere in the world where Americans work for American employers. It assures most families that they will have income when the bread-winner dies or becomes old and retires.

The Social Security Administration of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare is responsible for carrying out the programme. The Bureau of Internal Revenue in the Treasury

Department collects the contributions of workers, employers and self-employed persons that support the system. These contributions are deposited in the OASI trust fund in the Treasury, and amounts not needed at once are invested in U.S. Government securities.

NEARLY all programmes under the Social Security Act are in operation in the 48 states, Alaska, Hawaii, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Most of the millions of families in these places have a personal stake in at least some of them.

Unemployment insurance, one of the co-operative federal-state programmes authorised by the Act, is supported in part by federal grants and in part by a tax on employer payrolls. More than 1,000,000 persons draw weekly benefits under this programme during periods of temporary unemployment. At present it covers 6 out of 10 workers, but proposed legislation now before the Congress is aimed at extending the coverage to additional occupational groups.

Another 5,000,000 persons are receiving payments under the

public assistance programmes provided in the Act. These programmes now extend to needy disabled persons as well as to the aged, the blind and dependent children. The Act also authorises grants to the states for public programmes for maternal and child health, crippled children and child welfare. As a result, tens of thousands of crippled and dependent children are to-day getting a better start in life because of these programmes.

SIMILARLY, well-child clinics, public health nursing services, medical and dental examinations in schools, immunisations and other health measures to-day are helping to keep many thousands of children well who, in earlier years, would have lacked such help. ❖❖

Shrewd Bargain

Mac was at a private exhibition of some pictures.

The Exhibitor, very anxious to make a sale, said: "You can have any picture to-day at half the catalogue price."

Mac paused a long time and then asked: "What's the price of the catalogue?"

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Surprise Meeting

THE Chief Auditor from the Head Office of The Ideal Bank had come to the Bangalore branch on an annual checking programme. He intended to stay there for two days and then proceed to Mysore.

The Bangalore branch office was busy. Chief Auditor Narasimhan was checking the Account Ledgers along with the Agent, Srinivasan. Suddenly, Narasimhan rang the bell and summoned Mr. Ramanathan, the Bank Cashier.

When the peon informed the Cashier that he was wanted by the Auditor, Ramanathan was scared. His head reeled. He fell on the ground and fainted away.

On hearing this, both the Agent and the Auditor hurried to his aid. Cold water was splashed on his face. A few anxious moments passed. Ramanathan slowly opened his eyes. When he saw the Agent and the Auditor by his side, he shuddered as if in fright and for the second time lost his consciousness.

The next time, when he came to he found himself safe in his house, lying on his bed. His young wife Lakshmi was near him, with a fan in her hand.

Agent Srinivasan told everything about Ramanathan. The Cashier was now more

than fifty years old. He had lost his first wife and had three children by her. The eldest one, Radha, was very recently married. With a view to take better care of the children, Ramanathan had married, for the second time, a young girl from a poor family.

When Narasimhan enquired whether the Cashier suffered from any disease, Srinivasan replied in the negative. He thought that Ramanathan had spent much on his daughter's marriage and perhaps his creditors were after him like blood-hounds.

Narasimhan simply nodded. He decided to pay a visit to that old man, at his own house.

WHEN the Chief Auditor got out of his Chrysler, he was welcomed by a young boy, hardly eight years old. He was a son of Ramanathan by his first wife.

As he entered the patient's room, he was thunder-struck. The wrinkled old man was asleep on a cot. By his side was seated Lakshmi.

Narasimhan was about to shout "Lakshmi!" but he checked himself. The young woman was also quick to identify him. She stood up with extraordinary composure



●●=||=||=By H.N.K. SWAMY=||=||=●●

and calmness and greeted him with folded hands.

"Don't bother! Let him sleep. Has the doctor come?" he asked.

"Yes! And he'll be coming now again!"

"I'll wait till he comes," he said.

Narasimhan came out and sat in a chair. Lakshmi followed him.

"It is really a long time since we met, Lakshmi! How is it that you are....." He did not know how to complete the sentence. He felt much embarrassed.

But Lakshmi was equal to the situation. She was sensible and began narrating the whole incident.

"After your father drove me and my mother out, we underwent much hardship. In spite of all the troubles, my mother never spoke ill of your father. We moved from town to town, hunting for a morsel of food, and at last came here. She met my present husband in the market place, one day. There, he entreated us to come and live with him. We saw the miserable condition in which he lived. So I decided to marry him out of a sense of gratitude and relieve him of all domestic worries. He protested. But in the end he agreed. After our marriage, my mother fell seriously ill and passed away last year."

Narasimhan was moved.

"Why did you not write home? I would have helped you!" he said in a sad tone.

"I did write to you, twice. And both the letters came back, saying that the addressee had left. I gave up in despair!" she replied.

Narasimhan burst into tears. Lakshmi, who was to have become his wife, now led her life with an old man. She was five years old when her mother came as cook and house-keeper to Narasimhan's father. When his father discovered that Narasimhan had fallen in love with the cook's daughter, he was furious. He turned both mother and daughter out. After having served for more than twelve years, she left the place with a heavy heart. Even now the scene was fresh in Narasimhan's mind.

"I'm really sorry for what has happened," he told her. "After your departure from my house, my father could not pull on very well. His conscience killed him. After his demise, I left the house and went to Northern India. My attempts to get in touch with you proved futile. I have been leading my life as a bachelor with a faint hope of seeing you again. Now that you are married, I have decided to continue like this in future also!"

Tears were trickling down her cheeks.

"CAN you help me and my family? Can you do us a favour?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes! What can I do for you?" he enquired.

"You know, we performed the marriage of my step-daughter, Radha, recently. The groom's father was adamant and demanded a gold waist-belt for the girl. We had no money then. So to finish off the function without any incident, my husband took five hundred rupees from the Bank in the hope of replacing it in a day or two. But he could not do it. Now that you have come to audit,

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for his present state of health. Can't you help him out of the mess?"

Narasimhan was silent. After a few seconds he said with conviction, "It is wrong to take money from the Bank, Lakshmi. Don't you agree?"

"Yes, I do agree," she admitted. "But he was forced to do it. And his conscience is pricking him every time. You know now. You must help us," Lakshmi implored, weeping.

"I cannot be partial to my friends, Lakshmi! How can I plead on behalf of a guilty person? Surely you don't expect me to do anything wrong....."

JUST at that moment, the Doctor arrived. Lakshmi greeted him, wiping her eyes. All the three went in.

Ramanathan was awake. On seeing the Auditor he tried to get up. But Narasimhan asked him not to trouble himself and gently made him relax.

The Cashier tried to speak but in vain. Tears gushed forth from his eyes.

"Don't worry yourself, Mr. Ramanathan. I am going to check the cash only to-morrow. I'll leave for Mysore by the night train. When you are all right, you can attend office. Good-bye!"

So saying, Narasimhan left abruptly. His face was stern. Lakshmi knew her husband's career had come to an end and there was trouble brewing.

Unnoticed by the Assistant Cashier, Narasimhan slipped five hundred-rupee notes into the box,

and checked the cash. He certified the accounts correct, and left the office early. The same night he proceeded to Mysore.

THE news of the Auditor's departure came to Lakshmi and her husband as a shock. Every minute they were expecting the police or the Agent. They were prepared for the worst.

And it came, after some days!

The Bank peon delivered an envelope at their house.

Lakshmi, with a thumping heart, opened the cover. It was a letter from the Bank, with the Auditor's signature.

"Dear Sri Ramanathan,

The accounts were checked and found correct by me. The Bangalore Agent, Sri Srinivasan, has been transferred to the Madras Office.

Considering your sincere and valuable services for the past eleven years, I recommended you for the post of Bangalore Agent. I am glad that my recommendation has been approved by the Directors.

You will be receiving your orders shortly.

(Sd.) Narasimhan."

Lakshmi read it twice. She could not believe her eyes. After all, Narasimhan was her well-wisher and true friend. And tears of joy coursed down her cheeks. ♣♣

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ATOMIC BOMB AND AFTER!



H. S. Ramaswami Sastri

A FEW days ago, I felt extremely depressed by a piece of news which I found in the daily newspaper and, as usual with me, whenever I was in the doldrums I went to Dr. Nesan's house with a two-fold object, viz., to imbibe the

aromatic coffee brewed by Mrs Nesan and to get a mental stimulation by contact with Dr. Nesan's robust and irrepressible optimism

I felt happy to learn that 120 scientists of seventy-three nation

had foregathered at Geneva at the first International Conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy. There is an old superstition in India that if a cobra strikes a person and injects its poison it will return in the course of the day to suck the poison back from the wound of the person if he is destined to live. I am not aware of any such actual instance but the legend satisfies my sense of ethical propriety which makes me feel that he who does harm to another must totally undo the harm himself.

VERY often we are told that the scientists are not to blame for the use of the atomic and hydrogen bombs by politicians and militarists, as they merely attain new masteries over the forces of Nature and hand over their knowledge to humanity in a disinterested spirit and for the welfare of humanity. But the politicians and militarists can neither smash the atom nor make an atomic bomb without the active help and connivance of the scientists. Therefore, we can never acquit the scientists of complicity in the mass homicide which follows in the wake of the user of the atomic bomb.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," says the poet. In spite of the fate of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the possibility of a similar fate overtaking the other cities of the world at a moment's notice or even without any such notice if World War III comes on, it was and is and will be felt that humanity will somehow survive the nuclear weapons just as it has survived the previous destructive weapons despite predictions of dire disaster. But in the case of the former weapons there were protective devices.

As against swords, spears and arrows there were shields and armours. As against the old guns and the new machine guns and tanks there were protective devices. As against the now old and then new bombers, there were ack-ack guns. I should not have minded atomic bombs or hydrogen bombs if the scientists had created protective devices to destroy them before they could reach the *terra firma* and harm living beings. But no such inventions seem to exist.

And yet talk about "atoms for peace" seems to be very much in the air. A great Indian scientist, who is the Chairman of India's Atomic Energy Commission and who presided at and took a prominent part in the above-said Conference, predicted a new golden "atomic age." Other scientists added that the atom will hereafter become the peaceful servant of man. Dr. Bhaba observed that it had been estimated that in these 19 centuries mankind has consumed nine Q of energy, Q corresponding to the combustion of 33,000 million tons of coal!

I TRIED to visualise inwardly this tremendous expenditure but was not able to do so, as I was staggered by the figure. Man is Nature's spendthrift child. He is fast exhausting the treasures of coal and oil which Mother Nature stored in secret for her darling child. He is fast destroying the tremendous forests in the U.S.A. and Canada to make wood-pulp for the manufacture of paper for his periodicals and books. The West is drinking up all the oil and burning all the coal concealed by Nature in the bowels of the earth. Man is indulging in wild talk about using

the power concealed in the sun beams and the waves and what not. All that is moonshine.

HE has now unlocked the atom and let loose the tremendous energy locked inside it by Nature. It is like the genius in the *Arabian Nights*. A fisherman cast his net into the sea and brought up a bottle. He uncorked it and a demon issued out of it in the form of smoke and then assumed his real huge, terrible form and threatened to kill and eat the fisherman. The latter was a resourceful person. He asked: "Where have you come from?"

The demon replied: "From that bottle."

The fisherman said: "The bottle is a pygmy and you are a giant. How could you have been in it? I do not believe in what you say."

The demon shrank in size and became smoke as before, and re-entered the bottle. The fisherman promptly re-corked it and went on in his boat and threw the bottle into the mid-ocean.

But there is no possibility of thrusting atomic energy back into the atom again, though I wish that it were possible. The only sensible course for man is to destroy the nuclear weapons already made and use the atomic energy for peaceful and productive purposes alone hereafter. Even then it is not known if the radio-active emanations may not do harm which may counter-balance and outdo the gain. Anyhow let us construct atomic power stations and get cheap electric power therefrom for peaceful purposes.

But what are we to do with the nuclear bombs manufactured

mainly in the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. and on a much humble and smaller scale elsewhere? Ike is talking about aerial inspection of the bombs by an international commission. Bulganin would not agree even to this. At one time I thought that it would be best to get the Big Four together at a "Summit Conference" and make them agree to a total destruction of the nuclear weapons.

But what I read a few days ago upset me. Some one suggested that all the nuclear bombs should be dropped on the Polar ice-cap. But the American scientist Dr. Victor Leonie says that if such a step by way of a "summit" explosion at the Pole was taken, the ocean-levels would rise and cities like New York, Los Angeles, Paris, Tokyo, Bombay, Madras, etc., would be destroyed with the result that a big proportion of the human population would die.

So I went to Dr. Nesan. Mrs. Nesan's coffee revived my drooping spirits. When I told Dr. Nesan about what I read and asked him what would happen to him and to me if the nuclear bombs were dropped on the Polar ice, he laughed his usual gay, care-free, uproarious laugh and said: "Ramul! Go easy! We are younger than you, and you are very old. The time ahead of you must necessarily be short and you have no grounds for any apprehensions. After all, if the bombs are thrown on Madras we shall die of fire. If they are thrown on Polar ice we shall drown in water. If we survive, we shall sicken of radio-active emanations and die. What cannot be cured must be endured. Let us drink this coffee and make merry to-day, though tomorrow we may die. Ramu,

may I tell you two jolly stories to cool your heated brain?"

I said: "Go ahead, Dr. Nesan."

Dr. Nesan said: "Bertrand Russell imagines that seeing how things have turned out ill in this world, God will send another sun crashing through the sky and annihilate the solar system. Long before him the great scientist T.H. Huxley said that he would welcome the advent of a comet which would shatter our earth into bits. What do you say to this, Ramu?"

I remarked: "Is this a jolly story? I prefer death by fire or by water who have been our friends till now, to death by new suns or comets. What is the other jolly story? Is it of the same brand as the first?"

DR. NESAN laughed again and resumed: "After humanity was destroyed by any one of these means, Mr. Chimpanzee told his wife: 'Now that our blooming descendant man has committed suicide, we must start the game all over again and reproduce man.'"

I laughed in my turn and said: "Dr. Nesan! I dislike and disbelieve that genealogy and heraldry. I believe that we are descended from angels and not from apes. Disraeli was of that opinion and I accept his view. But, Dr. Nesan, at the rate at which man is finishing off monkeys for medical experimentation and vaccine preparation, I am afraid that man's ancestor will have been finished before man is finished."

Dr. Nesan laughed in his turn and observed: "Ramu, that is a shrewd thrust. I never thought that you were capable of it. What is your final opinion, my pal? Shall we live in hope or shall we commit suicide here and

now before fire or water or sun or comet comes at us?"

I SCRATCHED my head for a second and got a bright idea. I replied: "Dr. Nesan, I agree with you. Never say die. I recollect now the story of Pandora's box. When Prometheus stole the fire of joy from heaven, Jove created many ills to plague and blast mankind. Pandora gathered them into her box and closed it. But her husband in a mood of curiosity opened it and all the ills, shut up in it, were let loose and came to the earth to plague us.

"But one of them remained in the box. It was Hope. Pandora came to the earth and gave it to us. Man lives in hope — nay, hopes against hope! Dr. Pangloss said in Voltaire's *Candide*: 'Come! Let us cultivate our garden.' I say: 'Let us drink Mrs. Nesan's coffee and be merry now. Be happy to-day and let the future take care of itself. Man can die only once. Shakespeare says:

'Cowards die many times before their death,

The valiant die but once.'

You are a valiant man, Dr. Nesan. You have put courage and a new spirit into me. Thank you." ❧

Very Obvious!

"Now we know the earth is round," said the schoolmaster. "Tell me, Thomas — would it be possible for you to walk round the earth?"

"No, sir!" replied Thomas.

"And why not?"

"'Cause," was the unexpected reply, "I twisted my ankle playing cricket!"

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JOHN KINGSLEY

the impending changes automation would bring.

That in itself is significant. Here were the men whose great-grandfathers smashed textile machines in Lancashire and whose fathers' greatest fear was that they would work themselves out of a job blandly accepting the age of nuclear energy, electronics, and higher productivity as means to an end, as an instrument for raising the standard of living. To them the idea of everyone making more and selling more, of the industrial system making a series of bigger and bigger cakes for all to have bigger slice was so much accepted as to be almost commonplace.

It is not by mere chance that all this has happened. Years of patient work have been put in by far-seeing trade unionists to make the debate possible.

To take one example, the TUC set up as part of its headquarters organization a production department whose activities include the running of works study courses. These courses are taken by trainees from affiliated unions from all over the country.

One of the most recent and highly organized means of carrying the gospel of higher output per worker to the precincts of the union chapel has been the British Productivity Council (BPC), and, before it, the Anglo-American Productivity Council.

The Anglo-American Productivity Council was an outcome of

THE British trade unionist is not afraid of what machines will do to jobs. He is not just philosophical about it. To-day the organized worker accepts the need for greater productivity—that is, in simple terms, higher output per worker.

More than that, he is ready to deal in a healthy way with automation in the factory when it comes. Healthy? Yes, because he will take automation and what comes with it on certain terms: namely that labour, as well as management and the shareholder, immediately benefits from it.

Such is the meaning behind the reports, resolutions, and formalities of the debate on automation, and its opportunities for a higher standard of living, at the annual conference of the British Trades Union Congress (TUC) held at Southport, Lancashire.

Once a year the TUC meets in full assembly, with its General Council on the platform and its nearly 1,000 delegates from some 90 affiliated unions to discuss and argue about private and public affairs of the trade union movement. This annual meeting held the headlines for a whole week earlier this month. In British industry and politics, the TUC is influential.

