

# KAHANIYA

591

MARCH, 1936

The America Returned Guy

Matthew Perry Murder Case

The Clever Thief

More Jataka Tales

The White Maiden

A Pearl for Ragini

Rambles in Court Life

The Snake Farm

The Armament Race is on

The Jackal & The Vulture

Pride Always Has A Fall

News Stories

Your Luck for March

PRICE 4 ANNAS

Kahaniza

March-1956  
April:



52  
m 211, N54 K  
N56.2.11 & 12  
123629

(where the Commercial school he had studied in was located) like the back of his hand.

In a manner of speaking I envied him. I had been compelled soon after my graduation, for mostly financial reasons, to take the first job that came my way. And as things shaped out, I'd joined a tabloid evening paper as sub-editor.

There were lots of things, I thought, that I could have done with a trip to the home of the almighty dollar. One read so much American literature, saw so many American films, talked American English, adopted so many American practices.....It was no use however sighing for the moon. It would be nice to hear Ishwar at first-hand; this would surely give one some vicarious pleasure and one might at the same time learn a little more about a fascinating country and its peoples. To judge by his talk, Ishwar had been impressed and how!

"You should have seen the amount of night-clubbing I did," he said. "You'd have been surprised. I was considered the quiet type at college, wasn't I?"

"Yes," I said, "it was generally supposed that you belonged to the quiet, retiring type."

Ishwar chattered on.

"Boy, the dames you run across there! They come in all shapes and sizes." Here he made an appropriate gesture with his hands. "And didn't I enjoy myself! There was hardly a night when I didn't stay up into the small hours of the morning doing something or going some place."

"I see," I said. "It must have been very tiring indeed."

"Tiring? I hardly think. Now jitterbugging for hours on end, that really knocks the spots out of a fellow. Boy, don't your feet burn! I should know, really I should know."

I couldn't get in a remark even edgewise. He was much too engrossed in listening to himself. He'd made a trip to Hollywood the first chance he got and did I know, what, he had seen Lana Turner in the flesh. She'd even given him her autograph, which, of course, he would treasure to his dying day.

Everywhere he went the same motifs had attracted his attention. In the resultant mosaic there were flashy night clubs, cabaret performers, honky-tonks, gambling saloons, well-dressed confidence tricksters, clip-joints and women of easy virtue with hearts of gold.

Once, in a side-street close to where his hostel was located in downtown Ohio, he had seen F.B.I. men, tracking down a fleeing gang of hoodlums, indulge in some gunplay. The incident had made the deepest impression on him and I could see now he took a great deal of pleasure in narrating it to me. How many times, I wondered, had he already repeated it?

Of the governance of the country and of its diverse, fascinating peoples, of the infinite variety of its customs and usages, of what Whitman called its "inexhaustible richness and perpetual mystery," Ishwar appeared to know little and cared less. It seemed to me

that the film of his consciousness had registered with a perspective akin to that of the camera of a C grade Hollywood movie—there was the same superficial concern with the obvious and the trivial, the identical fondness for the cheap or sexy thrill wrung out of long-exploited incidents or circumstances.

"The floor-show in the Las Vegas night club! Boy, you haven't seen anything....."

But I thought I had enough. We had already run through two coffees each between us and I hinted that I must be going.

"Not so soon," Ishwar said. "Really, I'd have liked to tell you of all the wonderful things I've seen and done. But anyway we ought to be bumping into each other anytime now I guess and what I've got to say won't be too much the worse for waiting. What are you doing now, if I may ask?"

"Oh, I'm on the staff of *The Banner* as a sub editor. How about you?"

"Well, I haven't got hold of anything suitable just yet. I'm not in too much of a hurry anyway. It doesn't hurt to knock around a bit, eh? What'd you say?"

One cold morning two friends went out duck shooting. A flask full of hot coffee kept one of them warm, while frequent nips at a bottle of whisky kept the cold out of the other.

There was no sign of duck for several hours, when suddenly a lone bird appeared overhead. The coffee drinker raised his gun, fired and missed. His companion put down the whisky, raised his gun and brought down the duck with one shot.

"Good shooting," commented the first.

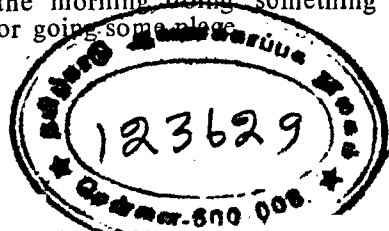
"Easy as pie," said the other with a hicough. "When a flock like that comes over you're bound to hit one of them."



**CAWO**  
Sandal Soap

rapturously alluring  
& 'MUSTIC'  
It will delight you

**GANGA WORKS**  
ADYAR



# Mattancherry Murder Case

(By S. Rajagopalan)

On the morning of 3rd August 1952, a passerby noticed by chance one human leg protruding over the surface water in the canal opposite the T. D. High School premises, Mattancherry (Cochin State). He got down into the canal and found a piece of granite placed over a dead body. When the granite was removed, the body floated in the canal with the face downwards. It did not take long to discover the identity of the body, since the previous day the town was considerably stirred by the disappearance of a student of the III Form in the T. D. High School, one Swaminathan aged fourteen. The boy's relations rushed to the place and the police too were on the scene immediately and held investigation for two days.

Swaminathan belonged to a well-to-do family and like those of his ilk, was wearing a gold neck chain, a gold ring and two ear rings, each of them set with seven stones, and also a silver thread round his waist with a gold case attached enclosing some talisman. On 1-8-1952 he had attended the school as usual and was in the class for the first period. His class teacher was on casual leave that day and when the first period was over himself and his two companions skulked away from the class. They were

apparently idling away thier time and they were joined by one K. N. Vijayan(18) who was a former student, but then unemployed, having been apprenticed to a tailor, whom, however he had left a fortnight back. He was a friend of Swaminathan and that day he was with him from 10-30 a.m. to 2-30 p.m.

At noon the companions separated and each went to his house for the midday meal. Swaminathan left his house again and as it happened never returned afterwards. He rejoined Vijayan, who then appears to have enticed him to the unused latrine in the T D. High School and then and there murdered him by hitting him on the back with a heavy piece of concrete. Other injuries were also caused on the forehead by a knife. He then seized all the jewels he wore on his person. The ear rings were removed by cutting off the lobes themselves. All this happened round about 3 o'clock. Then he dragged the body into the canal to the west of the latrine and there buried it deep in the mud of the canal, a big piece of granite being placed over it.

Swaminathan did not return to the house and he was first missed by his evening tuition master. Vigorous search was made but in vain until the morning of 3rd August.

## Mattancherry Murder Case

5

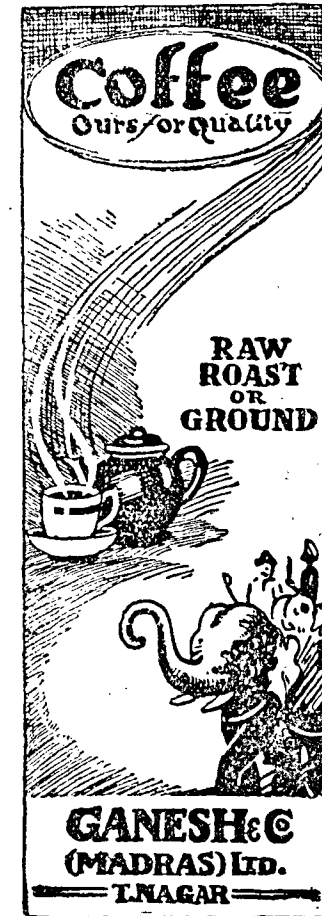
The police after investigation apprehended Vijayan and he was produced before the Magistrate on the evening of the 4th. He desired to confess and his statement was recorded by the Magistrate.

On 6-8-1952, on the strength of the information received from him, a number of discoveries were made which themselves afforded almost conclusive proof of his complicity. Four searches were held. At the first the police recovered the gold ring and the ear rings. These ornaments were found buried in the front courtyard of Vijayan's house tied up in a handkerchief. These were recovered at 10.45 a.m.

The silver thread and the attached gold case were, however, on the body when it was recovered from the canal and that enabled it to be identified forthwith.

At 12 noon another search was conducted and the articles recovered were (1) an exercise book which belonged to Swaminathan, (2) a pair of shorts worn by him when he was last seen alive, (3) a "mundu", (4) a tie, (5) a knife and (6) its cloth sheath. Of these items 3 to 6 belonged to Vijayan. These were tied up into a bundle, the tie binding them together. They were recovered from the asbestos roofing of one bathroom in Mattancherry.

At 1.15 p.m. the police were taken by Vijayan to the scene of offence, the unused latrine in the school compound, and there the lobes of both the ears, a



Retail Branches :

285, China Bazaar Road, G. T.

&

71, Pondy Bazaar, T'NAGAR.



gold clasp of the gold chain recovered earlier and the piece of concrete with which Swaminathan had been killed were found. Blood marks were also noticed on the concrete floor of the latrine as also on its walls.

Finally at 2.45 p.m. a shirt was recovered which was Swaminathan's from a tank attached to a cremation ground near the T. D. School premises. The shirt had both the sleeves torn off.

At the trial the accused Vijayan retracted his confession. There were no doubt no eye witnesses or any other direct evidence connecting him with the murder, but the facts elicited were almost conclusive of his guilt.

Swaminathan was last seen alive in Vijayan's company till 2.30 p.m. in the school premises and never seen alive since then. Nearly two hours thereafter Vijayan was seen alone without his shirt or "mundu" and with injuries on his person. The body bore clearly marks of violence. The place where the body was found was within five feet of the scene of offence.

The jewels which were recovered at the instance of Vijayan were those Swaminathan was wearing habitually. The shorts and the note book which were recovered, showed traces of blood when chemically examined, as also the tie and the "mundu". There were also traces of blood on the shirt and on the knife and its sheath. Vijayan who was dressed in shirt and "mundu" at 2.30 p.m. that day was found

two hours later without them with but an underwear on.

When he was arrested on the evening of 5-8-1952, Vijayan had on his person several injuries. His right thumb, both knees, left elbow, the dorsum of the left hand as also the back had several abrasions which according to the medical evidence were three or four days old. These he explained as having been caused by an encounter with a cyclist, but it was not acceptable.

It could not be supposed that there was no adequate motive for the outrage. Swaminathan was wearing jewellery of the value of Rs. 100. Vijayan was not employed or even well-to-do and his parents had no means to finance him for his visits to cinemas, tea stalls and smoking. The jewels were sufficient allurements.

Could the crime be committed in broad daylight in such a busy and crowded locality? But one must remember that the offence was committed in an abandoned building the walls all round being of a height of five feet and more and sufficiently away from the school building; in fact a more secluded place could not have been available at that time of the day.

There was hence no doubt that the murder took place with a view to facilitate robbery. And although he was only 18, his crime was cruel beyond measure and the judges were not inclined to award any but the extreme penalty of the law on him.

*He was the cleverest of thieves and most resourceful and it was not difficult for him to hoodwink the official and get out.*

## The Clever Thief

Long, long ago there lived in Hangchow, China, a famous thief called Here-I-Come. That was not his real name, of course. It was his nick name because whenever he committed a robbery he left behind these three words on the walls; and only after seeing this inscription would the inmates of the house look around and discover their loss. If not for this writing, not a soul would come to know of his visit, so great was his skill.

The citizens of the capital were so harassed by this house-breaker that many of them appealed to the government, and the city magistrate ordered the police to make a careful search for the thief.

For a long time they could not find out who Here-I-Come was, but after being taken to task for their failure they

redoubled their efforts and finally succeeded in catching him and brought him before the magistrate.

"What proof have you to show that he is the real Here-I-Come?" demanded the magistrate.

"We have made a thorough investigation and we are convinced that he is the thief," they replied.

"I am a good citizen," protested the prisoner. "I am not that Here-I-Come. The officers were desperate and wanted to make an arrest and they have made a scapegoat of me."

"This is the real thief," said one of the police. "Don't let him go free."

"We had a lot of trouble finding this fellow," put in some others seeing that the magistrate was still dubious.

PANDIT D. GOPALACHARLU'S

# JEEVAMRUTHAM

THE BEST NERVINE TONIC

AYURVEDASRAMAM LIMITED, MADRAS-17

"If Your Honour is taken in by his lies and free him, we won't be able to catch him again."

Although the magistrate wanted to release the prisoner, he felt that there might be something in what the police said; and if he let the real thief go, he could hardly order his men to arrest him again. So he sent the man to goal, where the prisoner promptly set about wheedling his goaler. "I know it is the rule that the prisoner should offer the goaler money when he enters the goal," he said. "But all I had on me was taken by those police. I have some silver though, under a broken brick in the shrine of the Mountain God temple; and I would like to give that to you to show my respect. You can pretend that you are offering incense there and recover it without anyone noticing your action."

Not certain whether to believe him or not, the goaler ran over to have a look; and sure enough he found a packet containing more than twenty taels of silver. Was he pleased! After that he treated his prisoner well, and gradually they became the best of friends.

