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JANUARY, 1956

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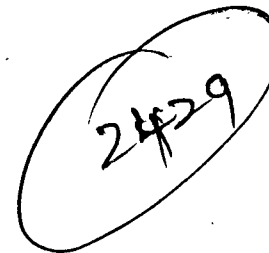
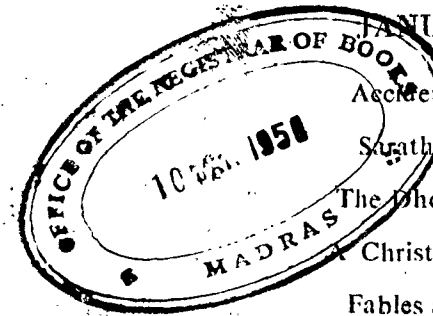
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He was going in search of the girl on whom his mother had set her heart but cupid intervened in the middle.

Accidents Will Happen

(By Mrs. C. Prema)

The evening was still young as Dilip walked up the street he had been looking for in Poona. He had a house and a girl to find. Unfortunately, he had forgotten the number of the house and even the name of her father. But, at least he knew what the girl looked like from a photograph his mother had given him. But, how could he find her? Anyway, he was not too keen about the whole thing. Under the circumstances nobody could blame him. For he had told his old mother that as far as his marriage was concerned it had to wait till he became a real somebody who could afford to have a wife and raise a family.

Now he was well established as an architect, a real somebody and his mother had shown him the photograph and said:

"Dilip, look at her; isn't she beautiful? She'll make me a good daughter-in-law, don't you think?"

"Daughter-in-law! Mother, if that's what you need, I'll find one myself," he had said dryly.

And then his mother had wept and between the act of wiping her tears and blowing her nose had said:

"Oh, Dilip she's the daughter of your father's best friend. I've been writing to them all these years, only in the hope of winning their daughter for you. They were always moving from place to place and now they're in Poona."

"All right, mother. I think I'll find this girl, and if she's good I'll even bring her home!" he had said teasingly.

And now he was in search of this girl. He tried to remember

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the number of her house, when something hit him hard on the head. It was a stunning blow and he staggered and nearly fell. His felt hat fell off and near it he saw what had hit him. It was a painted ball. A wooden ball! He picked it up along with his hat and began to weigh it, while with the hand that held the hat he rubbed his head vigorously. He looked up to find the window from where the ball had come, and looked into the eyes of an angel!

"I'm sorry if the ball hit you," the angel said.

"Why don't you try playing with rubber balls for a change? And keep your windows closed," Dilip shouted still rubbing his head.

He was hardly on his way again when he heard the angel. She had come down bringing a little boy with her.

"Shekar, go and tell the gentleman you're sorry for throwing the ball," she said.

So it wasn't the angel who was playing with the wooden ball. Dilip turned to face the culprit, and all his anger vanished. In spite of the pain in his head he began to smile at the gaily dressed little boy who came frowning towards him.

"I'm sorry, mister," he said.

Then the angel spoke again.

"You must forgive my nephew. It's his birthday today, and the ball you're holding was presented to him by his aunt. He doesn't like her very much and got furious when she gave him the ball and so he simply threw it out of the window..." she smiled.

Dilip smiled too. Remembering he still had the house and the girl to find, he said:

"Accidents will happen," and giving the ball to Shekar began to walk away.

Taking little Shekar by the shoulders, Bina, the angel, whispered:

"Shekar, why don't you invite the gentleman to your birthday party? And remember, I didn't tell you."

Nodding his head Shekar ran towards Dilip and tugged at his coat.

"Mister, mister, Aunt Bina told me to tell you that I am to invite you to my birthday party," he said.

The angel did not hear Shekar's invitation. She only saw the look of surprise the stranger gave her. He was smiling into her eyes and he took Shekar by the hand and came towards her. Speaking more to Bina, he said:

"Thanks I think I will. And by the way, you can call me, Dilip."

Soon the three of them walked up to the flat where Shekar and his parents lived. Bina explained the circumstances under which Dilip was invited to the party. Taking Dilip's hand, Shekar's father said:

"We are very glad to have you, Dilip. Please sit down, and do forgive my son. We hope you'd be his friend and ours too."

Dilip was thankful to be able to rest comfortably on a sofa. Shekar ran away to take a stock of all his toys, and his parents

Accidents Will Happen

hurried to the kitchen to attend to the sweets and other preparations for the party. Dilip was alone with the angel. He was glad he had met her and thanked Shekar for that.

"Does it pain still?" Bina asked.

"Yes," he said.

"I'll get you a drink," said Bina and hurried to the kitchen.

Bina brought him a glass of cold orange juice and it helped to relieve Dilip's pain. A smile lit up his handsome face, and he said, "Thanks" Then remembering something added:

"I don't know why I'm telling you this, but I feel that you must know. I'm looking for a girl, living somewhere in this street. I forget the number of her house. You see, it's my mother's idea that I marry this girl and I'm not for such marriages. I don't know anything about her. I've only seen her snap, and marriages don't happen just like that. At least, not as far as I'm concerned. I told my mother so, but she began to cry. Well, I thought I'd at least see this girl and please my mother. So that's why I came along this way. Now, I would like to leave. But I'll be back for the party."

"Shall I tell my brother-in-law and sister you are leaving, and will be back?" asked Bina.

"Please don't. They won't miss me," said Dilip.

He got up and went to the door, and stopped. It was not the pain in his head that stopped him. It was Bina. For a second he stood and tried to understand this new feeling



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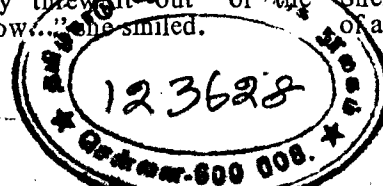
GANGA WORKS
ADYAR.

which seemed to bind him to her. He was in love with her. He turned to face Bina, and he noticed how different she looked. She looked very serious now. But, how could he expect her to love him, after what he had told her?

"Dilip," she called softly, and then bit her lips for having said his name. Then trying to be her gay self again said:

"I know nearly everyone who live in this street, at least by their names. May be if you told me more, I could help you find the girl you are looking for."

Dilip knew how truly she had spoken, and yet, he did not



seem to care for her help. Instead he said :

"Thanks Bina. I'll find her myself."

With a curious little smile, he turned and left her.

Shekar was the first to notice Dilip's absence. He ran to his aunt Bina and asked her what had happened to him.

"He just left, Shekar. He'll come back," she said.

"You sound very sad. Come with me and see my new toys, they'll make you happy. And can you guess where Dilip's gone? He's gone to get me a present. Hasn't he aunt Bina?" he asked.

"He's gone to get something. Let's wait and see. H'm," Bina said.

x x x

There was laughter in the doorway. The guests began to arrive. They were mostly old couples and relatives. Then a few of Bina's friends arrived and Bina seemed to forget all about Dilip.

It was at this moment that she saw Dilip standing in the doorway. He was looking at her, and in his hands he held two cardboard boxes.

Shekar saw him too, and darted to meet him. Giving the boxes to him, Dilip said :

"For you dear Shekar, and happy birthday."

"Thank you uncle Dilip," said Shekar taking his presents and began to undo the coloured strings.

"Whoo! I've got trains," and looking at the Maccano Set said, "and ladders, and

wheels and.....thank you Uncle Dilip!"

Everyone began to laugh. They were all happy.

Bina brought him a plate of sweets and fruits and was about to leave, when Dilip said :

"Must you leave? Please don't worry about any drinks, and aren't you going to ask me what happened after I'd left?"

Bina did not say a word. She sat down silently beside him, and Dilip saw how uneasy she felt. May be she does not care, he thought. But how could she?

"Bina, I really went to get Shekar a present. I do not want to find the house or the girl I was looking for. My heart has already found such a girl."

"Dilip!" Bina nearly shouted. She looked around like a frightened child to see if she had attracted anybody's attention. No she hadn't. Only her sister seemed to look at her, very motherly. And Dilip was staring at her as if another ball had fallen on his head! She began to tremble, then steadied herself and very seriously whispered :

"You must find her. You've got to be fair to your mother."

"She loves me," said Dilip to himself. There was a mischievous smile on his face.

"Do you think I must?" he asked picking up a sweet.

Bina did not answer. Her attention was drawn to her cousin who had just arrived. Shekar and his parents were with her and they brought her to Bina and left.

Accidents Will Happen

When Dilip saw her, he nearly dropped the was holding. His su too obvious, and Bi it.

"Aren't you going duce me, dear cousin the new arrival very vely.

Bina willingly obliged, and quickly left saying she would get some refreshments.

Dilip was left in the company of a fashionably dressed girl. He looked very miserable and uneasy. A definite killer, he thought, and then she began talking to him.

"Young as I am, I've travelled quite a lot. I know four languages. I can sing, can dance and even act. I'm going to become an actress. Don't you think, I'll make it? And, you're not bad looking yourself. You know....."

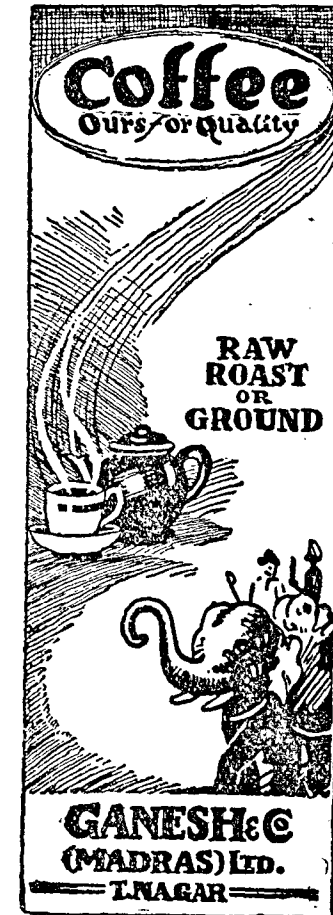
Dilip didn't seem to care to know more. This was the girl his mother had chosen for a daughter-in-law!

His eager heart began to search for Bina. She was nowhere in sight. Shekar's mother came along carrying a tray of refreshments. Dilip got up and asked her where Bina was.

"She just left. You'll find her at the station," she replied.

"Station!" exclaimed Dilip; "then I must be going. It was a wonderful party. And thanks for everything. Please tell Shekar that I'll see him during the week-end."

Without a word to his mother's chosen daughter-in-



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law to be, he left like a god on wings.

It was not long before he found Bina near the booking office. He ran up to her, and gently touched her. She turned around with a start and faintly smiled. He quickly led her to a quiet spot.

"Oh, Bina, how could you leave without telling me?" he said.

"I had to," she replied seriously. "When you dropped the sweet at seeing my cousin, I knew she was the girl

you came looking for. It was only fair that I left." There was sadness in her voice.

"Oh, Bina, how could you?" said Dilip tenderly. "Oh, Bina, Bina, I love you so."

"I love you too, Dilip," said Bina. "And now I've lost that train to Dadar."

"Dadar! I live in Dadar too. And darling, you're coming home to mother first," he said.

"I'd love to," said Bina and hurried away with Dilip towards the booking office.

RECORD BEARD

Do you know what a pogonotropher means? It means a man with a beard.

M. Jules Dumont, of Antryne, France, has what is the longest beard in existence today. There's 12 feet of it!

But the world's record-holder was Hans Langseth, who made a living in travelling circuses. Hans had a beard 17 feet long. He used to wind it round his neck like a scarf.

X X X
Murphy was taking a short cut through some fields when he was approached by a haughty looking young man.

"I say, there," said the latter, "what are you doing on this land? Do you know you are trespassing?"

"And who might you be an'all?" asked the Irishman.

"I'm the owner of these fields."

"And where did you get them from?"

"They were handed down to me by my ancestors," said the haughty youth.

"And where did they get them from?"

"They fought for them in battle."

"Good, then I'll fight ye for them!" Murphy exclaimed.

X X X
"Yes," said Mrs. Newkind, "my husband is most awfully careless; he's always losing the buttons off his clothes."

"Perhaps, my dear," replied Mrs. Oldstyle, gently, "it is because they are not sewn on carefully enough."

"That's just it! He's most awfully slipshod with his own sewing."

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

Sarath Murder Case

(By S. Rajagopalan)

Who was the murderer of Titwa—was it her jealous mother as related by her younger brother or someone else?

In the early hours of the morning of 19-2-1937, the Sub-Inspector of Police attached to Sarath outpost in Dunka District (Patna State), was awakened by a choukidar and informed about a murder in a nearby village, Dhoro Dum. He proceeded to the spot and found a young woman, Titwa (24), lying on a cot with bleeding injuries. He asked her as to who had treated her thus,

but she could not respond. Her mother Darpan (50) was present as also her youngest son Jiblal and three other villagers. The father of the woman, Bhagirath Poddar, was away at the time.

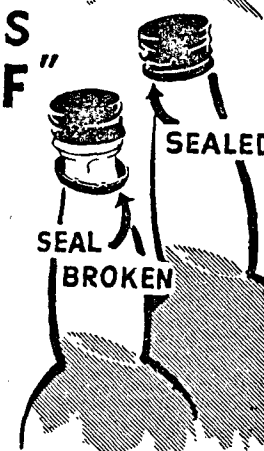
Darpan related to the Sub-Inspector that she and her daughter (Titwa) were sleeping on separate cots after taking their meals, on the southern verandah of the house. Her youngest son Jiblal was sleep-

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ing with her and her daughter took her bed with her own child aged two. After the moon had set, she went into the courtyard for the purpose of nature and then heard Titwa crying out "Mother! Mother! I'm killed. I'm killed."

She immediately ran to the verandah and saw two men running out through the western wall of the compound in front. She lighted a lamp and found that her daughter was covered with blood, her neck and cheek cut; and she could not speak.

She and her son raised an alarm and the villagers including the choukidar came up and saw what had happened. Her daughter's son Ganesh had gone away on the morning of the day before to celebrate the Sun God festival at a village 7 or 8 miles away where her eldest lived and worked as a goldsmith. Her husband (Titwa's father) too had gone there at noon. She suspected that someone whom she could not recognise from the village had committed the outrage.

The Sub-Inspector found a goldsmith's iron anvil near the daughter's cot, but it bore no blood stains.

He asked her if she (Darpan) had any quarrel with anyone. She replied that she had a tiff with one Moti who had damned her as a witch. Her husband, she proceeded, had illicit intimacy with the wife of one Dhano Poddar; and she also suggested that Titwa too was not above board.

Titwa was sent to the

hospital at Sarath. She had about a dozen injuries, consisting of incised wounds on the neck and face which seemed from their nature, to have been inflicted with a knife. After a dying declaration had been taken from her, the Sub-Inspector thought it prudent to examine the person of Darpan and also the place of occurrence.

There were on the spot marks of dried blood. Blood was also found at the corner of each eye of hers; and there were also blood stains on the sari; but as the sari was worn inside out, the stains were on the side next to her body. They consisted of drops of blood in 13 or 14 places and it looked as though they had been spurted on to the garment. There were also stains on the upper wrapper which had a smeared appearance.

Darpan explained that these stains had been caused when she went to her daughter's cot and also when she held her grandchild in her arms. This was prima facie a rational explanation, but something happened which cast a terrible suspicion about the woman's bonafides.

The Sub-Inspector questioned Titwa who however was unable to speak out. He recorded his own questions in the vernacular. She could reply only by signs. These signs were by waving of the hands and the movements of the head.

The questions and the answers which were spelt out of the signs by the Sub-Inspector

were recorded and they were in these terms:

Q: Who have assaulted you? the Mians, the Mirzas or the Poddars?

A (By signs): Poddars.

Q: Which Poddar did assault you? (Here the names of 13 Poddars were mentioned.)

A (By signs): Dhano Poddar.

Q: Why had he assaulted you? Was it to obtain money, or out of enmity or to outrage your modesty?

A: Outraging my modesty.

Q: How could you have recognised Dhano? Was a light burning?

A (By sign): She indicated that a light was burning.

Q: Was it Dhano who had assaulted you?

A: Yes.

Q: Who else did assault you?

A: Seeing her mother (Darpan) she expressed by making a sign with her hand that she had assaulted her.

The Sub-Inspector then examined Bhagirath Poddar, the father of Titwa. He stated that on the 18th he had set out from the village leaving Darpan, Titwa and her child and his own son Jiblal. Seven days before the occurrence he had lost a knife which he had never been able to recover.

The house was examined in detail. Blood stains on the walls and the verandah were noticed. The boy Jiblal was also examined.

Titwa succumbed to her injuries and Dhano Poddar and Darpan were arrested for murder.

At the trial, amongst others,

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All Aches and Pains

the boy Jiblal (Titwa's brother) made a very long statement. His father, he said, left the house at about noon of the same day for another village and his elder brothers also had departed. His mother and Titwa slept in the kitchen. On the fateful day, however, his mother suggested to Titwa that they should sleep in the verandah and all of them slept there. There was no light in the verandah. Their cot, i.e., that in which he and his mother slept, was a few feet away at right angles to Titwa's cot.

He woke up at about one or

two p.m. on hearing the cry of Titwa. His mother was not on the cot with him. He covered himself up with his cloth out of fright. He heard a sound of "Hum, Hum" which he recognised as his mother's voice and found her hitting someone with force; then he heard his sister's cry. "Hai re Bap. Hai re Bap." This went on for a long time. He uncovered his face and called his mother several times and saw her go from the verandah to the courtyard. He recognised her, he asserted, by moonlight. His mother told him that the thief had wounded his sister and she advised him to come away. He then asked her to bring a light which she brought from the kitchen and he carried it near his sister's face while Darpan was in the kitchen. By the aid of the light, he saw Titwa and found her covered with blood and returned to the courtyard. He rushed to raise an alarm but his mother stopped him saying that if he raised an alarm, the thieves would beat him. He, however could not keep quiet and on hearing his shouts the neighbours arrived and left the place to seek the choukidar. The choukidar came and questioned Titwa as to who had injured her. She replied in a faltering tone that it had been by her mother. The choukidar asked his mother to give her (Titwa) water; but Titwa turned her face away and waved her hand intending to decline the offer. She finally drank the water brought in by one Barjo.

He related what had all

happened to his father the following morning. He also alluded to the frequent quarrels between the mother and daughter, the last of which took place 4 or 5 days before the occurrence.

The choukidar also gave evidence and he deposed that Titwa implicated her mother and also mentioned how she refused to take water from her hands.

A motive was also suggested for the crime, the most sordid one that ever came before the courts. Darpan had been accusing for upwards of a year that her husband (Titwa's father) had been carrying on a liaison with his own daughter and had even taken out the management of the household from her and given it over to the latter. She was supposed on this account to have been in a constant state of resentment against her daughter.

The sessions judge acquitted Dhano, but convicted Darpan and sentenced her to death.

Now there were certain circumstances in the case which though exciting suspicion against Darpan were by no means conclusive of her participation in the murder.

For one thing, the blood-stains on her face and clothing could be explained as having been caused by her contact with the grandchild; and for another, Titwa's statement to the bystanders did not fit in with her dying declaration. The evidence of Jiblal, who was only 10 years old, could not be relied upon since he did not tell anyone what he said, before he met his father. The evidence

of children should be made immediately available and loses all its value unless received before the possibility of coaching is completely eliminated. To accept it at its face value would be extremely dangerous. Then the fact that the weapon used for the killing had not been found was also a circumstance favourable to Darpan. She did not leave the premises from the moment of the commission of the crime until long after the neighbours had arrived. She was there throughout within sight of everybody. It is difficult to see how she could have disposed of the knife or any other weapon secretly. Again if the injuries had been inflicted in the manner suggested, it was extremely probable that her hands would have become covered with blood but there was no suggestion that she had cleaned off her hands unobserved.

The choukidar came on the scene and narrated what Titwa told him and how she accused her own mother. Still it did not occur to him to take Darpan into custody then and there and send her to the Police Station. On



the other hand it was Darpan who made first information report to the Police. What seemed the most probable was that by reason of her strange accusation against her husband, *vis a vis* his own daughter, she had become odious in the neighbourhood. And it was not improbable that the villagers would have combined to screen the real murderer at the expense of the woman.

These circumstances weighed with the Judges of the Patna High Court, who acquitted her of the charge.

Two men were out shooting one day when a policeman approached and politely asked to see their game licenses. To his surprise, one of the men turned round and ran away as though for dear life. The policeman, attentive to duty, followed.

When he caught the man the policeman demanded to see his license. The sportsman promptly produced it, and it was found to be in order.

"Why on earth did you run away when you had your license?" asked the policeman, as he mopped a heated brow.

"Just because my friend hadn't got his," was the reply.

The Dhobi & The Lion

(By Swami Sivananda)

When a man has forgotten his real identity and when through wrong identification with the body and mind suffers grief and pain the guru awakens him to the nature of his real self.

A dhobi (washerman) was instructing his son who was washing clothes: "My son, it is nearing nightfall. Get ready to return home. I am very much afraid of night. I am not afraid of tiger or lion; but night makes me sick with fright."

A lion which was hiding in a nearby bush heard the dhobi's remarks. It mused within itself: "What kind of being is this Night? Judging from this man's remarks, it must be greatly superior in strength to even me, the king of the jungle." Fear of the unknown Night crept into its heart.

The dhobi was searching for his donkey which had not returned home that evening. In the dusk he could not see clearly; but he espied an animal crouching in the bush. He thought it was the donkey and gave it a couple of good blows with his stick. The lion was confirmed in its fear: "This must be the mighty Night. Thank God, I am let off with only two blows." It got up and followed him into his house. The dhobi did not notice it was a lion, but simply tied it in the yard and went to sleep. The lion was greatly worried.

Early in the morning the dhobi put a big load of clothes on the back of the lion (it was still dark and so he could not

discover it was a lion) and led it to the river. The poor lion meekly followed him. Another lion met this lion on the way and laughed. "What is this that you are doing? Are you not ashamed that, being a lion, you are doing the work of a donkey? Throw away that burden and come with me." But this lion would not. "Brother, you don't know what this terrible creature Night did to me. Keep quiet or it will beat you also." The new lion laughed at this lion's foolishness. "Look. Just roar once and see what happens." It did so. The dhobi looked back; and in the dim light of the dawn he saw the lion. He bolted away without even caring for the cloth-bundle. The two lions bounded away into the forest.

It is to be learned from the story of the two lions that the grip of nescience over us is strong and powerful, like the lion's dread of the mysterious Night, that it needs a Guru, another lion, to point out to us our own essential nature and to stand by as our support and guide while we roar: "Satchidananda Swarupoham." The load of miseries and grief, of delusion and despair, that we have so long been carrying—as the lion was carrying the dhobi's clothes—will

The Dhobi & The Lion

13

drop away from us as we leap forward to reach our native Abode of Bliss.

X X X
GANDARVASEN

In the selection of rice you use your intelligence and select the best quality of rice when you go to a shop. When such is the case in an ordinary material affair, how much more careful you must be in your Dharma. If you take by mistake a third sort rice by paying a high price, how much do you regret and repent. Even so if you lack in discrimination, you will repent later on.

In a certain country there was a washerman. He had a donkey which he loved very dearly. He named him Gandarvasen. One fine morning the donkey suddenly died. The washerman was drowned in sorrow. He lost all taste for food and gave up washing clothes. One of his well-to-do customers finding him very morose, asked for the reason for his sorrow. He began to weep bitterly. When the customer pressed for the reason he said, "Gandarvasen died."

"Who is Gandarvasen?" asked the customer. The washerman again simply wept. The customer thought that Gandarvasen was perhaps some saintly man. He also shared the washerman's grief, shaved his head and moustache and wore black dress.

The news that Gandarvasen was dead spread like wild fire and everyone carried away by the impressive name, shared the grief by shaving their heads and

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wearing mourning dress. In one day the whole city put on a mourning appearance. The minister who came out for a walk in the street, found this sight everywhere and asked the people what the matter was. They said: "Some great man, Gandarvasen, has died." The minister also thought that he must also share the grief. Thus the news reached the king, who

also followed his subjects and shared the grief.

At night when the king entered the inner apartments, the queen enquired the cause of this unusual mourning and the king narrated the whole story. The queen asked: "Is Gandarvasen your father or mother? Why have you shaved your head? Who is this Gandarvasen?" The king was brought to his senses. He sent for his minister and questioned him. The minister could not satisfy the king. Then the subjects were summoned. And lastly in the open court the washerman was commanded to give out who Gandarvasen was. After great pressure, the washerman said that Gandarvasen was his own ass. The king bent his head down in shame and all the subjects did the same.

Therefore, do not be foolishly led away into blindly copying the actions of each and every man seen. Use your discrimination before adopting a course of action. Dharma is subtle. Its real import is not so easy to understand. Any man's fanciful utterance or whimsical action is not to be impulsively imitated.

Use your '*Viveka*' and avoid disgrace. Choose the right path by sitting at the feet of your Guru or by association with sages.

Moral: This is the wonder of wonders. No one stops to think even for a moment. Everyone follows everyone. Each man tries to outshine his neighbour; every man follows the beaten track blindly, without bestowing a thought whether he is doing the right or not. A young man goes to school because his father went to school, and because his neighbour goes to school. He seeks employment because everyone seeks employment. He gets married. He earns wealth because everyone does so. He wastes his life because he does not know what else to do. Life to him has come to mean being born, begetting children, growing old and so to the grave. This is just like we have in the story. When Gandarvasen is dead, one after another, upto the king, everyone observes mourning. But the real seeker is not like that. He does *Vichar* and gains *Viveka*. Then he abandons the wordly life and embraces the spiritual life. He is a wise man.

"There is a happy land, far, far away," echoed through the school room.

"Very good!" remarked the teacher. "Now, can anybody tell me where the happy land is?"

This was a puzzler, and one that none of the children seemed eager to answer. At last one small hand shot up.

"Now, children listen to what this clever little boy has to say," said the teacher. "Well, laddie and where is the happy land?"

"Please, teacher, far, far away."