When the resolution was put before the meeting that automation would create new opportunities and new problems requiring further joint consultation in industry, it evoked only one organized amendment, which called for more nationalization of industry to meet

Marshall Aid. U.S. dollars were made available for teams of British men and women in industry drawn from all grades of management and labour to visit their opposite numbers in the United States to see how industry in general, and in particular their own industries, functioned across there.

Foundrymen visited foundries, cotton workers went to cotton mills, and so on. In this way, it was hoped, a cross-fertilization of ideas would be started, and the men who had been to the U. S. A. would come back determined to tell others about better ways of doing various aspects of the job they had seen.

THE idea proved remarkably successful. The men and women who came back wrote which reports became famous throughout British industry. These people gave lectures, they answered questions, they argued.

Later, the Anglo-American Productivity Council became the British Productivity Council, and representatives of employers' associations and of the TUC (representing the unions) continued to serve when the new name was adopted and the formal connection with the U.S.A. was severed. All along, therefore, the TUC has played an important part in furthering productivity.

To-day the BPC supports local productivity committees and associations, as well as producing films and putting out a sizable flow of literature on management and technical problems. The committees and associations, like all local organizations, are as good and influential as the people they can get to run them. All in all, with their public meetings, visits by teams of managements and workers

to other factories in their district, exhibitions and lectures, they make a significant impact on many who work in factories and offices.

THE British set-up, however, is only one aspect of what is now a European movement. Britain was not the only country to develop team visits to America. National productivity centres exist in 14 Western European countries. In May 1953, the European Productivity Agency was set up by the Organization for European Economic Co-operation, and in due course brought out a programme of work.

This agency emphasized the need to achieve a dynamic atmosphere of expansion and to eliminate any idea of a static level of production. It set itself a threefold task: first, to carry out research on, and make inquiries of, individuals and groups; second, to conduct a campaign of information on these inquiries; and third, to stimulate governments and other responsible groups to adopt measures favourable to productivity.

Persuasion was to be carried on by publicity, organizing working parties and missions, issuing reports, and arranging training courses. These aims it has continued to pursue in association with organizations at the national level.

It is clear that when the TUC talks about raising productivity and harnessing the benefits of automation to workers' needs it is not indulging in easy-going platitudes. It knows something about the complex subject, for it has helped to build up local, national, and international organizations to spread the idea of a dynamic atmosphere of expansion, as the European agency calls it. ♦♦

Boston's Most Shocking Crime

(Continued from page 14)

stopping at the jail, I was sure of my fate. Before leaving the carriage I took a dose of strychnine, which I had prepared in my laboratory on the twenty-third. I could not bear to survive detection, and I thought the dose was a large one. The state of my nervous system probably partially defeated its action."

PROFESSOR WEBSTER was brought to trial at Massachusetts on the 19th of March, 1850, and his appearance in the dock was such that it seemed impossible that he was guilty of the crime. As he sat down he smilingly saluted several friends, and he bore himself with such ease and dignity that his appearance could not have been more disarming.

His countenance, according to descriptions which survive, indicated strong animal passions and irascible temperament. The cheek bones were high, and the mouth when the lips were compressed betrayed great resolution and firmness of purpose.

When he was called upon to plead, his "Not Guilty" was uttered in a strong and emphatic tone.

Nevertheless, his own demeanour proved as unavailing as the spirited defence of his counsel Ex-Governor Clifford. Nothing could stand against the weight of evidence the police brought and skillfully directed against him.

A careful search of the laboratory had brought to light a tea-chest, artfully holding mineral specimens and a large hunting

knife on what appeared to be nothing more than a perfectly innocent bed of sand. The sand, however, concealed a thorax, with clavicle and scapulae attached, which revealed a perforation in the region of the heart. There was also a left thigh, to which a piece of string was attached. Also the ashes of the furnace had given up grains of gold, a pearl shirt button, a human tooth and about fifty fragments of bone belonging to the various parts of a human body.

Experts proved that these remains were those of Doctor Parkman. Several witnesses also testified that, during the days immediately following the disappearance of the Doctor, Webster was locked in his laboratory at unusual hours, and that, during these times, intense fires had been kept alive in the furnace and water had been used in prodigious quantities.

THE jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" and Webster was sentenced to be hanged. All through the trial Webster had maintained his innocence, even addressing the jury and attempting to explain away the evidence brought against him. Now, however, faced with the death sentence, he confessed, but claimed that the sentence should not be carried out as he had killed Doctor Parkman in the heat of excessive provocation.

The Doctor, he claimed, had called him a thief and a liar, would not listen to a word of explanation, but persisted in heaping upon him oaths and

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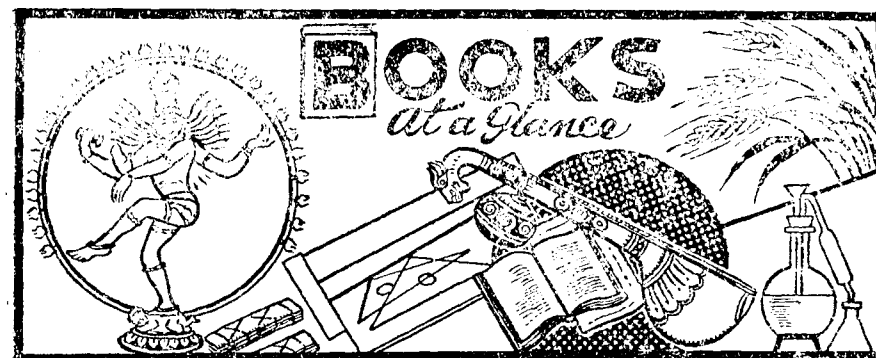
invective. While speaking, he pulled from his pocket a handful of papers, extracting from them an old letter written by a Doctor Hosack many years previously. This congratulated Webster on his appointment as Professor of Chemistry,

Waving this, Webster claimed, the Doctor shouted, "You see! I was the means of getting you into your office and now I will get you out of it." He also taunted with his own promissory notes a man who was already goaded beyond endurance. "I forgot everything," Webster claimed, "feeling nothing but the sting of his words. I was excited to the highest degree of passion. While he was speaking and gesticulating in the most violent manner, I seized the first thing that came to hand—a piece of wood—and dealt him an instantaneous blow that killed him."

Webster continued: "What was I to do? It never occurred to me to go out and declare what had been done and obtain assistance." He then described how he had cut up the body and made plans and efforts to dispose of the parts.

HIS plea, however, availed nothing, for when the case was reviewed, the judge discovered that, on the night of the murder, Webster had paid a visit to Professor Treadwell, playing whist and indulging in social chit-chat until a late hour.

So, on a scaffold in full view of the classic halls of Harvard University, John White Webster paid the extreme penalty for his crime.



Ayurvedic Treatment of Cancer (By Dr. Prabhakar Chatterjee. Published by Amal Kumal Chatterjee for The Institute of Hindu Chemistry and Ayurvedic Research, 61/1, Moore Avenue, Regent Park, Calcutta-40. Price Rs. 10.)

This book was first published in the Bengali language in 1953 and the high enthusiasm with which it was received by the Indian medical profession warranted an English edition for the benefit of those who do not know Bengali, especially for the benefit of the overseas readers.

Rajvaidya Pranacharya Kaviraj Dr. Prabhakar Chatterjee, the author, is a man of varied talents and rich experience in the field. He is an M. A. of the Calcutta University and D.Sc. of the Jhansi Ayurvedic University. He was formerly the Principal of the Calcutta College of Ayurveda, Examiner and Paper Setter for the All India Ayurvedic Vidya-pitha (Jhansi Ayurvedic University), Member of the State Faculty of Ayurvedic Medicine of West Bengal and of the College of Ayurveda and Unani of Delhi, etc. We mention all these just to show that the book is written by an eminently qualified person.

In this book, the author describes the aetiological and pathological conditions of the different kinds of cancer affecting the different limbs of human beings, mainly with reference to the principles inculcated by the *Tridosha* theory of Ayurveda and the *Pancha Nidana* theory enunciated by the great Ayurvedic Pathologist Madhabakara of Bengal, combined with the results of the author's practical experience of examining more than 20,000 cancer patients in the research laboratory within a period of 30 years.

The author claims that he and his colleagues have achieved more than 70 per cent success in their treatment of the cancer patients who consulted them at the outset of the attack. The author rightly deplores: "The Ayurvedic treatment is seldom taken recourse to in the beginning. It is resorted to as a last source only a few days before the cold hand of death put an end to all our activities."

The book consists of 26 chapters dealing with the symptoms, stages and treatment of cancer of the throat, tongue, gums, cheek, palate, lips, nose, head, esophagus, breast, lungs, stomach, uterus, penis, scrotum and testis, rectum, hip-joint, toes and skin.

The author mentions the various Ayurvedic medicines, etc., that should be used in the treatment of the various types of cancer as also the diet that should be observed during treatment.

This erudite exposition proves that Ayurveda is not a medical system that has outlived its use but is fully competent to treat diseases that allopathy terms "modern." The author has, indeed, rendered a signal service to the science of Ayurveda. The price of the book for overseas readers is Rs. 16.

The Vision Of A Village-Singer (By T. L. Vaswani. Published by East & West Series, 10, Connaught Road, Poona-1. Price As. 4 or 6d.).

In Robri, a town in Sind, was born Mahomed Muhasin who was later on known as the poet Bekas. His father was Bedil, who was himself a very saintly person. Though a Muslim by birth, Bekas was not a disciple of any Mullah and his heart was full of love for Hindus. Though not much educated to be called a scholar, Bekas sang inspiring songs of tremendous appeal and full of infinite wisdom. Bekas was a mystic, like his father Bedil, and his poems were in not only Sindhi but Urdu and Arabic as well. Bekas passed away at the very tender age of twenty-one.

The name Bekas means "Zero." Says the author: ".....the deepest aspiration of his life was to be a Zero, a cipher, to be nothing, to annihilate his little self, *khudi*, for who can without eliminating his *khudi* attain to *Khuda*, God?"

Bekas' father's name Bedil means "without *dil*, heart." Explains the author: "Bedil had

lost his heart in the Ever-Pure, in the Fair beyond compare. The Beloved had snatched away his heart."

Shah Latif, Sachal, Sami, Rohal, Bedil and Bekas are, according to the author, the six poets who are supremely great for the Sindhis. He gives a few English renderings of Bekas' poems. The readers will be astonished to find a Muslim poet singing poems about Lord Krishna (Kanaiya) as his beloved much in the same manner in which Poet Bharathi of the South sang of Lord Krishna in the *Nayaka-nayaki* (Lover and beloved) tradition.

Booklets like these are, indeed, highly useful for they are eye-openers to those who have been blind to the great personalities of other provinces and times. The author is doing an excellent service and we trust he will bring forth enough booklets to cover the personalities of all the States in India at least.

Poesy (By L.N. Sahu. Published by Santilata Sahu, Deulasa, Cuttack. Price Rs. 2/-).

Sri Lakshminarayan Sahu, the author, is a member of the Servants of India Society and a social worker of great repute in Orissa. He is a former M.P. and M.L.A. (Orissa) and is also a well-known Oriya poet, who has given an English rendering of the Oriya folk-songs like Santali song, Karama song, Munda song, Ganjam song, etc.

In this book are put together several of his English poems on varied topics, including his personal sentiments about the late Sri Venkatramani, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, etc.

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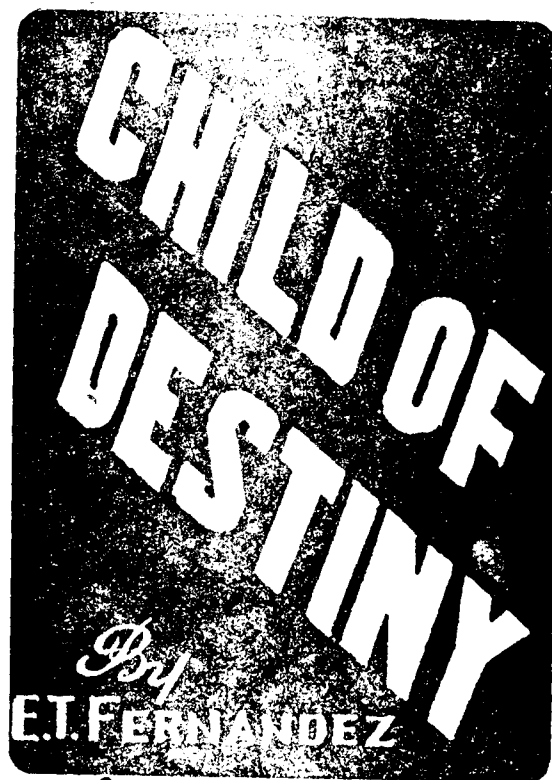
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Chapter Eight

(Continued)

LATE in the forenoon Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins arrived at the Hospital. Hilda was fast asleep at the time. Mother Berchman, who was near Hilda's bed, greeted them and acquainted them with the news of Hilda's progress. As she looked at both husband and wife, she wondered at the change in them which half a century had wrought. The last time she saw them, Mr. Jenkins was in his thirties, young and vigorous, and his wife in the prime of her youth. Now they were both forty years older, and indeed, taken a heavy toll.

Neither of them recognised Mother Berchman at first but after some time Mrs. Jenkins said to the Mother, "I think I've seen you somewhere before this, Mother. I'm sure I have, But I don't know just where it was or when."

"Ah! You remember me; then!" the Mother exclaimed. "Yes, Mrs. Jenkins, it was eighteen years ago that I saw you and your husband at the Convent of the Good Shepherd. Do you remember now?"

RECOGNITION flashed in the eyes of both husband and wife at

the same time and they both turned to look at each other with something like consternation in their faces.

"Mother Berchman!" Mr. Jenkins exclaimed. "Yes, yes, we certainly recognise you now! How are you, Mother? What a funny thing it is that we couldn't recognise you first! You must forgive us, really. After all, please remember it's eighteen years since we saw you last!"

"I don't blame you for not recognising me. Perhaps I look just as much changed to you as you look to me. Had it not been for the fact that I was expecting you just now, I would not have

recognised you either," Mother Berchman enlightened them.

"Do you know who that is, Mother?" Mrs. Jenkins asked, pointing to the sleeping figure on the cot.

"Of course! Of course, I do. But we must not talk here. Come out into the verandah."

And she led the way outside with Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins following meekly, though reluctantly.

Mrs. Jenkins then offered to explain everything, her husband wisely deciding to remain silent and allow his wife to do the talking.

"OH, Mother!" she began, with many deep, long sighs and much wringing of her hands and rolling of her eye-balls. "Oh, Mother! Hilda is quite changed now. She was such a good girl, Mother, until some fellow, an absolute waster, put wrong ideas into her head and made her turn against us. She has become quite head-strong, Mother. Mind you, Mother, Mr. Jenkins did his best to advise her to make her come around, but no! she wouldn't listen. She kept on meeting this fellow until Mr. Jenkins had to beat her and scold her. But even then she was determined to have her way. She became so disrespectful to poor Mr. Jenkins here. So, how could we allow her to throw herself away on such a chap, Mother? Mr. Jenkins had to send her to my brother's place here, so that she could forget this fellow. Even that didn't do any good. Even then she kept brooding, I believe—and all for the sake of a worthless fellow! I I don't know if he's gone and done anything to her, Mother! Other-

wise, Hilda would never be so stubborn and disrespectful to us, I'm sure. This chap has certainly done something to her. And yet, Mother, this very fellow is to be married next month to another girl, mind you. He was engaged a few days ago. Now, what do you think of that? What would have happened to her if we had only allowed her to have her own way, Mother? If he had really cared for her in the least, would he have done such a dirty thing?"

Mother Jenkins pondered over Mrs. Jenkins' words for some time

NOT SO FAR

BRIAN LACEY is very unpopular among the Anglo-Indian community for his nationalist views.

Brian meets and falls in love with Hilda Jenkins (Angel) who reciprocates his feelings and meets him clandestinely for she is terribly afraid of her father.

Mr. Jenkins, who finds out Brian and Hilda's love affair, warns Hilda to stop seeing Brian; when he spies on their meeting again, he thrashes Hilda severely when she returns home.

When Brian, with his mother, calls to ask for Hilda's hand, the Jenkins couple spurn his offer and insult him, too.

Determined to put an end to the affair, the Jenkins send Hilda to Bombay to stay with Vincent, brother of Mrs. Jenkins.

As instructed by Mr. Jenkins, Vincent inserts an advertisement in a newspaper announcing Hilda's forthcoming marriage to some other girl. Reading it, Hilda feels heart-broken and falls seriously ill and is admitted in a hospital.

Thanks to Mother Berchman, a Convent Nun, who attends on her carefully, Hilda makes rapid progress. Soon, the Nun learns Hilda's version of her love for Brian and promises to help Hilda with her in the Convent.

END OF PART I

and then said, "It was the news of his engagement that caused her to fall so sick."

"Really!" Mrs. Jenkins exclaimed, pretending incredulity. "But how on earth did she come to know of it, I wonder!"

"She saw the announcement of the engagement in the papers," explained the Mother.

"Oh!" This exclamation from the lips of Hilda's mother, accompanied by a quick look directed against the Mother by her husband, was received by Mother Berchman with suspicion. She sensed a kind of relief or satisfaction in the voice of Mrs. Jenkins which puzzled her. Or was it really Mrs. Jenkins' way of saying, "Oh, my! How unmerciful!" she wondered.

"But that's strange, isn't it, Willie?" Mrs. Jenkins said, addressing her husband. "Blanche didn't tell us anything about any advertisement, did she?"

"No, she didn't," Mr. Jenkins informed her, his face looking quite wooden all of a sudden.

"I heard it from Hilda herself, last night," Mother Berchman explained.

"She spoke to you last night?" Mrs. Jenkins asked, betraying the anxiety she felt. "What did she say?"