"I have nothing here with which to show how I appreciate your kindness," said the prisoner one day. "But I have another package under the bridge. I would like you to have that as a token of my respect."

Next day the goaler went to the bridge and recovered the package which contained more than a hundred taels of silver.

His joy and gratitude knew no bounds and, beginning to look on the prisoner as his own kinsman, that evening he brought wine to drink with him.

"I would like to go home to night for an important business," said the prisoner as they were drinking. "I promise to come back before dawn. Will you let me out?"

"I can't very well refuse him," he thought, "after accepting so much from him. But what will happen if he doesn't show up again?"

"Don't worry, brother," said the prisoner seeing him hesitate. "The police brought me here believing that I am Here-I-Come, but the magistrate could not condemn me because there is no good evidence against me. I am bound to be released sooner or later. So why should I try to escape? Please set your mind at rest; in less than four hours I shall be back."

The goaler said to himself: "It is true that he hasn't been found guilty. Even if he disappears, it shouldn't be too serious; and I can spend some of the silver he has given me to hush up the matter. Besides, there is the chance he might come back." So he agreed to let the prisoner go.

Before dawn while the goaler was still in a stupor from the wine he had drunk the previous night the prisoner was back again. He shook the goaler and said, "Here I am."

"So you kept your word," exclaimed the goaler surprised.

"How dare I risk getting you into trouble for letting me out? Here take a little present which I have brought to show my gratitude to you," said the prisoner.

Next morning in the magistrate's court many people came to report cases of theft. Six or seven families had been robbed during the night and on the wall of each house the thief had written "Here-I-Come." The indignant citizens begged the magistrate to redouble his efforts to catch the thief.

"I don't think that man we committed to prison the other day was the real thief," the magistrate said. "Apparently 'Here-I-Come' is still at large and we have wronged an innocent man."

So he ordered the goaler to release the prisoner immediately and told the police to search for the real thief. The goaler immediately knew then that his prisoner was no other than the famous "Here-I-Come". But he kept mum, for he did not want to risk losing his job

# AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All Aches and  
Pains

for letting the prisoner out the previous night.— From 'Chinese Literature.'

## TOO TIPSY

A crotchety tippler failed to get immediate service in his club. When the waiter finally arrived, he bellowed: "Have you the faintest idea who I am?"

"No, sir," said the newly recruited waiter, "but you sit right where you are and I'll find out for you."

x x x  
When the time came to choose a career the young man told his father that he thought he would like to take up poultry farming.

Father was frankly surprised. "Well," he said, with a sniff, "you might make a start with owls; their hours will suit you better."

# Jataka Tales

(By K. S. Ramaswamy Sastry)

## THE ELEPHANT HUNTER

In Benares there lived an elephant hunter who made his living by killing elephants and selling their tusks. He found that the elephants were not afraid of monks with yellow robes and that they behaved in a friendly way towards them. He thereupon stole a monk's yellow robe and wore it. The elephants passed him by without fear. He then would aim his spear and kill them.

This went on for a long time. The Bodhisattva, was born as an elephant. He found that the herd was dwindling in numbers. He suspected the elephant hunter in the monk's garb and taxed him with the evil action. The elephant hunter admitted his crime. The Bodhisattva elephant did not wish to kill him as he wore an orange robe. He rebuked him and made him feel the enormity of his sin and the need for the reformation of his conduct.

## BUDDHA'S MEDICINE FOR ABUSE

Once heretics began to revile the Buddha. His venerable disciple Ananda heard this vile abuse and told his master :

"Let us go to some other city. The people here are reviling you."

Buddha said : "If men revile us there, what are we to do Ananda ?"

Ananda replied : "Let us go to another city."

Buddha asked : "What are we to do if we are abused there also?"

Ananda replied : "We shall go to yet another city."

Buddha said : "That is not right. I am like an elephant that has entered the fray. Even as it is the duty of the elephant that has entered the fray to withstand the arrows which come from the four quarters, precisely so is it my duty to endure with patience the words spoken by many wicked men. More than taming animals; a man must tame himself."

Then he preached the law to the people. They heard him. Buddha told Ananda :

"Ananda, be not disturbed. These men will revile you for only seven days, and on the eighth day they will become silent. A difficulty encountered by the Buddhas does not last longer than seven days."

## THE RICH MAN

A man fell ill of the plague. He told his son : "Go away from here lest you catch the plague. Come back after the plague subsides. I have buried much treasure in such and such a place. Take it and live happily." He died. The son went away and returned after twelve years but did not dig the treasure and take it. He said to himself : "If I begin to live like a rich man, I shall have endless annoyance and worry." So he dressed himself in rags and worked as a labourer taking

## More Jataka Tales

the name Kumbhaghoshaka

King Bimbisara once heard him speak and felt that he must be a cultured man. But all persons assured him otherwise.

Then a female servant of the king told him : "I shall go and find out the truth." The king agreed. She went with her daughter to the house of Kumbhaghoshaka. She was pleased with him and gave her daughter in marriage to him. Then she requested the king to issue an order that all servants should take a holiday. Kumbhaghoshaka brought some gold pieces from the treasure and gave the same to his wife. She showed them to her mother who sent them to the king and requested him to arrest Kumbhaghoshaka.

Kumbhaghoshaka was arrested and taken to the king. The king asked him, "Why do you hide your wealth ?"

Kumbhaghoshaka replied : "Your Majesty ! I am not a rich man. I live by working for hire."

Then the king showed him the gold pieces. Thereupon Kumbhaghoshaka admitted that he had a treasure of forty crores.

The king appointed him as his treasurer and bestowed his daughter on him in marriage. He took him to Buddha and said : "This man was not elated by his riches. He worked for his living."

Buddha replied : "You have done well. He is a righteous man who controls himself and lives in accordance with the law. He will do good to the world."



# The White Maiden

*Alone in the mountain she was panic stricken because she could not find her way back but then came the White Maiden of the hill.....*

In the beautiful region of the Lake District in England two young ladies were holidaying in summer. For nature lovers it was an ideal place to roam about and enjoy the many lovely sceneries. The many waterfalls that studded the region added much charm to the surroundings.

One fine morning the two girls set out to do a bit of mountain climbing. But one of them soon got too tired. "It is getting hot and I feel tired. Let us stay here and do some painting," suggested one of them.

"You stay here. I will go up and have a better look of the countryside," said the other. Bidding the companion to stay there the other girl proceeded. The climbing was not difficult but as she proceeded up, the trail narrowed and soon she came to a cavernous shelf of rock partly hidden by a waterfall. It was a gloomy, chilly place and after wandering there a few minutes she decided to trace her steps back but strange to say she could not find the narrow track by which she had come. Behind her was the huge precipitous rock over which water was falling and in front was the cave which seemed to go deep into the mountain. However much she tried she could find no way out. "What shall I do? I shall never find my way out alive from

this place," she said to herself despairingly. An unknown fear seemed to paralyse her and she shed some silent tears. "Oh, what shall I do?" she wailed again and joining her hands began to pray.

Suddenly as if in answer to her prayers she found a white figure standing on the opposite rock. The figure was waving to her. It was that of a young girl like herself, of surpassing beauty and dressed in pure white. There was a look of sadness in her face but she was waving to her and seemed to point to a particular direction.

The girl regained some of her lost courage and went in the direction pointed out by the white figure and sure enough there was the narrow track behind a rock leading out of the cave. She hurriedly began to descend. Now and then she looked over her shoulder. The white lady was following close behind her and she gave the girl a reassuring look. Soon a broad path was reached and the girl felt immensely relieved. She turned round to thank the white lady who had rescued her but she was not to be seen. "Perhaps she has climbed down by another way," the girl thought and soon reached the place where her friend was sitting sketching the landscape.

"Have you seen a girl pass

## The White Maiden

this way, a girl dressed in white?" she asked of her friend.

"No one has passed this way. Why, did you meet anyone up there?"

"Yes, a white maiden who showed me the way down. But for her I would have been lost in that cave up."

Just then an old shepherd came that way and the girl put the same question to him she had asked of her friend a minute earlier.

"Why, I haven't seen her to-day, but I know her well enough."

"Who is she and where does she live?"

She is known as the White Maiden and she lives on this mountain."

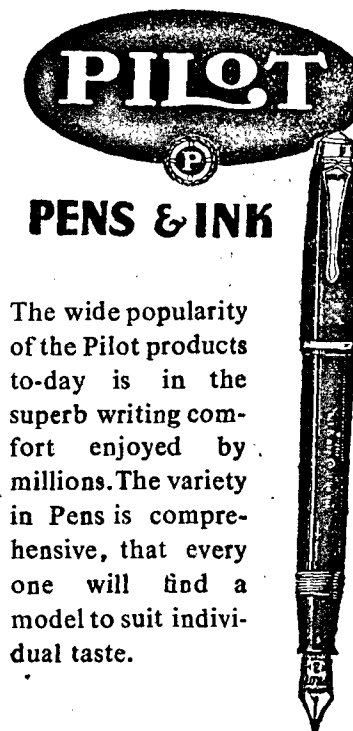
"Oh!" exclaimed the girl rather mystified.

"Yes, she died long ago," replied the old shepherd.

"Then it was...a...ghost...I saw?" she asked in a surprised tone.

"Oh, tell us all about her," entreated her companion of the shepherd and he narrated the following story:

Long ago in that peaceful valley there lived a girl named Greta Nelson, the only daughter of a rich dalesman and she was loved by Hugh Latimer, the son of a neighbouring squire. It was the troublous times of the coming of the young Pretender when party feelings ran high, and whole families were estranged because of the different sides they took in the quarrel. Things went quietly enough until a party of Prince Charles' men came through the district gather-



The wide popularity of the Pilot products to-day is in the superb writing comfort enjoyed by millions. The variety in Pens is comprehensive, that every one will find a model to suit individual taste.



Available from all good stationers throughout India.

Manufactured By

THE PILOT PEN CO (INDIA) LTD.

CATHOLIC CENTRE, ARMINIAN ST.

MADRAS-1. 'Phone : 2325.

ing recruits. Young Latimer threw in his lot with them, and went northward to join the main body of the Pretender's army. Old Nelson was furious and swore that his daughter should never marry a rebel and a turncoat. Greta said nothing, but her will was as strong as her father's and nothing could have turned her from her love for Latimer.

Time went on and then came the news of the Pretender's crushing defeat. No word came of Hugh Latimer and it was supposed that he had met with his death in the battle. Greta mourned in secret, but showed a brave face to the world.

Sometime later, going over the mountain, a voice called her by name. She stood still and listened trembling.

"Who is it who calls me?" she asked, for the voice sounded like Hugh Latimer's.

Then from behind a boulder came Hugh, ragged and wounded, and with marks of weariness and pain upon him. He clasped her in his arms and looked long into her eyes.

"I escaped after the battle," he said, "and have come back here to you. Greta, I am almost tempted to give myself up. I hate this skulking. Better face death like an honest man than keep my life by such means."

"No," Greta said. "Whatever happened you must keep hidden until the trouble has blown over. Get up to the little cavern up there. You will be safe there, and I will come up after nightfall and bring you food and bedding."

A few more moments they stayed talking, and Greta tore herself away. When night came she quietly stole out of her house and went up the mountain side to the little cave that has been worn away behind the fall by the rushing waters.

"You must be careful Hugh," she said. "The King's soldier's are out and it is said that many are hidden in the mountains. I have brought you food enough for a few days and will get you more. Don't be tempted to leave this place even if you don't see me for a few days." He promised and she returned home.

All went well for a few days till a party of soldiers came and quartered themselves upon the house, spending the night in revelry and the days in searching among the mountains and glens for the human quarry they believed to have taken refuge there. Greta had need of all her caution to evade suspicion when she stole out at night with provisions for Hugh.

One night, however, she was stopped by a soldier prowling about in the grounds. "Whither away at this time of the night?" he asked and then seeing the basket she was carrying, "Oh, ho, for some rebel skulking in the hills, no doubt. Who would have expected such treachery in so loyal a household?"

She was taken before the captain of the troops and questioned but she refused to speak. Her father who was summoned added his threats but she did not reveal her secret. Infuriated her father locked her up in her

room "till she should come to her senses."

But the captain of the troops had a more cunning scheme than that.

"I shall let her go free," he said to his men. "Watch her closely without her noticing. Never let her out of your sight and follow her whenever she leaves the house."

That night lulled to a false sense of security, Greta stole up to Hugh's hiding place. It was a bright moonlight night, but she dared not risk waiting. She was almost maddened by the thought of what might be happening to Hugh. It was

some days since she had been able to take him food.

She reached the cave in safety, but as she saw Hugh waiting with outstretched hands, a sound behind made her turn, and she saw she was followed by a soldier. The man raised his gun and shot at Hugh. Quick as thought Greta threw herself before him, and the two fell together, pierced by the same bullet, down into the foaming water below.