A Christmas Ghost Story

It was Christmas eve. In the large sitting room panelled in oak and richly furnished all the family members from all parts of England had gathered to enjoy a Christmas of the good old-fashioned kind, with a roaring log fire, a flaming pudding, festoons of holly and ivy, and the indispensable mistletoe bough.

In the seat of honour by the great stone fireplace sat the old lord, surrounded by children and grandchildren. As Amy, one of the pretty granddaughters, approached him he looked up with quick interest and exclaimed, "Why Barbara, my dear, what a long time you have been away."

Some of the elder people looked at each other meaningly. "The dear old man," one whispered, "his mind wanders a little sometimes. He is thinking of his little sister Barbara, who died when they were both children."

But Amy was quick to see his mistake and responded to it with ready tact. She went up to the old man, put her arms round him, and kissed him tenderly.

"Have you missed me dear?" she asked gently. "I will not go away just yet."

"Missed you?" the old man said. "I always miss you, Barbara. Nothing is the same when you are not here. Why, how you have grown," he said fondly, holding her at arms length, and looking her up and down.

The girl's mother came forward, and laid her hand on her shoulder.

"It is time to dress for dinner," she said, adding in a whisper, "Don't say any more. He is getting excited."

The old man looked wistfully at Amy as she went away.

Out in the hall she found a little group talking and laughing and together they trooped

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up the wide, polished staircase to their different rooms.

Amy's room was one known as the coved saloon and immediately she entered the room she prepared to lay out the dress. There was to be an informal dance after dinner to which all the young people in the house were looking forward with great excitement.

She was standing before the mirror, her long hair hanging over her shoulders, when some unaccountable feeling made her turn round. She saw that she was not alone in the room. A child—a tender girl of about ten dressed in a long high-waisted white frock—was standing by the bed, a look of sorrow and distress on her face, and tears falling down her cheeks.

Amy went towards her quickly. "Don't cry," she said, in her sweet sympathetic voice. "Tell me all about it, and perhaps I can help you."

The child looked up at her and smiled, the look of sorrow passing from her face.

Amy turned to the dressing table, and began to do her hair up. A moment later she glanced round, but the child had disappeared.

"She must be hiding somewhere," Amy thought. "What a nice mischievous little thing. I am sure I shall love her."

A little later she discovered that her frock wanted hooking behind.

"Eva," she called to her cousin, whose room adjoined hers, "do come and hook me up."

There was no answer. She

pushed open the door, but the room was empty. Eva evidently had finished dressing and gone downstairs.

When Amy turned back into her room she saw the child by her dressing table. She put out her little hands without saying a word.

"Oh, thank you so much," Amy said. "Eva has gone downstairs, and I can't reach by myself."

She felt the little fingers pulling to get the hooks fastened and it struck her how cold they were.

"Do warm your hands before you go down," she said. "I will be ready in a few minutes."

She turned round but once more the child was gone. She finished her dressing and went out. On the stairs she met Eva.

"I suppose you will give half the dances to Percy," Eva remarked teasingly.

Amy flushed a little. "Mother says I am not to encourage him," she said. "Oh, it is hard, Eva. Just because he is poor, but he is bound to be rich soon, for he is getting on so well."

Amy and Eva went down the stairs together laughing and joking. When the dance started Amy gave the first three dances to Percy, but her mother soon bore down upon her and disgusted Amy went across the room to where her grandfather was sitting and seated herself beside him. His mind was perfectly clear now, and he welcomed her by her name.

Amy said to him, "There

was such a dear little girl in my room. She helped me to dress. I don't see her here. Do you know who she is grandfather?"

The old man looked at her attentively. Then asked, "Where are you sleeping? In the coved saloon?"

"Yes," she said in some surprise.

"That was my nursery," said the old man dreamily, "mine and my sister Barbara's. My poor little Barbara! People say that children have no affection and no memory. Don't believe them my dear. I have never loved anyone in my life as I did my little sister, and her death was the greatest sorrow I have ever known."

"Did she die long ago?" Amy asked in a hushed voice.

"When she was ten years old," he said. "I shall never forget it. We had been to some children's party and she had on her best white frock. Our heads were side by side in the alcove of the coved saloon and we were chasing each other round them when the nurse came in and chided us. The next morning she was dead—of some sudden mysterious complaint."

"It was Barbara then, I saw," Amy said below her breath.

"She often comes to me," her grandfather said. "Don't tell anyone, dear. They would laugh at it as an old man's fancy, but it is true."

Just then Amy's mother came

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towards them before he could say any more.

"Really," she said rather crossly. "I am surprised Amy, that you should dance with Percy Hatfield when I have told you not to encourage him."

"Why shouldn't she?" asked the grandfather with some interest. "He is a fine young fellow, and will do well in the world."

Just then Amy felt the touch of cold little fingers slipped into hers. She looked at her side and saw little Barbara standing beside her. At the same time she saw Percy Hatfield coming towards where they were sitting. Amy saw little Barbara looking at him and then up at the old man, with a questioning beseeching glance. Only she and the old man were aware of little Barbara's presence.

"Let the young people be happy," said the grandfather to Amy's mother. "I have set my heart upon it. Do this thing for me."

Amy's mother looked at the old man bewilderingly. Then after sometime said grudgingly, "If you really wish it and approve."

"Yes. I do really wish it. Then it is settled," he said with a happy smile. Percy reached across and took Amy's hand in his. It was little Barbara who impelled him to move forward to where Amy stood and take her hand. Her mother stared. Eva who was closely watching the scene looked on curiously. Only the old man understood.

Fables and Fairy Tales

No mythological story, no traditional event in the folklore of a people has ever been, at any time, pure fiction, but everyone of such narration has an actual, historical lining to it.—H. P. Blavatsky.

The attention of young men and women of the present generation is greatly absorbed by science, technology and economics. It is believed that proficiency in these subjects will prove financially most remunerative, and money largely determines one's social status. So it is fancied that fortune favours the machinist and the technician, the economist and the statistician. Therefore our modern youths do not care for literature and the classic and are becoming increasingly incapable of understanding and also enjoying the wisdom of the old-world sages. Those seers created myths; taught wisdom in fairy tales and social science in fables; they used parables, metaphors and allegories; emblems and symbols entered into their expositions. To get at the meaning of these is too much for the "trained" mind of the graduate!

The habit of telling stories is one of the most primitive and universal characteristics of the human race. The most ancient civilizations of which we have any knowledge have yielded to investigators clear traces of this practice. The specimens of their narratives that have been gathered from all the ends of the earth and from remotest times of which we have written record show traces of purpose,

now religious and didactic, now historic and patriotic.

The oldest of stories are the myths. The Western world is fully familiar with the Greek myths. The myths of the Orient are more ancient. To assume, as so many "civilized" and "learned" persons do, that myths are outpourings of infant humanity face to face with nature, which it was trying to understand and to interpret, is wrong. Myths are not the babblings of an infant race; and, more ancient myths, especially those of China and of India, contain keys to real knowledge. Myths are truer than history and were the carefully conceived work of sages and seers. Says H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*:

"Indeed, there are few myths in any religious system worthy of the name, but have an historical as well as a scientific foundation."

To comprehend the whole subject we must recognize that myths convey cosmic and anthropological fact just as fables convey truths about the social behaviour of men and women. Similarly, fairy tales reveal one aspect of the human subconscious, the psychic nature of every man.

The history of the early races of humanity, the former continents, their civilization and

their cataclysmic changes; the deeply occult truths as to man's evolution and final goal; secrets of nature; scientific laws; moral verities; the profound religion of our forefathers—the key to all these and other problems which today puzzle our greatest intellects is to be found in ancient myths, legends and folklore. *The Secret Doctrine* states:

"There is 'history' in most of the allegories and 'myths' of India, and events, real actual events, are concealed under them."

Next to myths come fairy tales. Recently the 150th birth anniversary of Hans Christian Andersen was celebrated throughout the world. Many of his tales reflect ancient folklore, but they are told with a quaintness, insight, humour and imagination that we have given the author a place by himself in letters and made his name a household word.

He who would look deep into these tales would find in them more than entertainment. For all their fantasy, they are life, universal and eternal; for all their lightness of touch, they are serious. Andersen's tales are reputed to have a perfection of form that no other modern writer of fairy stories has achieved. This is due in no small measure to his painstaking efforts.

But we have his peculiar temperament to account for: we need a real insight into the nature and character of his genius. Was not his personality unbeknown to himself, affianced in some way with the kingdom of nature spirits? Numerous strange incidents of his life cease to be puzzles when we accept the existence of the invisible kingdom of Nature Spirits. It influences and affects all human beings, but more pronounced is that influence on some psychic constitutions. Consider Hans

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Christian Andersen to be one of these.

The belief in Nature Spirits, variously known as *devatas*, elementals, jinn, sylphs, elves, dwarfs, trolls, goblins, moss people, fairies, etc., is universal, though modern science dismisses them as fictitious. These invisible beings, which under certain conditions take objective shape and become visible to people who have always believed in them—e.g., in old countries like Ireland—figure prominently in fairy tales. This demonstrates the fact that nature forces do influence human beings, either beneficently or maleficently, consciously or unconsciously to themselves. And fairy tales have ever kept up the human belief in the super-physical.

Fairy tales do not belong exclusively to nurseries; nor are they senseless stories written for the amusement of the idle. Apart from their literary and cultural value, nearly all tales that have come down to us from ancient times, and even some modern stories such as those that Andersen wrote, and which are derived from ancient folklore, convey facts and teach truths.

In India, Somadeva, a Brahmin of Kashmir, wrote or rather compiled, about A.D. 1070, the famous collection of tales known as *Katha Sarit Sagara* (The Ocean of Tales). Not only have some *Arabian Nights* narratives come from it, but to it is traced even the pound-of-flesh story of *Merchant of Venice*. The tale of the pious

King Sibi, who offers the hawk his flesh if he will but spare a dove which has flown to him for shelter, finally found its way into the study of the Bard of Avon. Stith Thompson, one of the greatest authorities on the subject, points out that the fairy-tale style is found in tales of non-European origin, even in Egyptian collections dating back to the 13th century B.C. Benfey postulated an Indian origin for fairy tales and their subsequent migration to Europe.

It is understandable that schoolmasters do not know the value of ancient myths and cannot explain their meaning or what they are supposed to convey. But, myths apart, how many among them can entertain their young pupils, with a view to instruction, by telling or reading to them fairy stories? And what about fables? From the *Panchatantra*, the oldest known collection of fables attributed to Vishnusharman, to the most modern ones—almost all of them are full of priceless lore.

Among our writers how many can be honoured as modern Vishnusharmans? And if we found one living and labouring in obscurity would our legislators and administrators make such a Vishnusharman a Director of Public Instruction? Or even allow him to conduct a high school as its headmaster?

Creators of fables like Vishnusharman were educationalists of a totally different calibre and were motivated very differently from modern educationalists. As Arthur W.

Ryder, the able translator of the *Panchatantra*, well points out in his introduction, real fables are *Niti Shastras*, textbooks of *niti* or "the wise conduct of life." He says:

"Western civilization must endure a certain shame in realizing that no precise equivalent of the term is found in English, French, Latin, or Greek. Many words are therefore necessary to explain what *niti* is, though the idea, once grasped, is clear, important, and satisfying."

Niti-Shastras are food for the citizen just as *Yoga-Shastras* are for the aspirant to soul advancement, not to social advancement. Ryder rightly points out that the citizen desires to have security, to live in comfort, and believes that it is "better to be dead than poor." What kind of education should the future citizen receive? Vishnusharman has put these words in the mouth of the jackal, a major character in the *Panchatantra*:

What is learning whose
attaining
Sees no passion wane, no
reigning
Love and self-control?
Does not make the mind a
menial,
Finds in virtue no congenial
Path and final goal?
Whose attaining is but
straining
For a name, and never gaining
Fame or peace of soul?

Says Ryder:

"This is *niti*, the harmonious development of the powers of man, a life in which security, prosperity, resolute action,

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friendship, and good learning are so combined as to produce joy. It is a noble ideal, shaming many tawdry ambitions, many vulgar catchwords of our day."

If schools, colleges and education departments do not value myths, fairy tales and fables at their true worth, should not some attempt be made by promoters of adult education to stress their value and importance?

The spread of the wisdom of Vishnusharman forms a more fascinating story than the birth

of the *Panchatantra* itself. To begin with, the great author was a gleaner and a transmitter.

One Vishnusharman, shrewdly gleaning,

All worldly wisdom's inner meaning,

In these five books the charm compresses

Of all such books the world possesses.

The *Panchatantra* was translated, from the original in Sanskrit, into Pahlavi (with additions) for the Sassanian Shah Khushrow by his physician Burzoe. This Pahlavi translation is no more available, but a Syriac translation made in the sixth century A.D. survives. Two centuries later Burzoe's version was translated into Arabic and was known as *Kalilah wa Dimwa* from the names given to the two jackals in the *Panchatantra*. This Arabic version was soon translated into Persian, Turkish, Mongolian, Malay and Ethiopic. Among the Persian versions is the famous *Anwar-i-Suhaili—Light of Canopus*. This and other translations and versions brought to the Middle

Ages of Europe the practical message of the *Panchatantra*. Ryder points out that in this work the European reader "makes the acquaintance of one of La Fontaine's important sources."

But to return to our contention: Fables must be read, enjoyed and applied by the modern man and woman. They are provocative of mental action which leads to the perception of moral principles. Life will become more drab and boring, more mean and petty, without an appreciation of true morality. One way to overcome this depressing condition is to use old myths, fairy tales and fables and demand new ones from the modern penmen.

Tolstoy wrote a fable to fit the learned blind man of our 20th-century civilization:

THE BLIND MAN AND THE MILK

One blind man from birth asked a man who could see: "What colour is milk?"

The man who could see

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replied: "The colour of milk is like white paper."

The blind man asked: "This colour, then, rustles in the hands like paper?"

The man who could see replied: "No; it is white, like white flour."

The blind man asked: "Then it is soft and dry like flour, is it?"

The man who could see replied: "No; it is simply white like a rabbit."

The blind man asked: "Then it is downy and soft like a rabbit, is it?"

The man who could see replied: "No; white is a colour exactly like snow."

The blind man asked: "Then it is cold like snow, is it?"

And in spite of all the comparisons which the man who could see made, the blind man was wholly unable to comprehend what the colour of milk was.

If fables, fairy tales and especially myths remain sealed mysteries to most persons in our present civilisation, it is because we do not have the clue to their correct interpretation. The wisdom of the past ages was not expressed in words easily comprehensible to the materialistic and mechanistic mind of this day and era. But the key exists. The science of Occultism pro-

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vides it; symbols and emblems, allegories and metaphors—all can be deciphered. But first we should exercise imagination, intuition and discernment in all the experiences of daily life. We must not be glamourised by the ratiocinative process of thought but secure for ourselves a different kind of perception as superior to reason as reason is superior to sense perception. Fables, fairy stories and myths enable us to cultivate our intuitive and imaginative faculties.
—Theosophical Movement.

He who serves his brother best, gets nearer God than all the rest.—*John Ruskin.*

x

x

x

Disappointments are shafts sent to the very bottom of our souls, and whatever is there, whether gold, or only copper, they bring it to the surface.—*Edmund Garret.*

Light Of Asia Moves On

(By K. S. Ramaswamy Sastri)

The stories known as the Jataka tales relate to the life of Gautama Buddha during many reincarnations as Bodhisattva before his attaining Buddhahood. Sir Edwin Arnold called Buddha as the "Light of Asia" in his immortal poem. But Buddha is a light for all times and climes. There are 547 Jataka tales. Buddha tells them to throw light on human ethics, on reincarnation and on emancipation. They, and the beast fables of Panchatantra which went to the west and became famous as the Fables of Belpai, and the stories in the famous Ocean of Story (Katha-sarit-sagara), are of great value even to day, though the world epics of Indian origin (Ramayana and Mahabharata) outshine them. I shall present here such of the Jataka tales as have great emotional and aesthetic value and relate to human themes of perennial interest.

Once upon a time a learned Brahmin who wanted to propitiate his ancestors sent his sons to take a goat to the river and have it bathed and then brought back to be offered as a sacrifice. They took it to the river and bathed it and put garlands round its neck and were bringing it back when the goat suddenly laughed, and immediately afterwards had a burst of weeping. They asked the goat: "You did not laugh or weep till now. What has suddenly come over you to make you laugh and weep?"

The goat said: "Take me to your father." They did so. He put the same question to the goat. The goat replied: "As I was being led back after the bath I suddenly remembered my past life. I was then a learned Brahmin like you. I killed a goat to appropriate my ancestors. For that evil act I have been reborn five hundred times and my head was cut off four hundred and ninety-nine

times. This is my five hundredth and last rebirth on that account. I am bound to lose my head. But my sin will have had full expiation. It will not haunt me any longer and will not pursue me like a shadow. So I laughed. But I remembered immediately that for the sin of killing me you will be reborn five hundred times and lose your head. So I felt a deep compassion for you and wept."

Thereupon the Brahman felt that he should desist from the act of sin. He told the goat, "Do not fear. I shall not kill you."

The goat replied: "I applaud your virtuous resolve. But you cannot avert my death."

The Brahman said: "Have no fear. I shall be always with you and guard you and save you from the death."

Accordingly, he and his sons always went with the goat to prevent any harm happening to it. But one day when the goat

Light of Asia Moves On

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went to a hill side to eat the leaves of a bush there a big rock rolled down as a result of a thunderbolt hitting it and fell on the neck of the goat. The goat immediately died as a result.

The Bodhisattwa who had been as a tree-divinity there made himself visible and taught to the assembled men:

"If men know the reality of pain and misery and grief, they will never take life. Stern is the slayer's doom. Harm none. Ahimsa is the highest law of life."

All the hearers of the gospel felt the force and logic of the teaching and lived from that day a life of ahimsa and virtue and achieved emancipation.

The Bodhisattwa disappeared but the gospel was never forgotten.

THE MONKEY SAVIOUR

Once upon a time the Bodhisattwa was born as a king of the monkeys in a thick forest. A troop of eighty thousand monkeys formed his subjects and obeyed his command. He loved his subjects and lived for their welfare. He told them: "In this forest there are some trees whose fruits are poisonous. If you eat them, you will die. Do not eat any any fruits without showing them to me. Another thing. Yonder lake is haunted by an ogre. I went round the lake. I found many footprints leading to the lake but

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not a single returning footprint. Do not get into the water of that lake to satisfy your thirst. Restrain yourself. I shall think over the matter and tell you how to drink the water of the lake without any danger to you." The monkeys obeyed him.

The ogre seeing that monkeys are not coming into the lake to drink water came up and advised the monkeys to go into the lake and drink the water. The king monkey counselled them against doing so. The monkeys then asked: "We will obey you loyally. But we suffer from thirst. What shall we do? Please tell us how to drink the water without incurring any danger." They refused, however, to heed what the ogre said.

The Bodhisattwa monkey felt pity for the monkeys and meditated as to what should be done. Then it decided to do a new and skilful act and show that method to all the monkeys.

It took a lotus-stalk and blew down the reed. The reed became hollow. It then told the monkeys: "Do as I have done. Take a lotus stalk and make it hollow. Do not get into the water but stand on dry land. Drink water through the hollow reed." He seated himself with a reed in his hand. All the other eighty thousand monkeys also did so, each with a hollow reed in its hand. He showed them how to suck the water up through the hollow reed. They all drank the water in the same manner, sitting on the bank of the lake. (Dear reader! You will now see how we happen to suck our drinks at garden parties through hollow reeds. This, incidentally, is a proof of the Darwinian theory about the ancestry of man.)

The ogre in the lake was furious. But it was impotent and could not do any harm. The moral of the story is: Helping others is the first law of life.

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S. T. R. Iyengar writes:

We deeply regret to announce the sad demise of Srimathi Komattil Madhavi Amma (Mrs. K. N. Kesari), Managing Director of Kesari Kuteeram Ltd., on 16-12-55 at 11 A. M. at her residence in Royapettah of heart attack.

A meeting of the members and staff of the company, was held at 5-30 p. m. in which reference was made to her genial temper, kind-heartedness and charitable disposition and a resolution was passed expressing their profound sorrow at the death of the Managing Director and conveyed the same to Srimathi K. Sarada Devi (only daughter of the deceased) the newly elected Managing Director.

LOVE LETTERS

(By Aldo Palazzeschi)

Michelle, Michelino..... Lumachino; that was how the name started. Lumachino...the little slug. Michele, already rather a soft kind of a name, was not enough; so they had recourse to the brute creation, to the molluscs, in fact; and possibly they might have gone even a little further than that. He was the ugliest man in the village; and not all villages have the privilege of possessing an inhabitant so excessively ugly. He was the postmaster, having inherited this position when left an orphan by the early deaths of both father and mother, the former from consumption, the latter as the result of a malignant tumor: he was, therefore, the product of two horrible diseases. The movements of his arms, of his thin, crooked body, were apelike, sluggish; his face was emaciated, greenish; his face was emaciated, greenish yellow in hue; he was shortsighted to the point of being ridiculous, absurd, with eyes like a toad behind thick lenses attached by a thin black cord; while his mouth—yet another horror—was a mere slit, indecent both in its colour, its softness, and its expression.

He liked women. All the men in that village liked women, as they do, of course, in many other villages too; but no one liked them quite to the extent that he did, nor with less

return, for he had never succeeded in getting possession of a single one. If he had been content to put up with some hideous, dried-up disregarded old maid, as yellow and green in the face as himself, one of those who would keep her eyes tight shut in order to maintain a position of dignity, he might have had a wife; but not at all—Lumachino loved beautiful women, the very beautiful ones, the most beautiful of all. Even Signora Rondoni, the exuberantly ripe widow, universally pleasing and desired by young men and old, left him indifferent; and she was the woman who was known all over the countryside for her beauty, her elegance, and a life which, in a discreet, domestic manner, was not at all respectable—for an important personage, one with the title of "honourable", came, from time to time, to stay for brief periods at her villa. Not even this lady would have made him satisfied and contented; beneath her beauty and elegance there was a suggestion of indifference, of calculation, of worldly wisdom, whereas what Lumachino wanted was true love, the love that bursts forth in early youth, that came bursting forth in himself every day, to no purpose, like a broken spring, the love that makes its victims lose their heads and commit acts of folly.

When he heard a report that a beautiful young girl was officially betrothed or was carrying on a secret love affair—which gave him infinitely greater pleasure—his melon coloured blood would leap up beneath his greenish skin: and if she happened to come to the pigeon-hole in his office—and sooner or later, they all came there, bent on some post office business—he would stick out his head, leaning forward right under her nose as if he were trying to read an address there, laughing with his mouth wide open and melting with pleasure as he laughed.

Then the girls would burst into fits of laughter too, and screams of laughter would fill the room; for they either laughed or teased him mercilessly. He was quite content to be teased by the girls, and they asked nothing better than to satisfy him in this way: for he derived immense pleasure from their cruel, indecorous guffaws, and they required no pressing to oblige him ungrudgingly.

There are ugly men in this world whose ugliness is of a virile kind that can be very pleasing to women and can exercise a power over them greater than the power of beauty itself; this is what the English call "sex appeal" (a happy expression which they must have invented on their travels abroad). But this poor little man possessed, not sex appeal, but the quality of sex repulsion. There are also some who are ugly and unattractive, without any appeal, but who do not arouse mirth in

others. And others, ugly, unattractive, and ridiculous, but at least not actually repugnant: Lumachino was repugnant as well.

Those were the girls that Lumachino wanted, the ones who despised him: and above all Argia, the most exuberant, the freshest of all, the most beautiful, a rosebud scarcely opened, overflowing with health and vigour, and one who mocked at him most mercilessly. She was in love with Giotto, the biggest scamp in the village; and these wretches had come to an understanding and sworn to love each other in spite of their families and the world in general; they were burning with passion for each other. Giotto was a big, strong, handsome young man, rather arrogant, who had never worked seriously for his living; gambling, amusements, shooting, riding a motor bicycle, love-making—these were his chief passions, to the considerable discomfort of his modestly placed family. Oh, to be Giotto! That was the passionate desire of Lumachino. Oh, to be Giotto! But not the Giotto who put a stop to Cimbue's boasting, who painted St. Francis with such heavenly skill—not at all! He did not even think of him; it was Giotto the scamp, the despair of his family, the scandal of the village, the betrothed of Argia in spite of all the world.

Argia...In that harsh, sweet name Lumachino tasted the savour of all the fruits of the earth, the perfume of all its flowers, that were like the

flames of redness glowing in her full cheeks, where skin and flesh were one. With such a treasure in his heart he would have felt himself a god: yet Giotto carried it about everywhere with perfect self-possession.

No one else could have given a woman so much devotion, so much tenderness, so much passion; and yet the women, on their side, did not know what to do with all these fine things, for slugs, alas! cannot enter into the temple of love and must be content to creep by, with bursting hearts, leaving a little slime at the doors: for if they enter, the sacristan will kick them out at once. Or crush them beneath gentle feet. Gentle for him, of course, not for the slugs.

He had passed the age of thirty, and even though, in his apparent idiocy, he might appear not to suffer from being the butt of everyone, Lumachino, beneath his slimy laugh, was aware of a stone growing hard within his breast.

All round him there was love, and in the warm days of spring he saw nothing but embracing couples, heard nothing but the twittering of kisses. The young people went off together along discreet lanes bordered by flowering hedges: even the branches clung together or stretched out their arms to each other; and there was singing and whispering, caresses, vows (oh, such vows), smiles, perfumes.... Ugly as he was, he yearned for beauty and for love.

All the girls arrived, sooner or later, at the pigeonhole in his office to buy stamps or to entrust

him with jealous, urgent letters; to fetch them away jealously, too, or to find out with unbearable impatience, whether there was anything for them. Then off they would go, empty-handed and depressed, or else trembling, with the letter scorching their fingers.