"I tried to get her to speak when she regained consciousness because I felt it would help considerably. She told me everything about this young man. She seems to be very much in love with him and she thinks quite highly of him."

"Oh, yes, she would, won't she? Every girl thinks like that! But how can we stand aside and allow her to ruin her life and make it miserable? That's why Mr. Jenkins had to be rather harsh with her because he knew the type of fellow this chap is. Anyhow, I hope Hilda has learnt a lesson by now, Mother. She'll know now that we were right, after all!"

"Now, look," Mother Berchman said. "She has tided over her crisis, but we will have to be *very* careful to see that she doesn't have a relapse. I want to warn you not to upset her in any way or even to remind her of anything connected with this affair. You agree with me, Mr. Jenkins, I hope?"

"Of course, I agree with you, Mother. Mrs. Jenkins and I are grateful to you for all you have done for Hilda."

"Thank you very much, indeed. But you must first offer thanks to the merciful Lord. It was His loving kindness more than mine that has saved Hilda," the Mother said.

JUST then the Doctor arrived and Mother Berchman told him who the two visitors were.

Looking at both the husband and wife, the Doctor said, "Your daughter is very much better, Mr. Jenkins, thanks to our Reverend Mother here. Had it not been for her care and attention, you would probably have lost your daughter. There is, however, one question which I would like to ask you. Do you know how she got those marks on her arms?"

(Continued on page 59)

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The DOCTOR'S WIFE

By Mrs Saguna Bai Montsingh

"WHAT a misfortune! Did we ever dream of such a thing, three months back at our annual party, that Mrs. Kumar would become a mad woman? How well she acted in our drama!" Menaka said sadly when the members of the Town Ladies' Club met for the week.

"Her beauty and charm are now wasted within the four walls of her room. It is rumoured that Dr. Kumar thinks of re-marriage and I won't blame him. After all, he is still young," put in Sarada.

"Look at the mentality of people! As long as she was a society beauty and admired by everybody, Dr. Kumar was satisfied even though he was deprived of the blessing of a child. When once she is down on her luck and temporarily out of her wits, he wants to marry again. I thought he had more sense than that," remarked Kamala angrily.

"Oh, you people don't know the full history of the family, I suppose. Though she was a beauty

and a society lady, so charming to everybody, her heart was bruised and crushed under many a misfortune," said Miss Padma.

Dr. Kumar never loved her. Don't look at me so. It is the honest truth. The fact is, he had fallen in love with a nobody years back and it seems it was a case of love at first sight. He was head over heels in love and he wanted to marry her, somehow, secretly. He had become that crazy."

"Ah, what happened afterwards? Do tell us, it's so new and interesting," demanded all the others.

Miss Padma continued her story.

"WELL, Dr. Kumar's people bluffed the girl's party so completely that the parents took the girl to a neighbouring village and gave her up in marriage to a villager, just the type of husband she should have. Poor Nirmala did not know anything at first until somebody told her about her husband's sinister designs. Naturally, the poor wife was too shocked to say anything. She felt

and for the Doctor, he was lamenting for months over the frustration of his plans and it was even rumoured that he had resigned his job, and tried to commit suicide. Gentle Nirmala had a really dreadful time with such a



hard-hearted husband. She suffered terribly at his hands. His mental cruelty was unbearable. Wine and women were his companions for a time and then he settled down, to all the world a virtuous husband, attentive and loving, but in truth a tyrant who killed her reason by slow degrees and sent her right down to this state. Will any of you believe such a thing of this seemingly virtuous Doctor?"

Everybody was painfully surprised and shed a tear or two over the fate of Nirmala.

"Poor thing! Life has wrecked all her dream ships on the rocks of disappointment. Now let her ship race into port in her dreams of insanity with canvas billowing and winds singing through the masts and reach the shore of real happiness," murmured the elderly Mrs. Murthi, the wife of the Collector.

True, Nirmala Kumar was locked up in a room, for she had gone mad. What amount of mental torment, sorrow and agony must have driven her to this plight was anybody's guess.

The philosophy graduate Manoramma contributed her share of the conversation. "Do you know?" she asked, nodding her head knowingly. "Do you know, how many thousands of unfortunate Nirmala Kumars there are in our world to-day with secrets tightly locked up in their burning breasts, partly to ward off the hateful sympathy of a pitying world and partly to shield those worthless husbands of theirs from shame and dishonour? They are the heroines of the present age and if ever I become a dictator, my first duty will be to create a tribunal to punish such callous and selfish husbands who cannot and will not see the agony and shame of their ill-used wives."

Every member bowed her head in assent quite solemnly and there were tears again in the eyes of more than one in the group. Who knows, they, too, might have had similar experiences?

MRS. NIRMALA KUMAR did not hurt anyone even in her insanity but sat like a statue, dumb and deaf to the world. The only emotion she exhibited throughout those three months was hitting some unknown enemy in the air with her hands. When Dr. Kumar entered her room, she sat up in anger and then hid her face between the pillows and sobbed like a baby. She was fed by compulsion and injection. Other doctors, who attended upon her, and the day-and-night nurses were of the opinion that there never was such

a docile and harmless insane patient.

AFTER three months of this mental black-out, Dr. Kumar thought that it was only right and wise to divorce his wife on the ground of insanity. The people in the town were simply stunned on hearing the shocking news. And soon the divorce case began. Lawyers argued on for hours in the Court—the Ladies' Club had engaged a lawyer for Nirmala. The Judge seemed to be all ears but he did not pull up the lawyers or ask them any questions. He sat on silent and motionless.

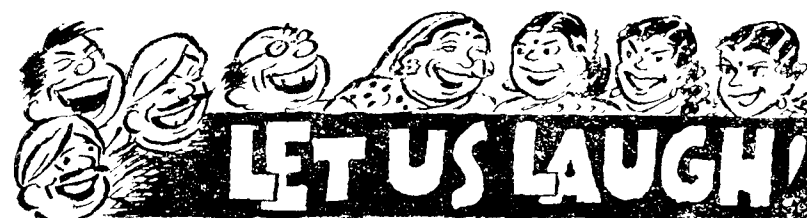
Dr. Kumar was a Christian. He attended the Court with a solemn face as if he was the injured party. Not an atom of public sympathy was shown for him. His lawyers alone pleaded for him. On the last day, Judge Narayan began to talk. There was dead silence in the Court room. The Judge took a tiny Common Prayer Book from his ample pocket and opened it at a place marked with a black ribbon.

"Dr. Kumar," he called the petitioner. "Did you promise before God, on your wedding day, that you will love your wife Nirmala, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both lived?"

No one dared even to breathe. "Yes," was the Doctor's response in a quiet, hushed voice.

"Will you kindly read this portion aloud so that all assembled here may hear it?" so saying, the Judge handed over

(Continued on page 63)



THE veteran hotel servant was briefing a new man on the routine of his job, "Above all, always be polite and use tact," instructed the older man.

"I understand the polite stuff, but explain the 'tact,'" said the younger.

"Well, now, I'll give you an example. One day I happened to open a door and there was a lady sitting in the bathtub. I shut the door quickly and said 'Beg your pardon, sir.' The 'beg your pardon,' was just politeness, but the 'sir'.....that was tact."

Can't Read!

Recently a farmer, near Victoria, British Columbia, was called into court to answer charges that his cows were wandering into a neighbour's garden and causing damage.

The magistrate asked the plaintiff why he did not have a "No Trespassing" sign on his property. "It wouldn't be much use, your honour," was the reply. "The cows can't read."

Just The Word!

The sermon went on and on and on. At last the vicar paused and asked, "What more, my friends, can I say?"

From the back of the church came a voice: "Amen."

4 — 15th October, '55

As the army cook was preparing dinner the officer of the day came in. "You'll have to cook more dinner," he said, "there are thirty new recruits coming in."

"Hi, Joe!" yelled the sergeant cook, "throw a couple more buckets of water in the stew!"

Good Turn!

When a newly-married couple arrived at their hotel room they gave the maid five shillings and said, "Now, nobody is to know that we are a honeymoon couple."

Mary promised, and, leaving the room, closed the door and went along the corridor, where she met an inquisitive old woman who asked: "Is that a honeymoon couple in the end room?"

Mary, true to her promise, replied: "No, mum, just friends."

A Word Of Advice

A member of the theatrical profession made a practice of trying to do away with herself because of her complicated affairs of the heart. The fifth time this romantic lady had been rushed to hospital, a well known columnist offered a word of advice.

"You want to go easy on this suicide stuff," he said kindly. "The first thing you know, you'll ruin your health!"

A CIVIL Service official made an inquiry about a certain case to a subordinate official in another section, who allowed the matter to slide.

A few weeks later the first official addressed a complaint to the subordinate's superior, and the superior passed on the memorandum to the subordinate with the query: "Has nothing been done?"

The memo was returned, marked "Yes" and was sent back to the subordinate with a laconic "What?"

"Nothing," was the comment on the memo when it was sent back!

All His Fault!

"How did you get here?" asked the prison visitor of the old lag.

"Burglary—and it was all my own fault. I spent three months and ten pounds of horsemeat making friends with a dog, and then in the dark I trod on the cat."



HOSTESS (to guest): "I am glad you brought your boy to play with mine. He was itching to show his strength all along!"

THE teacher was giving a lesson in grammar and wrote on the blackboard: "I didn't have no fun at the seaside." Turning to the class, she said: "Now, how should I correct that?"

Up went the hand of one smart laddie, who said: "Get a boy friend, miss."

The Twig Is Different!

Outside a shop, an elderly man stopped to look at a fine specimen of a baby in its pram, and remarked to the young mother: "What a fine boy! I hope you are going to bring him up to be an upstanding man."

"Well," said the mother smiling "it will be a little hard, because..."

"Not at all, my dear. As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined, remember."

"Yes; but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we're inclined to let it go at that."

Make It Strong!

The village nurse was trying to persuade old Mary to take some liquid food. "Will you take some tea, Mary?"

"Na," replied Mary, "I couldna' tak' it."

"Perhaps you would care for a cup of cocoa?"

"Na, I couldna' tak' that either."

"Well, what about a glass of toddy?"

"Aye," responded the old invalid. "Mak' it strong ane make me tak' it."

JONES was walking down the road on a beautiful summer morning and passing a man doing a bit of gardening, said: "This will bring things up out of the ground."

"Blimey!" replied the gardener. "Don't say that. It's only a fortnight since I buried the Missus."

Catch In It!

McTavish had been in America only a few days when he made his first sortie into a supermarket. An attendant opened the door for him, another provided him with a big pushcart. Before him was an array of fruits, vegetables, breakfast foods, and canned delicacies of every description. The enraptured visitor piled his cart high and headed for the exit.

There, effectively blocking his path, stood the cashier. "The devil take it!" cried McTavish, abandoning his cart. "I knew there'd be a catch in it."

No Nonsense

The hospital doctor stopped at the bedside of the pale young man whose face was swathed in bandages.

"Cheer up," he said. "Keep smiling—it's the best medicine!"

"I'll never smile again, doctor," the patient said.

"Nonsense! Of course you will."

The young man groaned.

"No, never, doctor," he continued. "There's no nonsense about it. I've learnt my lesson this time. I'll never smile again—at least not at another fellow's girl!"

A MAN took home a parrot as a present for his wife. "Oh, how lovely!" she said. "But why tie a string to each leg?"

"Pull one and see."

"Good afternoon, madam!" the parrot said as she pulled the string attached to its left leg. "Pleased to meet you," it responded when she pulled the string on its right.

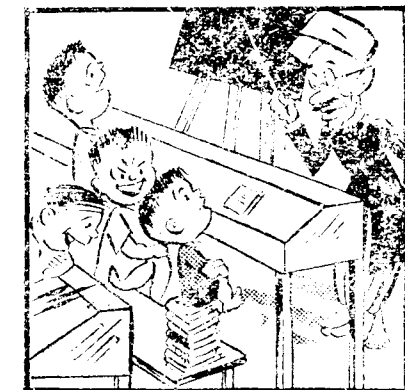
"I wonder what would happen if I pulled both strings together?" she asked, curiously.

"I should fall off my perch, you fool!" replied the parrot.

Baby Or Husband?

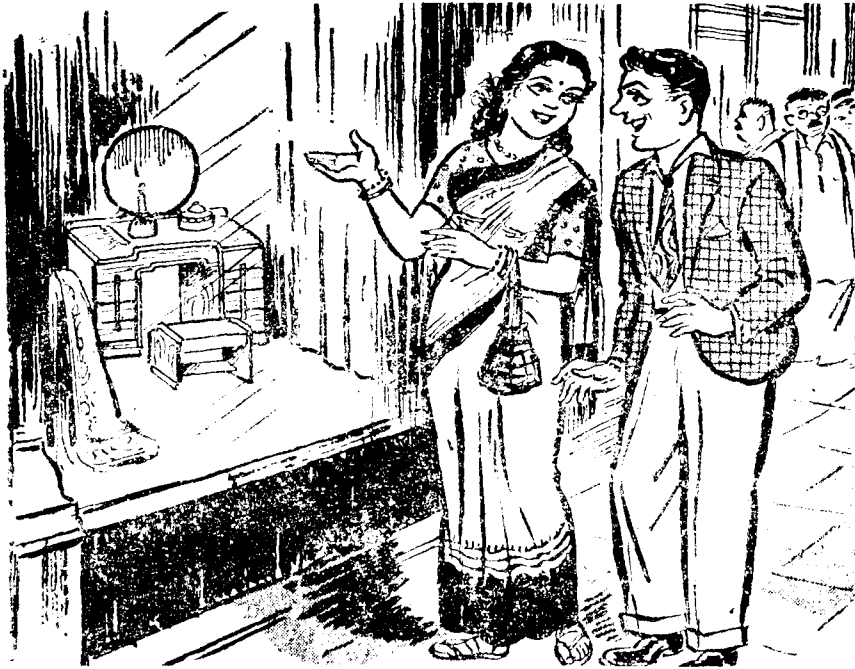
After the family had increased to three it was decided to employ a nursemaid. "My husband is very particular whom we engage," said the mistress to the girl who applied for the job. "Are you faithful? Have you a loving disposition? Will you—"

"Excuse me, madam," said the girl, "but am I to take care of the baby or your husband?"



SMALL BOY (sitting on books): "My pals here challeng'd me to sit on a level with them, sir, and here is my idea!"

The Costly Present



By RAJENDRA SHANKAR

SHEKHAR liked Sundari. He wanted to be liked by all the beautiful girls, to be thought of well and admired by the opposite sex and to be envied by his own. And one evening when he caught Sundari standing and admiring something in a shop window, he could not resist the idea of cracking a joke and making her think what a jolly fellow Shekhar was.

"A penny for your thoughts!" he whispered, getting near her.

She was startled but recognising the big college boy smiled.

"If it were a mere penny, I could afford it. But mine are rather expensive," she said.

"**N**OTHING should be too expensive for a charming girl. All you have to do is to sail in, look at the Proprietor, give your charming smile and tell him what you have admired in the shop. He will be only too happy to wrap the article up in wax paper, deliver it and ask you to come again!"

"The only pity is that it would take too much of wax cloth to

wrap up what I have been admiring almost twice a day!"

"Lucky article! Must be tingling with pride! What is it?"

"Oh, you are making fun of me!"

"I know you have a lovely taste. Is it that pink table cover?"

"No!"

"Then perhaps that woollen jumper—or maybe those lovely embroidered handkerchiefs?"

"No! Let's go!"

"Look, Sundari, you have to tell me. I will buy it for you."

"Lord, no! I could not accept it."

"Well, then tell me when you are celebrating your birthday."

"Oh, that is next Sunday!"

"**F**INE! And to-day is Wednesday. Well, you could not object to my presenting it for your birthday!"

"No, really, I could not think of your spending any money on me."

"Money! What is money between pals? Come, tell me, point out the lucky article."

"Well, if you insist! Look in the corner, there, do you see?"

"Oh, those ivory combs and toilette set!"

"Yes, yes, and....."

"Done! You receive them as my present....."

"Thank you, but you do not understand why the set looks so nice....."

"I don't need to. You like them, have a fancy for them and that is enough!"

"But don't you see that they go with the whole thing?"

"What whole thing?"

"Why, the exquisite dressing table! Look at its design, the mirror, the cute sitting stool....."

SHE went on describing while Shekhar's buoyant spirits received a stunning kick in the seats. His heart almost sank into his boots. This thing might easily come to a hundred or two hundred rupees!

"Oh, Shekhar, I could not allow you to buy it, even for my birthday—it must be outrageously expensive!"

The sinking male heart seemed to receive an effective tonic, the male ego fluttered at the opportunity to show off and appear generous.

"Don't worry your pretty little head on paltry matters. Run along home, and tell no one about it. I will go and book it up right now."

Sundari's grateful paw clutched his arm. With her liquid eyes she spoke a language which only the heart could decipher. And then she left as tears were about to well up.

Shekhar experienced a queer feeling in the heart. It was like that of a wounded partridge with the hound at its heels. The bird flutters and moves forward for dear life and then flops dying from its wounds.

Shekhar jauntily walked in, ordered the dressing table and the

toilette articles on it and instructed that they be cleaned and delivered at Sundari's place on Sunday. Yes, he would pay extra for the delivery on Sunday. Oh, they did not sell on instalment basis—never mind, he would come and pay the amount next day. Yes, it should be reserved in his name, right!

The salesman was very polite. And then he gave the bill. Shekhar had steeled himself against the high price, but what he saw staggered him. All blood seemed to be draining out of his system. The total came to Rs. 676—12—0!