And to this day the spirit of Greta Nelson, gentle and loving in life, haunts the cave by the waterfall where she met with her tragic fate.—*Light*

## BHEEMA - VEER

*Nectar of Life*

Unrivalled tonic for both men and women. A product of our ancient Siddha system, it gives good appetite, purifies blood, brings sound sleep, keeps bowels clear, improves memory power and ensures joyous life.



*Those suffering from skin eruptions or troubled with cough and asthma will find this especially beneficial.*

Read these Testimonials: I have great pleasure in testifying to the good qualities of the medicine "BHEEMA-VEER". I have derived very great benefit from its use in relieving me of my Chronic Bronchitis, Emphysema and Labouring Breathing Asthma. —(Sd.) Dr. P. V. GIRI, M.D. & C.M., M.R.C., O.G., Retired Superintendent, Sir Ramaswamy Mudaliar Hospital, Royapuram, Madras.

I have given a fair trial for your "BHEEMA-VEER" the constituents of which you have laid here before the public. I am glad to state that my patients found it very useful as a general Nervine Tonic, Blood purifier, and body and strength builder. —(Sd.) Dr. H. V. RAO, I.M.S., Principal, Madras Dental College, Madras.

40 Days' Bheema-Veer Rs. 3-12-0. Packing and postage (Re. 1-4-0) free for India only.

**Jamadhagni Aushadalaya,**

31/A, North Mada Street, Mylapore, Madras-4.

# A Pearl For Ragini

( By H.M. Peters )

As I stood on that fatal beach with the pearl in my hand, my mind went back to the beginning of my story.

We were on a tour of India. It was all Mohan's idea. He was the twenty-seven-year-old son of a multi-millionaire. At his engagement party to Ragini he just tapped me carelessly on the shoulder and said, "Doc, you've been recommending me for lots of fresh air and exercise. Well, I'm going to take it. Ragini and I are going on a tour and you're coming along just in case I get those attacks again. We intend getting married as soon as we return."

It was a romantic trip from the start. How else could it be for an old guy like me who was caught between two young people so very much in love?

Cape Comorin was in our itinerary. Our stay there was to be a short one, but fate had not willed it so.

One evening we went to visit a village. The inhabitants were mostly fisher folk. It was not fish but pearls that they were after. So Ragini decided to have a pearl necklace.

With the help of a hotel servant, we learned that Murugan was the best pearl diver of the village. We went to find him, and I noticed that we had attracted great attention, and the villagers were rather spell-bound with our presence. You could actually feel their curiosity sink into you. It was a strange feeling, which made

you love them, but my thoughts were not with these people. I was watching a particular young man who stood alone and away from us. He was young, I could not tell how old. He was rather brown and not dark in complexion. He was not dressed like the others. He wore shirt and trousers. There was something strong and gripping about his personality. But what caught me sharply were his eyes. They were dark and attractive. And they were smiling at Ragini.

We found Murugan in his hut. He was rather an old man. Mohan tried to talk business and then I saw my young man again. He was pushing his way towards Murugan. There was a long talk between the two, and it was only later that I learned that my young man was Murugan's only son, who had lost his mother when quite young and had been brought up by missionaries. Murugan had broken a sacred tradition. He wanted his son to grow up in a new world. He was not to be a pearl diver and lose his life like so many of his ancestors. An old world was to die with him. A new one was to be created by his son.

The old man was not pleased about something. He was arguing with his son.

Turning to Mohan, the young man said, "My father is old. I shall take his place. He is not strong enough as he used to be." A sad smile began to spread over the old darkened face of

## A Pearl For Ragini

17

the father and hot salty tears began to flow freely from his love-filled eyes.

So it was all settled to start on this adventure on the following morning. Muthuratnam was to take us. He was Murugan's son. Ragini was the first to meet me that morning. She looked so excited. I had not seen her so happy before. Maybe I felt old, or, was I scared to ride the sea on a strange craft, a little better than a catamaran?

"Doc, that young man fascinates me," said Ragini. "Maybe you may think I am crazy: I spent nearly half the night thinking of that young man."

Mohan showed up just then and I forgot the significance of that remark. With our kit we headed for the village. Muthu was all set to take us.

A tiny boat lay near the shore and Murugan was giving it a last minute inspection. He helped us into the boat. Another tropical day was beginning. Dawn was piercing through the grey skies. A crimson blush had already smeared the horizon.

Murugan uttered a strange prayer and placing his hands on his son's head, blessed him. He was suddenly shaken by a strange emotion, for he quickly hugged his son, as if trying to protect him from an evil spirit, and squeezed him to his very heart.

Muthu was a clever and skilful seaman. We were terribly impressed with the way he handled the little boat. Not a word had been spoken by us though we had now sailed for nearly an hour. Mohan was

## RELIANCE BANK OF INDIA LTD.

Head Office :  
10, Broadway, MADRAS-1.

Branches :  
Thiruchi, Pudukkottah,  
Karaikudi & Paramakkudi.

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS  
Interest allowed on Daily  
Balances at 3% per annum.  
Any number of withdrawals  
per day by cheques.

ADVANCES  
On gold jewels, approved  
shares, and trade goods.

BILLS  
Collected and discounted to  
merchants.

G. SWAMINATHAN, M.A., B.L.  
Secretary.

trying to read a book and I was engaged with my own thoughts. Now and then I looked at Muthu vigorously rowing the boat. And I noticed that Ragini was looking at him too. There was one thing that did not fit in this picture. How did Muthu become a pearl diver? So I shot him the question when he smiled at me.

"It's in my blood," he replied. "At nights, I would steal a catamaran and brave the sea alone. I have done so through all these years. I have found a little place rarely frequented and its grounds are still untou-

ched by our divers. This has been my secret. Now I am taking you there."

It was noon when we got to that place. Muthu quietly slid into the sea, and in a couple of minutes he returned with a bag full of large oysters. He showed us how to slit them and we were greatly excited over it all. In our excitement, I did not notice Muthu go down again. With a sudden jerk our little boat spun around and Ragini who has bending over the side lost her balance and fell into the sea. Mohan shouted. I jumped into the sea and tried to reach her but I was too far away and then my heart missed a beat, for I saw the dark demon of the deep. He was a super shark and he was after Ragini. I came up for air and went down again; this time I realised with horror what had happened. The demon had got hold of Ragini's arm. It was then that I saw Muthu. He was clinging to the shark and bleeding him to death with the knife his father had fastened around his waist.

It was a fierce but short struggle. The shark let go of its hold on Ragini and Muthu and

I helped her into the boat.

I lay panting and exhausted with my mind hot with the excitement of the adventure. A strange calm began to settle over me, but my soul started to cry for Ragini. There was nothing I could do for her or for Muthu. They were both bleeding to death. Very gently Muthu stretched a bleeding hand towards Ragini. His fingers were beckoning to her and then their hands met.

A mist began to cloud my eyes, like a curtain that had fallen at the end of an act. I heard myself saying a prayer, and then I wept like a little child who had lost his loved one.

x x x

With great difficulty we rowed the boat and came to the shore with the two dead bodies. They lay with their hands gripping each other. So I took their hands in mine and tried to separate them, but that grip was too strong to break. I finally pulled them apart, and something white and beautiful rolled on the sand. It was a pearl. A pearl given by Muthu. A pearl for Ragini.

Some gulls were following a steamer, and an Irishman said to his companion: "Sure, and they're a nice flock of pigeons."

"They're not pigeons," said his companion, "they're gulls."

"Well," said the Irishman, "gulls or boys, they're a nice flock of pigeons."

x x x  
"Is it true that I am the first model you have ever kissed?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the artist.

"And how many models have you had besides me?"

"An apple, two pears, and a basket of flowers!"

## Metropolitan Humbug

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

In our rambles in prior issues we had adverted at some length on the oddities of moffusil lawyers, their rivalries and schemings. We dilated on these in the best interests of the profession to focus attention on them with a view to reformation. Some at the district level felt askance at our rambles and wondered if the metropolis was a haven of good angels. We can only assure our readers that human frailties know no geographical boundaries, in fact they have an easy knack of spreading out, veritably like an epidemic. In this case the only difference is we may not be able to spot out the birth place of these frailties. It may be a battle royal if we single out any place, metropolis, district or taluq centre. A Kumba-

konamite may rebel at the idea that his place gave the impetus, just as much as a Madrasi may loudly proclaim that the city could never breed musquitos like the proverbial Kumbakonam mosquitos or bugs. A Tinnevellian, or a Coimbatorian or for the matter of that, a person from a smaller taluk centre like Musiri may equally be belicose in his protestations. Kumbakonam may rightly claim that it has shown demonstrably how the English dictionary is veritably wrong in making the town's name synonymous with 'cunningness' or 'confusion'. But, gentle readers, we were speaking not of the common people of these areas but of the oddities of some of the professional men in these and other areas. No doubt the special charac-

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R  
E  
G  
D

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,

19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4.  
Phone: 71354.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koil East St., KUMBAKONAM.  
(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

teristic of a place sticks on like a leech to the professional gentry also willy nilly. So much for certain general observations.

Speaking of the metropolis likethe Madras city, one cannot but feel awe and reverence when one thinks of the late renowned legal stalwarts as Sir V. Bashyam Iyengar, Sir S. Subramanya Ayyar, Sir T. Muthusamy Iyer, Mr. Eardley Norton, Sri T. R. Ramachandra Ayyar, Sri S. Srinivasa Ayyangar, Sir Alladi Krishnaswamy Iyer and a host of others not to speak of living personalities as Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, Sir S. Varadachariar, Sri Patanjali Sastri and others. Of these and others we shall reserve another occasion to portray the best in them. Suffice it to say generally speaking that they held up the high traditions of the Bar to a remarkably precious degree in character, capacity, intellectual eminence and also the power of clear and able exposition. Many a member of the Bar have followed and are following their grand example and profiting by it. But there are also pigmies, some intellectually barren, some in great economic distress allowing them no scope to advance, some prone to easy ways of living by short and dubious ways, some a prey to intrigues and scheming. Very often the easy way appears to tempt the never-do-wells or the half-do-wells. We shall not in our rambles focus the searchlight on them too much but confine ourselves to certain samples of professional pastimes and vagaries.

In the good old days the metropolis also breathed high in the Baghavatham and Ramayanam life with eminent pundits discoursing on them. Savants there were and are in the legal profession also who are well versed in this art and whenever there is an occasion it is utilized to invite the judge. Often the judge gets impressed with the the aroma of the host-lawyer's residence and goes away well impressed. There are others also not necessarily members of the Bar who though not deeply immersed in the Ramayana or bhajana nevertheless utilize such occasions to invite a judge deeply interested in it or for that matter, a judge who though not genuinely interested in the theme, yet would like to show off his apparent liking for it, so that he may be taken well by the world and society at large. In the bargain, the host hopes to advance his professional interests also—may be a wee bit, but a wee bit is certainly something and not nothing!

What do you think of the various Sangita Sabhas in the city some of which are sponsored or strengthened by the lawyer element? An ardent music savant—there are many lawyers of that type—always prefers to be a silent enjoyer of good music. We have in mind the busybody of a young or a middle aged advocate who runs about organizing performances galore, not with a view to advance music but only to advance himself. For one thing to be a secretary or a president

of a Sabha is profitable on many counts. One gets influence, gets public recognition, and indirectly more clients. Such species of secretaries get most busy and efficient when a judge presides on the occasion. It is said Z, a middle aged advocate who was successful at the Bar, took to this hobby of music. It was indeed a sacrifice on his part since he and music were leagues apart! But business is business never mind the taste! One has to put up with all these if one is to prosper! During the performance Z never cared for the music however good it was. He was only keen on the 'gate' and as to how Mr. Justice R who presided appreciated him. Z would ingratiate himself often sitting close to Mr. R and whisper something. Then he would strut about hither and thither in the hope that the public among whom he imagined the potential client population were in some abundance, would particularly note how intimate he was with Mr. R! It must be said to the credit of Mr. R that he was equally oblivious of the excellence of the musical performance. He was more keen on doing his social bit, allow himself to be garlanded, speak a few words of high appreciation of the talents of the musician and his music, though he would be frank enough to admit that he knew little of music. He would then compliment Mr. Z on his organizational abilities and innate love of music, while Mr. Z would duly echo the sentiments and thank the learned

## WATCHES & CLOCKS

**Jason, Roamer  
& Record**

Water-proof Wristwatches  
Best Designs

AT

**Khader & Yousuf  
BROS.**

Govt. & Rly. Contractors,  
Watch & Clock Dealers

Head Office :

**Rattan Bazaar, MADRAS.**

Branch Office :

**Park Road, VIJAYAWADA.**

president for the great trouble he had taken of sitting through the gamut of a whole South Indian music performance—the duration generally being three hours!

We know of another estimable gentleman of the Bar Mr. R who had a pet aversion to dogs. The sight of them made him sick and sore. If a dog came near his bungalow compound he would come with his big stick and fall on the poor creature. It was even whispered that one impetuous dog had actually bit him in the leg and Mr. R had to run to the doctor for the precautionary anti-rabies injections lest he end his days barking like the canine species!