Leaning upon the well-worn counter, alone, deep in thought, he would start at the sound of letters falling into the letter box; he would recognize the different handwritings, would speculate vainly upon their contents; he would postmark them and still hold them in his hand before sealing them up inside the bag; finally, with a long sigh, he would make up his mind to dispatch them to their fate, following them, mentally, right into the hands of the person to whom they were addressed. He himself never received a love letter.

When Giotto went to Rome to do his military service as a grenadier Lumachino kept a careful lookout for his letters and those of Argia, and always recognised them. Argia would go into the post office to fetch the letters and bring her own, prepared to face a struggle. Before he put that particular letter into the bag, he would rub his nose against it a hundred times and then press it to his heart. One of these letters he kept for two days; he could not bear to part with it. And one he did not send at all; he opened it and kept it altogether.

Lumachino came thus to the language of the heart, the tender words, the burning

phrases, the vows (oh, such vows!), the confidences, the intimate revelations, the requests and promises that drove him to madness, the power that overcomes obstacles in spite of everybody and in opposition to everybody. The letter ended like this: "...no one shall tear me away from you! I shall be yours, yours, until the grave." He was intoxicated, just as though these remarks belonged to him personally, and kept repeating: "yours, yours, yours, until the grave." He kept other letters, too, letters from Argia, from Giotto, from other girls and other young men, and, in a kind of delirium, in an ecstasy, opened all those which seemed to smell of love; he was in heaven, now, unmindful of the world.

The village began to show signs of ill-humour, of doubt to make claims for undelivered letters; people began to be suspicious, there were scenes inside the post office, scenes which increased in violence. Lumachino laughed, and by laughing fomented this violence; with his irritating composure, he laughed, rejoicing in the steadily growing tumult of which he felt himself to be the center, the protagonist. He laughed, with an idiotic, happy smile on his face which was as good as a confession; and as he answered the complainants he almost died with happiness at the sight of their scowling faces.

Suspensions were consolidated and he was accused, and, at a first interview with the Superintendent of Police, he said at

once: "Yes, yes, sir." Yes, he had taken the letters and read them; yes, he had them, they were his, he asserted impudently. Declared to be under arrest, he was transferred in a public vehicle to a detention cell at the prison in the nearby town; he was accompanied by the Superintendent and two police constables, who had great difficulty in saving him from the fury of the crowd, which demanded the right of taking justice into its own hands. And the girls screamed and hurled imprecations behind the carriage which took him away, following it to the last bend in the road, flourishing their fists and their nails at Lumachino. "Coward! Cad! Shameless brute!" In the midst of the group Argia stood out, taller and stronger than the rest, blazing with anger. "To prison with you! You cad!" In her passionate rage, she was even more beautiful. And Lumachino, wriggling and writhing between the two policemen who prevented him from seeing her, kept on saying, as he slipped his face in between their arms: "Yours, yours, yours, until the grave!" And he was laughing. Not even the policemen could manage to keep serious; they laughed at the infuriated girls. "To prison with you! You cad!" They laughed at Lumachino. "Yours! yours! yours!....." They laughed at the unusualness of the case.

When placed in the lockup, he looked all around, drew hastily to one side, and sought to avoid his companions who

were watching him, trying to see what sort of a person the new recruit was, weighing him up, and deciding, at once, that he was an imbecile. Sitting down in one corner of the pallet that had been assigned to him, he drew out some papers from his breast pocket, put his spectacles on his nose, and started reading them, shaking his head and swaying his body and smiling as if he were getting ready to sing or to fly suddenly away. "He's here because of women," said someone. "Ha! ha! ha!" they laughed and shrugged their shoulders unconcernedly. "He's an idiot," added another and that was the end of it. Disqualified even from being a criminal, Lumachino raised his head, stared at them, and understood. "So even they knew all about it, everyone knew about it, the whole world knew his secret, his story....." Delighted beyond measure, he started to read again.

In front of the magistrate, as previously in front of the Superintendent of Police, he did not hesitate for an instant, but kept on answering: "Yes, sir, yes, sir." Yes, he had taken them.

"How many of them?"

"All."

"In order to read them?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir."

"Only love letters?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir."

And he laughed as he looked at his judges, who, themselves, were unable to keep serious faces. The presiding magistrate

laughed too, the policemen laughed.....There was general laughter.

He was found not guilty because of congenital idiocy and placed under disciplinary control. Stripped of his position and rank, he was appointed, with the job of porter, to the central post office in the neighbouring town.

When he presented himself, according to orders, at the post office building, he was at once conducted to the lavatories. "Here you are," said the employee who accompanied him. "This is your place, and here are the jobs you have to do." He showed him the dressing rooms, the lavatories, the washrooms, the passages, the stairs, and a courtyard. "You, must be careful to keep all these places clean; from now on they come under your direct responsibility. Mind you do your duty....." He pointed out a small cupboard. "Here you will find dusters and brooms and brushes and all you need for cleaning and polishing. You can begin now." And he left him.

Lumachino took up a broom, went into a lavatory and began sweeping but after a few strokes he clutched the broom handle tightly under his arm and, taking a piece of paper from his bosom, put on his spectacles. "No one shall tear me away from you! I shall be yours, yours, yours, until the grave!" He trembled and was happy. —From *Modern Italian Short Stories* edited by Marc Slonim.

Oddities of Lawyers

(By V. G. Remachandran, M.A., B.L.)

In our rambles in court life often witnesses provide all the mirth and create piquant and spicy situations. It is said counsel X asked a witness: "You state in one place that you were born in 1884."

"Yes sir," answered the witness.

"And in another that you were born in 1885?"

"Yes sir."

"Isn't that inconsistent?"

"Oh, no," smiled the witness. "I was born in 1884 and just stayed born. Why, I am born yet."

The great lawyer recognized that there was a novelty of a witness.

In a murder case counsel asked witness: "How far away from the dead body were you?"

"One hundred and one feet sir."

"How is it you are exact?"

"Sir, I measured the distance as I feared some fool may ask me that question."

In a divorce case plaintiff, a young Negro, who based his grounds of divorce on the seventh Commandment was cross examined by the judge.

Q: "Have you an affinity?"

A: "I dunno what that is."

Q: "Well, have you a soul-mate?"

After some hesitation the Negro answered: "Is that what you call a company keeper? If that is it, yes sir, I have one."

It used to be said of Mr. T. E. Crisps K. C. that he had a contempt for the latter day generation of the Bar for lack of high culture, calibre and oratorical powers. Once speaking on "The wit and oratory of the Bench and the Bar—Past and Present", he said he chose the title of the lecture with some reason. He hoped his reason would offend no one. His view was—for what that was worth—that oratory at the Bar was practically moribund. It was possible however that there were a good many young orators in training of forensic eloquence, of brilliant speech, admirable declamation, impassioned utterance, but not oratory as he took oratory to be." Mr. Crisps did not however expand or define his conception of oratory. This much is definite. He had contempt for the new pigmies at the Bar and always spoke of the "great past". That is indeed a universal habit. We have seen umpteen times as to how the older members of the Bar speak of the hoary past in contradistinction to the prosaic present. An old veteran at the Bar once said, "You fellows of the present day should know in our days we were never subservient to the judge. Judges, used to seek us outside the court, come to our houses, take us for a walk etc.—not like you chaps

who run after the judges hither and thither at the tennis court, at the club, at a picnic and so on. We never waited at his door. But you chaps always contrive an excuse to call at his residence on the pretext of lending him the latest novel, or on the pretext of enquiring about his health etc. Bah! You fellows are the limit."

But the old veteran would not reveal what pranks the Bar of his days resorted to in days of yore. Another old hog alone could reveal as to how they used to take a long walk along the promenade and time it so well so as to accidentally meet the learned judge who would be walking in the opposite direction. There will then be a conversation of a studied type. The old hog will speak about the latest political news of the day, then glide slowly into the absurdities of the politicians of the day, particularly of one X who was of a very bad type. This X would be a plaintiff in a pending case before the judge but the old hog without touching on this aspect and the details of the case would only slowly inject prejudice into the judge of the moral degradation of X and suddenly turn the conversation to another topic as to the need for hobbies to judges and lawyers lest they fall a prey to ill health and senility. After a few minutes, the old hog will adroitly add that he has to hurry up to keep an engagement. The judge is

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kept wondering as to the seemingly straightforwardness of the old hog and his disinclination to 'hang about' a judge! The magic works. Mr. X when he appears in the witness box, is looked upon suspiciously by the judge! His trustworthiness is at a discount. The old hog's cross examination of X gets all the appreciation from the judge and ergo, X loses his case!

Two old veterans of the Bar at C had indeed another way of tackling a judge and trying to prejudice him against their rivals at the Bar. They chose this modus operandi. The judge goes in the morning near the lake for a morning walk and answering calls of nature. These old veterans would also be there earlier at the spot but would adroitly avoid meeting the judge in person. They just sit down

on the lake bund. The judge would be easing himself near a bush, within hearing distance from our friends of the Bar of the hoary past. One of the latter would say: "Well, brother, this Z fellow is horrid. You know he has taken to evil ways. His wife complains to mine that he is hardly in his house and that he is always at his concubine's house. It is hard on the wife. Isn't it? Z, it appears, is planning a coup. He is trying to captivate the new young judge and slowly introduce him to his concubine."

"Yes, brother," replies the other. "I also heard that Z called at the judge's house yesterday evening but to his disappointment found him away. The poor new judge appears to be a gem. But the ways of Z are inscrutable as of Providence. Somebody must warn the judge of Z." Then the two old cronies would turn the topic of conversation to other innocuous matters as to the future of their sons, their education, all indeed so adroitly planned as to impress the overhearing judge that their hints on Z were just casual and honest. The judge falls into the trap. He suspects Z and whatever Z said in the court was turned down. Z felt the situation hopeless and beyond redemption and thought his deadly rivals were at the bottom of all this prejudice.

But Z had a plan. He was not to be easily outwitted by his rivals. He was made of sterner stuff. The judge was a married man and he had an

only child which was ailing. The local doctor was of no use. Z was something of a quack in this line and so he got in contact with the judge's peon, and tipped him on to praise his capacity as an amateur doctor. The peon did his job well with Mrs. Judge. The latter told her partner in life: "Our child is suffering. Why not call Z? He is reported to have luck in his medical treatment."

"But," says the judge, "Z is a bad fellow. He appears in my court. Mind you, he has a deep plan to seduce me from you to his concubine."

"Bah!" says the lady. "It is all rot. Don't believe it. Our peon says Z is a nice man, god-fearing and much devoted to his wife." The judge at last sends his peon to Z. But Z would not at once come. He would say to the peon, "Tell your master, I will send some pills. I cannot come to his residence as that will cause needless comment among these rascals of the Bar."

The judge consults his wife who is adamant. "How can Z diagnose without seeing the child? Z must come." The peon sallies forth again, Z promises to call in the evening. Z goes when the judge is absent. Mrs. Judge is all praise for Z. Z puts on a modest face. "Lady, I am not a physician. I am just an ordinary man. But it is my 'Devi Pooja' that inspires me to give the necessary *bhasmam*. Please give this powder twice a day in the morning and evening for three consecutive days." The lady

agrees. The powder is given but there is no improvement. Z is called again after four days. He again visits when the judge is absent. He says to the lady: "Amma, please give this new *bhasmam*. This will clear off the evil eyes that have fallen on the child. Does the child go out in the street at sunset time? Evil eyes might have fallen on him."

"Yes," says the lady. "He does play in the street. Two old cronies of lawyers daily stop and pat him when they go for a walk."

"Oh," says Z. "That is the thing. These gents' evil eyes must have fallen on the poor kid. Just smear this *vibhuti* also on the kid. He will be alright in two days. But please do not call me in again as there is already a talk in the town that I am ingratiating into the judge's favour by these visits."

"Nonsense. Nothing of the sort. You are such a nice man and it is we who want you. I will tell my husband about these two old lawyers with evil eyes."

The two old lawyers are Z's erstwhile rivals. The magic works. The judge gets stunned by the sorcery of these two old hogs. Their evil eyes alone, as Mrs. Judge said, have affected the child. The judge will see to these fellows! None of their pranks for him! Z triumphs. His two rivals have their innings of bad luck in court. Z's luck was in the upgrade and whatever he uttered was now sense and good law. What the two old hogs said

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was ever sheer nonsense. The judge was too human and forgot "justice" just to wreak his wrath on these two old hogs.

But the old hogs were not to be so easily beaten also. The child episode they knew. They studied the situation. Z was only a quack and never knew anything of medicine. It was by sheer chance that the child got alright after Z administered his pills. The old hogs bided their time. Two months later the child again fell sick. The old hogs visited Z and showed all friendliness towards him. One of them wanted a pill from Z's famous medicine chest. The pill was a cure for all ills. The old hogs were so eloquent about his capacity as an amateur doctor. While Z was immersed in this conversation, one of the old hogs dropped some new pills into the chest. They adroitly carried the conversation for another hour and

departed. The next day the call came from Mrs. Judge to Z to see her boy in high fever. Z rushed up. The judge too was present and was all eagerness. Z examined the child and gave him the pills from the chest. The pills were those dropped into the box by the old hogs. The judge was grateful.

But alas the old hogs won. The pills did their work rather dangerously and damagingly. The boy began to purge and grew weak, very weak indeed. Z called twice, thrice and four times. The situation grew worse. The old hogs waited for this opportunity and called on the judge. They were all sorry for the child. "Why, sir, should you call Z? He is but a quack. His pills are dangerous. Do call in the District Medical

Officer at once." The judge called in the D.M.O. and the latter admonished the judge for allowing a quack to interfere. Two more pills and the boy would be dead as a doornail, the D.M.O. said.

Needless to say, the scales turned against Z. The old hogs laughed within themselves. The judge's wrath fell on Z and the old hogs were the saviours and hence good men!

Such is the hoary past of these old lawyers. When they pride themselves of their 'days of yore' you may be sure they were upto some subtle tricks! And there are some judges who fall a prey to these subtle tricks and sway away from their strict judicial rectitude. We shall dilate more on this in our next chapter.

(Copyright.)

THE HECKLER

The speaker was engaged in the easy task of attacking the Government, when a heckler cried out: "You're wrong, sir!"

A little nettled, the speaker continued. Presently, in answer to another strong assertion, came again the shout: "You're wrong sir!"

When the persistent interrupter spoke for the fourth time, the speaker shouted back: "Look here, I could tell you something about the Government that would make your hair stand on end!"

"You wrong again sir!" came from the critic, as amid roars of laughter he took off his hat and displayed a shiny pate.

Student: "What would you advice me to read after I have completed my course and graduated, Professor?"

Professor: "I would suggest the 'Help Wanted page'."

"You see that girl? She's just got £100 for a short love story."

"That's a lot of money for a short story. Did she sell the cinema rights?"

"No. Told it to a jury."

Obesity: A Malady of Civilization

(By Gerald Wendt)

Thin people are much more numerous than fat ones. Undernourishment is still a world problem; overeating is not—at least not yet. But conditions are changing. The United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization has reported a marked increase in the world's food production in recent years.

Rationing of food has all but disappeared in Europe since the end of the war. In north America vast surpluses of wheat and butter have accumulated. The improved standard of living in nearly all countries has brought back the gourmet—and the gourmand too. After years of privation eating is once more a pleasure and, not unnaturally, the privilege of overeating is becoming a popular indulgence.

As the prosperity of the underdeveloped lands improves, life will be easier, sedentary occupations will increase, and many people will yearn for that mark of wellbeing, an ample girth. The jolly fat man has always been a popular figure. Less admired, but more envied are the well-fed business man, the rotund potentate, the successful politician, the plumb peasant woman. In the western world especially, they have long been symbols not only of wealth but of health.

But before plumpness becomes a social trend under improved economic conditions, the question deserves a closer look. It is true that undernourishment and malnutrition are

the real penalty of poverty. They bring on many serious diseases, such as tuberculosis, which thrive on weak and wasted bodies. It is also true that tuberculosis is only one-fifth as common among overweight people as among those of normal weight. Furthermore, the suicide rate is much less among the fat folk.

Nevertheless being too fat and heavy is itself a slow form of suicide, for the death rate is far higher among fat people than among lean. They are four times as likely to die of diabetes and their death rate from chronic nephritis (inflammation of the kidneys or Bright's disease), cerebral hemorrhage (apoplexy) and coronary disease (heart failure) is about twice the normal. Accurate life insurance statistics in the United States show that with as little as 10 percent overweight the mortality rate is 20 percent higher; at 20 percent overweight it is more than 40 percent higher; and at 25 percent the mortality rate is nearly 75 percent higher than normal.

Put in another way, and less accurately, out of ten lean men at the age of thirty, eight will reach the age of 60, five will reach 70 and three will survive to the age of 80. But if the ten men are fat, at the age of 30, only six will reach 60, three will reach 70 and one may reach 80.

What is the cause of overweight? The answer is simpler eating too much. Every ounce o

weight has entered through the mouth. There is no other way. It matters little what one eats. Sugar or starch, sweets or bread, potatoes or alcohol, meat, fish or fat, all are foods that can be burned to produce energy for work or exercise, but all appear as layers of fat if they are not so burned.

This conversion of any excess of food into fat is one of the most remarkable feats of the animal body since fats contain twice as much energy, pound for pound, as the other foods or the other tissues of the body. The layers of fat deposited in the body, chiefly just under the skin, are therefore a valuable reserve store of energy for later use. During periods when food is scarce the body draws on them for sustenance and, in effect, uses its own fat in place of food. Animals in the wild state would not be able to survive without this fat for their food supply is irregular. Primitive man—and occasionally modern man too—has known periods of semi-starvation. But for prosperous, civilized life this provision of nature is obsolete and fat deposits are only a heavy burden to be carried about through life and an unnecessary strain on the heart.

Then what is eating too much? It is, quite simply, putting more fuel into the mouth than the body uses for energy. The excess food above the energy need is inevitably stored as fat. The body has no means of rejecting the excess once it has entered the mouth.

If overweight is to be avoided it must be done before that point. The only preventive of obesity is good sense.

This is neither as simple nor as easy as it sounds. There is first the question of how much food is too much. This differs for different people because it depends on how much food is needed for energy production. It is easier to overeat in the tropics than in a cold climate because in cold weather much food is burned just to keep the body warm. The meals of medieval days in Europe were enormous because the houses were always cold: Everywhere meals should be lighter in summer than in winter for this reason. People who move from cool countries to hot ones easily grow fat unless they reduce their intake of food.

Even more important is the amount of work done. Hard physical labour requires energy, which can be obtained only from food. A labourer in the fields or in industry may eat twice or even three times as much as an office worker without growing fat. But when he grows too old for work, his weight increases rapidly unless he changes his eating habits. The comfortable wives of labouring men often are fat because they eat as much as their husbands do but use much less energy.

In the cities the young athlete can eat well but when he stops his exercise he should reduce his diet too, since from the body's point of view exercise is work. For this reason the man or woman who does no manual

work and yet has an appetite for good eating should maintain a schedule of physical exercise to counteract and use up the excessive food. In one sense this is automatic because the heavy person gets exercise just by carrying and propelling the excess weight. One who weighs 200 pounds does twice as much work in climbing a flight of stairs or a hill, for instance, as one who weighs only 100 pounds. This sets some limitation on the ultimate gain in weight. But it is usually wiser and healthier to take pleasant exercise at a normal weight than to do the enforced labour of carrying 100 pounds of unnecessary weight wherever one goes. This is the least pleasant form of either work or exercise that can be devised. Yet it is only the first penalty of overeating. It is followed by a severe strain on the heart and, too often by heart failure.

There is thus no absolute answer to the question of how much food is too much. It depends on the activity of the

person. But whenever one's body weight rises above normal there is no escaping the verdict that one is eating too much. For instance, pregnant women often eat far more than they need to in the thought that they must feed the developing infant too. This is true but it is balanced by the fact that the pregnant woman usually greatly reduces her work or exercise. Thus she gains far more weight than is accounted for by the infant. As always, such gain in weight indicates overeating.

There remains the question as to why people overeat. More is involved than just good sense and more than just hunger too. It is a matter of continuing appetite after hunger is satisfied. Dr. Jean Mayor of the School of Public Health at Harvard University (USA) and the son of a famous French physiologist, has discussed a number of causes in a recent series of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*. One of them is certainly hereditary, for there are many strains

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of domestic animals which are bred and grown because their appetite is never satisfied and they grow fat.

Another cause is the result of an injury of some sort. Over-eating results in some animals upon the removal of two small centres in the mid-brain. A certain type of tumour in the pituitary gland also causes obesity in mice. Both hormonal treatments and castration are known to cause obesity. But in human beings it is more often a psychic injury. A sudden insecurity—or the removal of a long-standing insecurity—may be connected with the beginning—or the ending—of overeating. To forget their troubles some

neurotics are addicted to eating as others are to alcohol. Often the nibbling of sweets between meals is merely the result of nervous tension.

But the major cause is environmental or social. The availability of ample food after years of privation is a strong psychological temptation, especially when it is prominently displayed and advertised. Finally, there is the esteem in which overweight persons are held in many lands on the outmoded and false idea that fat is a mark of health and success in life. Not so, say scientists and the physicians. On the contrary, obesity is a major malady of civilization.—*Unesco*.

EXPLAINED

Son : "Pa, what is a politician ?"

Father : "Son, a politician is a human machine with a wagging tongue."

Son : "Then what is a statesman ?"

Father : "He is an ex-politician who has mastered the art of holding his tongue."

The visitor was examining the class.

"Can any little boy tell me what a fishnet is made of ?" he inquired.

"A lot of little holes tied together with strings," smiled the never-failing bright boy.

Enid : "Would you believe it ! I asked John whether he would rather have me or a million pounds—and he said he'd rather have the million pounds !"

Edna : "Well, darling, he knew that if he had the money he'd be sure of getting you as well."

The Man (rather a bore) : "By Jove ! I wonder what the time is. There's something wrong with my watch—it isn't going."

The Girl : "It must be contagious."

ABOUT EYES

(By M. S. V. Chari)

It is my humble opinion that eyes are the most embarrassing as well as the most essential organs of the human beings. For, they help shrewd observers to see your mind inside out. Day in and day out we meet with innumerable instances of how people are grossly betrayed by their eyes.

You have doubtless seen the ticket examiner in trains pouncing as if by instinct upon the ticketless vagabond who travels with an appearance of bravado. More often you are stunned by a policeman giving two mighty slaps on the cheek of the well dressed pick-pocket travelling in trains or waiting at bus stops with his efficient and invisible tool, the razor blade, in his pockets. Even the pick-pocket is stunned at his being found out in spite of his nonchalant attitude and tries to protest meekly at such high handedness. But a third slap silences him into a full realisation of his position. It is said an animal knows whether you are afraid of it or not by instinct. The lion-tamer wields control over the animal, it is said, by his mere look. If the animal knows you are afraid—and it cannot make any mistake in this regard being guided by instinct which is always unerring—it will pounce on you.

People often talk of personality. It is but the effect that your look has upon those with whom you come into contact. This has nothing to do with a massive build of body. A man

with a frail frame may possess a magnetic personality which a man with a mighty frame might sadly be in need of. There are men in all walks of life who with their eyes are able to exercise a mighty influence over their fellowmen and this is in no small measure due to the magnetic attraction of their eyes.

This power the eye owes in turn to the mental calibre of its owner. If you are intent upon developing the power of your eyes you have great need to improve the power of your mind.

Different indeed are the uses to which different men put their eyes. The pious man uses them for worshipping God. The glutton uses them to feast his eyes on the delectable dishes served before him; the lover thinks his eyes are intended only for drinking his sweetheart's beauty; the cynic uses his eyes to gloat over other men's helplessness and unhappiness because he thinks that this life is futile; the criminal uses them for picking out his victims and waits with ever watchful eyes for the most suitable opportunity.

It is a sad fact that we have the least control over our eyes. It leads us into all sorts of inconvenient situations exposing us to ridicule and abuse. Though we have physical power to use our eyes as we like we often find ourselves looking at things which our better nature forbids us to do. We seem to be the unwitting tools of our monkey-like minds in the use

of our eyes.

One has indeed got to be very careful about one's eyes. They have a knack of conveying you off your feet especially when there are pretty women about and making you either the object of ridicule if you are an old fellow or of indignation if you happen to be young.

To the villain his eye is an invaluable asset. He alone can mask his real intention by the calmness and serenity of his eyes often followed by a smile which disarms any suspicions about his devilish mind.

But there is no gainsaying the fact that a control over the eyes would be valuable even to honest folk. In a majority of cases, our eyes often mirror our mental feelings—of anger, sorrow and a host of other feelings. This may place us in an embarrassing situation and work to our prejudice especially when we are in a position of subordination. For instance a clerk cannot afford to look at his offending boss with angry and bloodshot eyes, even though he might be absolutely free from blame.

Sometimes I wish God had endowed us with the power of vision similar to that of a mole. The mole does not possess eyes like human beings or animals—with eyelids. But it can nevertheless see, the light being its guide. Such a device would save honest men from many sad predicaments though it would enable many to go undetected.

There are occasions when we love to close our eyes completely. We do this when we

want to think out a difficult problem or to enjoy art, especially music, or to contemplate upon God. In a blissful state the eyes happen to be closed. Why happiness and closed eyes should go together is more than I can say. This is a problem within the realm of the psychologist.

It is said the fair sex are adepts in using their eyes to the maximum advantage in the minimum of time. Almost in a trice a lady can have a complete picture of what a member of their own sex wear on a particular occasion including the minutest details about the sari and the jewels. It is again said that they have a special gift of looking from the corner of their eyes, without opening their eye-lids appreciably! This is a feat that men cannot perform. This side-long look becomes the fair sex and adds to their graces while in men it becomes detestable and betrays a cunning mentality.