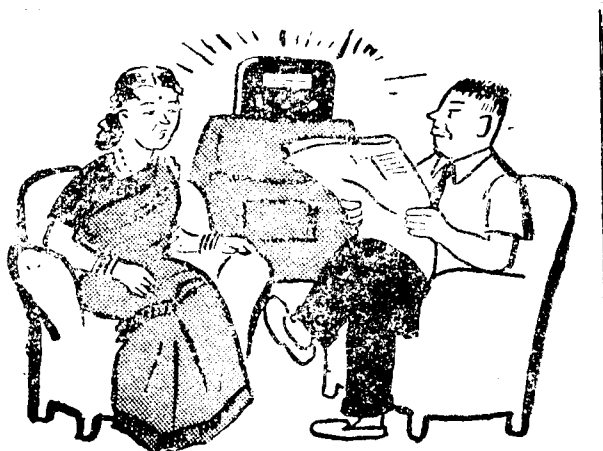
SHEKHAR could not sleep the whole night. Where was he to get the huge amount? Even his conservative monthly allowance would not be due before ten days, and the price had to be paid the next day. He cursed these exploiters who charged so much for such a delicate table, he swore at Sundari for so neatly trapping him. This should teach him a lesson against flirting with girls, especially the modern girls!

The day brought no relief, only more worries. He was supposed to pay to-day, Thursday. He hoped he might talk to his father or perhaps cuddle his kind mother and get her to help him out of this impasse. But his father had a foul temper that morning. Something was going

wrong with his investments. His mother had to bear the brunt and did not look likely to melt at a few soft words rehearsed by him. His worries came flocking again. He simulated a headache and did not relish the prospect of going to college and facing Sundari.

THUS Thursday passed and Friday followed. He pretended another day of sickness, but this was getting him nowhere. In desperation and with the need to do something he rang up the shop and told them he would pay them on the morrow, as he had been taken ill. The obliging Manager was sorry and volunteered to send a man to collect the amount. Shekhar said that he preferred to call personally and banged down the receiver. And as he lay thinking what to do, his brother Arjun, a precocious young blighter of nine, flung open the door and barged in. Arjun had a penchant for popping up with difficult riddles.

"Do you know the answer to



WIFE (to husband): "I can't understand this, dear. The radio is shrieking louder whenever I want to talk to you!"

this one?" Arjun asked beaming. "What is that which if you eat, you die"

Shekhar shot up from his bed in anger.

"If you do not get out at once I will break your neck!"

Arjun ran away, leaving the door open. But Shekhar's troubles refused to leave by the same door. Things were assuming a very awkward shape. His self-assurance was gone, and yet he must find a way out. Closing the door, he flopped on the bed and began to think furiously. He must do something, however desperate. He must pay next day even if he had to steal his mother's ornaments from the safe. And then he sat up. The idea that sneaked in as a preposterous notion now began to shine like the beacon light of hope on the gloomy horizon of his exasperating thoughts. He made up his mind to pinch the ornaments and stepped out of his room. But before he could cross the drawing room he saw his father coming in. The sight depressed him. But the pater seemed to be in a good mood.

"Hello, Shekhar! Back from college so early?"

"I have a splitting head-ache and nausea," he lied.

"Then go and see a doctor. And where is your mother?"

Just then his wife came in, all prepared to bear the storm. She was disappointed.

"LOOK, my dear!" said the husband, drawing out a fat wad of hundred-rupee notes. "To-day I made a neat profit of five thousand. I knew the bull would behave..."

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"I do not know about your bulls and lions, but I am happy to see you in good mood. I will put the money in the safe while you go and change."

Shekhar stood watching, fascinated. He quietly followed his mother and saw her put the money in the safe. Then he stood tense to notice where she put the keys. She had the reputation of hiding the keys in all sorts of places and then create a scene going about hunting for them. He heaved a sigh of relief as she slipped them behind the safe on a tray.

SHEKHAR waited in his room after the house had gone to sleep. Time seemed to be moving on a bullock cart. After ages the clock struck midnight. He got up and started to dress himself in the queer clothes which he had brought home in the evening. An old pair of trousers folded up to the knee, a striped jersey with a hanky tied round the neck and a mask cut out of card-board hid his face. Taking a small torch-light, he quietly sallied forth.

Everything went fine. He found the keys, opened the safe and picked out seven hundred-rupee notes and tucked them in the pocket. A strange kind of satisfaction descended on him. His faith in himself was gushing back like the flow tide. He stood smiling when he heard Arjun give a cough from the direction of the bath room. He was startled and in haste closed the safe and slipped the bunch of keys beneath. But in the hurry the keys fell on the floor with a clatter that seemed loud enough to wake the household. He quickly picked them up and put them back at the right

place. With a sigh of great relief he straightened up and put out the torch to wait and hear if all was safe. The room had hardly plunged in darkness when a click was heard and the room was flooded with light. Shekhar jumped to escape but Arjun stood at the door! Shekhar had not bargained for such contretemps. And then he had a brain wave. He put his hand in the pocket, twisted the notes and pushed them outwards to give the effect of a revolver in his hand.

"If you shout, I will shoot you!" he hissed in an assumed voice.

"Fie on you!" said Arjun. "You should be ashamed to fire on a kid. Besides, I do not fight with pistols, I use my brain!"

"Brain?"

"YES! I will ask you to reply to a riddle. If you are correct I will let you go, provided you promise to leave without touching anything in the room. But if you can't you will be my prisoner, and I will wake up my parents and my big brother who is a bully!"

"Fire away!" said Shekhar, helpless, wincing at the last remark. "Only close the door and speak low."

"Tell me what is that which if you eat you die, but which is greater than God!"

Shekhar could have kicked himself for not having got the answer in the afternoon from the boy. He began to scratch his head to the delight of Arjun.

"Oh, I can think of—nothing!"

"Oh, how did you guess? You must have known it!"

"Guess what?"

"You said 'Nothing'—and that is the correct answer. If you eat 'nothing' you die, and 'nothing' is greater than God!"

"Well, I realise how at a crucial time even 'nothing' can be better than something! Well, may I go now?"

"You may—but how did you come?"

"Look, it is now my turn to ask. If you can reply I will tell you everything—but if you can't you will promise to say nothing about it and close your eyes for two minutes while I slip away."

"Done! What is the riddle?"

"What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable rock?"

"Oh, the rock will move!"

"Then it is not immovable."

"Oh, now I know—the force will stop!"

"Then it can't be irresistible!"

"Oh! I give up. You win! You can go!"

Whatever notion Shekhar might have had about his brother, he could not help conceding that the boy was a great sport.

"Thank you!" he said in his faked voice. "Please close your eyes, and then put out the light, go to bed and forget all about it."

THE boy closed his eyes while Shekhar made a quick exit, slipped into his room and phoned his relief.

On Saturday he walked with a smile into the department store and

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paid for the dressing table. He went to college and felt thrilled at the peculiar look Sundari cast in his direction. And when he returned home he was feeling at peace with the world and greatly pleased with himself. He sat smiling with pleasure at the anticipated picture of surprise on the faces of envious friends when they saw his present to Sundari. His conscience was also clear. Being the eldest son, he was rightly entitled to get half the property when his father died. He had taken but less than one-seventh of a day's profit while he was still alive!

Just then the door flew open and Arjun blew in. He stopped for a while to read Shekhar's face and seeing him smile he came near.

"Can you solve this one? What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable rock?"

"Oh, I cannot solve riddles — I have better things to do. Now get away."

Crestfallen, Arjun began to walk away. Shekhar for the first time felt brotherly affection for the

boy, and was even thankful to his craze for quiz. Why not be nice to him?

"Arjun! Come here."

Arjun came back happy.

"I will ask you a new one. What is it that a man does standing, a woman sitting and a dog with his leg up?"

For a moment Arjun's face was clouded in concentration and then he made a grimace.

"I will go and tell mother you teach me naughty things!"

"So you can't reply? Do you give up?"

"Don't be silly! Mother has forbidden me to talk of such things!"

"Then you are wrong. The answer is 'shake hands'."

"Shake hands — how?"

"Why, a man gets up to do it, a woman keeps sitting and shakes hand while a dog lifts the paw when the master says 'shake hands'!"

"Oh, that is a good one. I will go and ask mother."

ARJUN ran out leaving the door open. Shekhar's great contentment and pleasure refused to leave by the same door!

Another Foot!

A soldier was reading a letter from his wife, and looking unhappy. "No bad news, I hope," said his chum.

"Bad enough," answered the first man. "My wife says I won't recognise Willie when I get back. He's grown another foot!"



On The Path Of Shame

THIS is the story of the battle of Soho. Not a skirmish between rival gangs, but a fight that is going on now—to-night and every night.

It is a battle for the bodies and souls of thousands of young good-time girls who journey hopefully via Piccadilly towards the hell that has no signpost.

It is a story which any city might tell. Old as war, and yet still urgently fresh today in London.

All other crime graphs in England are dwindling. But this problem increases almost hourly. At every London railway station these girls come drifting in, says a writer in *Empire News*.

First Adventure

At steamed, dim, little all-night cafes around the coach terminals you can pick out one or more of these pitifully young adventuresses, pale and grubby from travel, sipping a cup of tea, nibbling a sugar biscuit.

Her eyes, bright behind clumsy mascara, rove hesitantly at first. Her fingers fumble unpractised with cigarettes.

Under her table, with one cautious high-heeled foot upon it, is the blue suitcase containing all that is left to her of the home she knew yesterday.

On the crowded, draughty night boats from Eire, tossing in the tunnel smoke of the third class, these young fortune-hunters huddle in skimpy frocks and thin cardigans.

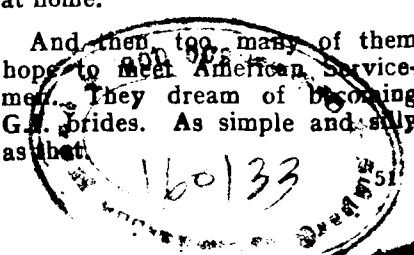
Lipstick, chaplet of prayer beads, and a fantastic hope are about all her possessions.

Silly Dream

Not a night but police teleprinters must rattle station to station descriptions of girls who have run away from home—some in gym slips under school raincoats.

What is the lure? The craving for excitement, of life in a big city, the mistaken idea that there are highly paid jobs for girls with no training, or maybe sheer desperation to get away from unhappiness at home.

And then too many of them hope to meet American Servicemen. They dream of becoming G.I. brides. As simple and silly as that.



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B class Rs. 10/-

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ELECTRIC BELT

It cures so many body ailments of a person. It makes you a HE-MAN. A belt for general purposes Rs. 30.

Sreng House Agency, AMRITSAR.

More than 17,000 young girls were picked up as wandering and homeless in the London area in 1953. In one condemned house police found seven young girls sleeping on the floor or on broken sofas and chairs, covered only with coats and newspapers.

Haunting The Camps

Two of them possessed only 1d. each. The richest had less than 10s. They had been haunting the American camps for months.

What are the authorities doing to cope with this problem? I was

discussing it recently with Colonel Lewis H. Ericks, who is Provost Marshal of the United States Forces in Britain as his H.Q. in South Ruislip.

"This problem belongs to both sides," he said. "As you know, it's not a new problem. It has existed since the first soldier said 'Yes, sir.'"

"But these girls are British subjects. We have no authority to interfere with British subjects. So we must concentrate on our men."

Doubtful Sort

"Most of our soldiers are youngsters, you know. They have never been away from home before."

"They must try to talk wise but don't know much about life, so when each U.S. soldier arrives in Britain he is given a booklet explaining many things, including the danger of good-time girls."

"Each unit has character guide councils, with members from all ranks. If a soldier is discovered to be entangled with a doubtful sort of girl he is reported to his group welfare officer and then to his chaplain, who may, if thought desirable, report to the boy's parents at home."

"If he is stubborn, British and American authorities team up against him. Our police investigate the girl's background. And no G.I. who toys with the idea of marrying a good-time girl is left in a moment's doubt as to her record. He gets it spread out before him."

Shooed And Harassed

British and Americans link in earnest team-work on this distasteful task. Our police patrols shoo and harass the girls off the roads around the camps, driving them to take shelter in public-houses and cafes.

Then the American authorities put these cafes and bars out of bounds and white-helmeted U.S. military police tramp through them grimly night after night.

So the girls start to drift towards Soho and the London parks. Now if you walk by the gates of any London park between twilight and dawn these days you will likely see a big blue police tender like a

large covered truck. This is known to the police and the underworld as "the children's wagon."

It waits outside the parks while policewomen in uniform and plain clothes search paths, benches, shrubbery, and shelters for young girls.

Sad Truth

All London police know the regular street women. If he sees a new face the officer will stop and ask questions.

He can pick a girl up on a vagrancy charge—enough to get her to the police station while relatives are contacted. So the girls who are left with any shred of innocence can soon be weeded out.

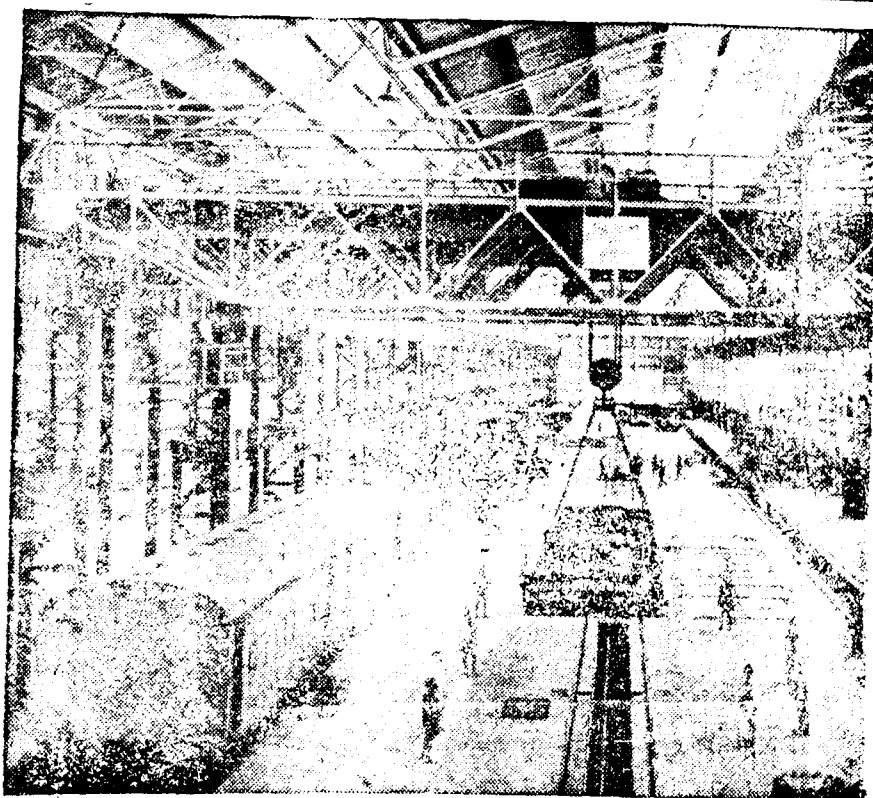
As for the girls who set out on these pitiful and hopeless journeys, it is the sad truth that nearly every one of them comes from a broken or unsettled house.

Kindness Brings Rewards!

Does kindness pay? Ask Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Mumper, of Honolulu, who have just been left a million dollars by a wealthy but lonely widow.

With no thought of reward, they befriended her and made her life happier. The fortune they have inherited came as a complete surprise, for they had no idea the old lady was rich.

Many who have performed acts of kindness out of goodness of heart have been generously and unexpectedly rewarded years afterwards.



A view of the Assembly Shop of the Perambur Rail Coach Factory, whose first integral coach was launched by Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister, on Oct. 2.

Six years ago a London girl's devotion to her mother during a long illness brought her a £36,000 fortune from an old friend of the family. The man who left her the money was a great friend of the girl's parents, recalls a British weekly.

Newsboy's Luck

When he saw how selflessly the girl cared for her mother he was so impressed by her kindness that he made provision for her in his will.

Kindness to an elderly New Zealand woman won a newsboy a £200 a year legacy not long ago. In all weathers he delivered newspapers to the lonely house where the woman lived alone.

She was so lonely that she often spoke to him about the news she had read in the previous day's paper. Although he was busy, the newsboy always found time to chat and share her keen interest in local and world news.

Because Miss Margaret Ellen Lumley was the friend as well as

the maid of a London woman for thirty years, she was left £250, £5 a week for life and one half of the residue of her mistress's £22,426 estate in 1949.

"I cannot thank her enough for all her loving kindness to me and my late husband," said the will.

Smile Rewarded

The most trivial act of courtesy has been known to bring a big reward. A rich Dutch industrialist who spent much of his retirement wandering about Holland studying the habits of poor people and sending them anonymous gifts, was so impressed by the good manners of a shabby young man who chanced to sit at his table in a tiny cafe that he made provision for him in his will.