But soon R got over his aversion and became intrested

in the activities of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. For was it not said that the new judge X was much interested in this Society?

So soon after X arrived to adorn the seat of justice, Mr. R got interested in the animal kingdom, read all the literature, became a member of the SPCA. He soon became active and contrived to get elected as the secretary. What with monthly meetings, dog shows, horse shows, cattle shows and annual gatherings galore, it looked as if R had no other objective in life than the saving of animals from human cruelty. Mr. X did appreciate this very much indeed and this had its rewards in the judicial sphere also. Mr. R was not much good in appeals but it soon transpired that he began to win in some very bad cases. Mr. S who was the doyen of the appellate Bar smelt a rat. His junior W was very resourceful and knew where the fountain sprouted for R. W knew that the judge's bungalow was near R's. Mr. X had a number of pet dogs. W had one of them let loose by tipping the gardener. The little pet wandered and it was

soon in R's compound. R was all wrath as the pet was spoiling his garden. He may be the secretary of the SPCA, but this was the limit! Out came his stick and the pet had its leg badly hit by the stick. It whimpered and dragged itself to the road. Mr. X was then taking his evening walk. He saw his injured pet and learned from the gardener that it was Mr. R's stick that had done the mischief. Mr. X was aghast and was furious. A secretary of SPCA to do this! He talked of it in the club and in his chats with some members of the Bar. He could not contain himself. He refused to visit the SPCA so long as Mr. R was the secretary. A vote of no confidence was easily got up by the resourceful Mr. W and R was out of office. The judge waxed eloquent at the next meeting of the SPCA as to how profession and practice must go together, and how it is a crime to preach one thing and do just the contrary thing. Needless to add that R was awfully in disgrace. His short-lived successes in appeals soon became a memory and a thing of the bygone days!

Wife: "Your cough has been worrying me so much that I have got somebody in to see you."

Husband: "The doctor?"

Wife: "No, darling. The man from the insurance company."

X X  
"Hullo! I hear you've got married?"

"Yes, I got tired of restaurant food."

"And now?"

"I'm beginning to like it again."

## The Jackal and The Vulture

(By Swami Sivananda)\*

Once upon a time a Brahmana who had been without children for a long time obtained a son after a long penance. The child died of infantile convulsion. The parents were plunged in grief. They carried the body to the burial ground, and lamented very much there also.

Hearing their cries a vulture came there and said, "See, the whole world is subject to happiness and misery. Union and disunion are seen in turns. Those who have come to the crematorium with the dead bodies of their relatives and those who sit by those bodies themselves go away from the world due to their own acts when the allotted periods of their own lives expire. Whether friend or enemy no one becomes alive having yielded to

the power of time. Such indeed is the destiny of all creatures. In the world of mortals every one who is born is sure to die. Who shall restore to life one who is dead and gone on the way ordained by the Destroyer? Go to your home renouncing the love for the child." Hearing these words of the vulture the grief of the parents lessened a bit. They took the advice of the vulture and turned back to their homes.

At this juncture a jackal came out of his hole and said to those parents, "You have no affection for the child. The sun still shines in the sky. Give vent to your feelings fearlessly. The child may regain its life. Why do you go away with hearts of steel, renouncing every affection for the darling? Surely you have no love for that child."

\* From his "Illuminating Stories"

Insist on being given

**L.G.**

The Quality Asafoetida

Sold everywhere or direct from

**LALJEE GODHOO & CO.**

SOWCARPET

:: MADRAS-1

Head Office: BOMBAY.

Mark the affection that even birds and beasts cherish for their young ones. Shed tears for him for some time and look at him a little longer with affection. Life is dear to all and all feel that influence of love."

The speech of the jackal changed the minds of the parents and the relatives and they thought they should stay there a little longer.

The vulture said, "Why do you turn back at the call of a cruel, mean and little-witted jackal? Why do you lament for that compound of five elements, deserted by the presiding gods, no longer occupied by the soul, motionless and stiff as a log of wood? Why do you not grieve for yourselves? Do you practise austerities by which you will succeed in purifying yourselves from sin? Everything may be got by penances. What will lamentations do? Practise penance and get a long-living child. Death is born with the body. Wealth, kine, gold, precious gems, children all originate from penances. Penances again are the outcome of yoga. The son is not fettered by the acts of the father or the father by those of the son. Fettered by their own acts good and bad, all have to wend this common road. Of what use is mourning? Why do you grieve for the dead? Time is the master of all and he by his very nature looks impartially on all things. In proud youth or in helpless infancy, in age or while lying in the mother's womb, everyone is subjected to be attacked by

## 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.

death. Such is the course of the world."

The jackal said, "One should exert. Exertion and destiny joining together yield fruits. Why then do you return so heartlessly? Stay here till the sun sets."

The vulture said, "I am a thousand years old this day, but I have never seen a dead creature revive after death. The extent of life is fixed beforehand. Leave off this dead body of this child which has no animal heat and whose life has entered a new body and return back to your home quickly."

Having heard these words of the vulture the mourners resolved to leave the place.

Just at that time the jackal again came there quickly and said, "Rama, a dead Brahmana child, was restored to life. The son of royal sage Shweta died prematurely. But the virtuous king succeeded in reviving his

dead child. Similarly in your case also some Siddha, or Muni, or Devata may be willing to grant your desire and show mercy to you who are crying piteously." On hearing this fresh hopes were created in the hearts of the mourners and they placed the head of the child on the lap of the mother and all wept again.

The vulture and the jackal spoke repeatedly answering each other's arguments. Both of them based their arguments on the scriptures. The vulture frightened the persons there by talking of the wild beasts, goblins and other beings which would infest that place as soon as darkness set in.

Goddess Parvati took pity on these persons and prevailed upon Lord Siva to restore the child to life. Sankara granted to the dead child life extending for a hundred years. The people there were surprised to find life returning to the body. They all returned to their homes gladly. All were happy. They all prayed to Lord Siva and worshipped Him.

The jackal really wanted that the men should stay till sunset so that it might eat the body without its being claimed by the

## 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.

vulture. The vulture wanted the men to go away so that it might eat that body before the sun set. They both were disappointed, when life came back to the child. Both were not happy.

In this world the vast majority of persons are selfish like the jackal and the vulture of this story. They give good counsel to others, but with selfish motive; they have their own axe to grind. Do not be duped by being over credulous. Use your own judgment.

Two girls were talking. One said: "I refused to marry Bob three months ago and he's been drinking ever since."

The other smiled: "That's what I call carrying a celebration too far."

The absent-minded professor who said to his biology class: "I'm now going to show you a dissected frog—I've a splendid specimen in this parcel." Unwrapping the paper he found it contained a sandwich and some fruit. He stared in bewilderment. "I've already eaten my lunch."

# The Armament Race Is On

*How strong is Russia compared to U. S. ? In a very interesting article in New York Times Hanson W. Baldwin gives the comparative military strength of both the countries.*

We know, within very close limits, how many Soviet nuclear tests have been held and we can estimate their nuclear stockpile. There have been roughly sixty-five United States nuclear and thermonuclear detonations, including the two bombs used in World War II. The Russians have tested about fourteen weapons. Our largest test device released the equivalent of more than 20,000,000 tons of TNT (twenty megatons); the largest Soviet device, detonated last fall, was probably in the two to four megaton range.

The United States still has a clear lead in numbers and varieties of nuclear weapons. On the other hand, we have never dropped a "city-buster" megaton weapon from a plane. Last fall's Soviet test detonation was very high in the air; it was probably either dropped from a plane or set aloft by a balloon.

Despite our large lead in numbers (considerably more than 5,000) and variety of A-weapons, the Russians certainly have a stockpile of sufficient size to-day (more than 1,300) to cause, if delivered, very severe damage to the United States. On the other hand, our armies and air forces in Europe and throughout the world are apparently far more plentifully supplied with tactical or small-size A-weapons.

In the missile field there is rather clear-cut evidence that the Communists now hold a lead—perhaps a small one—in the race for development of an intermediate range and intercontinental ballistic—or rocket-like—missile. The Russians have tested a ballistic missile with a range of at least 600 to 800 miles;—the Redstone—"flies" only about 200 miles. We have an edge, however, in

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

The annual subscription for KAHANIYA is Rs. 3 (Foreign Rs. 4), post free. Copies will not be sent by V. P. P. Price for single copy is four annas. Subscription amount may be sent either by M. O. or crossed Postal Order to

**KAHANIYA**

32, Pelatope

Mylapore :: Madras - 4.

## The Armament Race Is On

other missile categories.

Soviet aircraft production is undoubtedly higher than our own, not primarily because of Soviet effort but because we have deliberately restricted our output. The United States turned out about 8,100 military aircraft of all types last year, and will produce slightly fewer than 8,000 this year—not all of them, by any means, jets. Estimates of Soviet production vary widely; some are more than twice our output. But in terms of airframe weight, the Soviet lead is far less.

The Russians undoubtedly operate many more fighter type and ground support aircraft than we do, and they are producing medium and heavy jet bombers roughly comparable to our Boeing B-47 and B-52. There is circumstantial evidence that they are operating a jet engine which may have greater thrust than any of our operating engines. There is no evidence, however, that the overall combat effectiveness of their aircraft equals our own.

At sea, the Soviet Navy has been built up and modernized since World War II. Its submarine fleet of about 400 vessels is the largest in the world, although only 120 to 150 of these submarines can be classed as modern long-range types. Russia has no nuclear-powered submarines and no aircraft carriers. Her vaunted cruisers of the Severdlovsk class are armed, despite their large size, with only 5.9-inch guns, and there is circumstantial evidence that these guns do not have radar fire

27

## The Famous Astrologer

(Office Estd. 1924)



Awarded Gold Medals and Certificates from Maharajahs and Judges for accurate predictions. One year monthly reading Rs. 5.

Weekly Rs. 10. Future 3 questions Rs. 2. Send birth details or writing time.

**Pandit Kaliyur  
M. SRINIVASACHARI,  
"THAPONIDHI"  
T'Nagar, Madras-17**

control. Her fleet is essentially defensive and unbalanced and in total fighting power cannot compare with our own.

On land, the long term Soviet superiority in numbers has been maintained, despite the reported demobilization of some 640,000 troops. The Soviet advantage has remained relatively stable—or has increased slightly—owing to the reduction in size of our own Army and to the modernization of the Russian Army. This modernization may not have kept pace with a similar process in our own ground forces, but it has, nevertheless, improved considerably the Soviet Army's combat effectiveness.

And finally, there is not much doubt that Moscow has consistently devoted more of her national effort to sustaining and increasing her war-making capabilities than we have done,

although there is also not much doubt that she has felt the strain of the arms race more than we have, and would like to reduce it.

In short, Soviet Russia has undoubtedly gained relatively and absolutely in some phases of the arms race; she has made broad advance in her capability of waging war. But she is not a nation of supermen; her advances have been made in certain fields at the expense of other areas (transportation is still a very weak point, for example). And on an overall technological and industrial basis and across the whole broad field of the weapons systems spectrum—Soviet Russia has not yet nearly equaled the United States.

Nevertheless her gains—particularly in the spectacular category of nuclear arms and push-button missile war—have had, and will have still more, effect upon the fence-sitters of the

world. Communist ideology has always coupled force—military power—with political and psychological and economic offensives. An obvious gain in Communist physical strength and increases in Russia's military capabilities are bound to influence neutralist nations and even some of our allies.

A Soviet ballistic missile of 1,500-mile range, for instance, a virtually unstoppable weapon once launched, would have enough range—and with a hydrogen warhead enough power—to devastate any overseas United States base. Such a development could scarcely be comforting to our allies, on whose soil our bases lie.

The Soviet progress in arms, therefore, even though it is still behind our own, must have sooner or later a direct effect upon the complexion of tomorrow's world.

The drill sergeant had been putting them through it with even more gusto than usual. "Now, my lad," he said to recruit, "you've been here for three weeks and what have you learnt?"

The recruit, who was utterly fed up, replied with feeling: "The reason why soldiers are not afraid to die, sergeant."

The young man was rather shy, and after she had thrown her arms round him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers he jumped up and grabbed his hat.

"Oh, don't go," she said, as he made for the door. "I didn't mean to offend you."

"Oh, I'm not offended," he replied. "I'm going for more flowers."

A rich man was asked what made him lie in bed so long. "I am kept busy," said he. "Industry advises me to get up; sloth to lie still. And they give twenty reasons for and against. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides, and by the time the case is over, dinner is ready."

## The Snake Farm

King cobras or Hamadryads, the very large poisonous snakes, are cannibals, and Major W. T. Blake, a retired Army officer who has travelled extensively, said in a B. B. C. talk that even these fearsome creatures have their uses. On a snake farm at Bangkok, in Thailand, they are kept in captivity in order that their poison may be extracted and used to produce the antisnake-bite serum which saves hundreds of lives each year. King cobras sometimes grow to twentyfive feet in length and are the most dangerous of the many varieties of poisonous snakes in Thailand.