Eyes are, however, the most precious possession of all living beings. Life would be miserable without the eyes. And no wonder the blind man excites utmost sympathy. Every civilised country in the world is trying its level best to make life tolerable to the blind man by teaching him to learn by the Braille method and teaching him a craft. The eye bank has been started to graft eyes from the dead to the living. If eye-grafting can be made cent per cent success it would go a long way in rescuing the blind from darkness and unhappiness.

What Is New In Science

A new and important discovery in protecting mankind from diseases is claimed by scientists in America. Research which lasted over ten years has shown, it seems, that it is possible to protect animals and human beings also from at least fifty infectious diseases by vaccinating cows and thus imparting to their milk the ability to generate antibodies, that is the germ killers.

The discovery, says Waldemar Kaempfert in *New York Times*, is new and important. It has been assumed for years that after the suckling period in mammals, human babies included, antibodies in milk no longer protect against infection. This assumption proves to be wrong. If it turns out that immunity from infectious disease can be conferred by vaccinating cows there will be less vaccination than there is now against human infections.

The experiment was conducted by the University of Minnesota scientists, Dr. Peterson and Dr. Campbell, who injected dead germs into the udders of cows. They say that the cow's udder is the greatest producer of antibodies known. Vaccination of udders transforms milk. It remains a remarkable food, but acquires the power to fight off measles, pneumonia, diphtheria and many other diseases.

So far, experiments with the milk have been carried out only on animals, but there is every reason to believe that the findings hold good for children and

men and women. Dr. Peterson is convinced that anybody who drinks a quart of milk a day for four or five days builds up passive immunity to the particular disease for which the cow that supplied the milk was vaccinated. But if milk-drinking is stopped immunity is lost.

The most extensive tests have been carried out with a chicken disease caused by a micro-organism known as *Salmonella pullorum*. Killed *Salmonella* bacteria were injected in a cow's udders. Antibodies produced thus in turn killed *Salmonella* bacteria even when attenuated 100,000 times. Dr. Peterson and Campbell themselves drank milk from a cow that had been thus vaccinated and found that their blood contained enough antibodies to confer immunity against *Salmonella pullorum*.

Pasteurization does not deprive milk from vaccinated cows of its anti-producing power. Neither does the reduction of the milk to powder.

Clinical tests have still to be made so that doubts about the efficacy in human beings of this new method of conferring immunity will be resolved. If milk from vaccinated cows fulfills the promise of animal experiments, so far as human beings are concerned, we shall be buying and drinking milk to protect ourselves against specific infections. "Milk from the Jones Dairy wards off measles," or "Drink Smith's milk for protection against boils." Who

knows but we shall yet reach such advertisements?

x x x
CREATING LIFE IN
LABORATORY

A further step in solving the mystery of life has been taken by scientists. They have now succeeded in finding out what a virus consists of. They can now tear a virus apart, then put the dead parts together again and restore its infective ability.

This is nothing but creating life in the laboratory on a very small scale. Virus, it has been long known, can be crystallised—a familiar example is the tobacco mosaic virus. When in crystal form it is just like a mineral but when these crystals are brought into contact with the tobacco leaf, it becomes

“active” and the disease spreads. The viruses can reproduce themselves and they mutate—both properties of living matter.

Nucleic acid and proteins form the basis of life. They are chemically united in bacteria and virus. Now the scientists have succeeded in separating the two. The protein molecules when separated from nucleic acid look like viruses but they are not infectious. Only when nucleic acid is chemically united does it become active.

This new field of research opens vast opportunities for the future. For scientists can create new viruses beneficial for mankind combining particular proteins with nucleic acid which means creating life synthetically in the test-tube!

—♦—
REALISTIC

The teacher had been giving his class a lesson on salmon-fishing and canning. At the close of the lesson the boys were told to draw a salmon for the evening home-work.

Morning arrived, and each boy's slate was examined. One bore no drawing whatever, so the teacher demanded an explanation.

“Well, sir,” said the boy, “I drew a real good one, and when I came to my slate this morning, I found the cat had licked it off.”

x x x
“Dad, what were you in the war?”

“Why,” said his father, proudly, “I was a battery sergeant-major.”

x x x
“High or low tension?”

A soldier who was a bit of a malingerer reported sick, but the doctor could find nothing amiss with him.

“You wouldn't come to me with this complaint in civil life,” he said.

“Oh, no, sir,” replied his patient. “I should send for you.”

The F. S's and O. C's!

(By Lotus Eater)

There is indeed a genuine pleasure going to the core of our being, in enjoying things without paying for them. I am not a moralist and hence not interested in the ethical aspect of this pleasant sensation. I am only interested in the psychology behind such pleasures. At any rate such pleasure must certainly be more than what we feel when we merely get our money's worth.

F.S., O.C., are the familiar appellations given by maliciously inclined people to decry such people. It is really an art by which you can manage to enjoy at another's expense. For one thing, you have to be optimistic, thick-skinned and always cheerful. He is the type who affectionately follows you to give you the benefit of his company, when you enter a coffee hotel. He enters into a most friendly conversation with you and orders three or four dishes both for you and himself in spite of your protest that you have a poor stomach. The server pays scant attention to your protests. Coffee is then served. Your friend takes a long time to drink the coffee. The server writes the bill and places it on the table. You pretend as if you have not noticed the bill expecting your friend to take it but he delays inordinately over his coffee and lags behind and forces you to go to the counter first with the bill. You have no other alternative but to pay and

come out. One man's meat is another man's poison—so the proverb goes. So is one man's pleasure another man's sorrow in certain cases. You feel chagrined and gnash your teeth while your friend—the world calls him parasite—calmly takes leave of you and once again starts his hunt for another victim.

Take another common instance. You are engaged in reading your morning newspaper. Your friend who specialises in reading other persons' newspapers comes to your house loudly greeting you, then sit by your side and joins in reading the sheet you yourself are reading. But he must read it aloud. You feel the nuisance and your face gets into a thousand wrinkles. You don't have the courage to snub him. You fret and fume. By this time your friend has come to the end of the column and gently turns the sheet and continues to read the news on the other side while at the same time allowing you to complete the column on the front side! Unable to bear his nuisance you release the hold of the sheet and your friend with alacrity takes that sheet murmuring his thanks. Thus he finishes reading of the paper before you and departs remarking that there is not much readable news in the day's newspaper. The above

categories of people are called O.C's.

If you are a regular bus traveller you will meet with another type of parasite. This worthy shoots up his hand asking imperiously the bus to stop. The driver puts on the breaks and the individual jumps into the bus and the bus proceeds on its way again. The conductor then approaches the man and demands the fare. The newcomer puts on a broad smile and says, "Don't you know me, brother? I am the bus owner's father's brother's uncle's son working in the so-and-so lorry service and now out of work," and so on and so forth. By this time the bus would have travelled several miles, for the parasite knows how to drag on the discussion to suit his purpose. If the conductor is adamant he appeals to the driver. If the latter too is unhelpful, he begins a disser-

tation on the desirability of workers helping one another in times of distress. Sometimes the conductor, sometimes the driver, sometimes both, abuse him in choice language peculiar to their profession. He coolly takes in all the abuse with the utmost good humour and if he is asked to get down resigns himself to such a contingency and by this time he has travelled several miles without paying a single pie. Such a man is called the F.S. passenger.

You may call these people parasites, O.C's., or F.S's., and derive what pleasure you can by such declamation. But if you think you have detracted from their pleasure by such declamations, you are mistaken. They treat your abuses or displeasure with the utmost indifference and go merrily on to enjoy the pleasures of a free treat or a free ride.

HEAPS OF IT

Visitor (to convict): "My poor man! It was poverty, I presume, that brought you to this?"

Convict: "On the contrary, ma'am, I was simply coining money!"

"The last speaker," said the Chairman of the Health Congress, "is a striking example of the efficacy of the doctrines he so eloquently advocates. Hale and hearty at eight years of age, he could tire out many a man younger than himself."

A voice from the audience. "He did."

"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the professor, sternly, of his class.

"Oh, no, sir," came the reply in chorus.

"Then," asked the professor even more grimly, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

Our Moods

Our moods reflect the condition of the emotional nature from moment to moment. They are the expression of *Kama*, which is no more to be eliminated than any other human principle but is to be controlled and used for our own purposes. Our feelings reflect some state, but it is for us to determine that state, to impose from within a steady rate of vibration upon our emotions. Unless such control is deliberately asserted we are at the mercy of shifting moods, responding automatically to casual stimuli or following helplessly the rise and fall of the tide of action and reaction, exhilaration and depression endlessly succeeding each other.

The man of emotional extremes is trying to those about him, his hilarity wearying and his gloom depressing others; but he himself is the worst sufferer. A tremendous amount of energy goes to waste in these "ups and downs". Progress is hindered by them, as a traveller is delayed in his advance if his course lies across mountain ranges and deep intervening gorges—with their attendant storms and floods.

It is disastrous to the right performance of duty to await a propitious mood. Carried to a logical conclusion, that would inhibit all action not immediately pleasing. It is as ignoble to be the creature of our emotions as to make a fetish of the body, and indulgence in uncontrolled moods is acquiescence in domination by the lower nature. Often no very determined effort is made to control the emotions. The moody one derives a certain gloomy satisfaction even from the sensation of misery and many a staunch advocate of strict sobriety on the physical plane indulges without compunction in the emotional orgy popularly known as "the blues." To do so is to get the effect of

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dense fog cutting off the road so that the next step is shrouded in gloom...but it is less often an outside fog which drops a pall upon our spirits than our deliberately blindfolding ourselves and then lamenting that we walk in darkness. The earth's own atmosphere is responsible for shutting off the light of the sun from its surface; behind the clouds the sun shines on in undiminished splendour.

If he is honest with himself, the despondent one will admit that much of his woe is rooted in self pity. The very meaning of compassion is feeling with and for others, sympathy with the distress of others; it is a fund held by each man in trust—he misappropriates it who seeks to divert it to his own selfish use. The sweet, life-giving waters of compassion, pent up within, grow brackish and lose their potency. Self-pity never makes the heart's response quicker to others' need. Dejection is the indulgence of the weak; a far cry from such to that dauntless soul described by Browning:

*One who never turned his back,
but marched breast forward,*

Never doubted clouds would break,

*Never dreamed, though right
were worsted, wrong would triumph,*

*Held we fall to rise, are baffled
to fight better,
Sleep to wake.*

A man may recognize depression as an evil to be struggled against, but unless he takes into account the law of cause and effect he confines his efforts to attempting to deal with the re-

action. Exhilaration, from which the pendulum swings in due course into depression, is equally to be avoided. It is only the man of equable temper who is able to deal competently with every circumstance as it presents itself, who can be of most service to his fellow men.

A flickering torch is of little use to light the way. When the flame within us rises and falls, shines out at one moment and disappears in murky darkness the next, it is of slight use as a lamp to our brothers' feet. Be that flame ever so small, if it but burn steadily, its light is a mute but indubitable witness to the hidden oil of the spirit which its wick touches. Others can see by its unwavering light to trim their own lamps that they may burn more brightly.

Calmness or steadiness demands emotional control, without which there can be no lasting peace or happiness. True happiness is not a fleeting mood, nor is it dependent, as are moods, on outside circumstance or person. It is the realization of Ananda.

The mighty resonance of Ananda is the obligato without which the melody of life, or grave or gay, would tinkle flatly. For him whose ears can hear, it overtones all discord, as Niagara's roar drowns out the cricket's chirp. Attuned to that great pitch man can sustain and echo back the tone, deaf to the promptings of his lower nature, in control of his emotions, free from the domination of moods.

—Theosophy.

Screen News & Notes

(By Pratibha)

As we enter the new year a review of the film industry in the South is not out of place.

In the year that has just closed the film industry has marched ahead in the number of pictures produced but as regards quality, one has sadly to admit there has been no improvement.

There were about 100 films under production or planned in South Indian studios. Half of these were in Tamil.

At least a dozen top producers in South India had switched to Hindi productions but these lean heavily on star value from Bombay and not on story value. The main reason for this switch on is perhaps the dwindling market in Ceylon and Malaya for the regional pictures.

Malayalam and Kannada pictures are making big strides. Pictures in Malayalam have received special impetus recently though the market is very limited and the financial returns comparatively meagre. The Malayalees have kept up their enthusiasm for picture making with unflagging zeal. There are two studios in Kerala, one in Trivandrum and another in Alleppey. It is to be noted that all Malayalam pictures are being produced only in these two studios. While Kerala bestows more attention on social themes Kannada film producers are interested mostly in mythological and puranic themes. The Kannada film industry has now

spread to four major centres—Mysore, Madras, Bombay and Kolhapur. The first half of this year saw the record release of nine films in Kannada.

FILM ARTISTES' GENEROSITY.

Film actors and actresses have come forward to contribute liberally to the Tamilnad Cyclone Relief Fund. The South Indian Artistes Association had collected and handed over the first instalment to Mr. Subramaniam, Finance Minister. Many top artistes and playback singers staged a variety entertainment at Kalamantap. They have also planned to visit other towns and to collect funds.

The artistes have formed a committee with N. S. Krishnan as president.

GUNASUNDARI IN TAMIL

Vijaya Productions' folklore film in Tamil, *Gunasundari*, is now on show in many theatres of Tamil Nad. The Telugu version of the film which was produced a few years ago was a tremendous box office hit.

In this Tamil version Savitri, Gemini Ganesan, Madhavan, S. V. Ranga Rao, Suryaprabha, M. N. Nambiar, T. P. Muthulakshmi, A. Karunanithi and Rushyendramani are taking part. Directed by Kameswara Rao the overall supervision of the production was in the hands of K. V. Reddi.

VIJAYA'S NEW FILMS

Vijaya Films performed the muhurats of their two new ventures at Vauhini last month.

One is *Yar Payyan* (Who is this boy) a social in Tamil and the other one is *Anna Thammalu* which is the Telugu rendering of their Tamil film *Neethipathi*.

x x x

The President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad presented the State Awards for the best films produced in India during 1954 at a function held at the National Physical Laboratory auditorium, Delhi, last month.

The Hindi film, *Mirza Ghalib* produced in Bombay for Minerva Movietone by Sohrab Modi, and the documentary, *Spirit of the Loom*, produced by the Films Division of the Government of India, were awarded the President's Gold Medals, the highest honour in the list.

Neela Kuyil, a Malayalam film, produced by Chandrathara Productions in Madras and *Biraj Banu*, a Hindi picture, produced in Bombay by Hiten Chowdhury Productions, and two documentaries, *Darjeeling* and *Golden River*, both made by the Films Division, were awarded all-India Certificates of Merit.

AVM'S 'BHAIBHAI'

Raja was an expert pick-pocket and nothing suited him to ply his trade so well as when Rancee was dancing on the streets with her audience wrapped up in her performance.

But Rancee saw his nimble fingers busy and Raja saw that she had seen. Before she could improvise lines to her song to warn her patrons, he slipped off like an eel. But he had left his heart behind - with her.

Many were the tricks he practised to get into her good books. But she saw through them all. Raja befriended her father but Rancee would not thaw. He staged a fake picking of her pocket and appeared on the scene as her rescuer. The only reward he got was a derisive smile and a dressing down.

These are but fragments from the film *Bhai Bhai* being made by AVM Productions in Hindi. Nimmi plays the role of Rancee, the street-dancer, and Kishore Kumar as the accomplished pick-pocket Raja.

Among other star names in the cast are those of Ashok Kumar and Nirupa Roy, David and Om Prakash.

CHORI CHORI

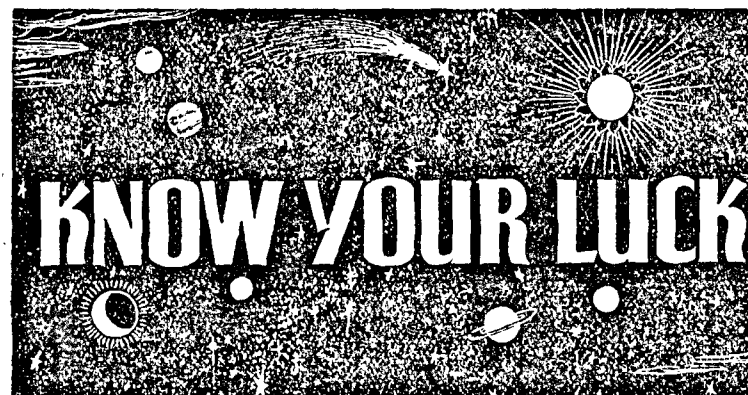
Love came to Miss Kammo in the most unexpected fashion and in a manner she had not even dreamt of. She was a determined sort of person, with her own pet notions of what was good for her and what was not.

She had run away from her father in order that she might marry a plausible-looking young man, Sumant, with whom she fancied she was in love. Then chance took a hand in the game.

Sagar, a journalist and a story-writer, was travelling by the same bus in which she was travelling.

Sagar and Kammo became acquainted and then, in spite of themselves, their paths intertwined.

Raj Kapoor as Sagar and Nargis as Kammo play these piquant and laugh-laden sequences in AVM'S *Chori Chori* in Hindi.



The predictions given below are based on a thorough interpretation of the planetary positions of the month. Those who have favourable ruling *dasa bhukti* will experience the evil effects mentioned herein to a lesser degree.

(By P. V. Rao)

MESHA RASI or ARIES

The first half of this month bristles with troubles — with elders, seniors and also with associations with which you may be connected. Mangal in the 8th house conjunct Saturn and Rahu from the 4th will disturb your general health for some days and might create rifts with others in financial matters. In a few cases a distant journey may be envisaged. An operation pending so far may be undertaken or severe stomach pain or functional disorder may result unexpectedly. There may be unnecessary accusation or blame also against you. Second half will prove slightly better as to financial matters and social life. Your wife's health may cause you

some anxiety. Officially you will have change of work and financial gain in the second half. Merchants will be speculatively inclined but must avoid element of risk in speculation as otherwise loss may befall them.

1, 2, 11, 16, 17, 18, 23, 25, 29, 31 are better days. 8 and 14 are unfavourable.

VRISHBHA RASI or TAURUS

First half is hard and annoying. Domestic happiness is not harmonious. Change of residence might engage your attention. Health of an elderly person may worry you. This is a month of opposition from your enemies or unsympathetic friends. Your own health

‡ Krithika,
Rohini &
‡ Mrigashira

will be disturbed owing to several reasons. Financially there will be pressure felt. There will be relief from the 12th. Avoid miscalculation regarding money affairs. Second half is also more encouraging as to your official life. A distant journey is envisaged. Avoid open discussion and quarrel. There may be legal troubles causing you fear. You may have strained relations with an elder. Legal matters will require careful approach as otherwise you will lose therein. Merchants will find foreign business more successful. Second half will register better improvement. Partnership will be under troubled waters.

1, 3, 11, 15, 16, 25, 29, 31 are better days.

x x x
**MITHUNA RASI or
GEMINI**

Planets in the VII and VIII don't auger well. [‡] Mrigashira, this month for your success in general. They indicate disturbed mind and confused state of affairs obtaining in your professional activities. A near relation of yours will claim your special attention. There may be some unpleasant news or correspondence. Avoid controversies as far as possible. New trouble will worry you, or new enemies will be created by your own precipitous action. Your general health will cause you greater anxiety than ever. But towards the end of the month your enemies will be powerless as against you.

Financial worries will continue. There may be need of a temporary loan raised for your emergency. One of your children will suffer in the first half of the month. Second half shows a journey as well. Officially there may not be any encouragement. Your health will be disturbed during this month. Merchants will not find this month favourable for business success. Partnership will not be faring well. First half will be more advantageous.

1, 2, 11, 16, 18, 20, 23, 25, 27, 31 on better days.

x x x
**KARKATAKA RASI or
CANCER**

First half shows settlement of many of your pending affairs. The positions of three planets in the V from the 4th Janu-

ary will cause you great worries and you will be mentally mortified in some important cases engaging your attention. One of your children will come up well. Second half may effect his health. Stomachache due to gastric complaint, windiness or vomiting sensation will disturb your health. Financially there will be greater relief. You will come to the forefront of your profession because of the encouragement you may receive at the hands of your superiors. New knowledge will be gained in the second half. Domestic harmony may improve in the second half. Merchants will fare better in the month. They will engage themselves seriously

in speculation. Judicious speculation only may prove lucrative.

1, 2, 3, 5, 11, 16, 18, 25, 27, 30 are better days.

x x x
SIMHA RASI or LEO

An admixture of both good [‡] Makha, and bad results [‡] Poorvaphal-guna and characterises the [‡] Uthara-phalguna nature of this month's feature. The solar movement through the V house in the first half will cause you mental worries regarding your children's affairs, domestic life and financial pressure. The second half will prove slightly better financially. General health will be disturbed. Pressure of money will increase week by week. Domestic life will be troublesome; at times there will be disintegrating elements in the home circle causing you restlessness and annoyance. If you are a self driver you will do well to avoid driving for a month. There will be misunderstandings with others at home or in the office. Officially there will be some unexpected trouble causing you some official disappointment for a short time. Health of your wife will take a worse turn. Businessmen will do well in the

second half only. New connections will be established with foreign markets. Partnership will be labouring under misunderstandings.

1 to 3, 7, 13, 16, 18, 25, 29 are better days.

x x x
KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Though [‡] Uttara-phalguna, [‡] Hastha and [‡] Chitra Guru may transit your XII house indicating tardy success in general, other planets in the III and V house are favourable during the first half of the month showing satisfactory course of happy events in the line of least resistance. Heavy expenditure, desire to have better home surroundings, happy circle of friends etc., will be the special features of this month in the first half. There will be important correspondence taken up in the month. One of your children will not keep fit. You will feel quite aggressive or get excited over petty points. Important signature over documents may be avoided. Financial conveniences will be more satisfactory than before. Officially your work will be heavier while your efficiency will be appreciated more in

YOUR ZODIACAL SIGN

We acknowledge receipt of a copy of *Your Zodiacal Sign* by Bruce Kenneth Gordon. The book gives the characteristics of persons born under each of the twelve Zodiacal signs and the benefic and malefic planets to these houses. Some useful advice on the methodical judgment of a nativity is also included in the end and this will be found useful by beginners as well as professionals. The book priced at rupee one can be had from B. K. Gajapathy, 3, General Swami Naicken Street, Madras-5.

the first half than in the 2nd. Merchants will be more speculatively inclined in the second half. Correspondence will set up new connections outside.

1, 3, 11, 14, 6, 17, 18, 25, 29 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

This is an important month for you regarding your finance, education, married life, eyes sight and conjugal life.

First half will settle some of your pending affairs satisfactorily. A journey is envisaged. One of your elders will cause you anxiety. Financially there will be greater stability. But avoid any financial deal which may bring about dispute or differences. Second half is calculated to bring about important changes in the domestic circle. It is also propitious for investment on land or house or vehicle. A good friend of yours will be adversely affected by your treatment of him. Officially there will be fair encouragement. Avoid misunderstanding by altercations. Merchants will do well in the month. New source of income will be exploited.

1, 3, 5, 11, 13, 14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29 are better days.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

This is decidedly a better month than the previous one. The lords of the II and IV houses in kendra signify the

acquisition of new ideas and practical knowledge. The combination of the first house lord with that of the IV house speaks of your domestic harmony being disturbed now and then. Relationship with your mother is likely to be strained. This combination also favours solution of investment problem. Second half is propitious for vehicular happiness. A journey is envisaged in the second half. Financial conveniences are encouraging though there may be some setback in the prospect of monetary problems. Authors and journalists will do well in this month. In a few cases wealth through your wife or a woman is indicated. Officially there may be tiny advantages. But more work than before is facing you without the expected additional remuneration. Merchants will fare tolerably well. New business venture may be launched.

1, 2, 3, 5, 11, 14, 16, 17, 18, 20, 23, 27, 29 are better days.

DHANUR RASI or SAGITTARIUS

Major planet Saturn is working against you in the XII house. Mangal's joining him from the 4th does not improve matters but ensures unexpected financial trouble and also affects your children's health thereby also causing you heavy expenditure and mental confusion. Guru in the IX house will keep up the tempo and brighter outlook of life. A distant journey will be undertaken if not

already in the second half of December '55. One son of yours will bring you joy and comfort. Financially there will be high pressure. Second half of the month will register improvement and sudden money in a few cases may be in the picture. Domestically you will not be so happy owing to your family and children. Officially you have heavier work. Merchants will fare better in the second half. Correspondence will prove eventually lucrative and increase your turn over. Speculation should be carefully handled lest heavy loss may result.

1 to 3, 11, 16 to 18, 20, 23, 25, 27, 29 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

Guru in the 8th house and Soorya in the XII house don't auger well in the first half for the general success of your undertakings. Mangal with Saturn and Rahu in the XI house has a special significance as to your finance, friends and social life. There will be old friendship revived and sudden money also gained during this month. Since these planets are in the XI house which denotes bad taste and reaction against you, there is a likelihood of your being duped by one of your friends. You must therefore be cautious. Your mother if alive will become angry or displeased with you. Domestically you will feel happier than before. One of your brothers will claim

your special attention. Officially first half shows more encouragement while the second one may bring your boss's frowns and disfavour on you. Merchants will be lucky during this month as they can gain heavy profits by their careful and judicious speculation.

1, 3, 8, 16, 18, 20, 25, 29, 31 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Malefics predominate in the X house during the month but Soorya's move through the XI house aspected

by Guru relieves much of your troubles overhanging in the first half of this month. You should concentrate more on your profession and it is safer to look up to sympathisers at the top level if you find that your career interests are not shaping well. It is likely that disturbing elements are at work against you as to your career and undertakings. In your social and public relations you have to conduct yourself cautiously. Retrograde Guru causes a setback in your financial expectations. First half is more favourable for money while the second half for social and domestic felicity. Expenditure will mount up in the second half. Officially, there may be some disappointments. Second half causes greater worries. Merchants will have to be very careful in their speculations. They will be reckless and might lose heavily if not

careful. Partnership will not fare well.

1, 3, 5, 11, 13, 16, 17, 18 20, 25, 29 are better days.