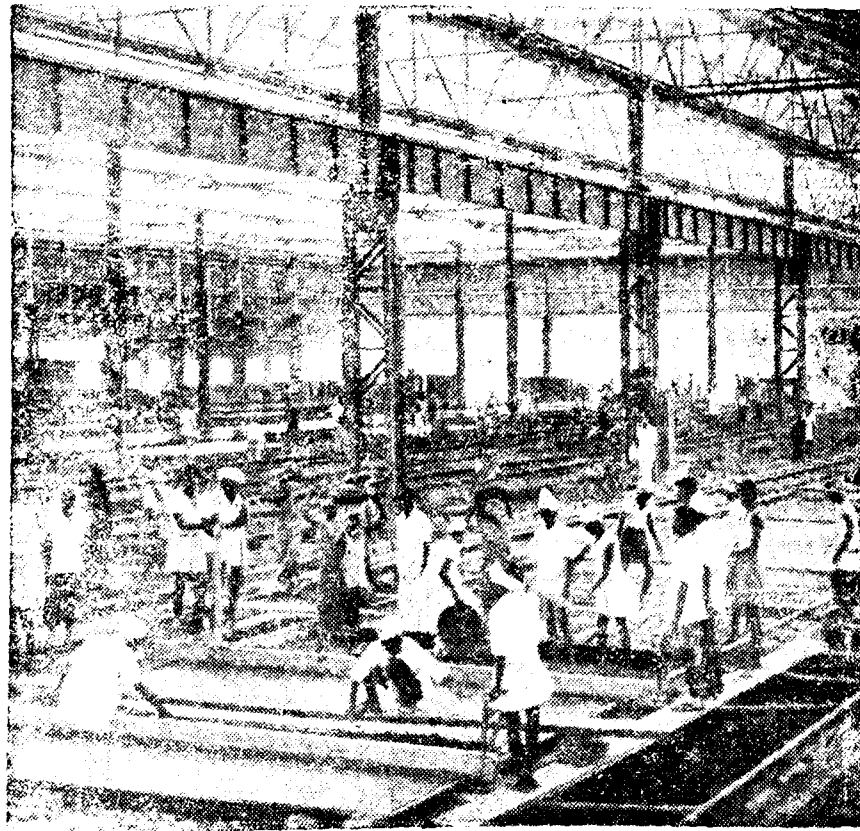
"To the kind young stranger, if he can be found, who sat opposite me in the — Cafe in the afternoon of January 30th, 1920, and smiled so politely when I asked him to pass the salt, I leave the sum of £500," ran a clause in his will.

It took the executors eight months to find the young man, a £3-a-week clerk, but they did so—and he got his surprise bequest.

Gift To Bride

When a New Jersey couple celebrated their silver wedding, they remembered that when they were married twenty-five years before, a parcel had arrived at their honeymoon hotel. The label on it said: "Please do not open this until your silver wedding day."

The parcel contained a wedding cake in an airtight tin. With it was a note from the wife's former employer who wrote: "This cake



Construction work going on inside an Assembly shop of the Perambur Rail Coach Factory.

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is my gift to a charming young bride who, while working for me, showed her old and bad-tempered employer much kindness and consideration and was an inspiration to him and the rest of his staff. The cake's 'ingredients' are

indigestible, but I think that twenty-five years hence my little gift will prove very acceptable."

When the woman cut the cake at the anniversary party, she found inside it an envelope containing £500 in banknotes — £20 for each year she had been married.

Towards the end of the last century an official of a charity organization was working in a Chicago slum. In a mean, ill-furnished flat he encountered a pretty, twenty-four-year-old girl who had run away from home three years before and had drifted from bad to worse.

She was sick, but he arranged for her removal to hospital, visited her there and when she recovered persuaded her to return home to her father in New York. The father was overjoyed at his daughter's return and readily forgave her.

Millionaire's Secret

Ten years later the father had become a millionaire. He asked his daughter to find the slum-worker



NATION'S PRECIOUS TREASURES: Gandhiji, Father of the Nation, left only a few personal possessions to posterity. His wooden sandals, chappals, watch, spectacles, bowl and spoons appear in this picture alongside his favourite book of hymns and the figurine of the three monkeys, whom he used to call his 'gurus'. The monkeys symbolise the injunctions: "Speak no evil, see no evil and hear no evil."

who had been kind to her and hand him a letter he had written to him. She did so.

The letter said: "I am growing old. If you will do me yet another kindness by marrying my daughter, I shall die happy, for I believe a charitable husband will make her much happier than a millionaire father ever could."

The daughter married the man. But not until she had children of her own did her husband reveal to her the contents of the letter she had delivered to him from her father.

Drug Instead Of Blood Transfusion

A range of the latest drugs from British laboratories was on view at a recent London Medical Exhibition.

The interest of hundreds of doctors was excited in particular by a new drug which could be used instead of blood transfusions. Named Dextraven, it has been evolved after years of research by British scientists working with chemists at the Bengel Laboratories, Holmes Chapel, according to a Sydney report.

It is the most satisfactory alternative to blood ever produced. Another of its great advantages for overseas uses is that it is not affected in any way by intemperate climates.

Perfect Substitute

The story of Dextraven itself is a fascinating one. Ever since the sugar industry began, manufacturers have had trouble with a tiny organism which lived in the sugar solutions. It produced an enzyme that fermented the syrups, turning them thicker and thicker so that they clogged up the machi-

5 — 15th October 1955

nery and cost the manufacturers a lot of money.

In 1944 a Swedish physicist called Ingelman thought that this sticky substance, if it could be produced so that it was similar in consistency to human blood, might make the perfect substitute.

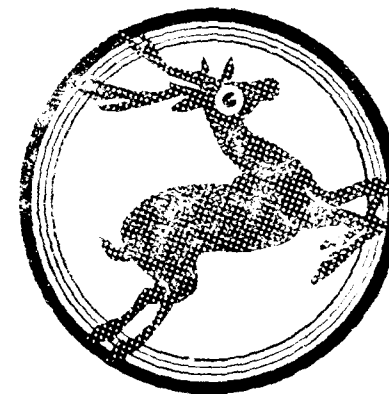
After the war British scientists began to take an interest in the Swedish experiments and the tremendous advances which they made have put Britain ahead of all other countries in this field.

Pills For Panic!

Anti-panic pills, made with a new drug which reduces fear, soothes the nerves and gives the taker new self-confidence, are being brought into general use throughout Britain and America, writes a New Zealand periodical.

The drug, methyl-pentene, is believed by scientists to be the perfect cure for jitters. In tests it has enabled normally terrified women to handle mice with confidence, men have been put at ease when meeting important people and swimmers have found that it improves their high diving.

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FACTS FOR FARMERS

Ensuring Good Germination In Potatoes

You can ensure good germination of potatoes if you follow these instructions :

1. Expose the seed tubers to diffused light in a cool place. This will make the sprouts grow thick and strong. Germination will also be better and plants will grow vigorously and mature slightly earlier. This treatment also will help you separate out diseased tubers. The treatment is particularly desirable for seed stocks obtained from cold storage.

2. Use whole tubers for autumn (September) planting. Cut tubers will rot under high soil temperatures in the Plains. For winter planting cut tubers can safely be used. The tuber should be cut longitudinally through the crown eyes, once or twice, depending on the size of the tuber. Each piece is again cut into two or more blocks by transverse cutting. Each piece should have at least one eye in it though two eyes are desirable.

3. Reduce the interval between the cutting of tuber and its planting to a minimum. Never heap cut sets. Better spread them thinly in a cool place for a day or so if they have to be stored.

Grasses On Field Bunds

In the black soil areas of the Deccan, wherever farmers have built contour bunds, they should grow grasses on them. These grasses will not only prevent the erosion of the bunds during rains but also will provide good green fodder for cattle.

Farmers generally allow wild types of grasses to grow on these bunds. They should grow such grasses as Marvel, Thin Napier, Blue Panic and Rhodes. They may even allow *hariali* and *kunda* to grow on them, in which case they will have to see that these do not spread on to the fields.

Gram Wilt

Subsoiling has been found effective in the Punjab in fighting wilt disease of gram. The operation incidentally has been observed to increase the grain yield. Subsoiling can be done up to a depth of 12 in. during the monsoon season with a tractor plough using one bottom, and weighing it down with about a 200 lb. weight. The operation, though costly, is remunerative in the long run.

CHILD OF DESTINY—(Continued from page 36)

Mr. Jenkins knew that it would be futile to lie, especially to a doctor, so he answered resignedly, "I'm afraid I lost control over myself in a rage, Doctor. You know the whole story of her illness, I believe. Well, she was so stubborn and defiant that I was forced to beat her. After what happened, I'm really very sorry now that I did so but I cannot describe to you my feelings at that moment when I saw my authority being defied by her. She forced me to it."

"THAT'S really beside the point, Mr. Jenkins," the Doctor said sternly. "As a doctor, I might tell you that beating a daughter like that is a criminal act, deserving of punishment by law. However, we shall drop the subject now, but I would strongly advise you to exercise more self-control in future. The point is this. The girl is so afraid of you that I fear it would be extremely difficult to persuade her to return to her home when she is discharged, which will be in a week or so. We cannot compel her, because she happens to be a major. I am, therefore, going to suggest that you permit her to stay with the Reverend Mother in the Convent until such time as she can be induced to return to you of her own accord. As it is, I fear the girl will not come, and if we try to use any means or persuasion it is bound to have a serious effect on her present state of health."

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins betrayed their dissent from such an arrangement by their very looks, but the Doctor was firm.

"I need hardly repeat, Mr. Jenkins," he continued, "that your daughter is of an age when she can make a decision of her own if she chooses to do so. However, it's really not that which counts. It is the health of the girl, about which we are all concerned at present."

"BUT we promise you that we will do our best for her, Doctor," Mrs. Jenkins said plaintively. "After all, she is our child."

"I realise that, Mrs. Jenkins," the Doctor replied, "and because she is your girl it should not be difficult for you to see that what I am suggesting is for your own child's welfare. As her doctor, I am of the opinion that her mind would be more at peace staying in the Reverend Mother's Convent than by her staying with you, her parents. After all, it will be only for a month or two at the outside—and then she herself would definitely want to return to her own house, I'm sure. In her present state of health, she needs rest and quiet and I don't think there is any place more ideally suited for this than a Convent. There is, of course, the question of the girl's boarding expenses, Reverend Mother." Here the Doctor addressed himself to Mother Berchman. Then, turning slightly towards Mr. Jenkins, he continued, "I don't know if Mr. Jenkins is in a position to pay anything for her upkeep. This may be one of the reasons why he is reluctant to accept my advice."

Mr. Jenkins said nothing in reply, but Mother Berchman answered at once, "There is no

trouble at all about that, Doctor. I will arrange everything."

"There!" said the Doctor, turning to husband and wife. "That, too, is settled. The good Reverend Mother will look after your daughter without charging you at all! What more do you want than that?"

"Just a minute, Doctor," Mr. Jenkins put in. "Why not hear what Hilda herself has to say about this?"

"I don't think it would be wise to press her for a decision now, but if you insist, I suppose I should agree. In any case, she is too weak in body and mind at the moment, so I think we had better leave the matter in abeyance until she progresses well enough. You understand, don't you?" the Doctor asked.

"Yes, that would be the safest thing to do," Mother Berchman replied, and there the matter was allowed to rest.

WHEN the Doctor had gone, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins fell silent, so that Mother Berchman, feeling that her presence was resented, took herself away.

Turning to his wife Mr. Jenkins said, "That old cat has been upto some mischief, tutoring the Doctor and telling him the whole story, I think."

"The old hag!" Mrs. Jenkins said vehemently. "But can't you do anything, Willie?"

"No, woman, I can't! You see, she holds all the trumps! The next thing she'll do will be to tell Hilda the truth and that will be the end of us!"

so

"Oh, Willie! What are we going to do, now?"

"Stop that silly talk just now, will you?" Jenkins said, losing his patience. "The whole thing rests in your hands now, do you understand?"

"My hands?"

"Yes, yours! Now, listen. You've got to go in and speak to Hilda. I'll come with you but you must do the talking. Talk sweetly to her. Tell her that her father is very sorry for having treated her the way he did. Caress her. Be loving to her. Do some damned thing to win her heart! Do it every blooming day until you have won her over. Understand?"

"But Mother Berchman?"

"Damn Mother Berchman! I'll tear her old guts out if she dares to interfere! I'll choke the life out of her if she dares to stand in my way! You do as I tell you, do you hear?"

"Yes, I will, Willie."

"O.K. Come, let's go in."

TOGETHER they approached the bed of the girl who was now awake. With fear in her eyes, Hilda said, "Good-evening, daddy. Good-evening, mummy."

Mrs. Jenkins broke down completely at the sight of the girl lying there so sick and helpless. She shed tears profusely.

"My poor child!" she said. "My own darling child! Oh! Why were you ever rude to your father? He's so sorry he beat you, Hilda. He's been behaving like a mad man ever since we got that cursed telegram saying that

you were very ill. Oh! forgive us, my love. Won't you?" And all the time she kept caressing Hilda's face and kissing her on her cheeks and lips and forehead, while Jenkins looked on with a face which looked like nobody's business.

HILDA said nothing but she felt a strange feeling of incredulity which was incapable of explanation. At last! she thought. At long last! This mother of hers had grown to love her and to care for her. How strange it all seemed now!

"There's nothing to forgive, mummy," she said in a voice that could hardly be heard.

"Are you feeling all right, my dear?"

"Yes, I'm feeling much better to-day. The doctor says I'll soon be quite better."

"I hope so, my darling," her mother replied with tender solicitude. "Then you could come back to us so that we could make you happy. Daddy here is so sorry for you, he hasn't eaten anything since last night."

In answer to this, Hilda heaved a deep sigh and closed her eyes.

"I'm feeling very tired, mummy," she said. "I feel like going to sleep again."

"Sleep, my angel, sleep," Mrs. Jenkins said soothingly.

But the girl opened her eyes at once and stared at her mother.

"Angel? Did you call me Angel, mummy?" she asked. The word had awakened thoughts of

Brian and what he had always called her.

"Yes, my love," Mrs. Jenkins replied. "You are our angel — our own, precious angel."

Another sigh escaped the girl's lips, which began to twitch. Then the tears rolled fast down her wan cheeks.

AS on a former occasion, Mrs. Jenkins assumed that her daughter was now crying on her account and, anxious not to let such a golden opportunity slip by without making the most of it, she forced some tears out of her own eyes while her wooden-faced husband took out his handkerchief and wiped his, which were red and dried up from too much drinking.

"You must get better soon, Hilda dear, won't you?"

"I hope so. Don't be worried about me, mummy. Tell daddy not to be worried."

"Did you hear that, Willie?" Mrs. Jenkins said, turning to look at her husband triumphantly. "Hilda asks me to tell you not to be worried about her."

Jenkins just then condescended to stoop down and stroke the girl's cheek.

"Good girl!" he said. "Close your eyes and go to sleep. Good girl!"

HILDA closed her eyes and was soon fast asleep. Husband and wife remained standing by the girl's bedside for fifteen minutes more and then departed. About ten yards away sat Mother Berchman. She had been watching the



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entire proceedings all the time. Though she had heard nothing, she had seen much. Mrs. Jenkins's display of emotion appeared quite genuine to her. After all, Mother Berchman argued to herself, it was quite likely that Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins cared more for the girl than she had hitherto supposed. At the same time, Hilda's plaintive words to the effect that she had never known a mother's love appeared unmistakably true. Or, were they the words of a girl whose mind was not sound as a result of a long illness? Then again, the apparent indifference with which both husband and wife had first received the Doctor's suggestion that Hilda should stay in the Convent was certainly proof of the absence of any parental feeling on their part. What was the meaning of it all? She would have to wait until she heard what Hilda had to tell her.

On their way home, Jenkins had a few words to say to his wife.

"LOOK, woman," he began, "to-morrow you must go to see Hilda in the morning, all alone, and I will accompany you in the evening. We can still win, I'm sure, though Mother Berchman will pump a lot of poison into her mind to-night for certain. Anyway, it looks as if Hilda is on our side already, so to-morrow morning you must try and convince what you did this evening. That we shall see what happens. But one thing is certain. If that old hag keeps putting her front on, she is going to be very sorry for it. That I swear!"

(To Be Continued)

to him the book, indicating a certain passage.

DR. KUMAR's hand trembled and his face was pale. In a small, shaky voice, he read: "'I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance and thereto I plight thee my troth.'"

The Court had a sacred atmosphere and no one dared to shift his position or look about.

"Dr. Kumar, kindly read the other portion also that is underlined," requested the Judge.

Dr. Kumar resumed, "'With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost'."

Judge Narayan did not open his mouth for a full minute. Then looking Dr. Kumar full in the face with a terrible countenance, he thundered, "Dr. Kumar, did you promise to love and cherish your wife Nirmala even in sickness? I think in your excitement and extreme happiness you forgot the promise you had made on your wedding day. Well, have you kept your promise to God? Tell me, did you? Ah! you need not answer. Unfortunately you have not. What God united, let no man put asunder. Dr. Kumar, I am powerless in granting your request.

"I cannot stand against the command of Almighty God. I'm

sorry I cannot grant you divorce. I can only advise you to love the poor sick woman, cherish her in her sickness as a doctor and husband and make her a happy wife. Search your heart and find a solution to cure her of this unhappy illness. The case is, therefore, dismissed."

The Judge got up abruptly and went inside, while the anxious and bewildered crowd gaped in wonder at the just and wonderful verdict. When once inside his room, the Judge wiped the sweat from off his brow and sat dejectedly. Two hot tear drops found their way down his tired face towards his unhappy bruised heart. He could bring happiness to thousands, but in his own home he was the most miserable man because of his wife's cruelty.

"Really, a Daniel come to judgment! If the world contains a dozen such wise, intelligent and pure-minded men, won't it be a paradise?" commented everyone.

DR. KUMAR, hiding his face between his hands, was shaken with great emotion and choking sobs. Nobody stood back to comfort him. Everybody thought that he deserved the shame and even more. He sat where he was for over an hour. He was the only man in the solemn court room. True, man has to pay for his follies. The well-known Doctor bowed his head with remorse. The cars and carriages that had lined the two sides of the Court now screamed and hooted before their exit. Kumar was deaf to the world for the moment. The follies of his past life and the present humiliation overwhelmed him.

made him start. There stood Judge Narayan, his old class-mate and friend, who knew something of the Doctor. "Kumar, excuse me for saying harsh things before thousands of people, but you asked for it. Did I not warn you in the beginning against it? You wanted to do away with a beautiful, good wife for temporary insanity. Though I am a Hindu, I know how sacred you Christians keep your troth. So I pitched upon this solution. Be kind to her, love her, man, and cherish her," he exhorted the crestfallen Doctor.