To enable this life-saving service to be carried out, the Pasteur Institute at Bangkok, the only one of its kind in Asia, buys snakes of all kinds from anyone who brings them in, ranging in price from about 4d. for a small harmless snake to £30 for a cobra up to twenty feet long. The snakes are sorted and put with others

of like kind, the non-poisonous ones being kept as food for the King cobras.

"The banded kraits present a problem for they flatly refuse to feed in captivity and would starve to death unless they are forcibly fed," said Major Blake.

The snakes are mostly kept outside in pits surrounded by wide moats but in the King cobras' enclosure is a strong cage of wire netting with a heavy lid so that the most dangerous reptiles are doubly fenced in.

Once a week the snakes are publicly fed and two assistants, wearing high thick rubber boots as their only form of protection go into the den with a bowl of milk and a foot long glass tube and by a carefully worked out technique manage to feed the kraits, afterwards casting them into the moat. Cobras are more active in opposition; writhing piles of reptiles lie in heaps about the den and as the assistants approach the tangled heaps begin to disintegrate and wriggle away in all directions. One or two swell out their hoods and assume a defensive attitude and sometimes strike their death-dealing blows repeatedly, usually at low level where the thick rubber boots receive the bite.

"This is where a steady nerve is wanted; any panic on the part of either of the men and they would almost certainly be bitten. Watching the cobras feed is a fearful experience and always leaves me strung up and taut," Major Blake said. Even this



pales before the feeding of the cannibal Hamadrayads for which three people are needed. One man lifts the heavy lid of the wire cage and steps inside, waits his opportunity, seizes a King cobra firmly by the tail, gives it a blow to prevent it striking, and steps from the cage and lowers the lid so that no other reptiles may follow and attack him in rear. He drags out the whole writhing length of serpent, a second man seizes it two thirds of the way down its body and holds the writhing, struggling mass in a firm grip. Its jaws are forced open and the third man takes a large lump of raw meat and with forceps a foot long forces it down the snake's gullet. With his spare hand the first man squeezes the lump down the snake's throat and while a second, third and fourth lump is pushed in with the forceps, each lump is massaged downwards.

"Then both together the men who are holding it heave the heavy reptile into the moat," Blake said.

A similar process is gone through when the poison is extracted from the snake's fangs. The venom from each reptile is kept separate, treated, and a tiny portion then injected into a horse's vein. Only a little is given so that the horses suffer no ill effects and after a while a certain amount of blood is taken from them, and it is from this that the serum is made. "The Pasteur Institute in Bangkok keeps more than six hundred clinics all over Thailand supplied with antidotes to snake-bite and sends the serum to British Malaya, Burma, India, the East Indies and South East Asia generally. It is a splendid work but a terrible one," said Major Blake.

"How did you like Mrs. Smith's talk on international relations, Mrs. Green?"

"I couldn't stand it! It was terrible! Her earrings clashed with the shade of lipstick she used: her shoes were not at all the thing for that hat she wore; and any one ought to know better than to wear a belt with a dress like that."

"I've come from the employment bureau, ma'am," said the girl. "They said you wanted a servant."

"But I do all the work myself," replied the lady of the house. "Then the place will just suit me."

Rosa was getting acquainted with a little girl who had just moved into the neighbourhood. "Have you any brothers or sisters?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the little girl. "I have three half-brothers and a half-sister."

"Goodness!" said Rosa. "Are you the only whole one in your family?"

## How Silent Is Silence?

A library of noise is now being assembled in a new sound laboratory by the General Electric Co., U.S. Recordings of the slightest murmur of electrical transformers and motors will make the "noise library" one of the most unique such collections in existence, writes *Science Digest*.

The recordings will be used to compare various noises from different types of equipment, so that noise sources can be reduced or eliminated. In making noise analyses, equipment to be tested is sealed in a sound-proof testing room with sensitive instruments located nearby. Not even the engineers making the test are allowed in the room during the operation, since the natural noises of the human body and the reflections from it are sufficient to distort test results. With the equipment under test operated by remote control, the listening instruments pick up the slightest sound, recording it outside the room on elaborate charts and graphs, which result in a sound spectrum. This is in sound analysis what a colour chart is in art. Because any noise is a combination of frequencies, a complete sound spectrum shows exactly how much noise is being produced at every frequency. A sneeze, for instance, depending on who sneezes, might contain noises at several dozen frequencies, some of which are not audible to the human ear. Average human beings can detect noises at frequencies between 20

and 18,000 cycles per second. The sound-testing chamber, literally a 500,000-pound room within a room, floats on steel springs and rubber shock absorbers, to help prevent transmission of practically any ground vibration such as is caused by a passing train. The walls of the inner room are 8-inch concrete, lined with 3 inches of mineral fibre. Over this is another 3 inches of the same material in the form of a giant washboard whose ridges are 3 feet deep, covering all 6 inner surfaces of the room. A steel ramp extends into the exact centre of the room where the engineers put equipment to be tested. Microphones and testing instruments hang above, and are connected to recording equipment outside the room. In an actual test, the huge doors to the room, also covered with sound-absorbent mineral fibre, are locked into place. The resulting quiet is estimated to be 50 times quieter than the average suburban living room at the dead of night. Though they haven't tried it yet, the engineers guess that a mosquito in the room would probably sound like a chain saw slicing a hardwood log.

### CURE FOR INSANITY

The brain is fast becoming known as other organs in the human body are known such as

the heart, the kidneys, the stomach and the liver.

No longer is it necessary for those studying the mind to rely entirely upon words and thoughts—conscious or unconscious. Electrical and chemical measurements and surgical procedures, disclosing meanings frequently unequivocal to all researches are now used to

study the brain and its operation.

The use of drugs to "tranquillize" violent patients is the first practicable result of science's new understanding of the brain. These drugs, now new, will be improved. Some day pills may be produced to ease some forms of insanity just as aspirin eases pain.

### MISER

Two misers were travelling in the same railway compartment. The first took out his pipe and asked for a match.

"Here you are," said the second.

"Thanks," said the first, "but I'm afraid I've forgotten my tobacco."

"Well, you won't be needing my match now. Can I have it back?"

The village constable drew out his notebook.

"Forty miles an hour, miss," he told her, "that's what you were doing."

She placed a finger on her mouth and opened her eyes wide in mock astonishment.

"Ooh, Mr. Policeman," she had in an awed whisper, "someone's been telling stories. Why, I've only been out five minutes."

Son: "What are ancestors, dad?"

Dad: "Well, I'm one of yours—and your grandfather is another."

Son: "Well, why do folks brag about them?"

Eleanor: "I'm sick of married life."

Mildred: "Well, you can always get a divorce."

Eleanor: "Oh, I'm sick of that, too."

"But how did the police spot you in your woman's disguise?"

"I passed a milliner's shop without looking in at the window."

Young Man: "I want to get a nice bunch of roses for my wife. How much will they cost?"

Florist: "I really couldn't tell until you give me some idea of the seriousness of the quarrel."

## Marriage Customs among The Adivasis

The plains of Chotanagpur surrounded by hills on all sides and covered with evergreen trees of towering height provide such scenic beauty that makes an indelible impression in the mind of a sightseer. Its meandering rivulets flow through vast sandy stretches of land and in their descent from big rocks turn into small falls, more often into foaming streams that present a beautiful spectacle to the eye. Not only Nature, bountiful as it seems has tried to make the life of the inhabitants ('Munda', 'Uraon' etc.) of this place idyllic and happy, but the customs, conventions and their peculiar institutions too have played an equally vital role in making them a carefree and happy-go-lucky people. Some of their ancient customs and institutions, which unlike our ancient Hindu ways and manners, have survived the cruel hands of the much crazy 20th. century reformers, continue up to this day, writes Miss Shanti Sinha in *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*.

Among the Adivasis of Chotanagpur, both men and women play an equally important role in the organization of the society. They are given to choose their life-partners freely to suit their taste. For this they are guided from childhood and helped in selecting their mate. Much like the central dinner halls of Romans, there is a central dancing-cum-sleeping hall in every Adivasi

village, where bachelors and maids assemble clad in colourful dresses, their hearts leaping with joy to see their partners. As shadows lengthen and as the sun sinks behind the low hills lightly etched against multicoloured sky, they begin to pour in with their beddings in that common dancing place, variously called in the villages as 'Ghotul' or 'Dhumukia'.

'Ghotul' is an important centre of the village and as such its organization is done by the villagers in a beautiful manner. There is a gate for entrance into it. Generally there is a dancing room, an open space for exercise and a dormitory. On the walls inside the dormitory various pictures are depicted which give a good impression of their art and culture. Two officers are appointed every third year to look after it.

All bachelors and maids have to take their seats at night in that common place and have to share the bed of their respective partners. They are admitted into it provided they bear a good moral character. They are generally admitted on the 'Serhul' festival every year. In some of them admission is given only once in three years. At the time of admission the parents have to offer some money and earthen light and some oil etc. As the evening approaches and the rays of the sun begin to grow dim all its

members begin to arrive after proper make-up. When the young girls covering their budding breasts with yellow and white clothes depart for the place with new hopes and great enthusiasm, it is worth seeing. After amusements they flock together for a common dance. The 'Ghotul' is filled with the rippling laughter of the young people and pulsate with life. There they sing in unison and dance with the beat of the big drums till late at night and thereafter take repose in the lap of their partners.

The songs contain high thoughts and impart many good lessons. There we find the story of their troubles and happiness of their life, the ill behaviour of step-mother and the call of the lover for his beloved and their life in the 'Ghotul'.

In a song addressed to a girl who is due to leave the 'Ghotul' with her life mate, she is told, "Oh girl, you are leaving the 'Ghotul' where you played with your friends. You did not know what are troubles. You led quite a peaceful life. You are still unaware of the formalities which you will have to observe when you live with your new family members. You will forget the thrills of the present life and lead a married life and know its advantages." So we find that these songs contain great truths and many lessons are given through these songs.

Here the acquaintance between girls and boys begin which with the lapse of time and exchange of ideas, ripens into friendship and ultimately into a common resolve to be united by wedlock.

Jill: "What happened to that young man of yours with money to burn?"

Joan: "He met his match."

"Madam," said the leader of the brigands, "we shall hold you until your husband ransoms you."

"Alas!" murmured the victim, "I wish now I'd treated John a little better."

"Dad, why is victory always a woman?"

"My son, you must wait until you are married to understand that."

After the tiff she calmed down a bit. "But how can you love me, George?" she said. "The doctor says I must have a course of slimming, and now you won't let me. I think that's very brutal of you."

He took her in his arms.

"My darling," he replied, "I love you so much that I can't bear to lose an ounce of you."

## What A Mystic Number 3 is

(By Lotus Eater)

It is said that as a guest you must not stay for more than three days if you are anxious to preserve your self-respect.

There is a Tamil proverb which is to this affect viz., that we must not take medicine or indulge in fasting for more than three days. Some would even go to the extent of saying that if three doses of medicine do not show any effect, then even three hundred doses of it will not.

At the marriage function the bridegroom puts the knot thrice while tying the tali round the bride's neck. And they both go round the sacrificial fire thrice.

The sacred castemark on the Vaishnava's forehead consists of three vertical lines.

We have our Trimurthis, Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara. The universe also consists according to scriptures of three worlds—the earth, the patala and the heaven. And according to legend Hari asked Bali to give him but that space covered by three steps of his.

In education we have the three R's representing reading, writing and arithmetic. We are all equally familiar with the rule of three which causes such

a headache to the dunce.

The brahmachari wears sacred thread consisting of three strands. Lord Siva is said to have three eyes. We go round our elders in doing obeisance three times.

It is inauspicious for three men to start together. To avoid it two people go first while the third brings up the rear.

Hindus while they were not tied down by the modern law of monogamy tried their luck in matrimony but thrice either to beget a son or to enjoy the pleasures of matrimony in case of their wives parting company by untimely death.

During Navarathri we offer prayers to three goddesses, Laxmi, Saraswati and Kali setting apart three days for each of them.

And finally everything in this world has only three stages, the beginning, the middle and the end. Man too has a past, a present and a future life. The present is the fruit of his deeds in the past life and the future will be shaped by his deeds in the present life.

So dear reader always think good and act good so that in future births you may have a happy and prosperous life.

The artist was painting a lovely thatched cottage when the owner came along and asked what he was going to do with the picture when finished.

"I shall send it to an exhibition."

"Will many people see it?"

"Thousands, I hope."

"Then would you mind putting in it a 'To Let' sign?"

# Pride Always Has A Fall

A beautiful tale from that master of the art of story-telling  
C. Rajagopalachari, illustrating the truth of the proverb

Near the Siva temple in Sivapuri, to the north of it, on a heap of refuse and ashes grew an ash-gourd creeper and it spread wide and green luxuriantly.