X X X
MEMNA RASI or PISCES

Planetary plan during this month radiate favourable influences on your affair of life.

First half shows undoubtedly favour of superiors and your professional attainment. Mangal conjunct Saturn envisages a windfall. There should be greater encouragement as to money matters. In spite of this the trine positions of the malefics to your rasi

renders your heart dispirited, melancholy and discouraging. This feeling is but short lived. General health is better in the the second half. Social life is happy. Officially there will be some departmental encouragement. Some of your friends with whom you have financial dealings will be estranged from you. The month ending 15th April will be more favourable to you both at home and outside. Merchants will find this month more profitable in the second half. New contact with foreign markets will characterise the month's feature.

2, 3, 8, 13, 11, 13, 16, 18, 20, 21, 25, 27, 31 are better days.

Man has now reached the stage where he has conquered almost every dangerous thing in nature except human nature.

X X X
Wife—a woman who is a great consolation to a man in all the troubles a bachelor never has.

X X X
Passenger: And here's a penny for you, my man.

Porter: Couldn't you make it a couple of ha'pennies? I could jingle them, anyway.

X X X
No harm shall reach the honest and the industrious among the wicked.—Zoroaster.

X X X
Be what thou seemest; live thy creed. Hold up to the earth the torch divine. Be what thou prayest to be made. Let the great Master's steps be thine.—Horatius Bonar.

X X X
When the heart is heavy, and we suffer from depression or disappointment, how thankful we should be that we still have work and prayer left to comfort us. Occupation forcibly diverts the mind; prayer sweetly soothes the soul.—Charlotte M. Younge.

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No. 10

When a woman is determined to have her way and goes about it with all her coquetry there is nothing a hubby can do but yield.

A Marriage Invitation

(A Lotus Eater)

It was late at night when I returned home from court. My wife opened the door. She was all smiles when she greeted me. "Oh, dear!" she said. "I was so anxious about you. What kept you so late to-day at the court?"

I murmured some excuse and went to my study not without misgivings. Something was up, I knew. I had good reason to be apprehensive when my wife's mouth widens from ear to ear!

She, however, followed me and taking a letter from the table handed it over to me. I noted it was a marriage invitation. I laid it on the table as if unconcerned and casually asked from whom it was. I have a horror of these invitations for they mean expense, which I can ill afford, being hard put even to balance my ordinary household budget.

My wife flew into a temper at my indifference. "Why don't you see yourself?" she retorted.

I: You may tell me.
She: Do I know English? How can I read an invitation card in English? Had I gone to school and studied English I would not be begging you to read it for me.

I: Do you mean to say you do not know from whom the invitation card has come?

She: I can just guess. It must be from my brother.

I: You know the date as well?

She: Yes.

I: You must also be aware of the parties to the marriage?

She: No. I think the bride must be my brother's daughter.

I: What more do you want to know?

She: How heartless you are! Should I not know who

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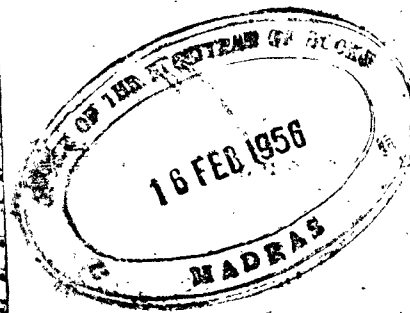
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FEBRUARY, 1956

A Marriage Invitation

Mayuram Murder Case

More Jataka Tales

The Magic Brush

Rambles in Court Life

Narada Humbled

The Undertaker

Season of Illness and
Diseases

Light on Appetite

Inside the Atom

13 is not an Unlucky
Number

News Stories

Your Luck for February

the bridegroom is?

I: You will certainly know in good time. Why are you in such a hurry? Run up and serve the meals.

I sat for my meal. My wife after serving me rice and curry started the topic again.

"Sometime ago my brother wrote to me that he has been considering two or three bridegrooms. I don't know which of them he has selected. The choice was difficult. If the bridegroom is fair, he is not well-to-do. If he is well-to-do he is not fair. If he is both fair and well-to-do, he wants a fortune for his dowry."

I: Your brother's daughter is just homely looking. I am afraid she has no pretensions to beauty. She is also dark complexioned. So your brother has to be modest in his expectations about his prospective son-in-law.

She: When did you see her last? Let me recollect. Yes, it was nearly fifteen years ago when she was just a child.

I: I don't think dark complexioned children become fair when they bloom into maidenhood.

She: Brother wrote to me that she is fair.

I: Naturally. A father's estimate of his daughter cannot but be exaggerated. We must make allowances for that.

She: Do you think a dark girl has no right to expect a fair husband?

I: Surely not. Look at our own case.

She: I am surely fairer than you.

We acknowledge receipt of a handsome diary from Messrs. Spirit Warehouse, Madras-3, a pictorial calendar from British Information Services, Madras-1, and a sheet calendar from Messrs. Kesari Kuteeram Ltd., Madras-14.

I: So be it. Let us not quarrel about it now after twenty years of marriage.

She: I don't know what my brother will do for meeting the marriage expenses. It can't be less than four thousands.

I: You will know the exact figure when you attend the marriage.

She: I do not know why you are always cynical.

I: What have we got to do with this matter? Every man must bear his own cross.

She: How unsympathetic you are! Are you afraid that I will ask you to lend a helping hand? I will never! Nor would my brother accept any financial help from anybody—least of all from you.

I: At any rate we have not the means to help and that settles the matter.

She: Where there is a will there is a way. We can certainly extend our helping hand if we are anxious to help.

I: Why should we bother? He has not asked for our help.

She: Should we help only

A Marriage Invitation

when he asks for our help? How grateful he would be if we offer our help unasked.

I: I have told you I have nothing. My bank balance is nil.

She: If you want you can raise a loan on your insurance policy.

I: Wretched woman! Do you want me to ruin myself to help your brother? Does not charity begin at home?

She: Who wants you to do charity to anyone? You can take a bond for the money and collect interest too!

I: Why all this bother when we have not been approached for help?

She (Wiping an imaginary tear with the corner of her sari): My brother did write to me some months back asking for help. I did not tell you then because I thought it would be time enough for me to do so on the receipt of the news about the fixing up of the marriage.

I: Did you not write to him then about our inability to help?

She: No.

I: Your silence might have been misunderstood by him and he might be under the impression that we are having some savings in the bank. (After a pause.) What amount did he ask for?

She: Rs. 2000.

I: Where are we to go for such a huge sum?

She: You may sell my jewels and raise over a thousand rupees and make up the balance by a loan on your insurance policy.



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I: Thank you for your permission, but I simply won't do any such thing. You may give your jewels to your brother yourself and let him raise what he can on it.

She (Smiling): I knew you would agree. Of course my brother must be satisfied with a thousand rupees from us. You needn't raise the loan on the insurance policy. When do we start?

I: You may start whenever you like.

She: How can I go alone?

I: What is there to be afraid of? You entrain at the station here and get down at your brother's place.

She: Of course I have written to my brother to come to the station or to send somebody. But would it look proper if you don't attend the marriage? It is fifteen years since you visited my brother's house.

I: Surely, I have not refused any invitation to go over there.

She: I know your insinuation. What was the occasion to invite us?

I: Then why do you blame me for not paying him a visit before?

She: I am not a lawyer; so don't you argue with me as you do in court.

I: Thank you for the compliment.

She: Don't be peevish. Can't we have a pleasant talk even for a few minutes?

I: It has already cost me a thousand rupees!

She: You are really a heartless miser. What a fuss you are making over a temporary accommodation!

I: Wait and see. It will prove to be a permanent accommodation.

She: Oh! Don't you fear. I will stand guarantee for that.

I: Your guarantee is worth nothing.

This was too much for my wife. My saying that her guarantee was not worthwhile was so galling for her that she immediately resorted to the most powerful of women's weapons—the Brahmastra—from her armoury and tears began falling fast from her eyes and in such abundance that I was completely lost in wonder in contemplation of this handiwork of God—the inexhaustible reservoir—a veritable Manasarovar—of tears.

"I bought my uncle some of that patent medicine you recommended."

"Is he any better?"

"After he'd read the wrapper round the bottle he found he had two more diseases."

x

x

x

Experience is what you have left after everything else is gone.

x

x

x

Dealer: This vase is over 2,000 years old, sir.

Customer: Don't try to pull that stuff on me. It's only 1956 now.

x

x

x

"What shall I do with my son? He never comes when he is called."

"Make a waiter out of him."

x

x

x

"My husband is an efficiency expert in a large office."

"What does an efficiency expert do?"

"Well, if we women did it, they'd call it nagging."

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

Mayuram Murder Case

(By S. Rajagopalan)

Murder will always be out. Below are given two cases which though baffling in the beginning were solved easily by the police.

Murder, DeQuincey once said, is a fine art; but it seems true to say that the detection of murder is a finer art, not to say a science, which brings in its reward only after strenuous toil and trouble. The agencies in this behalf in England are proverbially well known for their uncanny skill and efficiency, and a good deal of it is due to the public spirit which the citizens display in rounding up the offender at any cost.

Ann, a baby under four, disappeared from her cot in the babies' ward in Queen Park's Hospital in Blackburn, Lancashire, on a certain night in May 1948. At dawn, the body of the girl was found on the hospital grounds; and it became a puzzle how a sleeping child could be removed from the hospital ward despite all vigil to the adjoining grounds, and molested. The police and the Scotland Yard were alerted forthwith. Investigation was started. Near the child's bed fibres belonging to a man's clothes were discovered; furthermore fresh finger and palm impressions were found on a Winchester bottle under the cot.

It was decided to finger print every male of 16 and over in the town and searches were made at

the principal finger print bureaux in the British Isles and overseas too, and in fact throughout the world. More than 46,000 finger prints had been taken in the Blackburn area; and the impressions on the Winchester bottle were compared with the several finger prints throughout the world until at last a card bearing the desired finger prints appeared on 12-8-1948. They were those of one Peter Griffiths, a 22 year old resident of Blackburn and a member of the Welsh Guards. When charged with the crime, he admitted his guilt although an insanity plea was put on his behalf. This was negatived and he was hanged.

Things are not so rosy in India. Detection is purely a policeman's job and the feeling that a murderer should not go scot free is still largely conspicuous by its absence amongst the public. What usually happens is that a dead body is found. No information is obtainable. Then an anonymous communication reaches the police. A few persons are interrogated. Then the culprit is traced, himself gives a clue and confesses. At the trial however he retracts and the prosecution will have to rely on extraneous circumstances which, however, offer only rarely a clear

and cogent proof of the actual murder. The result is that too often bringing the culprit to book is a speculative business.

On 4-4-1934, a body was discovered floating in a tank called Arran Kuttai in Mayavaram town. When it was taken out it was found to be that of a male who had clearly been murdered; the throat had been cut to the vertebral column and there were also several injuries on it. The identity of the body could not, however, be established.

On the following day, the Circle Inspector of Mayavaram received an anonymous communication stating that the body was that of a Sourashtra merchant of Madura and that he had been done to death by the family of one Ramu Iyer and one Gurumurthi, who were Sourashtra weavers living in the town. The deceased was later identified as one Nagendra Iyer who was trading in Madura. He had come down to Mayavaram a few days before 1-4-1934 to collect his outstandings; and as he was accustomed to do so before, he put up in the house of one Krishna Iyer, who was living with his father Ramu Iyer and brother Gurumurthi. Nagendra Iyer was able to collect a good portion of his debts and on the fateful day of 1-4-1934, he had with him Rs. 900. In the night, he went to rest at the house sleeping on an outside pial with Krishna Iyer and another while Ramu Iyer took his bed at the other pial.

At 2 a.m., he got up intending to go to the railway station to

catch the train to Madura and he appears to have left the house accompanied by Krishna Iyer who took it upon himself to carry his bundle consisting of some clothes wrapped up in a carpet.

Nagendra Iyer was not seen alive since then and it also came to be noticed that Krishna Iyer also had suddenly disappeared.

Police investigation started almost immediately and the incriminating facts presented themselves slowly albeit with a cogency which was remarkable.

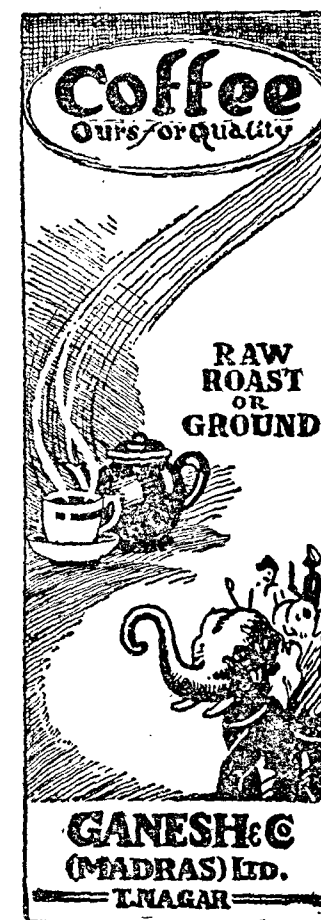
A fellow weaver and neighbour related that on 3-4-1934 at about 8 p.m., Gurumurthi came to him and told him that he and Krishna Iyer had murdered a Madura merchant and thrown the body at Arran Kuttai tank, and that it was likely to come up to the surface, and he wanted his assistance to prevent it, promising to pay him Rs. 10 or Rs. 15. Another weaver asserted that Gurumurthi met him at 11 p.m., on the same night and told him that a Madura merchant who was staying in his house, had committed suicide by hanging himself as he could not bear acute stomach pain and that four of them had taken the body and immersed it in the tank. He promised to reward him if he would but try to prevent it from coming up. He however would not believe the story. Then Gurumurthi told him that he and Krishna Iyer had cut the man and thrown the body in the tank. This was too much for the witness to bear; it was preying upon his mind; he was slack in his work and when his

Mayuram Murder Case

master questioned him, he revealed what he had been able to gather. This spread like wild fire and Gurumurthi spent Rs. 70 to silence nagging tongues. This money was given to the mother of the second weaver. Subsequently however the police recovered it.

On 7-4-1934, Gurumurthi was arrested and was taken to a bungalow where a number of big police officials had foregathered. He was in a mood to confess and a Magistrate came in and took it down. All of them went to the tank. Gurumurthi pointed out a tamarind tree where he said the murder had been committed. A search failed however to reveal any blood stains. From there, the party went to a "Nandavanam", a flower garden, near another tank in the town and from a bush therein a portion of a cloth bag was recovered at a place indicated by Gurumurthi.

The party then proceeded to Gurumurthi's residence and he produced from the hollow top of a bamboo pole supporting the roof, a bag containing Rs. 270 in currency notes. The bag was the portion of a long narrow linen bag which both he and his brother were in the habit of carrying at their waist whenever they needed a receptacle for currency notes. It was not probable that Gurumurthi had moneys of his own. He had been out of employment for nearly two years and the family itself was involved in debt. On the day following the murder an application to a Co-operative Bank



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for a loan of Rs. 500/- had been made. Furthermore if the money in the house had been honestly come by, why should it at all be hidden at such an odd place? And it was also proved that one of the five-rupee notes had actually been passed on to Nagendra by one of his customers.

The body was as stated discovered on 4-4-1934. Krishna Iyer was found missing since then. He had crossed the borders, took the ship to Rangoon and managed to reach there safely. But destiny works out in strange ways and it did in this case. All too incautiously he wrote a letter from there to a friend of his in Mayavaram. It was about a loan of Rs. 3/- which he had taken and he told the addressee not to let any of his friends at Mayavaram know his address at Rangoon. This letter somehow came into the hands of the police just at the appropriate time. On 14-5-34, they ordered the police at Rangoon to look out for a man of his description. Getting scent of this, Krishna Iyer sailed back to Madras on the following day. He was arrested on board the ship in Madras under very incriminating circumstances. A sum of Rs. 445/- was found on his person. That, however, was not all. He gave when accosted a false name and he told them that he did not know where Mayavaram was! He said further that he got the

money following a partition in his family, which of course was not true.

Krishna Iyer and Gurumurthi were chargesheeted. There was no direct evidence but a chain of circumstances both consistent and deadly left no room for doubt about their participation in the heinous offence. They were seen in the company of the deceased before murder at the various places in the town and were actually with him when one constituent had paid him Rs. 105. Their own relations, viz, father, brother and brother's wife, testified that they had accompanied the unfortunate man to the railway station at 2 A.M. The aruval (spear) which was found in the tank had its handle wound with rope and cloth which were identified as theirs. They were in a very impecunious condition, and Krishna Iyer at any rate was aware of the large sum of money Nagendra had collected. After that time Nagendra had not been found alive; and after the fact was discovered, Krishna Iyer had run away from the town. Arrested on board the steamer, he was found in possession of a large sum of money which he could not satisfactorily account for and he gave a number of explanations which were transparently false. The two were held guilty and paid the penalty with their lives.

(Copyright with the author.)

One reason why romance lasted longer in the old days was that the bride looked much the same after washing her face.

Jataka Tales

(By K. S. Ramaswamy Sastry)

In the last issue the author related two of the Jataka tales, which relate to the life of Gautama Buddha during many reincarnations as Bodhisattwa before his attaining Buddhahood. Below are two more stories.

One day King Brahmadata of Benares went on a state drive in a grand chariot drawn by beautiful white Sindh horses. After the drive the chariot was placed in the courtyard. The harness was left hitched to the chariot. There was rain during the night and the harness became wet. The king's dogs came down from the upper chambers and gnawed the leather works and straps.

Next morning the king's

servants saw what had happened. They told a plausible story to the king. They said: "Sire! Some dogs came in the night through the sewer and have caused this damage."

The king became very angry and ordered: "Kill all the dogs in the city."

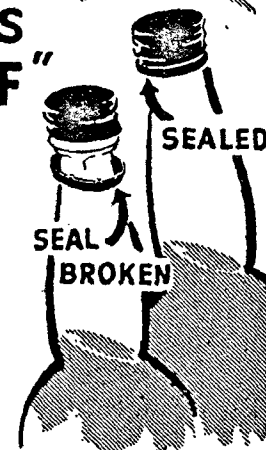
Then began a great slaughter of the dogs. The surviving dogs ran up to the Bodhisattwa. He asked them: "What is the

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matter?" They told him all that had taken place.

The Bodhisattwa felt compassion for them. He thought within himself: "How could the city's dogs have got into the palace? The king's own dogs must have done the mischief."

He then ran up in the form of a dog to the palace. The king's servants tried to catch him. But he took refuge under the king's throne. The king said: "Do not harm this poor dog. It is in great fear."

The dog came out and said to the king: "You have ordered the wholesale slaughter of dogs. But did you ascertain which dogs did the mischief?"

The king replied: "I did not."

The dog then said: "You must have as a king enquired who did the mischief. It was not proper on your part to have ordered the wholesale destruction of all the dogs. Having ordered so why did you not have the palace dogs also killed? What you have done shows your partiality and ignorance. Kings should treat all alike. They should be as straight and unbiassed as the beam of a balance. The poor city dogs are being slaughtered wholesale while your dogs go scotfree."

The king asked him: "Do you know who committed the offence?"

The Bodhisattwa said: "Yes." He then ordered a little butter-milk and kusa grass to be brought in. He said: "Have this grass mashed up in the buttermilk. Let the royal dogs

drink it." The dogs did so. Then they vommitted bits of leather.

The king was overjoyed. He offered the royal umbrella to the Bodhisattwa. The latter asked the king to be righteous and handed back the umbrella to him. The king thus learnt the greatest and noblest lessons of justice and ahimsa. He then had a royal proclamation announced to the people about justice and ahimsa and ordered food to be supplied in ample and constant quantities to the dogs. He led a life of justice and charity and compassion and ahimsa. The gospel endured for ten thousand years.

x x x UNITY AND DISUNITY

Once upon a time Bodhisattwa was born as a quail and lived with thousands of other quails in a big forest. They lived a free and happy life. But suddenly trouble came to them in the shape of a fowler. He brought a huge net and imitated the note of a quail. As soon as a sufficient number of quails came near him, he threw the net over them, tied its ends and took them in a heap and threw them into a basket and sold them for a living.

Bodhisattwa-quail took compassion on the birds and told them: "This fowler will destroy all of us very soon if we do nothing but merely await our fate. I have a plan for you. After the fowler throws his net over us, each one of us must put its head through a mesh. We must then act to-

gether and fly away with the net, alight at a thorn-brake and ascape from underneath the net while the fowler is disentangling the net."

They did so. This happened day after day and the fowler had to go back empty handed. His wife blamed him for his want of skill as he was not able to get a living. He told her: "Some clever friend of the quail seems to have taught them how to defeat my aims and attempts and how to achieve union among themselves. The quails now act in concert. But I expect that very soon they will lose their unity and begin to quarrel among themselves. I shall then capture them all as before."

Strangely enough it happened as he foretold. Many of the quails began to quarrel among themselves. The Bodhisattwa-quail advised them to continue to be united as before and act in concert and not to quarrel among themselves. But only a few followers heeded his words. The majority was egoistic and bent on quarrelling. Each prided itself with the thought: "But for me can the net be carried away by us?" Each thus wanted to be the leader and none would be a follower. Each was vain about itself and contemptuous about the others. They were in a state of endless wrangling.

The Bodhisattwa-quail found that it could not mend their ways. It flew away with its loyal followers to another forest which it had already seen and selected. Its followers were loyal

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All Aches and
Pains

to it and acted in accordance with its advice. He loved them and they loved and admired and obeyed him.

The wrangling disobedient quails continued to quarrel with one another. The fowler came back a few days later. He collected them by imitating the note of a quail and threw his net over them. Each of the quails wanted the other to lift the net and fly away with it. They disagreed and quarrelled. The fowler lifted the net and threw it into a basket and carried away all the fighting quails. All of them were destroyed.

The Magic Brush

Once upon a time there was a boy named Ma Liang, whose father and mother had died when he was a child, so that he had to earn his living by gathering firewood and cutting weeds. He was a clever boy and longed to learn to paint, but he could not afford to buy even a brush.

One day Ma Liang passed a private school where the school master was painting and was fascinated to watch the strokes made by his brush. Before he knew it he had stepped into the school.

"I want so much to learn to paint," he said. "Please will you lend me a brush?"

"What!" the master glared at him. "A little beggar wants to paint? You must be dreaming!" And he drove the lad away.

But Ma Liang had a will of his own.

"Why shouldn't I learn to paint even though I am poor?" he said to himself. He made up his mind to learn and practised hard every day. When he went up the mountain to gather firewood, he would use a twig to draw birds on the sand; when he went to the river to cut reeds, he would dip his finger into water and trace fish on the rock; when he got home, he would sketch his few pieces of furniture on the walls.

Time passed and since Ma Liang did not let a single day go by without practising, naturally he made rapid progress. People who saw his

pictures almost expected the birds to warble and the fish to swim—they were so true to life. But still Ma Liang had no brush. He often thought how happy he would be if he could have one.

One night, tired after a hard day's work Ma Liang fell fast asleep when an old man with a long beard came and gave him a brush.

"This is a magic brush," said the old man. "So use it carefully."

Ma Liang took the brush in his hand. It was of glittering gold and rather heavy.

"What a beautiful brush!" He jumped for joy. "Thank you ever so much..."

But before he could finish his sentence the old man had vanished. Ma Liang woke with a start. So it was a dream! But how could it be a dream when the brush was there in his hand? He was lost in wonder.

He painted a bird with the magic brush, and the bird flapped its wings, then soared up into the sky where it began to sing merrily for him to hear. He painted a fish and the fish frisked its tail, then plunged into the river and sported in the water. He was in raptures.

So with the magic brush Ma Liang painted every day for the poor folk in his village: a plough, a hoe, an oil lamp or a bucket and so on.

The news of Liang's magic brush soon reached the ears of

the rich landlord in the village and the landlord sent two of his men to seize Ma Liang and force the lad to paint for him.

Though Ma Liang was only a lad, he had plenty of courage. And however much the landlord threatened or flattered him, he refused to paint a single picture. So the landlord shut him up in a stable and began to starve him.

Three days later it began to snow heavily, and by the evening, snow lay thick on the ground. Thinking that Ma Liang must have died of cold if not of hunger, the landlord went to the stable to look. As he approached the door he saw red firelight shining through its chinks and sniffed a delicious smell of food. And

peeping through a crack in the door, what should he see but Ma Liang toasting himself by a big stove and eating hot cakes! The landlord could hardly believe his eyes. Where had the stove and cakes come from? Then he realised that Ma Liang must have painted them. Trembling with rage, he summoned his men to kill Ma Liang and seize his brush.

By the time a dozen of his fiercest men rushed into the stable, Ma Liang had escaped. They saw a ladder leaning against the wall. The landlord mounted the ladder in pursuit but he tumbled and fell before he reached the third rung. And when he got to his feet again the ladder vanished.

After escaping from the

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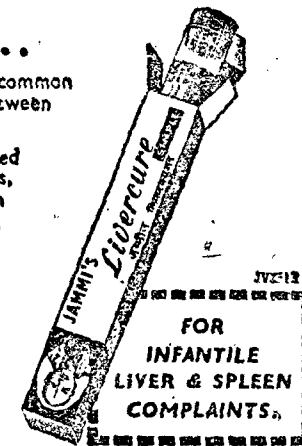
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stable Ma Liang knew he could not hide in the village, for that would only get the friends who sheltered him into trouble. He must go far away. He waved farewell to the cottages and painting a horse mounted it and galloped down the highway.

He had not gone far when he heard a hubbub behind him. Turning his head he saw the landlord and a score of his lackies pursuing him on horseback.

Calmly, Ma Liang drew a bow and arrow, fixed the arrow to the bow. Whizz! and the arrow pierced the landlord's throat and he fell down dead.