The Doctor could not talk. He was so overcome.

THE Judge sat by his side. "A bad day never hath a good night," said he seriously. "But the best time is the present time, my friend. If people like you want divorce, you know well that I need it ten times. But I've taken the woman I call wife for better or for worse and it's one way or the other. I sit upon this throne and give judgment to thousands. But to my weary and hungry soul, there is no one but God Who can grant peace and solace. I could have divorced my wife long back for her cold and callous attitude but for decency's sake and

for the sake of the innocent children, I've left everything to the judgment of God. If you had been in my shoes,..... well, you can finish it better than myself. Now then, Kumar, for God's sake, answer me a question. Do you love anybody else? Open your mouth, man," demanded Judge Narayan irritably.

"YES no But you have opened my eyes to-day. Thank you. I'll I'll devote myself to making Nirmala sound in mind in no time. I did her great wrong. By God, I'll make her happy for the rest of my life and hers," he nearly shouted and ran towards his waiting car.

Judge Narayan heaved a sigh. He had guided one more soul, nay two, to the way of happiness. A sudden mist hid his eyes but he murmured, "All's well that ends well," and walked slowly to his car and then to his cheerless abode. ❖

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LOVE FOR A LASS

HE was always an enigma to us. Our whole battalion had been wondering at his ways. Lieutenant Chandran appeared like a typical military man, very trim and brisk. But I traced a glint of sorrow in his placid and rather dreamy eyes. But for that pair of eyes, nothing would have betrayed his secret woe. So perfect was he in discharging his duties. He never mingled with others nor engaged too much in conversation with any one.

But I was an exception. Though I was his superior, I treated him as my younger brother and he regarded me with respect.

Lt. Chandran was in his early thirties and still unmarried. When I came to know of this, I was eager to hear his story—yes, I know, such men always carry a story.

One evening I was glancing through a military magazine in my tent when Lt. Chandran entered and after saluting me in the proper way asked if I would permit him to go into the city the next day. I was taken aback at this application. Hitherto Chandran had never wanted to go out of the camp. In fact, he had cancelled so many annual leaves! Suddenly I waived off all formality and asked him to be seated.

"May I know the reason, Chandran?" I asked more as a friend than as a superior.

"I understand, sir, from a letter I received to-day that the marriage of my younger brother is fixed and soon to be celebrated. I want to send presents to him," he said without any emotion.

"But you are not married yet, man, why?" I inquired in a surprised tone.

A wry smile appeared on his face.

"You know, sir, conjugal life is quite incompatible with this kind of life."

It was all a lame excuse, I thought.

"I am sure there is a more serious reason than this. Come on, out with it!" I coaxed him gently.

He paused for a few seconds in silence, then abruptly started to narrate his tale of lost love—yes, I guessed it to be one.

"It all happened when I was doing my B.A. second year," he began. "One fine evening, after waving my kerchief to my friends, I walked on to a bus stop with my college-file hanging loosely from my hand. There I eyed 'her' for the first time, carrying quite a

By "SIPI"



heap of books crowned by a fancy blue box. Apparently she was a college girl.

"I had come across so many dazzling dames and had chances freely to mix with them. I used to admire their beauty but never felt that I loved any one of them. Here, in this case, no sooner did I see her than I fell in love with her.

"After that first meeting, I would leave College early so that I could not miss her even for a day. Although she shyly smiled

at me I did not venture to speak to her.

"HOWEVER, my chum, Basu, came to my rescue. He was also a friend of her friend, Geetha, and her brother, Eswaran. He contacted Geetha who obligingly gave all details about her friend. That her name was Kantha and that she was studying in Inter in the adjacent women's college, I learned from Basu. I was delighted beyond expression. We were soon introduced and became friends.

And friendship soon ripened into love.

"We had nothing in common but our love for each other. Her community was supposed to be superior to mine and what was worse, Kantha belonged to a well-to-do family while I hailed from a hand-to-mouth one. Still she convinced me that she would not care for all these 'trifles' if I was prepared to wait for her until she got a degree. You can imagine how I felt when I heard this. Why, I could have waited all my life to win her hand in marriage!

"I HAD waited for two long years, cleverly escaping the clutches of several brokers. My parents were simply wondering why I spurned all those exuberant proposals—one with a Buick Eight and a bungalow, and another with the offer to bear the expenses of my studies abroad and so on. But I was as steady as a rock. Should I care for the glory of love and the call of the heart or pleasures other than that? There was nothing to argue about but I kept my secret.

"We had been meeting thrice a week at least. I felt miserable, whenever she failed to come at the appointed hour. But on one

occasion she never turned up to see me for days together. Of course, she had not been coming to the College, either, where I could have easily met her for she had already become a graduate.

"MY attempts to meet her were quite fruitless. Then at last I got the shock of my life when Basu told me that the girl had been betrothed to an I.A.S. Officer. All my hopes collapsed like a pack of cards.

"Soon, however, I began to reason out things. After all, I was an ordinary Arts graduate — that, too, a September candidate. What bright future could I hope for?

"Furthermore, she was a graduate and an I.A.S. Officer from her own caste would be a better match anyway.

"I strove to forget her. I had no more to do with these fickle-minded women. Oh, Lord! I was done with them! I wanted to run far away from the so-called noble sex. I would no longer allow them to monkey with my heart.

"Well, 'to a man crossed in love, action is the one anodyne' as one author put it. I joined military service and have been

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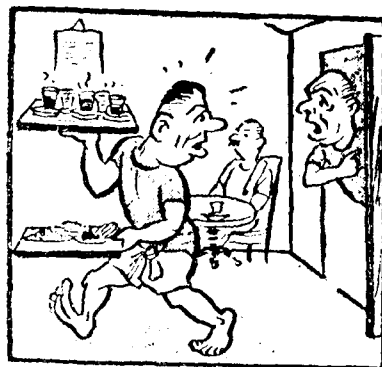
trying my best to completely erase her memory from my aching heart, which I doubt if I could do at any time. I hate her—hate her like the inferno! Still in my heart of hearts she is there, jeering at my efforts to forget her. Oh, how cruel women are! If one falls once a victim to their fancy, he is finished!"

He paused for breath.

I NOTICED in the course of his narration that his ever-placid face had registered many shades of expression as he went on talking. When he finished once more the tranquillity returned to his face.

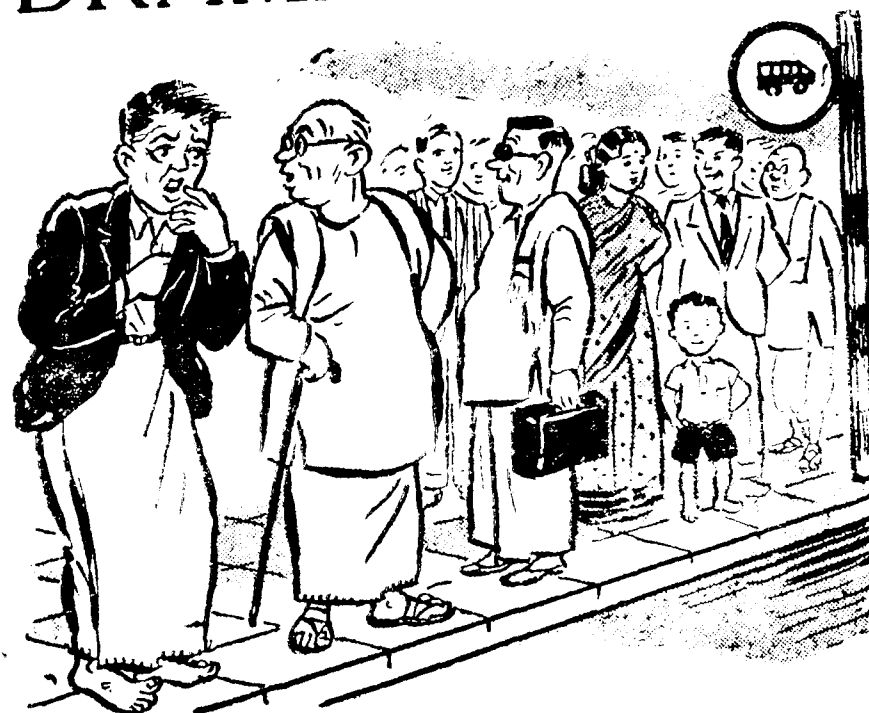
"So I can go out to-morrow?" asked the young man rising from the chair.

"Yes," I said, absent-mindedly, gazing at the misogynist as he saluted me again and walked to the door.



One Hotel Waiter (to another):
"Drop everything at once.
The Manager wants you!"

DRAMATIC TURN



By O. ZANA

WITH a song in his heart and a hundred rupees in his pocket, Pandian hurried to the bus stop. He had a long way to go. He lived in Tondiarpet. He had come to Mylapore to see his friend, Murthy. And Murthy had just lent him the hundred rupees.

It was nearly eight o'clock at night and Pandian didn't want to keep his sick son and wife waiting any longer.

On his way he was held up by a slow-moving procession. It was a religious procession and the crowd was gradually increasing. Pandian said a quiet prayer and pushed himself through the crowd. When he arrived at the bus stop there

was a queue there already. This he quickly joined. He felt tired, but very happy. Then he slowly felt for his purse.

WITH a sickening realisation he discovered that it was gone! He was stunned. He couldn't believe it. He searched his pockets again and again. But he knew it was useless. Panic gripped him like some fiendish force. And fear shook him from within. He did not know what to do or even think. His mind was in a whirl. And there was an ache in his heart. He began to tremble and even cry. The hundred rupees he

had borrowed was the only means by which he could save his sick and only son. Now he had lost it. There was no way of getting it back. He felt as if he had lost the very purpose of wanting to live. He would rather die than go back home and face his wife and little son with empty hands.

He wanted to go back and search every square inch of the street he had just passed. It was a hopeless thought. He knew he would never get his money back.

In those few minutes he behaved like a man possessed or had lost his senses. Pandian couldn't afford such a loss. People began to take notice of him.

And an old gentleman standing near him enquired curiously, "Have you lost something? You look so uncomfortable."

"Yes.....yes. I don't know what I'm going to do," he mumbled weakly.

"You had better inform the police," the old man suggested.

That was a good idea. But would Pandian recover his money? It was an absolute impossibility. And he knew it. With a sense of utter defeat and desperation he left the queue. He didn't even have enough money to get back home.

It was then that he saw a familiar face approaching him. It was Ramesh. He was an old class-mate of his. He was just the straw to a drowning man. In the midst of his sorrow, a ray of hope brightened his hopelessness. At least Pandian could get his bus fare from Ramesh.

Hurrying up to him, Pandian said, "Hello, Ramesh! I'm Pandian. We were class-mates in High School. Don't you remember me?"

It took a long time before Ramesh spoke. And Pandian's feelings sank. His miserable look and his poor clothes must have created a bad impression on Ramesh who looked so rich and prosperous. Though they had been class-mates they had not known each other even casually.

With a slow hesitation Ramesh said, "Pandian! Yes.....yes. I faintly remember you. You look so changed now and I wouldn't say, for the better. You were the bright boy of the class. What's happened to you? What are you doing?"

"I'm glad you recognised me," said Pandian, smiling faintly as a little courage began to give him strength. "I was scared you might not recognise me. But now I'm glad."

Pandian suddenly felt like telling Ramesh his sad story.

"I'm in great trouble, Ramesh," he said, getting a bit excited. "Do you happen to know Murthy, the stuck-up miser? He was our class-mate, too. Well, one day I accidentally met him in Mount Road and to my amazement he was so friendly and even stood me a feed. At that time I was having a spot of trouble. My son was very sick. I needed money very badly to give the boy good medical attention. All my friends and relatives are poor. I had nothing to sell. Nothing I could possibly do. I don't know why I told Murthy all that. And he surprised

me again. He said, 'Come and see me. I'll try to help you.'

"I couldn't believe it. In some magic moment I must have touched a secret spring in his stone-like heart. I guess there are such springs in each one of us.

"Well, I came to see Murthy to-day. He lives here, and he gave me a hundred rupees and said, 'Just take your own time to repay me when you can'. Can you believe that? Murthy, the miser, becoming a hospitable man with a generous heart!"

Ramesh listened. There was a curious look in his eyes.

"I wonder if he believes me," thought Pandian with sudden doubt.

"Now, what seems to be your trouble?" asked Ramesh.

"I've just lost that money, Ramesh," said Pandian.

"Did you say, a hundred rupees?"

"Yes," whispered Pandian sadly.

THERE had been a little relief in opening his heart to Ramesh. But there was no consolation, no peace, no comfort, which could wipe out the pain in his aching heart.

"Any idea where you could have lost it?" enquired Ramesh with great interest, rubbing his chin and frowning with an air of understanding and sympathy.

"I must have lost it in the procession near the Kapaleeswarar Temple," said Pandian.

A bus pulled up at the stop and the queue moved into it.

"You just wait here till I get back," said Ramesh.

There was a determination in his voice filled with a quiet resolution and confidence.

"What are you going to do?" asked Pandian, brightening with a sneaking sense of happiness. "Do you think you can find my purse? Are you in the Police?"

The last word softly died on his lips. If Ramesh was in the Police he had no business to expose him. Ramesh must be a C.I.D. officer, he was convinced.

FOR the first time Pandian began to feel himself again. He was calm and confident. He felt thankful for having such wonderful friends like Murthy and Ramesh. Murthy, the miser, had done him a great favour. And Ramesh, whom he had not known very well, was trying to help him, too. How beautifully people could really change from something bad to something good! That should be the real purpose of living.

Pandian began to think of Ramesh. He was the Big Boy of the school, the best athlete. A happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care character who had joined the Navy while doing his third year in the sixth form. Pandian had once heard that Ramesh had become an officer or something. It was just the life for him. After that he had not heard anything about this man. Now, most probably, he had joined the police force. And it was just as good he was there. For, had he not just gone to find his lost purse?

Pandian was absolutely certain that Ramesh would return with his money. He did not know why

he felt like this. It was some strange sense, rather sixth sense, that told him so. He wondered in what adequate way he could thank Ramesh.

THE conductor began to issue the tickets, and the driver was enjoying a quick smoke near the time-keeper's bunk. The bus was ready to leave.

Whatever system or method Ramesh adopted in detecting his cases, he'd better hurry, for Pandian did not want to miss this bus. If he did, the next would take an eternity to leave.

A hand gently touched him and in a husky whisper Ramesh said, "Jump in, Pandian, and, here's your purse!"

The bus began to move.

Quickly grabbing Ramesh's hand, Pandian shook it avidly.

"Thank you. Thank you, Ramesh. I don't know how to really thank you," he shouted with happiness and excitement. "How did you find it! Who was the"

He had no time.

"Catch that bus!" shouted Ramesh. He looked like a man who had accomplished a great act.

Pandian ran and boarded the bus. He felt a sense of loss for

not being able to know who the pick-pocket was and how Ramesh had caught him and managed to get his purse.

He found a seat and sat down. He pulled out his purse. The mere touch of it made him feel joyous.

"I wonder how the pick-pocket persuaded himself to give up the purse," he thought. "A hundred rupees these days would be a treasure for most."

"Tickets, please!" said the conductor.

PANDIAN slowly opened the purse.

His small change, too, was there intact. Not a pie had been lost. He bought his ticket and checked the currency that Murthy had given him. There were a hundred rupees all right. Pandian also discovered a folded slip of paper neatly tucked in between the currency notes. He took it out with wild curiosity and placed his purse safely in his pocket.

Then he opened the folded paper. It was a pencilled note. It was neither signed nor addressed to anybody. It simply read:

"I really liked your purse. In robbing you, I realised, for the first time, in my short career, that I was really robbing myself. I never stopped to think of the other man. Now I know. Forgive me. Best of luck to your son."

❖❖

THE HOST AND THE GHOST

AFTER dinner at Ramesh's place, there was a sudden change in the weather. A heavy downpour was accompanied by a strong gale and it was pitch dark outside. To make matters worse, the lights had failed right then. Fortunately, there was a candle in the house, which was promptly lighted. Although the windows were closed, the gale was too strong; it forced itself through the window crevices whistling like a siren. The dim candle-light cast eerie shadows on the wall and every now and then the dogs howled in a monotone, making the atmosphere more dismal. The prospect of leaving that place in such inclement weather was full of foreboding. So we sat down and relaxed on a sofa, resigning ourselves to the mercy of the elements.

"This night reminds me of a strange experience. Yes, it was just such a night, when that incident occurred in Devlali," Ramesh said reflectively.

Our curiosity was aroused and we begged of him to tell us the story.

"I wonder what any one of you would have done and what your reaction would have been when that fearful thing occurred," he remarked.

He then lighted a cigarette, took two or three deep puffs at it and began his narration. "City life is fast enough to drive any person crazy. There comes a time in a man's life when nothing is more desirable than a peaceful quiet surrounding. Four years back, my nerves were in such a state of tension and I desired to leave the city and go somewhere. But my enthusiasm was dampened at the thought of expenses; business was that bad. A vacation in the hills was out of the question. It was then that I thought about the invitation of my friend from Devlali. I was given to understand that he had a nice farm there and I thought of availing myself of this opportunity.

"I FOUND the farm as I had been told. It was quite near the station. My friend's bungalow once belonged to a Rajah but, owing to want of repairs was in a dilapidated condition. The doors were half broken, plaster was missing at a number of places and whitewashing was long over-due. There was knee-high wild grass where once stood a beautiful garden.