In the temple garden was a tall cocoanut tree.

One day the cocoanut tree began to talk to the ash-gourd creeper. Trees and creepers talk; only, we cannot catch the sound and even if we did, we could not understand.

The talk grew animated. It finally ended in an angry altercation.

"Wretched grovelling creeper! you glory in a dung-hill. Do not talk!" said the cocoanut tree. "Your sons put on white ashes like pious devotees, we all know you and your hypocrisy."

"Hold your tongue! Do not think because you are very tall you are very great," said the creeper.

"Shut up!" said the cocoanut tree.

They lapsed into angry silence.

x x x  
"Lord," appealed the creeper and prayed to Siva most devotedly.

Parameswara asked the creeper, "Child, what is it you want?"

"My Lord and Master! I cannot bear the arrogance of this tall tree. It mocks at children and their devotion. I desire to

climb up your tower and live there. Then I can humble this cocoanut tree. Let me go up and dwell on your tower. This is all I ask."

"Be it so!" said Siva.

"What are you doing?" said Krishna who came up as the creeper began to go up the tower.

"You do not know what you are going in for. Your adventure is fraught with danger," he said to the creeper.

"You may lecture if you like to Arjuna," said the creeper. "Mahadeva has given me the boon and I shall enjoy it. I can't bear to see this tall tree shaking its long branches in scorn of me."

"What have you done, brother?" said Krishna turning to Mahadeva, who smiled and replied, "Leave things to be learnt by experience, dear Govinda. It is no good preaching to those who will not listen."

The gourd creeper proudly climbed up the tower. It was happy as it went up and up, holding on at each step to the little images that decorated the high tower. And when at last it reached the top, it proudly turned to the cocoanut tree and accosted it thus:

"I am here, friend no longer on the ash-heap. Will you now drop your arrogance?"

The tree did not know what to say and remained silent.

## Pride Always Has A Fall

A big pumpkin was ripening on the tower. The fruit had grown to an enormous size in the pride of its new-found position on the tower.

All went on well until the pumpkin became too heavy for the creeper. The stalk began to dry up and wither; and one day, down fell the big gourd from the top of the tower. As it rolled down, it was kicked up at a dozen angles. It knocked itself on a score of gods on the tower, who did not like this performance. And when the pumpkin reached the ground, it shivered into a dozen bleeding bits. Its condition was truly pitiable.

The mother creeper was grieved. It could not bear this fate that came upon its child, so it shrivelled up and came down and resumed its original humble place on the ash-heap and was in contemplation.

"Thud!" came down a ripe cocoanut fruit just then.

"Ha!" cried the creeper. "You are well-served. You gloated when my child toppled down and broke itself, didn't you? How do you like it now?"

"I can bear such blows, friend pumpkin creeper! I am not a bit hurt," said the cocoa-

Salesman: These are exceptionally strong shirts, sir. They simply laugh at the laundry.

Customer: Yes, I know that kind. I had some come back with their sides split.

x x x  
"Do you file your nails?"

"No, I just cut them off and throw them away."

37



## PRESIDENT

Vegetable Hair, Oil, Snow & Talcum Powder are the best I have found for my use.

(Sd.) SAVITRI.

Manufacturers:

M/s. Rathod Trading Co.,  
Madras-1

nut as it rolled along on the ground, quite whole and jolly.

x x x  
"I was a fool!" said the creeper. The simple thing had now become wise. It yielded fresh pumpkins quietly and in large numbers. And when they were ripe, a man came and plucked them all and loaded his bullock-cart with them and drove away to the neighbouring market to sell them.

—Kurukshetra.

## For Insomnia

Counting sheep is one of the remedies recommended for insomnia sufferers. But there are other cures depending on the individual whims and fancies.

The late Sir Alfred Yarrow could sleep nowhere but in a moving car. He appealed to the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington, Britain. So they built him a special bed to reproduce all the sensations which lulled him to sleep—the vibration of the engine, the tilt of a car as it turned corners, jolts caused by rough roads.

Sir Robert Horn, former president of Canadian Pacific Railways, could sleep only in a train. So the bed erected for him rattled and vibrated like a train's sleeping berth.

Dr. Quintard Taylor, a well-known American heart specialist who died a few years ago, had pitched upon a new remedy. He hypnotized himself to sleep.

First he built a sound-proof room. Then he had recordings made of his own yawns. Finally he retired to bed and switched on the machine, which was timed to run for at least an hour. Its effect never failed.

The constant repetition of a soothing phrase in a monotone is often more effective than a drug. Some nursing homes have installed loudspeakers over the beds of patients suffering from insomnia. From the speakers a droning voice repeats the specially chosen phrases. After a few weeks of such treatment, the most exhausted patient enjoys a good night's rest.

A similar system is employed by a Californian specialist. He has recorded a talk, containing sleep-inducing sentences such as "You feel very, very drowsy, very sleepy. Sleep, just sleep."

When a restless patient rings him up, he switches on the recording near a telephone.

One New York hotel possesses a library of soporific records to fit every type of guest. Young couples on an anniversary jaunt, who have left the kids at home, are treated to a recording of the crying of new babies. There is the clinking of cash registers for out-of-town salesmen; ten specially selected ships' sirens with a chorus of seagulls for clients of a nautical turn of mind; country sounds including the croaking of frogs for backwoodsmen.

"Which would you rather have, a lion eat you, or a bear?"

"The lion eat the bear."

"Policeman, stop that man. He tried to kiss me!"

"Don't worry about that, miss. There'll be another along in a few moments!"

"Do you give a guarantee with this hair restorer?"

"Guarantee? We give a comb!"

## The Ghost Plane

Only the glow of its exhaust could be seen as the Hurricane tried to land on a Scottish airfield. It was a dark night of the winter of 1940, and the little plane had just failed to head off a marauding Heinkel bomber.

The fighter slid towards the twin row of lamps which marked out the landing strip. As the wheels were about to kiss the ground the pilot opened up his engine. With a great roar his aircraft disappeared into the night again.

In a few minutes the Hurricane was back again to make another approach to the flarepath. This time no chances were being taken. The sergeant pilot—a very reliable and not over imaginative man—had his navigation lights full on.

He came down a little more slowly to the airfield. But once again as he was nearing the ground he slammed the throttle forward, climbing and turning towards the sea.

The onlookers were amazed. What was happening? Surely in two attempts he could get properly aligned with the flarepath.

May be he needed some help. It was a risk, but it was decided to bathe the whole path by the Chance light—a type of horizontal searchlight.

It did the trick. A perfect landing. The pilot taxied in

and shut off his engine. Then he tore off his helmet and roared to members of his squadron gathered around, "The fool! Who was the fool who cut me out?"

"Cut you out?" echoed his fellow pilots. "Nobody did."

"Of course somebody did. Why do you think I went round again? Some madman in a biplane baulked me just as I was touching down—a thing like a Tiger Moth."

"There's no one else flying," said the flight commander. "Besides, there isn't a biplane on the station."

The group fell silent. They were remembering many reports of "somebody" seen in the shadows between planes and hangars wearing a sheepskin flying-suit and the R.F.C. flying equipment of long ago.

In the First World War a plane had crashed and burst into flames on the edge of the airfield's perimeter. Apart from a few twisted pieces of metal nothing had remained—except, according to local superstition, the ghost of the pilot.

The airmen round the Hurricane smiled grimly. The ghost was keeping his hand in—From *The World's Strangest Ghost Stories*, by R. Thurston Hopkins. Published by The World's Work at 15s.

"A burglar broke into our house early this morning."

"Did he get anything?"

"He certainly did! The missus thought it was me coming home late."

# South Indian Producers Score

(By Pratibha)

Hindi films made in the south have had good reception in the north. It is the wish of the stars and others interested in the industry that while South Indian producers are trying to cash in on Hindi markets they should not ignore local talent.

A spokesman of the industry stated that people in the north would also like to see new faces from the south.

It is interesting to note, he stated, that while Tamil and Telugu film producers have been successful in capturing Hindi markets by producing record-breaking hits in Hindi without knowing the alphabet of the national language the Hindi film producers have singularly failed in their attempt to produce popular Tamil and Telugu versions of their Hindi films.

The main reason for this is imperfect dubbing.

The first Hindi picture that was made in Madras was *Prem Sagar* which did not see the light of day as it was destroyed in a fire accident.

It was Mr. Vasani who out of sheer necessity to get returns for the money he spent lavishly on *Chandralekha* came forward to produce the picture in Hindi and which was a first attempt in South India. The picture proved a great success. Since then several pictures in Hindi from the south have been released

in the north and almost all of them have proved successful.

Veteran actor Dilip Kumar has written a story and Gemini is paying its attention to film it in Hindi. In this connection Dilip was here recently.

While Mr. Vasani is planning to produce a colour picture in Cinemascope Mr. A. V. Meiyappan is not in favour of introducing Cinemascope and other wide screen processes in Tamil pictures.

He feels that while widescreen may give scope for colourful and a wide range of scenery it invariably affects the close ups seriously and therefore would not suit Tamil films which lay emphasis on mainly songs and dances.

Mr. Vasani is to make two films in English for the international market in partnership with a well known American company. They will be in Technicolor and have an Indian cast.

Dissatisfaction with the Government attitude in regard to compulsory showing of approved films and the manner in which it is being screened at present was expressed by the Supreme Council of the Film Federation of India which urged the Federation to negotiate with the Government to remove the injustice.

## South Indian Producers Score

41

The film industry has been fighting on the issue of approved films for the past five years and the representation made to Union Government have so far borne no fruit at all.

South Indian film producers are gradually adapting some of the famous classics in Bengali, Hindi, and other languages for their pictures. Mr. Madhusudana Rao of Annapoorna Pictures has planned to produce in Tamil and Telugu an adaptation of Sarat Chandra Chatterji's novel *Nishkrishna* for which he has secured the necessary rights.

Of the 97 films censored during 1956 in Madras 46 were Tamil, 24 Telugu, 15 Canarese, 7 Malayalam and 5 Hindi.

Awards sponsored by Film Fans Association to the best actors and actresses of 1954 were presented in a function held recently. Master Venkatesan was adjudged the best child actor and was presented a gold medal. The other recipients

*Please Visit*

FOR

**Quality Gold and Silver Wares**

**JEEVAN BROS.**

(Popularly known as Pillaiar Koil Kadai)

No. 204, N. S. C. Bose Road, G.T., Madras-1.

were Sivaji Ganesan, Padmini, Bhanumathi and Lingamurthy.

About 40 extras (junior artistes) of Bombay struck work and picketted the Bombay Talkies Studio and Filmistan Studio as a protest against the non-payment of their wages for the past three months.

The demand of these extras was that some system should be evolved by which prompt and regular payment could be made to them for their work.

"That's an expensive dress. Your husband must have a better job now."

"No, I have a better husband now."

"Everywhere I go I'm asked to call again."

"Popular, eh?"

"No—I'm just a debt collector."

"You want a room with two beds in it? But you said you were alone," queried the hotel reception clerk.

"That's right," said the henpecked husband. "I want to enjoy the silence from the other bed."

# On Pilgrim's Path

( By Nandalal )

Sivaratri (which falls on 10th this month) unlike other Hindu festivals is observed without much gaiety or pomp. It is a day of fast and prayer.

There are many versions about the origin of Sivaratri. According to one of them Sivaratri is observed in memory of the day on which Siva swallowed the fearful poison "halahala". Another relates to the origin of the Lingam.

The phallic symbol representing Siva stands not only for the regenerative principle but also the all pervading nature of God. It denotes that Siva is indefinable and formless. Siva has no beginning and no end. This idea is symbolised by a circle which indeed is the base of Sivalingam. The perpendicular round projection is an indication that if you concentrate on that being without beginning or end you are bound to rise higher and attain salvation.

There are many pilgrim centres which are visited by lakhs of pilgrims during this festival.

In *Kalahasti* there is a crystal lingam, stated to be purest, best and biggest in the whole of India.

The ordinary symbols such as Nandi and Chandikeswara

are conspicuous by their absence here.

*Srisailem* is another important shrine of Siva. The lingam here is one of the twelve jyothirlingams. Sivaji worshipped here and the northern gopuram is called Sivaji Gopuram. Eight small temples dedicated to Ashta Bhairavas are found here.

*Tiruvaikavoor* is another noteworthy place of Siva worship. The legend of the hunter connected with the Sivaratri is stated to have happened here.

In *Conjee* Kailasanathar temple there is a lingam with 16 strips. This was worshipped by the Pallava king Mahendra Varman.

In *Woriyur* (Trichy District) there is a lingam radiant with five colours. This is called "Panchavarna lingam."

*Vaitheeswar Koil* lingam is stated to be made of some herbs and roots, and the abhisheka water, it is believed, cures may ills.

*Kumbakonam* Kumbeswarar lingam is a swayambu and is purely of sand. Hence during abhisheka a metal covering is used.