Ma Liang galloped down the high way several days and nights without stopping, till he came to a town and decided to stay there; for he was now far, far away from his native village. Since he could find no work in that town, he had to paint pictures and sell them in the market. But in order that he might not be discovered, he took care not to let his pictures come to life by drawing birds without a beak or animals with one leg missing.

One day, after painting a crane with no eyes, he was careless enough to splash ink where the eyes should have been; whereupon the crane opened its eyes, flapped its wings and flew off. At once the whole town was agog with astonishment. And some busy-body reported it to the emperor who sent officers to summon Ma Liang to court.

Ma Liang had heard many

stories about the emperor's cruelty to the poor and hated him from the bottom of his heart. He was certainly not going to serve such a man. So when the emperor ordered to paint him a dragon he painted a toad instead and when the emperor ordered him to paint a phoenix, he painted a cock. This toad and cock leapt and flapped around the emperor, leaving dirt and droppings everywhere, till the whole place stank. Then the emperor in a towering rage ordered his guards to seize the magic brush from Ma Liang and throw him into prison.

Now that the emperor had the magic brush, he tried painting with it himself. First he painted a gold mountain. Then thinking one gold mountain was not enough, he added another and yet another. But when the painting was finished the gold mountains turned into a pile of rocks. And because they were top-heavy they toppled town, nearly crushing the emperor's feet.

Finding that he could not make use of the magic brush himself, the emperor released Ma Liang and spoke him fair, presenting him with gold and silver and promising to give him a princess in marriage.

Ma Liang who had already formed a plan pretended to agree to all these proposals. The emperor was very pleased and returned to him the magic brush.

"If he paints a mountain," thought the emperor, "wild beasts may come out of it.

Better paint the sea!"

So he ordered Ma Liang to paint the sea.

Ma Liang took up his brush and sure enough, a clear boundless sea appeared before the emperor. Its blue surface was unruffled and it shone like an immense jade mirror.

"Why are there no fish in the sea?" asked the emperor, looking at it.

Ma Liang made a few dots with his magic brush, whereupon fish of all colours of the rainbow appeared and they swam slowly far into the sea.

"Hurry up and paint a boat. I want to sail out to watch those fish," ordered the emperor.

Ma Liang painted a huge sailing boat, upon which the emperor and empress, princes and princesses and many ministers embarked. Then, with a few strokes he drew wind. Fine ripples appeared on the sea and the boat moved off.

But the emperor found the pace too slow. Standing at the bow, he shouted:

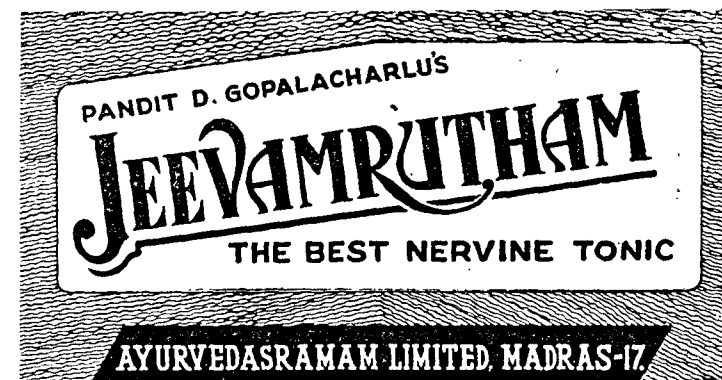
"Let the wind blow harder!"

A few powerful strokes from Ma Liang's brush brought a strong wind. The sea grew rough, and the white sails billowed out as the boat scudded towards the ocean.

Ma Liang drew a few more strokes. Then the sea roared, big waves rolled, and the vessel began to heel over.

"That's enough wind!" shouted the emperor at the top of his voice. But Ma Liang paid no attention. He continued to wield his magic brush. The sea was lashed into fury and billows broke over the deck. The emperor drenched through, clung to the mast shaking his fist at Ma Liang and shouting.

Ma Liang, however, pretended to hear nothing and went on drawing wind. A hurricane blew black clouds before it to darken the sky, and angry billows reared themselves higher and higher to crash down one after another on the boat. At last the vessel heeled over and capsized. The emperor and his ministers sank to the



bottom of the sea.

After the emperor's death the story of Ma Liang and his magic brush spread far and wide. But Ma Liang had disappeared. Some say that he roamed the earth, painting for the poor wherever he went.

—Chinese Literature.

A FOLK TALE FROM HUNGARY

A rich man sent the eldest of his three sons out to travel and see the world. In three years the lad returned with fine raiment and manners and was welcomed with a feast. The father also sent out the second son, well supplied with money. He too returned after three years, during which he did all that he should have done, and the feast with which he was welcomed was even more splendid than the first. The third brother, Jenik, was considered a fool, since all he did was to sit over the stove and dirty himself in the ashes. Still his father allowed him to go as well and gave him a sum of money.

On his way Jenik met some shepherds who were about to kill a dog, which he begged them to spare and give to him. So, too, he rescued a cat, which also went with him. Finally he saved a snake, which said to him, "Go where I go."

Now the snakes seek their holes in the winter and present themselves before the Serpent King. "All the others are housed," said the snake, "and I am behind hand. But when my King knows how you saved

me from death, he will not be angered. When he asks what you desire in return, beg for the watch that hangs on the wall. It will grant you whatever you want."

And so it happened. Jenik became the master of the watch. He rubbed his watch and wished for bread and meat and wine, and there it was. He wished for a room for the night, with a comfortable bed; he rubbed his watch and there it was. The next day he went home, but as he wore his old clothes his father gave him no feast of welcome, and Jenik went back to the ashes again. The third day he thought he would like a three-storied house filled with all kinds of treasure. He rubbed his watch and there it was.

Jenik said to his father, "You gave me no feast; now it is I who invite you and all our relations and friends."

The father in astonishment invited all the relations and everyone was amazed. After the first course Jenik begged his father to invite the King and his daughter. He rubbed his watch and there was a fine carriage drawn by six horses in glittering harness, but the father followed humbly on foot. As the King and his daughter stepped in, Jenik wished the road paved with marble for six miles. As the carriage approached, he wished for a four-storied building, still more magnificent than the first, with everything marvellous inside. The King and the princess had never seen such a house and a banquet so magnificent, and the

King begged Jenik to be his son-in-law. The wedding took place and the couple were left together.

But his wife found Jenik too simple and she soon became bored. She learnt of the watch with its wonderful power, and one dark night she stole it. She wished for a four-horse carriage to take her back to her father's home, and then, with her attendants, she drove down to the shore. She wished for a palace in the middle of the sea reached by a bridge. When she got inside it she rubbed the watch once more and the bridge vanished right away.

This left poor Jenik very unhappy, for his family laughed at him and all he had left was the dog and the cat. He set out with them for the desert where he saw a group of crows flying towards a mountain. The one in the rear said to the others, "I have seen a most marvellous palace in the middle of the ocean."

Then Jenik knew that his wife was there, and he went to the shore and bade the dog swim to the palace with the cat on his back, so that the latter could hide there and steal back the watch. The two crossed the sea and the dog hid nearby while the cat crept inside the castle. The princess at once locked the watch in a box in the cellar, but the cat found her way down and scratched the box till she made a hole. She then took the watch in her mouth, slipped softly out and made her way to the dog.

"Be careful not to speak to

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me as we cross the water," she said, and at first the dog paid attention.

But as they got near the shore he felt he had to ask, "Have you got the watch?"

Fearful of dropping it, the cat did not answer; and as they reached the other side the dog asked again, "Are you sure you have got the watch?"

"Yes," said the cat; and the precious treasure fell right into the water. Sorrowfully the two gazed at the spot, when suddenly a fish appeared and the cat pounced upon it.

"Spare the father of nine," cried the fish.

"So be it," said the cat, "if you will find our watch."

The fish achieved this mission and the watch was brought back to its master. Jenik rubbed it and wished—and the princess and her palace and all its inhabitants were swallowed up in the waters. Then Jenik returned to his parents and lived happily ever after, with his watch and his cat and his dog.

The Lawyers' Tricks

(By V. G. Remachandran, M.A., B.L.)

There are of course very nice gentlemen of society and of high character among the members of the Bar. In fact the public life of this country had always an everlasting supply of very capable and noble men of the legal profession who always strove to bring their knowledge and wisdom for the advancement of the public good. Such men are in plenty, some dormant, some in small centres with not much of opportunity to shine, and some in the forefront in big district centres and in the metropolis. Economic conditions apart there appears to be some kind of needless rivalry in some centres, which leads to excrescences in certain quarters in the shape of ugly episodes which are typified in the foregoing pages. A policy of give and take and a healthy outlook which places professional rectitude even over economic advantages, is necessary to eradicate such evils. But it is not our purpose to dilate more on this topic within the ambit of these "Rambles in Court Life." They may be more germane to a dissertation on "Professional Ethics".

As we stated in the previous instalment the old hogs at the Bar know their business very well indeed. It is hard to beat them in that game. The youngsters with new fangled notions at the Bar are no match to them. C is a marvellous place which produ-

ced such resourcefully clever old hogs. One of them Mr. T found his income dwindling while Mr. S was having a roaring practice. Mr. S was devoted to his work and nothing else. No outside pranks for him. He hardly stepped out of his house, wedded as he was to his clients and his work. In court he was always suave and by sheer dint of hard work and a certain amount of good luck, he became easily the envy of others including T. T was third or fourth in rank in terms of volume of work. But he was astute and hit on a plan. He used to declare to his clerk in the presence of his clients in his office in the morning hours, say after 8-30, that he has been suddenly called by the judge to his house.

Clerk: But sir, we have a lot of cases to prepare today.

Mr. T: Yes. But what to do? That fellow wants me urgently. Don't you see the court peon waiting outside?

Clerk: But sir, why does he want us often?

Mr. T: (*Lowering his voice but sufficient for his clients to hear*) That fellow has to write a judgment and so wants me.

Clerk (*To clients*): Hush! Hush! You chaps keep mum about this. Don't you tell this to anyone.

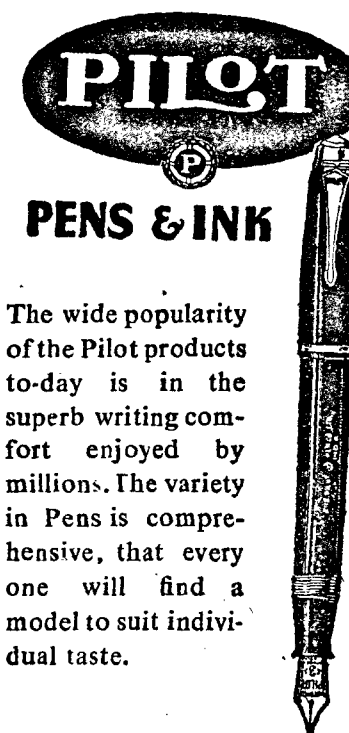
The clients are dumb-founded. Mr. T then sallies forth out of the house with the court peon.

Mark you! The peon is on his pay by constant tips just to come and disturb T at odd hours in the presence of clients and just whisper something innocuous, nothing at all to do with the judge. It is T's way of impressing and misguiding his clients.

Mr. T goes out and returns at about 9-30. He summons his clerk and says: "See, how long it takes. The judge wanted me to help in writing an important judgment."

The clients hear and get elated at the importance the judge attaches to their vakil. This trick T resorted to every alternate day or once in three days. If a client murmured, "Why sir, you go away? What about preparing our case?" T replied: "You fool. Don't you know? What could I do? The judge wants me. It is something if he asks me to help him in writing a judgment in a case in which I appear. But the chap wants me to write in other fellows' cases also. Those vakils get paid for their cases. But I have to write the judgment. What to do? The judge is known to me from his young days and depends on me."

T then would beam up and then heave a heavy sigh as if it was very hard luck indeed for him! The clients get impressed. They spread the news. It catches like fire in all villages. Mr. S's clients, some doubting Thomases, get a shake up. They come to T for advice. T is adamant. The clients beg him also to appear along with S. T refuses. But mildly adds, "Don't worry. You better file new



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cases with me. In the pending case I will try to do something for you." They implicitly believe and as luck would have it they succeed in their cases after T had his mock round to see the judge. They rush with a few suits to T. T's filing gets on the increase and it was being whispered that he was given an honorarium by interested clients whose cases were pending judgment! Poor Mr. judge never knew that his name was being dragged into such ridicule. Mr. T never went inside the judge's room in his house at all. He would just go by that street and come the other way round. One particular client felt that he must be sure T did meet the judge. He lurked round and T very cunningly and bravely set foot into the judge's house and met him. Judge: "What Mr. T? What is the matter?"

T: "Nothing. Next Sunday a Baghavathar is coming to discourse on Ramayana for three days. I came to request you to preside on the occasion."

Judge: "No Mr. T. I have no time. You will please excuse me." Then T contrives to speak to him on general topics for a few minutes. The judge abruptly gets up and bids T leave. T, bravely comes out with a broad smile and espying the doubting client round the corner meets him and falls into the mood of confiding with him. "You see. I touched upon your case. The judge got impressed but asked me not to meet him in his house but meet him at...where he will be proceeding next Sunday."

Thus indeed T made up his file and earnings. The other members of the Bar had a natural envy at the easy money T was making. They crowded round S, the leader, and awaited his command. But S was a gentleman and would say, "T will get ruined by his own acts by and by, you will see!"

It was indeed so. One particular troublesome client Y who had parted with a huge amount of cash to T, lost his case. T began to avoid him but Y pursued him wherever he went and dogged his footsteps. Another lawyer K goaded this client Y to pursue T to the utmost limit and expose his fraud in the interest of honesty and fair dealings to the clientele population and the seat of justice. Y stuck to T like a leech and would present himself at his office at 8 A.M. He will ask T: "Please sir, return the five hundred rupees." T dare not ask which 500 rupees. Then the court peon as usual would peep in. T will make an excuse to his clients and sally forth for the alleged visit to the judge. Y will laugh and follow. T, as pointed out, would simply go near the judge's house and return, the peon adroitly going in advance and coming out saying: "The judge says he will meet you later." This make-believe drama Y knew to the inch and so addressed a petition to the District Judge about the peon's pranks in this direction. Next morning at T's office Y repeats his visit and declares to all clients assembled that T's visit to the judge is all faked up and

that he was himself duped by T to the extent of Rs. 50. T denounces Y and says it is all a lie. Meanwhile the District Judge visits the local court and makes an enquiry about the peon's conduct. The peon confesses and the judge calls T, chastises him and says that he would have reported of his conduct to the High Court but taking his old age into consideration, he would merely leave him with a warning. Mr. T discreetly keeps silent and ruminates over his fate. The other members of the local Bar giggle and take some satisfaction over T's disgrace.

Such was the sordid episode

of T. There are umpteen of these shady gents lurking in various places exhibiting various shades of conduct most dishonourable to the name of the profession. It is not our desire to pull down the profession but a few dark episodes are enough to mar the fair name of a noble calling.

We have indeed very many estimable men at the Bar, in the metropolis and the mofussil. May be the average member of the Bar in each place does his best for an honest living. But there are also black sheep and when we go round in our rambles in court life we cannot but

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touch upon these dark aspects not with a desire to ridicule but with a desire to rouse up the rest of the Bar to the need for cleaning up the 'dark spot'. The public eye is rather severe on the noble profession and a little dark mole would indeed be magnified as a big monster. Such a high rectitude of conduct is expected of the profession. The more noble and exalted a profession, the more rectitude of conduct is expected of them

A labourer's faults will go unheeded but a small mistake of an educated gent will be subject to severe public criticism. Our readers, among whom we believe a number of lawyers can be reckoned) will therefore pardon us for revealing some of the funny episodes some of them dark indeed—attendant in court life. It is wise to know and reform than to ignore one's faults or refuse to own it.

"Have you ever been in a railway accident?"

"Yes, once when I was in a train and we were going through a tunnel, I kissed the father instead of the daughter."

"I don't like the look of your husband," said the doctor gravely

"Neither do I," the wife replied, "but he's kind to the children."

A swanky chap went to the recruiting office to enlist in the Army.

"I suppose you want a commission?" said the officer.

"No, thanks," was the reply. "I'm such a poor shot that I'd rather work on a straight salary."

"Good morning, sir. I'm looking for a little succour," smiled the tramp.

"Well, you've come to the wrong place. I'm not one."

"Why is our language called the mother tongue?" asked young John of his dad

"Because father never gets a chance to use it," was the reply.

She was a pretty young wife, but a bad cook.

"I don't know why," grumbled her husband, "but you don't seem to be able to make pastry like my mother."

"No," she answered, "and I don't know why, but you don't seem to make dough like my father."

"Is your wife artistic?"

"Artistic! Why, she's so artistic that she doesn't care how the soup tastes so long as it's a pretty colour."

Narada Humbled

(By Swami Sivananda)

Narada thought within himself that he was the greatest devotee of Lord Hari and became a prey to pride. Lord Narayana, the indweller of all beings, the silent witness of all thoughts of all creatures, wanted to teach a lesson to Narada and thereby eradicate his subtle pride.

Lord Narayana said to Narada: "There is a great devotee in the world. He is very dear to me. He is an agriculturist. Go to the earth-plane and have a talk with him."

Narada at once visited the earth-plane and went to the house of the peasant. Narada said: "O devotee, Lord Narayana is very much pleased with you for your devotion. What sort of devotion are you practising? He asked me to have a conversation with you."

The peasant duly honoured the rishi and said: "O, adorable sage! I do not know anything of devotion. I am immersed in wordly affairs. I have a very big family. I ever engage myself in agriculture. As soon as I get up from my bed I once repeat Narayana. When I take my dinner I repeat Narayana once and when I go to bed I repeat Narayana once. This is all my devotion and sadhana."

Narada came back to Vaikunta and said to Lord Hari: "My Lord! I had been to the house of the peasant, thy great devotee. He does not practise any continual meditation or any worship. He simply repeats thy name, Narayana, thrice daily. How can you regard the peasant as a great devotee?"

Lord Narayana said: "O

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Narada! Keep this pot of water on your head and do *pradakshina* around Mahashesha thrice. Not a drop of water should fall on the ground." Narada acted accordingly.

Lord Narayana said: "O Narada, where was your mind when you went around myself and Lakshmi?"

Narada replied: "My Lord! My mind was always on the pot."

"How many times did you remember me?"

"Not even once," replied Narada. "My mind was ever fixed on the pot of water. I was fully concentrated in saving the water from spilling."

Lord Narayana said: "O Narada! You were not able to remember me even once when you did this little simple task. The peasant is a big family man. He had to do lot of work in the field. He remembers me thrice daily even amidst all sorts of worldly troubles, difficulties and tribulations. Is he not a great devotee indeed?"

Narada hung his head down in shame. His pride was put down and abandoning his pride from that very moment became very humble.

QUEEN KEKAYI

Kekayi was the queen of the king of Kekaya. She was the mother of Kaikeyi. The king of Kekaya possessed a sound knowledge of the language of beasts, birds and insects. This was conferred on him by the sage Samika. The sage had conferred this boon and said:

"O Kekaya! I give you this boon. You will be able to know what the birds and beasts talk between themselves. But mind you, if you reveal any of their talks to anyone to satisfy their curiosity your head will burst into thousand pieces."

One day Kekaya was seated with his queen. He observed an ant taking a grain of rice and hurrying with it to its hole. Meanwhile another ant came across and said to the previous one: "Friend! I am very hungry. Please give me that grain of rice."

The ant replied: "No, I cannot, because you are a Brahmin. You cannot accept the grain from me who am a Sudra." At this differentiation and petty distinction even amongst these insignificant ants, the king burst into an uncontrollable laughter.

The queen, who was sitting by his side enquired from the king, the reason for his laughter. The king could not reveal the truth on account of fear of the sage's curse. He tried to evade the queen. But she was persistent. She said: "You are hiding something from me. I will not take meals or do anything until and unless you reveal this to me."

The king was in a fix. He did not know what to do. At last he said: "My beloved, I am prohibited from telling you this by the Rishi Samika. If I tell this my head will burst into thousand pieces. What am I to do now? Give up this obstinacy and save me."

The queen said: "Never mind

Narada Humbled

Whatever may be the consequences of your telling the same. Do not mind. But I want to reveal the same."

When the king found no means to appease his wife he after deep thought: "You do know the secret even at the cost of my life. So will reveal this to you at the place where dying I will get *mukti*."

The king and the queen went the next day. Again he pressed the king to reveal the secret. The king will tell you what it is in a few days."

On the third day the king was sunk in sorrow reflecting over his fate and wandered to the neighbouring hills. There he sat underneath a tree. Suddenly he overheard the quarrel between two goats. The she-goat said to the he-goat: "Get for me the grass hanging in the well, otherwise I will not live with you. I will part with you for ever."

The he-goat replied: "What a fool you are. Do you not see that it is risky to get to the grass over there? I will fall into the deep waterless pit and die."

The she-goat said, "I care nothing for that. But I want grass only."

The he-goat got violent and hit the she goat with his horns in such a way that she began to bleed.

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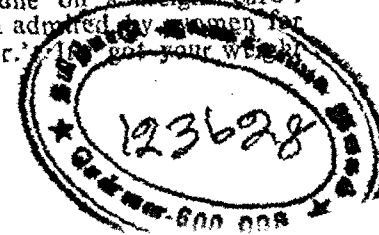
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profusely. The she-goat gave up her obstinacy and begged pardon.

King Kekaya now got the clue. He went back to his place. The queen as usual insisted on his revealing the secret. The king took a long cane and severely thrashed the queen right and left and said: "I will kill you to-day if you persist in this query. What do you want now, tell me frankly. Do you want to hear the secret now?"

The queen got terribly frightened at this behaviour of the king and begged pardon and said: "No, my lord. Save me. I do not want to know any of your secrets. Pray, stop." Then the king once again went back to his country with his queen after paying his respects to Lord Viswanath.

reading her husband's fortune on a weight card: dynamic, a leader of men, and admired by women for looks and strength of character.



favour of the host. Adrian hastened to make his acquaintance, regarding him as a person of whom he would certainly stand in need sooner or later, and when the guests sat down to table, these two sat next to each other. Herr and Frau Schultz and their daughter, the seventeen-year-old Lottchen, while dining with their guests, waited at table and helped the cook to dish up. Beer flowed copiously. Yurko ate for four. Adrian was not behindhand. His daughters minded their manners. The conversation, which was carried on in German, grew ever louder. Suddenly the host called for attention, and, uncorking a bottle besmeared with tar, cried out loudly, in Russian "To the health of my good Luise!" The light champagne frothed. The host kissed the fresh-complexioned face of his middle-aged helpmate, and the guests noisily drank the health of the good Luise. "To the health of my dear guests!" announced the host, uncorking another bottle, and the guests returned their thanks, draining their glasses again. The toasts now began to follow thick and fast—they drank to the health of each person singly, toasted the city of Moscow, and a round dozen small German towns, then came toasts to all trades as such, and to each in turn, and to the health of all the craftsmen and apprentices in them. The guests began bowing to one another—the tailor bowed to the shoemaker, the shoemaker to the baker, and so

on. In the midst of these mutual salutations Yurko turned to the undertaker, crying: "Come on, neighbour, drink the health of your dead men!" Everyone laughed but the undertaker who took umbrage and frowned. No one noticed this, and the guests went on drinking; by the time they rose from the table the bells were ringing for the vespers.

The guests dispersed at a late hour, most of them tipsy. The undertaker arrived home angry and befuddled. "After all," he reflected aloud, "why is my trade less honourable than the others? An undertaker is brother to the hangman, is he? What do those foreigners find to laugh at? Is an undertaker a fool in motley for them? And I was going to invite them all to my house-warming. Oh, no, I won't do that! I will invite those for whom I work—my Christian corpses."

"Oh, Sir!" exclaimed the serving maid, who was taking off his boots. "Think what you are saying! 'Cross yourself! Invite the dead to a house-warming! It's horrible!"

"Before God, I will do it!" continued Adrian. "And tomorrow, too! Do me the honour, my benefactors, to feast with me to-morrow night. You shall share my little all." With these words the undertaker got into bed and was soon snoring.

x x x

It was still dark outside when Adrian was roused. Tryukhina,

the merchant's wife, had died during the night, and a messenger from her factotum had galloped up on horseback to bring the tidings to Adrian. The undertaker rewarded him with ten kopeks for vodka, dressed hastily and drove to Razgulyai. Policemen were already posted at the entrance to the house of the deceased, and merchants were strutting up and down like crows sensing carrion. The corpse was laid out on a table, her countenance waxy, but the features not yet deformed by decay. Relatives, neighbours and domestics crowded round her. All the windows were open; there were candles burning; the priests were reading prayers for the dead.

Adrian went up to the dead woman's nephew, a youthful merchant in a fashionable frock-coat, and informed him that the coffin, candles, pall, and other funeral paraphernalia would be supplied immediately in good condition. The heir thanked him absent-mindedly, remarking that he would not haggle over the price, but would trust entirely in the undertaker's good faith. The undertaker, as was his wont, vowed that he would not charge a kopek too much, after which exchanged a significant glance with the factotum, and drove back to make his preparations. All day he drove backwards and forwards between Razgulyai and Nikitsky Gate. By evening everything was in order, and he went home on foot, dismissing the driver. It was

Bleeding Gums

is an early sign of Pyorrhoea followed by little pus, salivation, foul breath and finally loose teeth. The pus absorbed into the system may cause headaches, stomach troubles, rheumatic pains, general weakness, etc. 'SAIGAL', the gum solution, is an effective scientific medicine for teeth and gum troubles known for its prompt relief and recommended by Medical men. Price Rs. 2/-. Ask Appah & Co., Madras, or any chemist.

moonlight. The undertaker arrived safely at Nikitsky Gate. As he was passing the Church of the Ascension our friend Yurko challenged him, and recognizing the undertaker wished him good night. The hour was late. The undertaker was approaching his house when all of a sudden it seemed to him that somebody came up to the gate, opened it, and disappeared through it.