"On the third day of my stay there, two of his young cousins arrived from Bombay. We had a late dinner that night as we had

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RADIANT HEALTH, P.B. 27, Amritsar



By TRILOKE KHOSLA

gone out for a function in the Club. When we returned the weather had changed suddenly. It was just like this, except for the rain. There was a storm and it made the doors bang thunderously. The few doors which the bungalow had we bolted as fast as we could.

"Just at that moment the clock showed 11.45 and almost simultaneously the owner's dog gave a single loud piercing howl.

"It was then that I noticed that my host Krishin was sobbing. 'It is him again, the terrible thing,' he said.

"Him? Who?' we asked.

"It's a terrible thing, I will not tell you. You will become afraid. You all go and sleep — let me face it alone.

"Come on, tell us. We are not cowards,' the cousins assured him.

"WELL, if you insist I must tell you the facts right from the beginning. This bungalow once belonged to a Rajah and has not been inhabited for thirty years. There were reports that strange incidents have been taking place here. I was told that this place is haunted, but when I was offered this bungalow with such a lot of land for a mere five thousand, I fell for it. I didn't believe in ghosts. I had great difficulty in getting some persons to work here. Two years passed without any incident but last month, for two nights in succession, I had a strange vision. I felt I heard somebody. It was the ghost. He first implored me in most pathetic tones that he was murdered and his dismembered body was buried in the different nooks

of the once beautiful garden. He even indicated the place where the right leg was buried. He implored me to dig that place and to take a handful of the soil from there for immersion in Nasik. This was the only way for the salvation of his soul.

"NEXT morning, I woke up, startled. The ghost was weighing heavily on my mind. I, however, dismissed this as a mere dream and forgot about it. The following night I had the same vision again. This time he was stern and warned me against dire consequences if I didn't do as directed. When I woke up I had



a queer feeling. I again convinced myself that I was a victim of hallucination but then a strong feeling possessed me to dig up the place. I dug it up and was shocked to discover that the leg was buried right at the place which the ghost had indicated.

"I WAS seized with panic and ran from there. When the servants saw me running they thought I had gone crazy. I gathered my wits and said to myself that if once the servants

came to know the truth, they would flee and I would never get any labour to work here and would have to abandon the farm. I told them I was just taking exercise and asked them to do some work inside the bungalow. I then hurriedly covered the ground, after taking a handful of the soil. The same day I left for Nasik and immersed the soil in the holy river. I felt greatly relieved, though somewhat disturbed. Again, after a few days, I had the same vision. He then

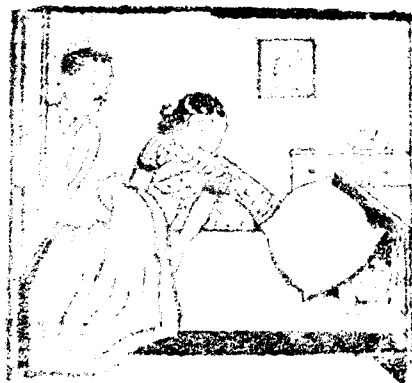


indicated where the left leg was buried. I went through the same procedure secretly all by myself. I have done it twice already. It's a hellish job and it saps my blood. To-night he is coming again. He will direct me to where his head is buried.' Saying that, he sighed deeply in agony.

"Just then the dog howled pathetically again.

"THIS dog is gifted with a remarkable sense of perception. It predicts his arrival — it is about time that he should come,' remarked my host, relaxing himself on the sofa, and awaiting the arrival of the unknown.

"At this, a cold shiver ran through my veins. I started trembling with nervousness at the prospect of meeting the ghost. I looked at his cousins. Their condition was no better. They were trembling just like myself. They wanted to say something but were deprived of their power of speech. In a low voice, I requested my friend to spare us the horror of meeting the ghost.



"Oh, our darling is missing!"

"Yes, that could be done,' he said looking at the watch, 'if I retire to another room. He is expected any time after twelve.'

"His cousins got back their power of speech. Almost simultaneously they said: 'Please, for God's sake, leave this room. We can't stand this any longer. We would die if he talks to us.'

"My friend got up and took leave of us. He turned round and said in a shaky voice, 'If he happens to come here first, tell him I am waiting for him in that room.'

"We were frightened beyond our wits. We looked at one another in utter horror, anticipating the warning that the ghost might by mistake pass our room. The huge shadows cast on the wall by the dim light of the lantern, the screeching sound of the wind as it forced itself through the crevices of the windows, the incessant banging of the doors owing to the storm outside and the howling of the dog, terrified us to the utmost.

"It was pitch dark outside and all of us decided, as if in perfect unison, to brave the weather and flee from that place. One of the cousins stammered nervously, 'Let's catch the night train to Bombay.' They hurriedly put on their coats and packed up their suitcases. My bag was lying in Krishin's room. I didn't have the nerve to go there alone. So I sought their help to accompany me but they not only declined to help me, but actually picked their bags to run away. I decided to venture into that room by myself.

"Hardly had I taken a few steps forward when the door in front suddenly creaked and opened with

a bang. At this, the other two, bags in hand, madly ran out of the bungalow. I, too, wheeled round to flee, even without my bag.

"Suddenly, somewhere behind me, I heard loud, sarcastic laughter, somewhat Satanic in tone. Cold shiver chilled my spine and even my numbed body began to move as I ran towards the door.

"I HAD barely run a few yards, when strong, firm hands fell heavily on my shoulders. This was the end, I said to myself, perspiring and shivering, my tongue sticking clammily to the roof of the mouth. Fearing the worst, I suddenly wheeled round, intending to free myself from the firm grip on my shoulders. I saw a grinning mouth peering through a macabre, masked, white-clothed figure. I screamed. The apparition removed the mask and I saw the face. It was my host's!

"What's all this silly nonsense?" I blurted out, furious at having been made such a fool. 'Is this your way of a joke? Very childish, indeed!'



ONE GOONDA (to another in the cinema): "I tell, you, brother, they always show the best scene in the trailers!"

"My host smiled, somewhat benevolently. 'Hold your breath, chum,' he said. 'Sit down calmly and I will explain everything.'

"Still angry, I allowed myself to be propelled to a chair. I took the cigarette he offered, lighted it and began smoking, glaring malevolently at him.

"Saw how they ran?' he began.

"What's that got to do with this?"

"Let me begin. They are the people I really wanted to scare. Every now and then, whenever they get it into their heads, they come over here from Bombay to disturb my peace of mind and stay for months. They think this is their father's house. I had to get rid of those parasites somehow. Well, now I seem to have succeeded. They will not bother me again — those blackguards!' He laughed joyfully. I understood, pulled at the cigarette and allowed the smoke to curl upwards. And I, too, began laughing"



—By K.R.S.—

T.G. Rajalu, Guntur

Q.—What is the difference between the modern bride who signs on the dotted line before the Registrar and goes away with her husband for a honeymoon and a shy Indian bride given away by her father in holy wedlock and going to the bridegroom's place in a *doli*?

A.—Don't you let your imagination run away with you. Whatever the roads by which the girls may be going to meet their husbands, they know the journey's end is in the bed. Trust a woman to know that much.

R.N. Patnaik, Rayaghada

Q.—If a man wants to remain a bachelor throughout his life, how can he get rid of temptations?

A.—He can, by means of hard physical and mental work. And he should avoid the company of any one who so much as talks about the pleasures of the flesh. He should have a great goal to reach which must be his sole and overwhelming determination. Such a man is born only once in a century, perhaps.

Baby Malathi, Waltair

Q.—Do you think we can establish "Rama Rajya"?

A.—Yes, if we can kill the Ravana of national apathy.

S.M. Hashim, Gumla

Q.—How do you like the idea of World Government?

A.—It can only be a mere idea so long as there are the fences of colour, creed and nationality in the minds of men.

Dharma Rao Makala, Khurda

Q.—Will there be a dawn of perfect love, peace and universal brotherhood?

A.—Yes, when the entire humanity is laid to rest in the grave-yard!

Robert K. Guite, Imphal

Q.—Do other countries have the bribe-taking practice in their Govt. and non-Govt. offices as seems to be widely prevalent here?

A.—Men are the same all over. But just because there are a few black sheep, the whole flock should not be condemned. And more than this, remember that bribe-taking will never be possible if there are no men prepared to give the bribe.

B. Gopalakrishna, Madras-17

Q.—What is the valuable thing that a man must achieve in his life?

A.—He should be a better man when he leaves it than he was when he was a mere boy or youth. And better in the sense that he has helped in an unselfish way to bring happiness to at least one or two persons.

Chatti Narasimha Rao, Narsapatnam

Q.—What is the place of woman in our modern society?

A.—Wherever Nature has not intended her to be!

Miss Perin J. Pajniger, Bombay

Q.—In selecting a life partner which appreciation would you prefer — character, beauty, wealth?

A.—The wealth of character. Far better to have a plain-looking and poor wife who is all affection for her man than a dangerous beauty or a wealthy wench puffed up with the pride of the power of pelf.

Y.E. Sodagar, Cochin-2

Q.—Why does God forbid bad actions?

A.—The only rational explanation for this is to be found in the philosophy of Hinduism. According to it, in each man is divinity and whatever thought, speech or action will affect the divinity in him is bad and should, therefore, be avoided.

Md. Yusuff Khan, Agartala

Q.—What is the result of Love Marriage?

A.—Facing realities not thought of before!

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!



Screen That Surrounds Audience!

A "MOTION picture in the round" was recently demonstrated in Hollywood at the Walt Disney Studio. In Circarama, as the development is called, the audience is surrounded completely by a screen on which a continuous image is focused. Thus engulfed, the spectator is overwhelmed and involuntarily experiences the sensations of moving with the picture.

The first application of sound picture projection on a 360-degree screen will be a free attraction in the American Motors Corporation exhibition in the Tomorrowland area of the Disneyland Amusement Park. The exhibition opens in July next in Anaheim, a town in the neighbourhood of Los Angeles.

Although Circarama is not planned for theatre use at present, Mr. Disney does not rule out its potential adaptation to a highly specialized form of dramatic motion picture presentation.

World's Most Modern TV Station Opened

The World's most up-to-date television transmitting station was opened on September 13 near

London. It is the Croydon station of the Independent Television Authority (ITA), which started putting out commercial programmes for the first time in Britain on September 22. Only four engineers are needed to man it at any given time.

Behind the ceremony marking the opening of the station lies the story of an engineering triumph, writes a London correspondent. Only a little more than six months ago the chosen site, high up on 375 ft. Beulah Hill, was cleared for construction of the buildings and tower. Since then, equipment provided by a British firm has been installed and made operational. The station has, in fact, been hand-built, and the equipment may be classified as a "laboratory prototype." Early last month installation was complete, and test signals radiated daily since then indicated that the anticipated service area will be fully covered. The starting of commercial television is expected to speed up the introduction of colour television, although even approximate dates are not mentioned.

International Centre For Children's Films

At a conference convened by UNESCO at Edinburgh, it has been agreed that an international centre for children's films should be founded. The provisional council and secretariat, for convenience, will operate from Paris, with the final constitution and locale of the permanent centre being left for later determination.

Under the chairmanship of Miss Mary Field, Executive Officer of the Children's Film Foundation but on this occasion representing the International Council of Women, the working party which met in Edinburgh last week studied propositions made at earlier international meetings at Locarno and Luxemburg that such a centre should be set up to consider all matters concerning children and films. It was agreed that there was a need for some permanent machinery for co-ordinating action in this field and that a centre for this purpose, though receiving full moral support from UNESCO, should be financially independent.

The conference decided that the centre's activities would include exchange of information on all aspects of production, distribution

and exhibition of films made for or suitable for children and young people. Lists of films would also be compiled and studies made of the results of research on the influence of films and the film tastes of children.

Children's Film Society

Mrs. Indira Gandhi accepted an invitation to become the Vice-President of the Children's Film Society. The Executive Council of the Society, at its last meeting in Delhi in the first week of July, had decided to invite Mrs. Indira Gandhi to become the Society's Vice-President. Pandit H. N. Kuzru is the President. The Society was recently registered with the object of producing and distributing films specially for children.

Theatre for Juveniles Opened in Minsk

A theatre for juvenile spectators has been opened in Minsk. A group of graduates from the Byelorussian Theatre and Art Institute are to form the company of the theatre. This is the eleventh theatre in Byelorussia. The construction of the theatre building is nearing completion.

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One of the world's smallest television cameras, measuring only 10½ inches by 5½ inches is here being inspected by Miss Susan Franks of London. The camera, manufactured by a well-known Cambridge firm of radio and television engineers, was one of the many exhibits shown by British industry at the National Radio and Television Exhibition held in London recently. Britain is the world's largest exporter of radio components and last year exported some £30 million worth of equipment.



Increase in Open-Air Theatres

There are at present 4,062 "drive-in" (open air) motion picture theatres in operation in the United States. Regular motion picture houses have dropped in number from 18,720 in 1946 to 15,040 to-day.

Buster Keaton's Life Story To Be Filmed

The life story of Buster Keaton, the sad-faced comedian who ranked close to Charlie Chaplin in the days of silent motion pictures, will be the basis of a film to be written by Robert Smith who will also produce it. Mr. Smith wrote the screen play for *Intermission*, the life story of Jazz

musician Louis (Red) Nichols, which will be Danny Kaye's next film for Paramount Studios.

Columbia Pictures' Paraphrase of Shakespeare's "Macbeth"

Paul Douglas will play the title role in *Joe Macbeth*, a Columbia Pictures film, written by Philip Yordan, dealing with the struggle for power with a modern gang. The motion picture, to be directed by Ken Hughes, will be filmed in London and Glasgow. *Joe Macbeth* is described as a paraphrase of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," with the principals fighting for power. The theme, as with Shakespeare, is based on the idea that the ruthless struggle leads only to self-destruction.

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Girl In M-G-M's Picture

Machiko Kyo, a leading actress in Japan's motion picture industry, will be starred as the geisha girl in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, based on the stage play of the same title by John Patrick, which won the 1954 Pulitzer Prize for drama. Miss Kyo has been seen in *Gate of Hell*, *Ugetsu* and *Rashomon*, all three of which have won several international prizes.

Bette Davis To Play Role Of Spirited Librarian

Bette Davis, famous stage and screen actress, will be starred in the motion picture *The Library* to be produced by Columbia Pictures in the near future. *The Library* is based on the story of a librarian in a small town who is dismissed for refusing to remove a controversial book from the shelves. Miss Davis, two-time Academy Award winner, recently returned to films after a long absence as "Queen Elizabeth" in the 20th Century-Fox picture *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

"Marty" Wins Golden Palm Prize

Marty, a United Artists film produced by Hecht-Lancaster, an

company in Hollywood, won the Golden Palm grand prize at the 1955 Cannes International Film Festival. The special jury citation naming *Marty* credited the united talents of Paddy Chayefsky, script writer, Delbert Mann, director, and Betsy Blair and Ernest Borgnine, the film's stars.

Marty tells simply the story of a weekend in the life of a kind-hearted unmarried New York butcher who at 34 years is convinced he is a failure with women; of his meeting with a similarly lonely girl; of his mother's and his friends' objections to this particular girl, and of his final decision to continue his acquaintance with her with matrimony in mind.

Two-decade Old Favourite In Cinemascope Colour

It Happened One Night, the Columbia Pictures film which won the Academy Award in 1934, will be remade as a Cinemascope colour musical by the same company. Jack Lemmon will portray the role, made famous by Clark Gable in 1934. Claudette Colbert's role will be done by June Allyson. Dick Powell, Miss Allyson's husband, will serve as director and producer.

Madras Film Fans' Choice

The panel of judges appointed by the Film Fans Association, Madras, to select the best picture, actor, and actress in Tamil, and Telugu for 1954, has chosen A.V.M.'s *Anthanal* as the best Tamil film and Vauhini Pictures *Peddamanushulu* as the best Telugu picture.

The panel has declared Shivali Ganesan as the best Tamil Actor for his role in *Thookku Thookki*, Lingamurthi as the best Telugu Actor for his role in *Peddamanushulu*, Padmini as the best Tamil Actress for her role in *Ethirparathathu* and Bhanumathi as the best Telugu Actress for her part in *Vipranarayana*. Midland Theatre was adjudged the best Theatre in the City. The decisions of the panel were announced at a function organised at Hotel Dasaprakash in the City last week.

Mr. A. Arunachalam, President of the Association, welcoming the guests, said that the Association in selecting the best Picture, Actor and Actress, after trying the method of ballot, was now adopting the method of constituting a panel of judges, which was found to be better. Mr. E.B. Samuel, General Secretary, in his report said that as many as 12 Tamil films and 10 Telugu films were exhibited before the judges. This year the judges also selected the best theatre in the City. The Secretary, after announcing the decisions of the judges, said that the awards would be presented at a special function to be held next month. He thanked the various producers and others for screening these films for the judges. There were seven judges on the panel, of whom three were women, with

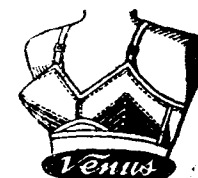
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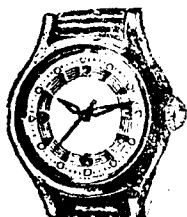
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Dr. Krishna Rao,
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Mr. David, the North Indian Actor, addressing the gathering said that associations of this kind should create a right taste in the people for films. He expressed the view that a film was merely a piece of entertainment and was not intended to improve the morals of the community. Mr. Lingamurthy, the Telugu Actor, also addressed the gathering.