A little girl overheard the doctor telling her father that he should move to a warmer climate. That evening, while saying her prayers, she said, "God bless mummy. God bless baby brother, and please, God, make things hot for daddy."

# The Victoria Cross

One hundred years ago, writes Norman Ross in *New York Times*, Britain's Queen Victoria signed a royal warrant inaugurating a new medal that was to become the country's highest award for courage: the Victoria Cross.

The Victoria Cross, or V. C., as the medal and its holders were soon to become known, differed from all previous British awards in one notable respect: it could be awarded to anyone without distinction of rank or nobility.

The first presentation of the V. C. was not until eighteen months after its establishment, but that was a mass medal-giving. Sixty-two V. Cs were awarded at once, for deeds in the Crimean War (1854-56).

On that sunny June afternoon, soldiers formed a square in London's Hyde Park with the sixty-two heroes in the center and fashionable crowds abloom with parasols pressing around the sides.

Inside the square the 31-year-old Queen Victoria sat sidesaddle on a brown stallion, regal in a scarlet riding coat with a gold-embroidered sash flung over her shoulder. As each of the sixty-two men stepped forward, she leaned over to pin on his chest the decoration: a plain ribbon with the Maltese Cross engraved with a lion over a crown, the recipient's name, the date of his deed of bravery and the words "For Valour."

Each of the crosses awarded then—and each awarded today—was made of bronze from Russian cannon captured at Balaclava, scene of the charge of the Light Brigade immortalized by Tennyson.

Up to last month, 1347 of the crosses have been awarded, a large proportion to dead men; of 182 awarded in World War II, eighty-three were posthumous; of four awarded for Korean war actions, two were posthumous.

Agent: She was arrested for doing a fan dance.

Actor: Because she did it without permission?

Agent: No, because she did it without the fan.

Mary: But surely you didn't tell him straight out that you loved him?

Maud: Oh, no, he had to squeeze it out of me.

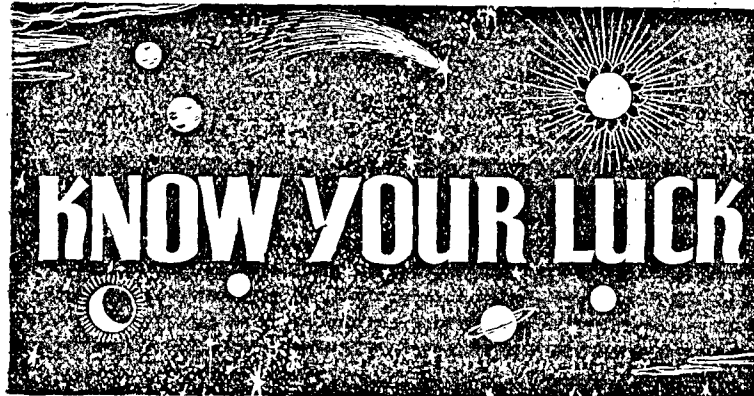
"Hey, waiter, this must be an incubator chicken."

"How can you tell, sir?"

"No chicken who had a mother could be this tough."

Jack: Please, darling, tell me those three little words that will send me right up to heaven.

Jill: Go shoot yourself!



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

Though malefics, Sani and Rahu, are in the 8th house general conditions of other planets sound favourable for the progress of your affairs during this month. The first half is particularly more favourable for the realisation of your objectives. Second half causes you anxiety and events will move slowly. Financially this month registers improvement in the first half itself. Heavy expenditure is indicated. Children will cause you great anxiety in the second half. The month is auspicious for investment for protecting, guiding, managing the interests of others entrusted to you. A house move may be in the month's picture to your advantage. It may be located near

a temple. Merchants will fare somewhat better. There will be financial pressure. Service will be encouraging enough from the second half. New work will be entrusted to you. 1, 2, 5, 10, 14, 20, 25, 29, 31 are lucky days.

### VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Results of this month are of a mixed nature. Much anxiety will be felt as to your undertakings before success is achieved. Planets in the 7th and 8th are deterrent factors against your improvement and success at home and outside. Your wife will suffer in health. Your own constitution will be disturbed owing to extra heat generated in the system. Finan-

cially there will be pressure but all your commitments will be met without trouble. Officially there will be advantages. Avoid friction with seniors. A house move is indicated. Heavy expenditure is in store. A good friend of yours will come to your help when needed. One of your sons will come up well to your satisfaction. Second half shows journey, gain through papers, friends and relations. Merchants will not do well during this month. Many of their attempts will fail and will be beyond their control. 1, 2, 5, 8, 10, 13, 14, 21, 23, 30 are fruitful days.

### MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

The first half of this month will not give you mental peace. Health or wealth will be the disturbing factor. Second half shows improvement. You will come in contact with people of position from whom you may gain much. A rise is noticed in office. You will be exercising high powers and wielding greater influence in your surroundings. Mangal in the 7th does not sound well perhaps in respect of a legal suit pending in the court. Second half shows success over your enemies, if any. Domestically you may not be happy because of your wife's disturbed health. An auspicious ceremony might occur during this period. Merchants will find obstacles in the way of their

business progress. Partnership will be under disturbed waters. New business venture will be afoot in the second half. 1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20, 21, 23, 30 are better days.

### KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

The aspects of malefics to the second house and also to your lagna are not favourable and they may cause disturbed health, financial pressure and raising up of temporary loans. Yet in the first half owing to Budha, Guru and Sukra you will be able to meet all your demands easily. During the second half Guru will be exalted in your lagna and will be aspecting dhanadipa Soorya. This will ease your financial position and through the help of sympathisers your financial pressure will not be felt. Mangal's aspect to the 12th house brings about unexpected items of expenditure which you may try to avoid as far as possible. You may suffer through one of your children financially. Official life will not be encouraging in the first half. Second half shows departmental favour. A rise is indicated in this month. Merchants will not be happy in the first half. Unnecessary excitement is caused before success is achieved. Foreign business will favour you more than local business. 1, 5, 11, 13, 14, 16, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 30 are fruitful days.

**SIMHA RASI or LEO**

The first half of this month Makha, will prove more troublesome than the second owing to oppositions, differences of opinions, enmity and public unpopularity. Friends will become enemies. Court trouble will increase. No relief is seen in any of these difficulties. Domestic happiness is so so. Irritating elements against you all round will not make you happy. Mentally you will take serious views about your affairs in life so that unnecessary excitements and flareups will result to your disadvantage. The three fiery elements Soorya, Guru and Mangal and their positions in the first half will make you hasty, intemperate and unbalanced. Only a calmer view will leave you peaceful and cordial in your surroundings. Financially you will feel high pressure and many of your plans will receive a setback. Saturn's aspect to lagna and Budha, the lord of money, will cause miscalculations about your future life. Heavy expenditure is indicated by Mangal's aspect. General health will be affected owing to disturbed function of the stomach in the second half. A distant journey otherwise might occur. No cordial feelings will exist with the members of your family. Official encouragement will be wanting in the first half. Promises for betterment are held out in the second half. Businessmen will find this month an eventful one. There

may be need for taking extra initiative to better their business prospects.

1, 3, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20, 21, 23, 25, 30, are better days.

x            x            x

**KANYA RASI or VIRGO**

Planetary positions in the second half seem to be more promising and encouraging than in the first. Guru will transit the 11th house in trine to malefics in the 3rd house. All your affairs are heading for a fair settlement both at home and outside. Even court affairs, if any, will favourably terminate. Fresh court procedures also might come up pressing but results will be favourable to you. First half shows private enmity trouble. Financial pressure is also noticed and may need raising up of a temporary loan to ease your commitments. Even differences with your near relations may crop up for a settlement and clear understanding of the same in the second half. You may incur the displeasure of elders in the first half. Your own health and that of your wife's may require special attention. Mangal in the 4th house and Sukra in the 8th will bring about domestic disharmony and irritation. Sudden money also may come your way. Officially first half may not be encouraging. Second half shows your safe position at the hands of your superiors. Avoid friction with the seniors. Merchants will fare well more in the second half. Their business

speculation-limit will reach the expected target.

1, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 20, 23, 25, 29, 30 are lucky days.

x            x            x

**THULA RASI or LIBRA**

Planetary campaign of this month favours quick realisation of your ambitions. Lagna dipathi Sukra in the 7th from the 2nd of this month helped by Mangal and Guru in trikona will make it easy for you to go forward with your plan of life and its implementation. Ekadasi rasi or 11th house Guru aspecting Surya in the 5th house is calculated to infuse you with desired talents and capacity mentally for the working of your objectives. One of your children will come up to your surprise. Try to behave better without incurring displeasure of your parents or elders; for Sani, Guru and Surya are likely to make you headstrong, aggressive and non-co-operative. The financial aspect for the month is to be favourably considered in spite of heavy and impulsive expenditure. Avoid unnecessary commitments lest you may find yourself in financial embarrassment. The aspect of Mangal to the 10th house might give you some anxiety as threatened by the aspect of Saturn to the 8th house. Guru's position in the course of the month will come to your rescue. Merchants will have a fairly profitable month. Their volume of business will

increase as the month goes underway.

1, 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 20, 21, 23, 25, 28 are lucky days.

x            x            x

**VRISHIKA RASI or SCORPIO**

Malefics over your rasi still predominate with static condition of life seeming to hold no cherished hopes for you. The first half sees you completely resigned to your fate owing to these evil forces. Domestically you will find no harmony. You will do well not to force your opinion on others nor to indulge in too much wishful thinking. The only redeeming feature is Jupiter's aspect to your ruler Mangal which reduces your troubles to the minimum in the eleventh hour. You will benefit by prayers fervently offered for your peace of mind. Second half will clear your mental vision about your outlook of life. Sudden help from elders or from a long distance is envisaged. A ceremony might occur and one of your children will have a surprising change. Domestically you will be better in the first half than in the second. Health of your wife will be a disturbing factor. Officially you may gain some nominal advantage. Better financial convenience is envisaged in the second half. Merchants will be speculatively inclined. Second half will prove more gainful particularly.

1, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 20, 23, 25, 30 are better days.

x x x  
**DHANUR RASI or SAGITARIUS**

Apart from the malefics at work in the 12th house other planets are said to be coursing through progressive houses during this month. Guru and Surya in the planetary plan are quite indicative of your being held high in the estimation of others and of a beneficial journey whether short or long and also of your extraordinary ability for the strenuous mental work obtaining around you. As a manager, director or an agent in an advisory capacity or position you will cut a satisfactory figure and gain fame. The aspect of 5th house Mangal over rasi coupled with the mental aspect of Surya-Guru on intellectual field is indicative of brilliant success as a writer, publisher or as an author. Finally you may gain through distant places or men at high level. High expenditure is indicated. Manage your financial affairs discretely. Domestically avoid flare ups. Merchants will do well specially through foreign correspondence.

1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 21, 23, 25, 30 are fruitful days.

x x x  
**MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN**

Planetary configuration does not seem good as to your affairs particularly in the first half. Surya-  
 1/2 Uttarashada  
 1/2 Sravana  
 1/2 Dhanista

Guru mental aspects are directly opposed to your interests. They will result in incurring displeasure of your near friends or relations. The two fiery planets flanking both sides of your rasi will cause you utmost excitement resulting in no benefit to you. You therefore better avoid such nervous excitements in the first half. The two major planets in the 11th house assure your personal safety from all exposed dangers. Don't overstep the bounds of decorum when in excitement as you will regret it later on. Your general health is likely to be assailed by malefic forces causing you rheumatic pain, mental imbalance and irritation. Second half you will decidedly have a better time. Life will take a brighter turn and you will find sympathetic and a ready helping hand extended to you in your difficulties. Domestic life will surely improve in the second half. Officially second half is more dependable. Merchants will lose in the first half but gain in the second half. Partnership will hold out brighter promises than before.

1, 3, 5, 10, 13, 16, 20, 21, 23, 23, 30, are better days.

x x x  
**KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS**

Planetary plan reveals that this is a month of intellectual attainments. You will come in contact with men who will advance your interests in life and with whose association  
 1/2 Dhanista,  
 1/2 Sathabbisha &  
 1/2 Poorva-  
 1/2 bhadra

### Know Your Luck

you will achieve your gainful objectives. Enemies will become friends. Social life will be highlighted. Your system will be overheated as a result of two fiery planets aspecting each other. Since your ruler is elevated high in the meridian in square to Surya in lagna, you will suffer from blood-pressure, headache and weak sight. There will be relief in the second half. Domestically second half is slightly better. An auspicious ceremony may be envisaged in a few cases. High expenditure or undertakings involving self-undoing investment is envisaged. Officially a change may be brewing but not realised before second half is under way. Merchants will be doing well with some expected changes in the business constitution. Second half favours more satisfactory profits in their turn over.