"What can it mean?" wondered Adrian. "Who else could be needing me? Is it a thief breaking in? Can it be that young men visit my little fools by night?" He even thought of calling his friend Yurko to his aid. Just then another person approached the gate and was about to enter, but catching sight of the undertaker hurrying towards the house, he stood still and raised his cocked hat. Adrian fancied he knew

the face, though in his haste he had not been able to examine closely. "You were coming to see me?" he panted. "Step in, please."

"Don't stand on ceremony, friend," said the unknown in hollow tones. "You go in first show your guest the way." Adrian was in much too great a hurry to stand on ceremony. The gate was unlatched, and he went up the steps to the house, the other following him. It seemed to Adrian that there were people moving about in his rooms. "What the deuce does it all mean?" he thought, hastening to let himself in, and... his knees gave way. The room was full of corpses. Through the window the moon lit up their yellow and blue visages, their fallen mouths, dim, half-shut eyes and peaked noses... Adrian recognized with horror people whom he had assisted to bury, and in the one who entered with him he beheld the brigadier buried during the pouring rain. They all, ladies and gentlemen alike, clustered round the undertaker with bows and words of greeting, with the exception of one poor fellow buried free of charge not long before who did not come near, but stood humbly in a corner of the room as if ashamed of his ragged attire. All but he were decently attired, the women in ribboned caps, the defunct officials in uniforms, but unshaven, the merchants in their best robes.

"You see, Prokhorov," said the brigadier, speaking on behalf of the whole company,

"we have all risen to accept your invitation. Only those who are quite helpless, who have completely decayed, have stayed behind, and those who are nothing but fleshless bones, but one of these latter could not resist coming, so anxious was he to visit you...."

Just then a small skeleton elbowed its way through the crowd and approached Adrian. Its fleshless visage leered affectionately at Adrian. Straps of bright green and red cloth and threadbare linen clung here and there to it, as to a pole, and its shin-bones rattled in high riding boots, like a pestle in a mortar. "Don't you recognize me, Prokhorov," said the skeleton. "Don't you remember retired Sergeant of the Guard Pyotr Petrovich Kurilkin, the man you sold your first coffin to a deal one, but you said it was oak, in 1799?" With these words the skeleton extended his arms in a bony embrace, but Adrian, mustering up all his strength, cried out and pushed him away. Pyotr Petrovich swayed and fell to the ground, a mere heap of disjointed bones. A hum of indignation arose from the corpses. All were anxious to defend the honour of their comrade, and advanced upon Adrian with curses and threats, and the unfortunate host, deafened by their cries, and almost crushed by their onslaught, lost his presence of mind and in his turn fell unconscious upon the bones of the deceased sergeant of the guard.

x x x

The sun's rays were already lighting up the bed on which the undertaker lay. At last he opened his eyes and saw before him the servant-maid blowing on the embers in the samovar. Adrian remembered with horror the events of the night. Trukhina, the brigadier, and Sergeant Kurilkin vaguely haunted his imagination. He waited in silence for the maid to open the conversation and tell him what the consequences of the nocturnal adventure had been.

"How late you slept, Adrian Prokhorovich, Sir," said Aksinya, handing him his morning robe. "Our neighbour the tailor came to see you, and the police constable ran in to say that it was the police inspector's name-day to-day, but you were asleep, and we didn't like to wake you."

"And did anyone come from the late widow Tryukhina?"

"Tryukhina? Why? Is she dead?"

"What a fool you are! Didn't you help me make the preparations for her funeral yesterday?"

WANTED

Wanted experienced agents to sell "Kahaniya" in all unrepresented areas. Only those who are willing to furnish cash deposit need write to Manager, 'KAHANIYA' 32, Pelatope, Mylapore, Madras-4.

"Have you gone mad, Sir, or are the fumes of yesterday's drinking still hanging about you? There wasn't any funeral yesterday! You feasted at the German's all day and came bacy drunk and fell on to your bed and you've been asleep up till now, and bell has stopped tolling for service."

"Have I?" exclaimed the undertaker, in great relief.

"Of course you have," assured the maid.

"Am I really the first girl you've really kissed John?"

"Yes, darling, though naturally I've rehearsed with others."

Foreman: What are you limping for?

Workman: I've got a nail in my boot.

Foreman: Why don't you remove it?

Workman: What in the dinner hour?

Sam: Hollywood is a fabulous town. Where else could I have breakfast with Jane Russell, lunch with Lana Turner, and dinner with Mariyn Monroe?

Mike: You did all this?

Sam: No—but, where else could I?

Statistical study conducted in U. S. A. shows that more people fall ill in cold season than in any other period.

The Season of Illness & Accidents

According to the Statistical Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, about twice as many people are sick in winter as are sick in summer. And the number of deaths in any given segment of the population jumps up by one-third during winter months.

The Metropolitan, writes Robert K. Plumb in *New York Times*, reported on a two-year study of its own employees made in the of period August, 1953, to July, 1955. The group of employees (excluding those in Pacific Coast states and Canada) was composed of office and field personnel actively at work before their illness.

For purposes of the study, the date of onset of illness was related to the month in which the employee first received payment of a disability benefit and only illnesses lasting at least eight days were included in the study.

The study determined that the average annual rate of disabling illnesses or injuries lasting eight days or more was 155 per thousand workers. This was the year-round figure. When calculated on a monthly basis, the annual rates ranged from a high of nearly 200 per 1,000 workers in January, February and March to a low of a little more than 110 per 1,000 in July and August.

The widest seasonal variation was found in diseases of the respiratory tract, which accounted for slightly more than 30 per cent of all illnesses in the study. The incidence of these diseases in January was more than four times that in July. Influenza and pneumonia caused about the same number of sicknesses as did respiratory disease class, reached a peak incidence in February and October.

Second most common cause of sickness, the year round, was diseases of the digestive system, which cause about 15 per cent of all the sicknesses over eight days in length. There were variations in the months of peak incidence; January for diarrhoea and enteritis, and for diseases of the gall bladder and bile ducts; February for ulcers of the stomach and duodenum; April for hernia of abdominal cavity and October for appendicitis.

Third most common cause of sickness the year round is diseases of the circulatory system. These diseases accounted for more than one-tenth of all the illnesses. The monthly incidence rate for circulatory diseases in the Metropolitan study fell below the annual average rate for seven months from July through January; the peak months were June and March.

Diseases of the coronary arteries caused about one-fifth of

The Season of Illness and Accidents

33

all disabling illnesses of the circulatory system. Coronary artery illnesses reached low points in August and September. High points came in February and March.

Other diseases listed in the Metropolitan study ranged from cancer to psychoses. The bulletin commented:

"The other disabling illnesses show varying monthly fluctuations in incidence. However, practically all of them had a peak rate in one of the first six months of the year and for many the trough occurred in summer."

Diseases are just part of the winter health scene. Accidents—both fatal and nonfatal—come oftener in winter. Of disabling accidents, which cause some 16 per cent of all eight-day or more ailments in the Metropolitan study, the bulletin says:

"The incidence of these injuries was lowest in April and May, and highest in January and February. The relatively high incidence of fractures [among accidents] from June through September probably reflects the rather extensive

recreational activities carried on during the summer vacation period."

The picture is different in fatal accidents, according to another Metropolitan study. The mortality from all kinds of accidents reaches its peak during the summer. But there are certain types of accidents that take their heaviest toll in autumn or winter.

Motor cars kill more people during the last quarter of the year than they do during any other quarter. The automobile toll is higher despite the fact that more cars are on the roads in summertime. In the Metropolitan accident studies, it was found that the peak month for fatal accidents in cars is October. Each day during the year there were an average of 103 lives lost in cars; in October the daily average is some 118 deaths.

Even worse is the increase in the number of pedestrians killed by automobiles. In the peak month for such accidents—December—the mortality was 37 per cent above the annual average.

Light On Appetite

Important discoveries made regarding appetite and body weight are reported by Dr. Charles Glen King, executive director of the Nutrition Foundation, U.S.

The research was conducted at Harvard and Cornell universities and it has shown that people do not accumulate

excessive body fat unless they consume more calories than they need.

Many recognised factors control food intake; some are social, others are genetic, anatomic, glandular or variations in exercise. Now the belief is that the amount of sugar in the blood determines in part

one's "hunger". However, amino acids, fats and other nutrients affect appetite. So Dr. King believes "the total balance of positive and negative factors is very complex."

"The evidence," he says, "supports a concept of appetite or satiety being controlled largely by a dynamic equilibrium of many nutrients supplied into the common pathway of nutrition for the central nervous system. Workers at Cornell find the glucostatic (blood sugar) theory too incomplete to be widely applicable except in the sense of sugar contributing to the common pool of nutrients."

Emotions appear to be firmly linked to success or failure in reducing. Management of obesity, the Cornell workers declared, should include an attempt to evaluate the patient's emotional state. Then the patient can be given a motivation for reducing (such as social or professional advantage) rather than attempting to induce weight reduction by merely using scare techniques based on health warnings.

"Studies on proteins suggest strongly that each meal should have a proper balance of amino acids. Proteins are composed of amino acids, each protein

being made up of some of the twenty-six odd amino acids arranged together in specific chemical configurations.

"Each new experiment which we carry out to determine the proper amino acid balance for good nutrition gives further proof that these essential building blocks must be supplied in a ratio similar to that found in high quality proteins, in the proteins of meat, milk eggs and poultry, for example.

"An excess of one amino acid may increase significantly the need for another. These basic studies give scientific evidence for the importance of three balanced meals each day for all people, children or adults, active or sedentary, male or female."

The key to balanced amino acids, Dr. King said, is in variety and regular intake of proteins. Amino acids in cereals, fruits, peas, beans and other vegetables have values in forming balanced combinations with animal proteins. An example is the combination of cereals with milk, or meat with beans. Additional research may suggest how combinations of plant and animal proteins may be arranged to make maximum nutritional use of limited natural protein foods.

Never venture on the sea of matrimony with the wrong dream-boat.

"What were your late father's last words?"

"I do."

"But you say that when you get married."

"I know. He didn't get much chance to talk after that."

They say the moon causes madness in man, but who knows that it can excite a terrible passion in a tiny worm?

The Nuptial Dance of Nereis

(By K. S. Venkatachalam, B. Sc.)

Nereis is a segmented worm and belongs to the phylum annelida. On each segment are paddle like appendages. It has four pairs of feelers, two pairs of eyes and a pair of hooked jaws.

The full moon on a particular day in summer marks the most important event of the year in the social calendar of the Nereis worm. Between the hours of eleven o'clock and midnight the socially prominent Nereid debutantes and bachelors will gather at the beach for their nuptial dances.

Only once during its life time is this little creature lured from its home at the bottom of the sea, to see the world. For 364 days, it lives prosaically in a tube of mucus not even leaving it to secure food. When hungry it crawls partly out of the tube and stretches and swims in all directions grasping diatoms, protozoans, minute seaweeds and small crustaceans. We may think it is a terrible dull life but Nereis

worms may have a radio network to keep themselves informed of the gossip of the worm world.

Even worms cannot resist the romance and the glamour of the full moon and so during the summer months at full moon thousands of Nereis worms leave their abodes and swim to the surface of water. Such vast numbers gather for this party that they form a dense curtain a few inches below the surface.

At the stroke of twelve on the night of the full moon, or a few days before, if the water is calm and the sky clear, male worms appear at the surface. Sometime later the females begin to arrive. It always takes the 'girls' longer to get ready

for a party, you know! Quite nonchalantly the females swim leisurely about enjoying the novel experience of freedom. The males circle ardently about the ladies of their choice, prancing about wildly to attract their attention. Shyly at first, the females begin to flirt with



their wooers, then they openly lead them on. This dance goes on for sometime. Finally, the passionate proximity of the two sexes excites the discharge of the sex products into the water. The large quantities of eggs and the sperms given off make the water look milky in appearance. As soon as each female has deposited her thousand (or more) eggs she slowly sinks down to her watery grave and dies. The male may live a day or two longer and then he also dies. The propagation of the species must go on and they have fulfilled their mission in life.

Culminating the splendour of passion and the pathos of death, nature now makes the eggs and sperms thrown into the water to come together and fertilisation

starts with the sperms penetrating the eggs. The early stages of development of the worm are extremely rapid. In three weeks the tiny worm is able to take care of itself and it sinks to the bottom of the sea where it constructs its mucus home. New segments are added to its body as time goes on until full growth and sexual maturity is attained. This takes at least a year.

As in the preceding year when the silvery orb of the summer moon shines upon the waters of the sea the urge comes upon the new generation of worms to break the bonds of domesticity and to go forth to their 'nuptial orgy' for it is the only eventful day on their social calendar.—*Journal of the Stanley Medical College.*

Mr. Allbrass, who had recently made a packet of money, was told it was considered fashionable to be a music lover, so he bought a ticket for a concert, but unfortunately arrived late. The orchestra was already playing when he arrived at the hall.

"D'you mind telling me what this piece is?" he asked the man in the next seat.

"Beethoven's Ninth Symphony," was the reply.

"The ninth!" exclaimed Mr. Allbrass. "I didn't think I was that late."

A Regimental barber was doing his worst with a batch of recruits. It took only a few seconds to deal with each man. Starting at the front and finishing at the back, he left no trace of hair visible to the naked eye.

A Cockney who was waiting his turn could contain himself no longer.

"Steady, mate," he exclaimed. "If you cut his hair any shorter you'll be able to see what he's thinking about!"

Specialist: "I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do for you."

Patient: "Do you mean to say I've come here for nothing?"

Specialist: "Certainly not. My fee is five guineas."

SCREEN NEWS AND NOTES

13 is not An Unlucky Number

(By Pratibha)

Number 13 is said to be unlucky for many but as far as some stars like Vyjayanthimala, Bina Rai and Amarnath are concerned it seems to be a very auspicious and lucky number.

Bina Rai likes the number 13 very much since her birthday is 13th of July. She also signed her first contract to act in *Kalighatta* on a 13th. She was engaged to Premnath on the 13th.

Vyjayanthimala, the versatile South Indian star, was also born on 13th of August. "Thirteen is an extremely lucky number for me," she said to me once and in support of her remark she observed that she had sailed for the Continent on the 13th and also returned to India on a thirteenth. Her first film contract for *Life* was signed on a thirteenth.

Amarnath selected 13 beautiful girls for the picturisation of a song and dance in a village set in his own production *Baradari*. This is because producer-director Amarnath considers 13 a lucky number. He was born on 13th, passed his school examination on 13th and got married on 13th.

Gemini's 13th picture was *Miss Malini*. Because the producer thought that it was an unlucky number the picture was mentioned as production No. 12-A. The picture was a good success.

The film industry is to celebrate its sashtiabdapoorthy this year. It is 60 years old. The first commercial cinema as you know was shown in the basement of a Paris cafe on Dec. 28, 1895.

The first motion picture camera was, however, patented five years earlier on June 21, 1889 in England by William Friese-Green. It was on October 6 the same year that Thomas Alva Edison gave his kinetoscope show in the United States.

When William Friese-Green died his entire personal effects amounted to just the price of a cinema ticket!

The first cinema show in India was held in July 1896 in a Bombay hotel. This was followed by a show in a tent near Azad Maidan by two Italians Colonello and Cornaglia.

In 1934 orthodox Hindus picketed the theatre in Bombay where Wadia's *Waman Avatar* was shown. This was because the role of Waman was played not by a Hindu but by a Parsi actor. Although the religious heads had no objection to this the film was banned. But later Sahu Modak, a Christian by religion, appeared in the role of Krishna but this was not objected to.

Is there a market for Indian films overseas?

Discussing this topic A V M News bulletin says that the outlook for Indian films is rosy. It writes:

In the grip of product shortage, the American exhibitor is casting his roving eyes all over the world for pictures he could exhibit, for he is not willing to go out of business. Japanese films, because they are essentially Japanese, are making history and reaping golden harvests in the U.S., some of them making new records.

There is insistence on one fact and that is an Indian picture to be shown in the United States must be representatively and truly Indian, opening, as it were a window on this country. Norms differ and, in making such a picture, the producer should always take into account what the average American and his wife would like to see and should not set his standards by what Indian audiences would like to see and enjoy. That knowledge does not come in a day

To suggest that it is not possible to make a picture in India after the American's heart would be to insult the intelligence and culture of India and the Indian film producer.

Interest in the U. S. extends not merely to pictures for the theatre but includes pictures for TV stations

If one approaches the question in a spirit of enquiry and has the patience to sift the gold from the dross, the labour will be amply rewarded.

A few with enterprise, initiative and imagination are already at it and there is nothing to prevent many more from following suit.

It is no idle speculation to say that the times are not far off when the Indian film will be distributed systematically through the world and then there will be an end of the sorry spectacle of a third-rate picture from India cutting a sorry figure at an art theatre and then going back to repose in its cans.

The gates are wide, open and free and could be entered without the aid of any mumbo-jumbo.

"My uncle's got a wooden leg, and it hurts him like anything."

"How could a wooden leg hurt?"

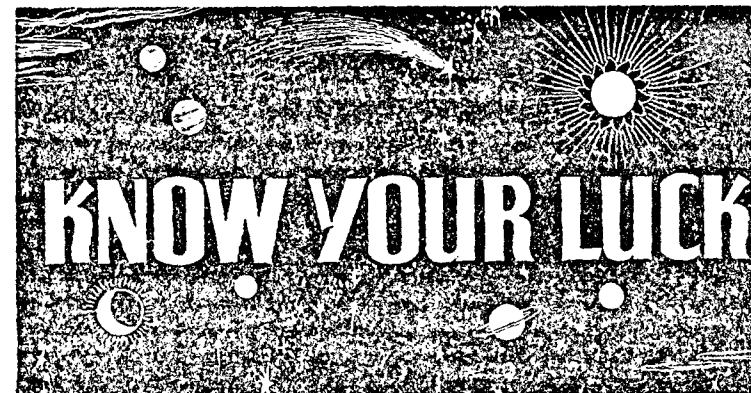
"My auntie hits him over the head with it."

She (with a sigh): "Kisses, Albert, are the language of love."

Albert: "Well, say something, then."

"So you accepted Tom?" said Hazel, acidly. "I suppose he didn't happen to mention that he had previously proposed to me?"

"Well, not exactly," replied her friend, blandly, "but he did confess that he'd done a lot of silly things in the past."



The predictions given below are based on a thorough interpretation of the planetary positions of the month. Those who have favourable ruling dasa bhukti will experience the evil effects mentioned herein to a lesser degree.

(By P. V. Rao)

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planets in the 8th alone are considered bad where dasa bhukti is unfavourable. They indicate disturbed health, financial trouble and family difficulties and court troubles as well. During the second half Mangal, your Ruler, will enter the 9th house where the aspect of Guru will lift you up from the depressing condition of your life and an expected wish will surely be achieved. It also shows in general new ideas about professional matters and a change therein during the course of the month. The very starting of the month may promise good many developments and fruitful ambitions. But Saturn's aspect will adversely affect the realisation for some time. The second

half will then prove fruitful in all your occupational matters. Sukra, the lord of wealth, in the 11th might not be considered quite favourable owing to the reaction of the *badaka* rasi in which he is placed. The aspect of Guru to Mangal in the second half will keep you hopeful as to monetary affairs. The second half will also be favourable for obtaining the necessary financial help from the expected sources. Officially you may gain some advantage or other but avoid friction or misunderstandings with your colleagues. Merchants must be carefully guarded in all their business matters. If rightly conducted their ventures will prove financially successful. Partnership will be under troubled waters. 1, 2, 7, 11, 13, 15, 16, 21, 25, 29 are better days.

VRISHBAHA RASI or TAURUS-

Planetary set-up promises a happy turn of events in the first half inspite of the oppositions that you may have to encounter both at home and outside. There may be differences between you and others in your business. Misunderstandings with relations might also prevail. You may gain through people who are far away. A distant journey may be found necessary in connection with your business or profession or a near relation. Second half might upset your health on account of improper functioning of your system. You may also be subjected to criticism or blame unnecessarily by others, who are your enemies. Financially you seem to be slowly improving and sudden money may favour you. New friends will be made to your advantage. You will be socially happy with them. You will also be doing pious deeds. Temples, saints, religious deeds might appeal to you in particular during this month. Domestic harmony will be disturbed. Investment or sale of property will be advantageous this month in a few cases. Officially you will gain your boss's favour after some disappointment initially. There may be some financial worries or miscalculations. Merchants will find great opposition in their business speculations. Foreign business may apparently look tempting but may not end well to their satisfaction.

Yet they will indulge in good many speculations which will pay them in the long run.

I, 2, 7, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 23, 25 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary map seems to have long range effect

on your affairs as to your career interest and your relationship with friends and relations. Mentally you will be disturbed by what looks like unfavourable trend of events against you. But this is only a short-lived anxiety. You are sure to gain advantages and favours from those you seek on account of the position of your Ruler, Sukra, from the 6th onwards. Your plans for your successful activities will slowly materialise with the help and co-operation of your sympathisers. At any rate having a pleasant and happy frame of mind you will not be daunted by elusive difficulties in the march of your progress. Domestically you will be happier than before. Your children will make your life happy and gay. One of your children will spring a surprise on you. Marriage, if any, will be successfully performed. Heavy expenditure is in store for you. Second half shows better sources of income to your relief. A friend will be your sincere sympathiser in monetary matters. Officially inspite of differences and seeming difficulties your powerful luck will enable you to realise official benefits. Merchants

will have financial embarrassments. The handicap will be lifted after the 18th for a better flow of business. Foreign business will be more fruitful. 1, 2, 5, 7, 12, 13, 16, 19, 23, 25, 29 are fruitful days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planetary cabinet is seriously considering about the affairs of your children, your wife and your disturbed health. A remedy is indicated more in the second half than in the first. Your general health will be effected owing to gastric troubles and disturbed family life. In a few cases, an operation may be found necessary, if not already resorted to. Sickness will prevail at home. The disturbed news from afar will vex your mind. An opposition in the surroundings in respect of financial dealings may be in the month's picture in a few cases. There may be estranged feelings with your relations. Financially improvement is registered. Expenditure is seen mounting up. You may have to help your near relations with money. Second half is more congenial financially. Friends and bigger guns may come to your relief, while help from a woman may also come to your rescue. There may be attempts made in regard to a house move. The next house that you secure will be more delightful and happy. Officially there will be greater anxiety and even misunderstanding in the first half. The second half might

gain some advantages and your boss's favour. Speculators will be tempted to indulge deep in their ventures but only the second half will crown their efforts with success. Foreign business will be encouraging. 1, 2, 7, 12, 13, 16, 21, 24, 25, 26 will be your lucky days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Your domestic life and matters concerning your house, landed property, etc. are specially emphasised more than ever. Your ruler Surya's course through the 6th house effects settlement of your pending financial matters which have been worrying you in the past. Your ruler is at the same time passing through inimical surroundings which you can't easily oppose. Your enemies are well secured as against you causing pin pricks and troubles more often than not. The only remedy lies in the position of Guru in your rasi. Fervent prayers alone will relieve you from your troubles. Domestically there will be strained relationship and unless you take a calmer view of things you will not be happy in your relationship with others. Second half is better for finance. Loan may be temporarily raised. Your general health will not be good. Chronic troubles of secret nature will set in. Officially you will have better facilities and rank. Avoid discussions with the seniors. Merchants will find the month more favourable than before.

New business will be ventured upon. Partnership will be welcome in the month. Correspondence will advance your business interests in the coming months.

1, 2, 3, 7, 9, 13, 15, 16, 19, 23, 29 are better days.

x x x

KANYA RASI or VIRGO
Mental affliction is highly emphasised on account of planets both in the house of mind and subconscious mind.

‡ Uttara-phalguna
Hastha and
‡ Chitra

This will worry you most in regard to not only material life but also in spiritual development; your mind will be divided and mortified between the two planes of material and spiritual life. People of mental aberrations will suffer from hallucinations and depression. In other normal cases, the combination in the 3rd house will add further incentive to your active mind for the development of the plan in your life's new sector. You may for some time be given to sudden excitement and temper which may lead to unpleasantness or differences with your near relations like brother or sister or uncle. Projected journey will occur (in a few cases) to your native place. You may move in high circles and cherish a new social life in the domestic circle. The lord of wealth being exalted is a good testimony showing added income and financial conveniences. In a few cases a lady may be in the picture. Officially though you may not gain much your work will be appreciated and

perhaps you may stand to gain financially in the second half. Merchants will do well in the second half. Previous correspondence will open a new vista of business in this month.

4, 7, 9, 13, 15, 16, 21, 24, 29 are your lucky days.

x x x

THULA RASI or LIBRA
Planetary plan sheds a new phase of radiation of more benefic influences over your life's activities during this

‡ Chitra
Swathi and
‡ Vishaka

month. The positions of Guru, Mangal and Sun promise favourable turn of events rendering your attempts successful in the line of least resistance. Friends and friendship will appeal to you more. Domestic life is highlighted by influx of friends and guests. Help of officers, elders or seniors will be timely in all your emergencies. Financially the differences that might have arisen in the past in dealings with outsiders and the treatment to the members of your family will be favourably settled and you will have better conscience about it. A call for financial help from your near relation may necessitate your immediate response. Money through papers, writings, publication and chance games might come to you suddenly. Your health will suffer owing to cold and plagmatic trouble. There will be divine experience gained or spiritual culture aspired for. Your wife will be a great solace to you. Officially you may gain through the grace of

your boss in the second half. Merchants may lay claim to good business profits. But their aspirations will meet with realisation late in the month.