Dr. Krishna Rao in his speech referred to the difficult task they had this year in selecting the best actors and actresses and incidentally stated that there had been a marked improvement in the films that had been exhibited before them. He felt that the standard of acting was improving tremendously during the last few years. Referring to film censoring, Dr. Krishna Rao related his experience as a film censor for a considerable period and suggested that producers, if they desired they should not be put to a considerable loss by cutting by the Board of Censors, should have a kind of internal censoring, which would help them a good deal in this respect. He said films if they were to serve the best interests of the community should have an educative value and should help improve the character and morals of the people in general.

Awards For Brando & Wyman

Marlon Brando and Jane Wyman were chosen as 1954's leading actor and actress in a poll of the British magazine, *Picturegoer*. Brando received the vote of British film fans for his role in *On The Water-Front*, and Miss Wyman for her acting in *Magnificent Obsession*.

Marine Drive—Average "Crime-Does-Not-Pay" Story

In *Marine Drive*, Sippy Films' Hindi film released at Star Talkies in the City, we have a story of crime and punishment. G.P. Sippy is the producer, director and story-writer of this "crime-does-not-pay" film.

As a story, it is not anything new. As a film, the only two good features are commendable acting by the principal players and excellent photography.

Khanna (K. N. Singh) is the brains behind a gang of smugglers.

His happy-go-lucky days come to an end when he and his henchmen have to take to their heels by the arrival of the police just when they are receiving a huge consignment of smuggled gold. Khanna finds that the men who had financed the smuggling are determined to get their money from him. Unable to stand their pressure, he plans to do away with his brother who is a multi-millionaire as also his daughter Veena (Bina Rai) so that he can inherit the huge property.

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He, in pursuance of his plan, assigns the task of killing Veena to Ajit (Ajit), one of his henchmen, and himself succeeds in pushing his unsuspecting and trusting brother from the high terrace to the ground below. Having accomplished his first objective and finding that Ajit who was sent to kill Veena has fallen in love with her, Khanna persuades Veena to have a change of residence so that she can forget the tragic circumstances of her father's death. Veena is thus taken by Khanna to a house of his in the Khandala Ghat. There his first attempt to scare her results in her discovering his true intentions. Veena's mind has also been poisoned by Khanna who lets her hear a tape-recording of a piece of statement made by Ajit which, torn from its context, paints Ajit as a crook. Ajit is held captive at this time.

Veena manages to escape one day in Khanna's own car, unaware that its brakes have been already tampered with by Khanna who has anticipated her move. Her car, out of control as it rushes down the Ghat road, crashes and Veena is thrown out shocked but not hurt.

Just at this time and place arrives Ajit who has been freed by the gangster-chief's "doll" (Mohana). He reaches Veena in time but soon they are overpowered by Khanna and his men. Ajit manages to escape but Veena is caught and kept locked in a room. Soon she manages to escape, only to fall into the hands of Khanna who poses as a taxi driver.

The escaped Ajit soon contacts the police who rush to Khandala.

There, Ajit and Khanna have a tough fight and the latter meets his death under the wheels of an onrushing train.

Ajit and Veena are now free to elaim each other's heart and the future for them is as rosy as it could be.

K.N. Singh as Khanna impresses. He looks the arch-villain every inch.

Ajit as Ajit has also done well. The director could have built up his role in a more convincing manner.

Bina Rai as Veena steals our hearts by the simplicity of her portrayal.

Mohana as the mistress of Khanna lives the role though the dialogue she is made to deliver at times is rather jarring to the ears.

Johnny Walker and Uma Devi provide what may be called the comic relief to the picture full of fight and suspense. He, however, overdoes the parodying of the role of a film producer-cum-director-cum-story-writer.

Music is of average quality only. Photography by Roque Layton is quite pleasing.

All things considered, *Marina Drive* can be said to be just an average picture narrating the all-too-familiar theme with a crime-does-not-pay moral.

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Neethipathi—Purposeful Story And Good Acting

Vijaya Films' *Neethipathi*, a Tamil social, released at New Elphinstone, Kamadhenu, Crown and Mahalakshmi theatres in the City can be said to have clicked at the box-office on account of a purposeful story and very good acting on the part of the main actors in the film.

Thyagaraja Mudaliar (S. V. Sahasranamam) has become such a slave to the charms of Vairam (M. N. Rajam), a heartless temptress, that he spends all his money and time in her house. So infatuated is he that he refuses to leave her house even when he is informed about his elder brother's critical condition and, then, death. Vairam and her uncle Panchavarnam (C. S. Pandyan) have their own plans and suggest to Thyagarajan that he should call at his late brother's home and take over control of his property. Thyagarajan is convinced that the plan would enable him to live as he pleases and he calls on his sister-in-law Maragatham (K. Malathi). Pretending deep solicitude for her welfare, he wins over her confidence. She pleads with him to look after the house, property and her small son Manickam and the child she is to deliver in a few months for she is with child when her husband dies.

By clever persuasion, Thyagarajan succeeds in making his sister-in-law transfer the entire property to his name and brings Vairam and her uncle to live in the same house.

One day, Maragatham overhears Thyagarajan's discussing with Panchavarnam a plan to do away with her son Manickam. Terribly scared, she runs away from the

house in the dead of night with her young son. After a good deal of wandering, she reaches a church on the steps of which she falls asleep. She wakes up to find her young son missing, for a thief has taken the young boy away to steal the few gold ornaments the boy is wearing. She is distraught and her cries bring out the priest of the church who consoles her. Finding she is in labour pains, he gets her admitted to the hospital where she delivers a bonny boy whom she christens as Raja (Gemini Ganesan). The priest persuades Maragatham to stay within the Mission premises as a gardener and she lives there for a few years.

Meanwhile, the young boy Manickam (K. R. Ramaswami) who is left in the jungle by the thief after removing the valuables from the boy's person, is found by the sister of Mayandi, a faithful servant of Maragatham. She and her brother bring up the boy. In the course of a few years, Mayandi's sister dies and he brings up Manickam and Meena (Kuchalakumari), his sister's daughter.

About this time, Panchavarnam happens to see Maragatham near the church and he plans to get rid of her. On the pretext of telling her where her long lost son Manickam is, she is lured into a lonely place by the hirelings of Panchavarnam and there she is asked to hold a bundle. The men run away. Policemen who come to that place discover that the bundle she is having contains a murdered infant and she is accused of being guilty of that murder. She is tried and sentenced to a stretch in jail.

The priest of the church feels there is something wrong in Maragatham's inexplicable disappearance for he is not aware of what has happened to her. So, he sends her son Raja to an orphanage in Coimbatore where during the course of years the boy not only proves to be a brilliant student but becomes a leading lawyer too.

Manickam and Meena are also now grown up, the one into a strong young man and the other into a beautiful maiden. Manickam has to work hard in various capacities to earn a living and he, his sister and Mayandi, the servant, who is looked upon by them as their father, also come to Coimbatore.

To the same place Thyagarajan, Vairam and Panchavarnam also come and settle down.

Thyagarajan happens to see Meena and develops an intense longing for her. Through the help of Panchavarnam he manages to get her into his very house but Meena saves her honour by jumping down through the window. She manages to reach her house and after informing her "brother" and "father" of what has transpired, she dies on account of the injuries received by the fall from the window to the ground.

Manickam swears vengeance and almost kills Thyagarajan but Fate intervenes. Vairam is killed by Thyagarajan by mistake but the blame is cleverly put on Manickam who from then on becomes a fugitive from justice, charged with the guilt of a crime which he has not committed.

During this time, Maragatham, released from prison, also comes to Coimbatore in search of her second

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son. She does meet him but neither she nor he knows what each one is to the other. Through a series of circumstances she not only comes to stay in Raja's house but is also instrumental in saving Manickam from being caught by the police.

Thyagarajan at this time meets Kannamma (Raja Sulochana) at Raja's place and is infatuated with her. His efforts to force her father, who is his clerk, to give her in marriage to him not only fail but result in her marrying Raja, the advocate.

Thyagarajan is shot dead by Manickam who learns that Kannamma has been decoyed into Thyagarajan's place and where he actually finds him trying to molest her.

He is caught by the police and is charged with the murder of Thyagarajan.

At this time, Raja is made a judge. And the priest and Mayandi, the servant, who happen to meet Maragatham and Raja inform them about their true relationship. It falls to Raja's unenviable lot to convict Manickam, who he knows now is his own brother, to a sentence of transportation for life for the murder of Thyagarajan. If Raja had so wanted, he could have twisted the law to acquit Manickam but his high sense of duty over-rides his emotional and blood ties and he holds the scales of justice even.

S.V. Sahasranamam as Thyagarajan has given quite a convincing portrayal.

Gemini Ganesan as Raja has done a creditable job of the role assigned to him.

K.R. Ramaswami has excelled himself in the second half of the story by playing the role of Manickam the avenger.

M.N. Rajam as Vairam has given a very average performance. The blame for this is the director's for he has restricted the scope of this character. Her make-up is rather poor when she is shown to be nearly twenty-five years older than when she is first seen in the picture.

K. Malathi as Maragatham does not disappoint though she is not quite brilliant.

C.S. Pandyan as Panchavarnam is good in patches for the clowning also he is made to do weakens the sinister nature of his role.

T. S. Baliah as Mambazham Naidu the Head-Constable has given an unforgettable piece of great comic portraiture. Though the sequences he is shown in are altogether unnecessary, they are nevertheless intelligently woven into the main fabric of the story and go a long way towards making the picture click at the counter.

Songs are average. Dialogue is crisp and telling.

Direction by A. S. A. Sami is slick. He could have cut many unnecessary sequences and thus restricted the footage of this picture which actually is 15,650 feet. He has, however, made quite a good job in giving the fans a purposeful social, a picture that poses very important problems and teaches a great truth—that the law is no respecter of persons and justice should not only be done but should seem to be done.

Neethipathi's purposeful story and good acting surely warrant its production in Hindi, too, for a wider appreciation.

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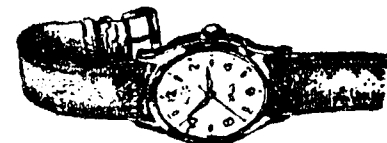
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SQUAREWORD No. D-49

CLOSING DATES: For All Hand Delivery Boxes, 27-10-'55.
All Posted Entries, 29-10-'55.

ACROSS

5. Amuse is too weak a word in the context of the "reckless" in Clue. Back ABUSE.
6. It is better to permute both FOES and WOES here.
7. Previous choice of NAG is confirmed.
9. Babble is idle chatter. A "sensible" woman would never care for it in the least. Even she will "sometimes" attach importance to Bauble, trifling jewellery. BAUBLE wins.
10. Youngster who Cries a lot at school is too serious a problem for teacher not to notice. Vote for CRIBS.
11. Here too, it will be risky to bank on a single word. Hence, permute both COOK and COOL.
14. Previous choice of LICKED is confirmed.
16. Simply denying outright might be convincing. It's only when the man denies

Limp that we would fail to be impressed. Enter LIMPLY.

17. "Merely" in the Clue makes SAPPY the better choice even now.

DOWN

1. FIRING holds good now.
2. Previous choice of CARE is confirmed.
3. The "extended" lends support to RETAIN only.
4. Jealousy will not make a man Toil but Boil, seethe with rage. Bet on BOIL.
8. We feel now that ADORES is better.
10. Being "considerate," the youngsters would make allowance for the CHUMP only.
12. FAIR is still a good bet.
13. More than a Limp, a Lisp is rather alarming. Back LISP.
15. DIP is the better word.

—By "SPOTTER"

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R.M.D.C. Crossword No. 3

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CLOSING DATES: For Local Entries Boxes: 25-10-'55
All Posted Entries: 27-10-'55

1. The Greedy chap can be satisfied if he is bad enough. But the Grumpy, ill-tempered, surly chap will continue to complain even if the meal is good. To see the back of such a fellow, to see the last of him will make landlady pleased. GRUMPY scores.

2. Whether the parents are Mean or not cannot determine a child's being fat or lean. Usually, if the parents are themselves Lean, it is not likely that the child will be fat. Back LEAN.

3. The deliberate use of the word "sonny" in the Clue does go against Paper. The word Pater, meaning father, is more appropriate in this context. Enter PATER.

4. The word Fish is too particular in its reference and should therefore be rejected. Any guest would refuse a Dish that doesn't agree with him when it follows soup. DISH wins.

5. If chap she's met and admired starts Calling "on" her, then girl might feel flattered. The "for" before "her" in the Clue clearly makes a good case for Falling. Vote for FALLING.

6. The son being "delicate" has nothing to do with his feeling Happy or not at boarding school. There's every reason for parents not believing it will make him Hardy. Go in for HARDY.

7. Noise in bedroom may be ignored but a Mouse is quite likely to startle the nervous woman. MOUSE wins.

8. For building up reputation, good Manager, more than Matches, will be necessary. Back MANAGER.

9. Why in old Age only? Some mention in old Air, melody or song, can recall one's childhood. AIR scores.

10. Cuffed is too strong a word. Puffed, meaning breathless, is quite apt. Back PUFFED.

11. As the search will follow arrest, go in for ARRESTED.

12. Pitch can be apt only if the game played is cricket. Here "forwards" makes Patch relevant. Enter PATCH.

13. Vendor of a "house"? Reject it. Vote for VIGOUR.

14. What guarantee is there that the fourth applicant also will not be scruffy? Hence, back NEAT.

15. Risk is always present in any business. So, reject Risky. When he thinks there's something Fishy, shady, a chap is certain to refuse to invest. FISHY wins.

16. The Repair is possible only if the Spares are available and not otherwise. Back SPARES.

17. Not every Junior clerk will be given position of responsibility when he is old enough. But a Clever clerk may be promoted to such a position when he is old enough by experience. Enter CLEVER.

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M.D.C. Crossword No. 1

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**Closing Dates: For Local Entry Boxes: 1-11-55.
All Posted Entries: 8-11-55.**

1. There is no reason why employee should feel a fool when his unwise suggestion is *Mooted*, discussed, at directors' meeting. We can understand how he will feel when his suggestion is *Hooted* at the meeting. Back **HOOTED**.
2. The chess player can be said to see no *Hope* only when there is no reasonable *Move* possible. Then only will he concede the game. **MOVE** wins.
3. More than the word *Tears*, the word *Tears* suggests an extraordinary hurry. Such a sight-seeing is next to useless. Enter **TEARS**.
4. Boss's *Scorn* will silence the "yes" man. It is boss's *Frown* that will make the "yes" man change his tack. Go in for **FROWN**.
5. Even if he has no *Time*, still the argumentative elector will argue—but only if he's *Homes* when canvasser calls. Back **HOME**.
6. *Ability* alone will not be enough. The *Annuity*, which ensures freedom from financial worry, will help a man to give up job whenever he wishes to do so. Bet on **ANNUITY**.
7. *Fun* is not as convincing as the more appealing *Mum*. So, vote for **MUM**.
8. "Proposed" and *Sought* seem to clash with each other. *Slight* increase may not bother employer. Back **SLIGHT**.
9. Not mere *Prudence* but *Presence*, hypocritical talk, etc., would help swindler to put through confidence trick. **PRET** scores.
10. Of what avail mere *Credit*, acknowledgment? Some part of the *Profit* be welcome. Back **PROFIT**.
11. *Mors* is too ridiculous. H enter **FOUR**.
12. Even a *Diagram* will be too n for an uneducated person. A simple *Ana* parallel example, can effectively make most dull or *dedicated* person to understand a point. Go in for **ANALOGY**.
13. It is *Litter* from the w.p.b. the usually burnt. To save *Letter* that been carelessly allowed to be mixed with the *Litter*, the clerk may re **LETTER** wins.
14. Why an *Actress* only and not actor? The alternative *Success* indicates that the person may be an actor or actress who has made good. So, **SUCCESS**.
15. The *Sudden* attack may cause the capture of the H.Q. That the attack should be *Strong* needs no emphasis. Go in for **SUDDEN**.
16. More than *Exerting* himself, it is *Exciting* himself that may harm the old dad with weak heart. **EXCITING** scores.
17. However good the *Agent*, workers may not feel satisfied unless the *Wages* are good. The boss's temperament is only of secondary importance. **WAGES** should win. —"SPOTTER."

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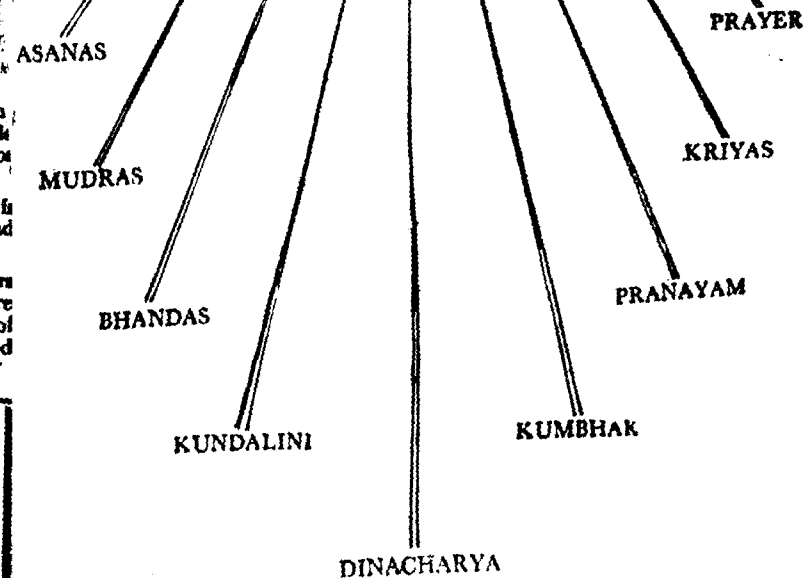
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