1, 2, 5, 7, 12, 15, 21, 23, 25, 26 are fruitful days.

x x x

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary configuration sounds well favouring a life of new responsibility and involvement around

‡ Vrishika,
Anuradha
and Jeshtha

you. The solar course through the 3rd house makes you more enterprising and sensitive to the surroundings in which you are circumstanced. The lord of the 10th house in the tenth sign is a special feature of the month indicating a new turn of interest in the sphere of your professional activities. Health problem may slightly worry you in the 3rd week when your ruler Mangal becomes debilitated in the second house in the *amsa*. But the aspect of Guru will avoid complications. This position increases your revenue as the month is underway. One of your financial plans will recede for some time only for the expected fruition thereof. Socially this month is active and happy. Your wife will advance your interest in life on account of the exalted Sukra in the 5th house while your mother will prove a source of chronic trouble in the domestic life. Officially the month favours a higher rank or promotion under favourable conditions. Your work will be

more heavy and responsible. Avoid friction with colleagues and members of your family. Merchants will come up fairly well from the second week onwards. Much of their money will be seen unavoidably locked up in the business for some time only.

1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 12, 13, 15, 16, 21, 23, 25 are your lucky days.

x x x

DHANUR RASI or SAGITARIUS
Planetary combination characterises an admixture of good and bad results during this month.

Moola,
Poorvashada
Uttara-shada‡

The first half will not be to favourable as the second one until Mangal goes to the X house. Your schemes in financial, social and family matters will not be favourably considered by the planets. Delay and disappointment will await you if you hurry up to improve matters. One of your children will also add to your anxiety and disappointment. Another child may cause you unnecessary anxiety by reason of his ill-health or suffering. Financial speculation may land you in unexpected loss. Correspondence may lead to friction and differences. It is advisable for you to postpone your important activities to the second half of the month. Financially differences and rupture may be avoided by better counsel on your part. Indirect money may be gained in a few cases, since the lord of gain, Sukra, is exalted in the 4th angle. Officially you may not gain anything worth the

name. A displacement or a transfer may be in the month's picture for some of you. Merchants will not gain much in the first half. The second half may prove more fruitful in speculation, but they must be guarded against off-hand indulgence in speculation.

1, 2, 7, 13, 15, 16, 21, 23, 25, are your lucky days.

x x x
MAKARA or RASI
CAPRICORN

Planets in the first and 11th mark out a new era in the m a k i n g. The solar position aspected by Saturn is a distinctly promising feature with a favourable turn for a brighter outlook of life. Mangal-Saturn combination along with Rahu with its dynamic power is distinctly another new feature for a new source of financial flow. If Mangal at the very beginning of its course in this house has proved to you financially beneficial, it is likely a sudden loss through a friend of yours might occur when he leaves the 11th house for the 12th house or vice versa, according to the dasa bhukti obtaining during this month. Domestically you may improve after the second week. Socially you will come across new and congenial friends. You may gain also through them. A new turn of life will be slowly shaping your destiny to your advantage. The exalted Sukra in the 3rd house will make you cherish new hopes of life

through higher-ups or bigger guns who are sympathetically disposed towards you. Merchants will fare well in the first half. A windfall may not be an impossibility in the month's picture. Second half will indicate the disturbed partnership. New partnership had better be concluded in the first half only.

2, 5, 7, 12, 15, 16, 19, 21, 24, 29 are fruitful days.

x x x
KUMBHA RASI or
AQUARIUS

Indications of planets in the VII, X, & XII houses are short of your expectations during this month owing to their malefic influences at work against you. Differences or disappointments with higher ups or men at higher level will be there till the second week of the month after which you will be lucky to receive your cherished objectives both in the professional and social matters. You will be reserved, revengful chaffing and often getting exited in all your dealings with others till the 18th this month. Heavy expenditure will be incurred both at home and outside. Domestic life will be disturbed. Favour of elders is envisaged in the second half. In the financial matters delay and anxiety will prevail. Collection of your outstandings will be delayed. Officially there will be no substantial gains. You may chance to serve your old boss. Avoid discussion or disputes with your colleagues. Merchants will be fairly lucky from the second half. Partnership

will progress well. Financial help will be forthcoming. Machinery business will prove more profitable.

2, 4, 5, 7, 15, 16, 21, 24 and 29 are better days.

x x x
MEENA RASI or PISCES

This month will prove luckier than the last one. Favour of your boss or seniors will be gained. Financially you will find this an easier month. Sudden money is envisaged, if not already in the past. Banks, public companies, or insurance companies will patronise you. Second half will prove more expensive. Your general health

will be disturbed now and then. Old friendships will be revived. New friends in government service will be made. Either a sister or a brother will claim your special attention. New source of income will be exploited. In spite of better financial facilities a need for extra money may necessitate a temporary loan being raised. Officially you may not gain any advantage. Second half shows some differences with others in the office. Avoid friction. Merchants may not find this month better than before. Foreign business may not be encouraging. Third quarter of this month will prove more profitable.

1, 2, 4, 7, 12, 15, 16, 19, 23, 29 are better days.

The trouble with a lot of women is that they'd rather mend your ways than your socks.

x x x
 A man is not allowed to have more than one wife because the law protects those who can't protect themselves.

x x x
 "What is a cannibal, Dad?"
 "Well, if you ate your mother and me you'd be a cannibal."
 "Oh, I thought that was an orphan."

x x x
 "So Doris has gone back to live with her husband?"
 "Yes—she couldn't bear to hear of him having such a good time."

x x x
 A Scotsman had to send a telegram, and not wishing to spend more money wrote this:

"Bruiser hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead." (Ten words.)

The fellow Scotsman who received it translated it without any difficulty as: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it, and Alice is hurt, too. In fact, she's dead." (Nineteen words.)

The Heart Of The Atom

(By Gerald Wendt)

During the past half century scientists have delved ever more deeply into the strange world within the atom in their search for knowledge on the nature of matter and energy. Within the atom which is the fundamental unit of all matter they have discovered still smaller particles—the proton, the electron and many more.

The proton has long been known as the fundamental building stone of the atom. Now, the anti-proton has been discovered. It is the most astonishing of all the mysterious particles that are smaller than the atom itself.

The simplest atom is that of hydrogen. It consists of a tiny proton at the centre with an electron circling in an orbit around it. The electron is itself the unit particle of electricity and is said to "carry" one unit of negative electrical charge. It is somewhat confusing to call it "negative" but this is a term left over from the early days when electricity was not yet understood. It was recognised that an electrical battery has two poles and that a current flows from one to the other, doing such work as running a motor or lighting an electric lamp on the way. In those days, one pole of the battery was called positive and the other negative. But this was done arbitrarily and merely to distinguish one from the other. Actually, it is now

known that the pole called "negative" is the one that provides electrons and that they flow from this pole to the one called positive. As a result the electron is called negative. The atom as a whole is neutral and the negative charge on the electron is balanced by the positive charge on the proton. In large atoms the nucleus contains many positively charged protons and the exterior of the atom contains an equal number of electrons.

This simple picture of the structure of the atoms, however does not include other fundamental particles which exist either within or outside all atoms. For one thing there is the "neutron" which is practically identical with the proton except that it does not carry a positive electrical charge. Neutrons are also present in the nuclei of all atoms except hydrogen and are ejected, for instance, when uranium atoms explode in the atomic bomb or in the nuclear reactors.

A fourth particle that has been known since 1933, is the "positive electron" or "positron" which has the properties of an electron but carries a positive charge instead of a negative one. It is not known to exist within any atom, but has been detected in cosmic rays that reach from outer space. When a positron and electron collide, each not only

The Heart of the Atom

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neutralises the electrical charge of the other but they are both annihilated in the collision. The result is a burst of very penetrating gamma rays, which, like x-rays, radiate outwards as vibrations and pass easily through matter. Thus both particles disappear and turn into immaterial radiation.

Since the discovery of the positive electron there has been much speculation as to whether a negative proton could exist. On the basis of pure mathematical theory, it should. But if so, it is very rare. In 1951, Dr. J.G. Retallack of Indiana University, USA, found a record on a photographic plate exposed to cosmic rays which, he thought, could have been caused only by a negative proton. In 1954, Dr. Rossi of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, USA, also obtained a "most unusual" cosmic rays photograph which seemed to indicate the passage of a negative proton.

But on September 21, 1955, a group of investigators at the University of California used their large "bevatron"—a machine that can accelerate charged particles and give them an energy of six thousand million electron-volts—to hurl high-speed protons at a material target such as a strip of copper.

When a proton strikes a neutron in the copper atom, the enormous energy of the flying proton is converted into particle form and two particles emerge from the collision—an ordinary proton and a negative proton. The latter has now

been named the anti-proton. Its mass and its charge were accurately measured in October last which thus at last established the existence of the anti-proton.

But it does not exist for long. In a world made up of atoms it is bound to collide, sooner rather than later, with the positive proton of an ordinary atom. When this takes place the proton and the anti-proton annihilate each other and both vanish in a burst of energy.

Thus the theoretical scientists are happy to have established a "balance of nature." As the negative electron has an opposite in the positron, so the positive proton has an opposite in the anti-proton. Just as the two types of electrons annihilate each other, so the two types of protons do also.

The experiment also has this great significance: it accomplishes the synthesis of matter from energy. Nearly a thousand million electron volts are needed to make an anti-proton. This is the opposite of the production of energy from matter in the explosion of atoms in the atomic bomb. It was long ago predicted by Albert Einstein that matter can thus be created from energy; now it has been done.

Nevertheless this experiment has no practical significance.

The world has plenty of matter and there is no point in converting costly energy into cheap matter. What is more, it is not possible for the anti-proton to exist in atoms or in contact with ordinary matter

simply because protons and anti-protons annihilate each other. Anti-protons can exist only in a complete vacuum where they have no chance of encountering the ordinary protons that are contained in all material things.

There is, however, room for some speculation. It is possible to imagine that in some other universe, quite apart from the one we know, atoms might be made entirely of anti-protons in the nucleus, with posi-

tive electrons circulating around them. Such atoms might conceivably exist and would form what might then be called "anti-matter"—provided there were no possibility of encountering matter as we know it. This leads to the appalling thought that a universe of anti-matter colliding with a universe of ordinary matter would result in a cosmic explosion and the annihilation of both. This, however, is a speculation that must be reserved for science fiction.

The little man was applying to the court for a separation on the ground of cruelty.

"Can you give the court an illustration of the alleged cruelty?" asked the judge.

"Well, the other night I dreamt I won £75,000 in a football pool, and the following morning my wife nearly killed me for not rushing out of the house and putting it into the bank before I woke up."

Two cautious boxers fox-trotted around each other, afraid to risk an opening. This went on for nearly two minutes, when out of the silence there came a shout: "Hit him now, Butch—you've got the wind with you!"

Teen-aged Jean asked her grandfather for some advice. "Tell me, Grandpa," she said, "what kind of husband should I marry?"

"Take my advice," answered Grandpa, "leave the husbands alone and find yourself a single man."

For weeks a destitute concert violinist had enviously watched the daily arrival of a very bad itinerant violinist who played in the street below his window.

When the bad violinist sawed out his wretched tunes, windows opened and tenants threw out wads of money.

One day the concert violinist tried it, and played brilliantly. He collected only a few pence. Bewildered, he put the question to the other player that afternoon.

"That's simple," said the novice fiddler. "You've also got to be a bookmaker."

On Pilgrim's Path

(By Nandalal)

Kumbakonam recalls to one's memory the famous Mahamakam festival that comes once in twelve years when lakhs and lakhs of pilgrims from all over the land visit the place to have a holy bath in the sacred tank. This year Mahamakam falls on February 26th.

Nine important rivers of India including Ganga and Yamuna, are personified as maidens and they are said to visit during this particular day to remove the sins they acquire by the bath of pilgrims. In Kasi Viswanathaswamy temple which is on the bank of Mahamakam tank one can see the idols of these nine river goddesses in a row. Hence this tank is known as Kanniya Thirtham.

There are 16 mantaps on the banks of the tank. It is stated that one Govinda Dixiter, the Prime Minister of Achutappa Naicker, who ruled in Tanjore in the 16th century, had built this.

King Achutappa Naicker during one such Mahamakam festival weighed himself in gold and distributed the proceeds to poor and deserving people. The mantap in which the

function was held is known as Thulabara Mantapam.

In 1517 Krishna Devaraya visited the tank during Mahamakam to have the holy bath. There is an inscription in Kumbakonam to that effect.

Kumbakonam is studded with temples. The most prominent temple of this place is the Kumbeswara temple from which the town derives its name.

In Nageswara temple during certain months in the year the sun's rays fall directly on the lingam inside in the morning hours. There is a stone chariot in the temple. The wheels made of single stone are fine specimens of architecture.

A fine example of art and architecture at Kumbakonam is the Ramaswamy temple. This was built by Achuta Naicker. This temple contains beautifully carved pillars.

Apart from the architecture one finds in the inner walls of the temple the Sampoorana Ramayana painted in three rows in colour, thereby making the visitor come round three times to finish the story in Pattabhisheka scene.

A plumber won a big prize in a football pool and soon afterwards a second-hand piano was delivered to his cottage.

Next day he wheeled the piano out on a hand-cart and started down the road.

A neighbour called to him: "I knew, Tom, you wouldn't keep that piano, long."

"You're wrong," said the ex-plumber. "I'm just off for my first music lesson."

The Lonely Vigil

(By Vilis Lacis)

Vanadzins was a little boy with quick little feet, his little face always smeared with dirt and with soft flaxen hair, like many other boys of his age. He had turned five in the spring.

Back from the sea, his heavy boots pulled off his feet, his father would pick his little son up and put him on his knee which, like his hands and boots, smelled of fresh fish and algae. It was the familiar smell of the nets, of the black fishing boat and of the room where they lived.

They were good friends. And it could not have been otherwise, for the two were the only tenants of the little hut which was closet to the sea of all the fishermen's huts. There was a time when the house had three tenants. Father remembered that time very well, but Vanadzins knew no more than that the third person was his mother.

Whenever his father left on a long fishing trip—and that happened most often in the spring—he would take Vanadzins to aunt Annie in the village, where the boy would be left for the night. There were other little boys and girls in the house, but it seemed to Vanadzins that aunt Annie treated him best of all. The children played games, hopped and skipped, and they had supper together in the evening.

That was fun, and yet Vanadzins thought that the best place was home although the only partner in his games there was

Minka, a gray cat who did not always understand what he was told. However, Minka was much fun.

Minka sure was clever. In the evening, when Vanadzins' father was due to come back with the fish, he ran together with the boy to the shore to meet the fishermen. Perched near the place where their boat was usually tied, Minka looked patiently at the sea. As soon as the fishermen came ashore, he mewed softly and began to move in a circle round Vanadzins' father, its back arched its tail raised like a candle. It sure knew well that the fishermen never came back with empty hands, and that he too was bound to get some fry.

Autumn came. The sea was no longer so warm that the boy could roll up his panties and wade through the shallow places. Sometimes the wind would blow in gusts and the raging waves rushed ashore threatening to wash everything into the sea. On such occasions the fishermen would pull their boats farther into the sand. Vanadzins could no longer romp on shore and collect beautiful sea shells. As for Minka, this smart dandy who feared more than anything else in the world to get his white paws wet, dared not venture beyond the row of tall dunes.

On days like that father never went to sea, and Vanadzins and

The Lonely Vigil

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Minka had no one to wait for on the shore of the bay.

But one day everything took an entirely different turn. There was no sign of anything bad before dinner: the sky was clear and the sea calm; only a light cloud was gradually growing somewhere on the horizon. Father received a visit from his comrades and they decided that it would do no harm to set in the sea the nets they had spread to dry the day before.

Father went away. For a long time Vanadzins watched him through the window; he saw the boat move away from shore, become smaller and smaller until it vanished from view. There was no longer anything of interest to see and Vanadzins turned away from the window. He found a piece of robe with a bit of rag tied to it and began to play with his Minka.

They were both so absorbed that they did not notice how time was passing; they stopped playing when they grew tired. Vanadzins climbed onto a chair and looked towards the sea: perhaps father was coming back already. But the boat was not in sight. While they were playing the sea had acquired a dark leaden hue. Huge waves with grey crests swept the shore. Howling and hissing the wind tore the sand off the dunes and bent to the ground the midget pines which had been crippled by storms. It seemed as if they were shaken and bent down by some visible hand.

But the boat did not come.

Dusk was gathering. He could no longer distinguish where the sea ended and the sky began on the horizon. The wind was becoming stronger, its blasts tearing the roof of the hut. It sure was high time for father to come back; but why does it take him so long?...

Vanadzins stuck his head into his cap and ran out of the house without a coat, with nothing but his shirt on his back. Minka ran right after him without waiting for an invitation. The cat also knew that it was time his master was back and treated him to fresh fish.

It was very hard going towards the shore with the wind blowing straight in the face and nearly knocking the boy off his feet. His father's boat was not in sight on shore or at sea. Strictly speaking, it was hard to discern anything in the sea. The raging water was black and gloomy. But he had to wait for father: he was bound to come any minute; what would he do at sea?

Mewing pitifully as if asking a question, Minka pressed his soft fur to Vanadzins' legs. Then he mewed again, and his appeal unanswered, he walked quietly towards the house. Minka was weary of waiting. "Let him go" thought Vanadzins, "he'll get no fish for that..." But he would keep on waiting until father comes back. Father would surely take the boy in his arms and carry him home. But why is he not coming? Perhaps he had gone far away, beyond the edge of the sea, to learn what was there? If that is true,

he should be able to tell many interesting things when he gets back. Vanadzins too wanted so much to see what happened there where sea touches the sky. What a pity he is so small and he has to wait for a long time before he grows wings...

In the darkness of the night the wind was howling wildly, the raging sea moaned and the lone little house by the dunes stood dark and cold. Vanadzins sat and sat there waiting for his father. But he never returned.

A Revivalist went to conduct a service in a town where he had never preached before. On alighting from the train he found in his pocket a letter he had forgotten to post. He hailed a boy standing by and asked: "Son, can you tell me where the post office is?"

"Sure," said the boy, and gave the preacher directions. The preacher thanked him and asked, "Do you know I who am?"

"No."

"Well, I'm the preacher who is preaching here to-night. You come to the service and I'll show you the way to Heaven."

"Gwan!" said the boy. "You don't even know the way to the post office!"

A lecturer was describing the effects of continuous indulgence in the use of alcohol. He mentioned a case in which a man had drunk to excess for a number of years and was so saturated with alcoholic fumes that one night when he was blowing out a candle his breath took fire, and in a short time he died from spontaneous combustion.

One of the audience said that he wished to thank the lecturer for having saved his life.

"How have I saved your life?" asked the speaker.

"How?" replied the man. "No more candles for me. I'm going all-electric."

"Mother, should I marry a man man who lies to me?"

"Don't be silly! Don't you ever want to be married?"

Reclining on the beach, a woman drew her husband's attention to a girl in a two-piece bathing costume.

"Look at her," remarked the wife critically. "She must think she's Marilyn Monroe...."

The husband didn't even glance in her direction, but continued to lie back sunning himself on the sand.

"Aren't you interested?" urged his wife.

"Not particularly," was the laconic reply. "If she'd been anything like Marilyn Monroe you wouldn't have asked me to have a look."

NEWS STORIES

Man may some day be able to control the sex of children before birth.

But, says Dr. Robert Burns, the technical difficulties are so great and "the social, legal, and moral hazards so serious," that the possibility may never become a reality.

Working in the department of embryology of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, Dr. Burns has successfully reversed the sex organs in unborn offspring of a variety of animals.

The result of his latest experiments with the opossum were disclosed in a Carnegie Institution's report. Dr. Burns succeeded in changing the sex of opossum embryos by means of sex hormones - glandular substances which control the sex development and activities of an organism.

He had managed complete reversal in lower animals years ago, but his more recent work was the first with mammals.

Man is a mammal, and the experiments are of importance to the study of human reproduction because, as Dr. Burns says: "They show that the same principles of development in lower animals apply to higher forms."

THE CELEBRITY SERVICE

A chance conversation on Broadway one afternoon 16 years ago put Earl Blackwell on the road that led to fame and wealth.

The only son of an Atlanta, Georgia, cotton broker, Blackwell found success was eluding him. He had tried acting, spent a wasted year in M-G-M's drama school in Hollywood, and written a play that closed down after seven nights.

Moping along New York's Great White Way, wondering what next he should try his hand at, the luckless Blackwell bumped into an acquaintance connected with the movie industry.

"You wouldn't happen to know where I could find Robert Montgomery?" the latter asked.

Blackwell thumbed through his pocket address book and found the required information. The book's pages were crammed with names, addresses, and private telephone numbers.

"Some information bureau you got there, Earl," exclaimed his delighted acquaintance.

The remark set Blackwell thinking. He started to collect details of other celebrities. At the end of the week he had added 300 names and personal details to his list. He got hold of biographies, clipped useful paragraphs from magazines and newspapers. Then he took an office on East 54th Street and started an enterprise which he called Celebrity Service.

To-day his organisation provides the world's most efficient public relations service, with branch offices in London, Paris, and

Rome, that can supply authoritative, up-to-the-minute information on hundreds of famous people in America and Europe.

This specialised information is sold to a network of subscribers all over the world, mostly magazines, newspapers, radio news rooms, and television stations.

His enterprise brings Earl Blackwell a turnover of £170,000 a year.

ARTIFICIAL AURORA

A group of Italian scientists intend to create within the next two or three years an artificial aurora borealis that would reproduce in temperate climes the phenomenon as it is observed in the Arctic.

The artificial aurora, as seen from earth, would look like a luminous globe having about ten times the diameter of the full moon. It will be about fifty miles from the surface of the earth and will light up an area about 4,000 square miles.

UNFAIR COMPETITION

A fifty-year-old doctor, one of the Tehran's most successful physicians, was recently accused of unfair competition by Persian carpet dealers.

Because of the doctor's fame as a healer, his patients usually attend his surgery in such numbers that more often than not police have to control the crowds which queue to go into his four waiting rooms!

These four rooms are equipped with huge apparatus for carpet weaving. The wealthy patients who can afford to pay their expensive bills, sit around reading or chatting.

Not so the poor patients, whom the philanthropic doctor treats for nothing. They are politely asked by the doctor's efficient receptionist to show their appreciation by working at the handlooms while they wait their turn.

Thus a good day's work is usually done, enabling the doctor to sell three or four carpets each week.

That is why Tehran's carpet dealers took legal proceedings against him. But the judge told them that nobody can stop the doctor treating poor patients free, or forbid them to show their gratitude by working for him.

But the judge has advised the doctor that—just to keep the peace between him and the professional carpet dealers—he should sell his home-made carpets to the dealers.

Train passengers in Sweden are provided with metal coat hangers. On hot days jackets can be pegged out in the corridor instead of crushed on passengers' laps.

A HAPPY ENDING

Joanne Bailey, an heiress to £50,000, spotted this advertisement in a London paper:—

"Refined young man, in hospital, would like to correspond with good-looking young woman. Object:—Friendship."

Joanne wrote to the advertiser to provide her with some outside interest. She used a friend's address, because she was in prison serving a five-year sentence for manslaughter. Her letter was answered and a pen-friendship started.

For the following 18 months she wrote to Robert Rodgers three times a month. When she finished her sentence her first thoughts were to visit Bob.

Rodgers received her request and panicked. He wrote stating that he was not allowed to have any visitors. Joanne was puzzled and hurt.

She began making inquiries and she learned that he had also used a forwarding address.

He was in prison serving a 10-year sentence for bank robbery.

Joanne made up her mind to visit him. Rodgers was very ashamed when the girl came to see him, but Joanne quickly told him she had practised the same deception.

Joanne liked Bob even more than his letters. After she heard the details of his early life, she felt sure that she could help him when he was freed.

She had to keep on writing letters and visiting him for another two years. At last the day came when prison bars no longer separated them.

Joanne had a home ready for them to move into after their marriage. She also arranged to settle Bob in a good job.

Now both are very happy and are known as model citizens.

x x x

Throwing litter in the streets in Switzerland is a crime second only to murder!

Recently a tourist in Lausanne absent-mindedly chucked an empty cigarette packet out of a tram window.

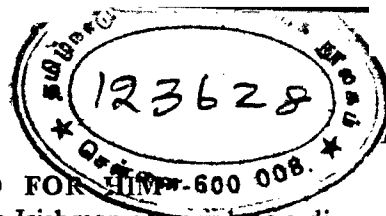
The tram drew to a halt. The conductor came up to him. Very politely and apologetically he pointed out that such things just weren't "done" in Switzerland, and asked the tourist if he would mind picking it up again!

x x x

Most potatoes sold on the Continent are washed, scrubbed, and polished before they appear on market stalls or in shop windows!

x x x

In Italy every bus has a seat near the door reserved for disabled ex-servicemen or very elderly people.



HARD FOR

600 008

An Irishman got a job as a diver. He was given a pick and told he would have to use it on his job. After having his diving suit properly adjusted he was lowered into the water. After a few minutes the men on top received the signal to haul Pat up.

"What's up?" Pat was asked when his helmet was removed.

"I'm giving up this job," he said. "I can never work with a pick where I can't spit on my hands."

"I married my wife because she was different from other women."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes, she was the only one who would have me."

He was a hefty fellow, bigger than the policeman who had arrested him, but he was allowing himself to be marched meekly to the station.

It was not his first visit there by any means, and a crowd had collected in anticipation of the usual scrap, but they drifted away when they saw there was nothing doing. Even the policeman was surprised.

"It isn't like you to go so quietly," he remarked. "What's taken the ginger out of you?"

The prisoner sighed. "If you knew what I'd paid for this suit, you'd understand."

The landlord wrote to one of his tenants: "Dear Sir, I regret to inform you that my rent is six weeks' overdue. Will you kindly forward me a cheque?"

Next day he was surprised to get this reply: "Dear Sir, I can see no good reason why I should pay your rent. I can't even pay my own."

"I can't afford a car," said Jones.

"But I thought you had one," replied his friend.

"I have. That's how I know I can't afford one."

"Every time you are naughty, I get a grey hair," said Sylvia's mother.

"Gosh, Mum, you must have been a terror when you were a little girl. Just look at grandma!"

Harry: "How did you get on with the exams?"

Peter: "Like our kings and queen—I went down in history."

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