1, 3, 5, 6, 10, 13, 14, 21, 23, 25, 30 are lucky days.

x x x  
**MEENA RASI or PISCES**

First half shows no satisfactory results as the planets are

not to your advantage. Second half brings more satisfactory turn of events to your advantage when your ruler Guru becomes exalted occupying the 5th house and aspecting the planets in the 9th. Much of your ambition will become a realisation then. Your children will spring a surprise on you. Financial convenience is assured to make up for the many commitments in the first half. Your enemies will be seen at work against you but they will quail before you in the second half. Your relations may come to you for help. Officially you may gain slightly though not much in the second half when the effects of your enemies' work will be rendered powerless and ineffective. Businessmen will do well not to rush into any business venture in the first half. Second half shows necessary financial conveniences in your venture.  
 1, 3, 5, 6, 11, 14, 17, 20, 23, 25, 30 are better days.

"Why do you keep on whistling the same tune?"

"Well, it haunts me."

"So it should. You've murdered it enough."

x x x  
"What is the best way to prevent the itches caused by biting insects?"

"Don't bite the insects."

x x x  
"Do you know if the editor has looked at the poem I had sent him?"

"Yes, sir, he glanced through them this morning."

"Oh - just a cursory examination I suppose?"

"You are sight, sir. I never heard such language in my life."

# NEWS STORIES

A man's sentence is finished when he leaves prison nowadays.

But in Turkey in the 17th century every unmarried man released from prison found that his sentence was just beginning.

Under a fantastic law passed by Sultan Ben Hussein, ruler of Turkey at that time, he was forced to marry one of the ugliest girls in the country!

The Sultan had passed this law because nearly 500,000 Turkish soldiers were spread over his vast empire, and as a result many thousands of young women in Turkey were unable to find husbands.

But if the law itself was fantastic, the way in which the Sultan carried it out was even more so.

He formed a pool of 5,000 unmarried women. Then he directed that those men who had served sentences for major crimes must marry the ugliest among them—while those who had been convicted of only minor breaches of the law were to be given their pick of the prettiest.

The law was unpopular from the beginning, but, despite this, it lasted until the Sultan's death some 15 years later.

## BURGOMASTER WITH BROOM

Onlookers gaped in astonishment when they saw 63-year-old Joseph Zell, vice-burgomaster of Strasbourg, Alsace, armed with a broom, sweeping the market place of his city.

It had all started at a session of the municipal market commission of the city council. Joseph Zell had complained about the laziness and slowness of the town's street-cleaners. He said it took four of them four hours to clean the market.

He said that, single-handed, he could do the same amount of work in not more than one hour's time. Zell was challenged by the town's cleaners. Joseph Zell accepted the challenge—and won.

## BABY TALK!

We often hear about children hailed as "prodigies," but the case of a three-month-old baby who talks like a child of seven is something out of the ordinary.

Maria Magdalena Marinho was born near the port of Recife, in Brazil, to parents who are simple, working-class people. Her father is a watchmaker, the mother a diligent housewife. None of the family has ever been blessed with extraordinary gifts.

When a short while ago little Maria Magdalena suddenly started to articulate distinctly: "I feel very hungry. I am

thirsty may I have some milk? I would like to be out in the sunshine. I am so tired," her mother was frightened to death.

Ever since, the baby, talking like a seven-year-old, has become the focus of attention by press and radio. Scientists throughout Brazil eagerly discuss this case of baffling precocity, and try to explain it.

Some of them believe it to be an abnormal development of the left side of the brain.

With that peculiar expression of hers, Maria Magdalena gazes at them with unsmiling attention, intelligent, understanding, superior, while everyone waits to hear what the talkative baby will say next.

## GALLERY OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD

In the police headquarters in Vienna there is a ghastly gallery—the Gallery of the Unknown Dead. Whenever an unidentified dead body is found, the police make cast of the head and features and store it in the gallery so that when relatives come to make inquiries about missing people they have a chance to recognize them.

A cast is taken with the moulage process which consists of brushing a prepared chemical on the face and building up layer by layer until the negative is complete. Then a positive to that of the dead person, and hair, beard or moustache are fixed to the cast. Glass eyes, blue or brown as the case may be, are inserted in the sockets, the cast is painted flesh colour and carmine put on the lips. The result is truly astonishing.

## IS WHALE A FISH OR ANIMAL?

When is a whale not a whale? When it's a fish. That at least is the answer the magistrate at a Bergen court gave in a case which recently came before him. It has caused a lot of interest and amusement in the country.

A stall-holder in the market place of the town was accused of selling whale meat despite the regulation forbidding the sale of meat from an open stall.

He said he had been selling it for twenty years without previous compliance. "Besides," he said, "it's fish."

That started it. Norwegian food experts who were asked for a definition said the whale was a mammal and its flesh must therefore be meat. The trader's lawyer then pointed out that this food came from the sea. Could it therefore be anything other than fish?

The prosecution said: "But one always speaks of whale meat. How can it possibly be fish?" At this, the accused man played his trump card. "Open the Bible!" he cried. And the

Clerk of the court read out: "Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah."

"Ah, yes!" replied the prosecution, "but the great fish might not necessarily have been a whale."

But the defence lawyer had ready a reply. "Look up Mathew, chapter twelve, verse 40," he said. "Jonah was in the whale's belly."

The court decided at last that whale is "not meat in the ordinary sense," though "not therefore necessarily fish."

So the street trader was discharged, and he left the court congratulated on all sides.

x

x

x

### ON BLUSHING

After investigating the blushes of 200 men and women a psychologist has found that it is caused by suspicion, embarrassment, fickleness, shame, tidiness and jazz-hating!

Blushing is not a disease but "an automatic reflex action produced by sudden unlooked-for sensations, chiefly embarrassment." To cure it, says he: "Try to cultivate a calm philosophy towards life."

x

x

x

x

### MARRIED TWIN SISTERS

When Anton Peppi fell madly in love with a beautiful nurse he didn't know he was destined to become mixed up in one of the world's most amazing stories of a double life.

Anton, a wounded French soldier in 1918, writes *Weekend Mail*, was nursed back to health by the devotion of his nurse, Marcelle. When he recovered, and the war ended, he asked her to marry him.

Anton became a traveller for a tinned-fruit company, and in a few months he married Marcelle. They lived happily in a little house in Marseilles and had two lovely children. But suddenly Anton's manager told him that in future his working area must include Paris.

This is where the story takes an unbelievable twist.

Marcelle had a twin sister—Marie—whom she had never met. Orphans, the girls had lost trace of each other.

Some weeks later Anton was sitting alone in a Paris cafe. He gazed absent-mindedly at the beautiful woman a few tables away, then jumped to his feet—astounded.

"Marcelle, my wife," he thought. He dashed over to her, saying: "Darling, whatever are you doing in Paris?"

But it wasn't Marcelle.

She was the long-lost Marie—the living image of his wife! Mumbling about a mistaken identity Anton introduced himself under a false name.

In due course he "married" Marie. Two children were born

to them. and for years Anton divided his life equally between the two women he loved so well.

Only when the sisters met to identify the body did they realise how he had deceived them.

x

x

x

### CONVIT OUTWITS POLICEMEN

A policeman was recently "committed" to an asylum by a mental patient he was escorting there! It happened near Wellington, New Zealand. Two policemen were escorting a mental patient to the asylum. He became extremely violent and blood was freely spilled, both policemen receiving facial injuries.

To humour their charge, they allowed him to play at being the policeman, letting him hold one of the constables by the arm.

On arrival at the asylum, one policeman was left in charge of the patient, while the other went to a washroom to clean his face.

Suddenly, the patient wanted to play at being policeman again. Grabbing his escort by the arm, he "frog-marched" him up to the reception desk and had him "committed."

The real policeman protested vigorously, but his ruffled hair and blood-stained face made him look so desperate that after a struggle he was locked away!

The patient left the building, strolled nonchalantly to the car and joined the second policeman.

"Righto, mate. We've got the big fellow committed all right," he announced, continuing his policeman act. The startled escort grabbed at him and bundled him back to the asylum, but it was some time before he was believed.

x

x

x

### THE BOTTLE CLUB

Scattered around the shores of the Pacific Ocean, from Chile to Alaska, from Siberia to Australia, are members of the International Bottle Club.

The club was started in 1926 by Colonel Edward P. Baily, an Australian now living in California, after he had prepared hundreds of messages in a dozen languages, placed them in bottles, and scattered a few each day from the deck of a ship en route from Vancouver to Sydney.

Months, sometimes years, later these messages were answered from points all around the Pacific.

Now Bottle Club members collect thousands of old bottles, put messages in them, and send them to sea with crew members or passengers who drop them overboard when far from land.

The travel records of some of the messages are remarkable. One message launched by a Japanese member near Kamchatkas

was picked up three years later off Chile. Chilaen massages have been found in Alaskan waters.

In a few more years the International Bottle Club may be able to furnish valuable information to the authorities concerning wind drifts and ocean currents.

X

X

X

### MOVIE SERVICE FOR BRIDES

Many men in Germany are seeing their brides for the first time—on the movies.

No, they're not marrying film stars. For the movies are being shown by an enterprising Berlin marriage bureau as an aid to would-be suitors.

The films are shot in a special studio in the basement. Girls wanting husbands are filmed against a domestic background, showing them cooking, cleaning and sewing.

Other shots show them at play, demonstrating their affection for animals and displaying any talents that might prove attractive to prospective husbands.

One sequence shows each girl in bathing suit. In these scenes, the cameraman uses all the tricks of the trade to flatter her figure! And, of course, the film has several closeups, all shot from the best camera angle.

Since the introduction of this movie service, business has boomed for the bureau. Lonely hearts, it seems, prefer to see and hear the partner of their dreams on film before meeting them in the flesh—and perhaps being rather disappointed!

X

X

X

### WHO OWNS OUTER SPACE?

No one has yet visited any of the planets or even the moon in a spaceship. Nevertheless, the Government's decision to build an earth satellite has already raised a legal question that is worrying the astronauts. The question is this: Who owns outer space?

Andrew G. Haley, general counsel of the American Rocket Society, has prepared a report on the question for his client. Though a lawyer, he approaches the question in anything but a legalistic way. That is, he departs from the established legal doctrine that a man who owns a piece of real estate also owns all the space over it. The same doctrine has long been accepted and enforced by countries which will not permit unauthorized planes or airships to enter their portion of the atmosphere.

For the time being Mr. Haley would put outer space under the control of the United Nations. In the long run, he maintains, with the probable hearty assent of everybody on earth no one will have any property right in outer space. It is hard to imagine how such a right could be defended. Mr. Haley is convinced

that space law will have to be based on natural law, defined by Aristotle as "that which has the same authority everywhere and is independent of opinion."

X

X

X

### DEFINED

"A clerk is a man who knows a great deal about very little, and who goes on knowing more and more about less and less, until finally he knows everything about practically nothing."

"A manager is a man who knows very little about a great deal and who goes on knowing less and less about more and more until finally he knows nothing about practically everything."

X

X

X

A sympathetic lady was delighted and thrilled by a sailor's narrative of how he was washed overboard during a gale and was rescued only after he had sunk for the third time.

"Of course," she commented, "after you sank for the third time your whole life passed before your eyes?"

"I presume it would have done so," he answered, "but as I had my eyes closed tight, I missed it."

X

X

X

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from their honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or the vice-president of this society?"

"I want to be neither," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What position is that, my dear?"

"Treasurer."

X

X

X

"Well, you're a funny bloke. I call you a crook and a scum and a louse and every kind of so-and-so and you just stand there and smile."

"Well, you see, I used to be a football referee."

X

X

X

"I've just seen that youngster of yours, Bill, and he gets more like you every day."

"Blimey, what's he been up to now?"

X

X

X

Clerk: "I'm sorry, miss, but I can't issue a marriage licence until you have a properly filled out form."

Girl: "Listen, mister. If my boy friend doesn't care, what business is it of yours?"

X

X

X

Women wouldn't try so hard to conceal their age if men acted theirs.

X

X

X

Mr. Smith was holding forth at the dinner table about the inconsistency of women. "These girls who protest they are never

going to marry!" he said. "Why, everybody knows they will belie their own words at the first opportunity."

Mrs. Smith kept a discreet silence.

"Why, Mary," he continued; "I heard you say you wouldn't marry the best man alive!"

"Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Smith with a smile.

X X X  
A father was talking severely to his son, who showed a strong disinclination to work.

"And let me tell you this, my boy," he concluded, "hard work never yet killed a man."

"Exactly, dad," replied the young man. "That's just the trouble. You see, I'm rather keen on a spice of danger!"

X X X  
He: I'm nobody's fool.

She: May be you can get someone to adopt you.

X X X  
He: I'm going to kiss you when we get to the next corner.

She: Don't you think that's going too far?

X X X  
Magistrate: "What is the charge?"

Policeman: "Intoxicated, Your Honour."

Magistrate: "What is your name, prisoner?"

Prisoner: "Gunn, sir."

Magistrate: "Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time, but you musn't get loaded again."

X X X  
Teacher: "Ramu, explain what are the functions of the skin."

Ramu: "The chief function of the skin is to keep us from looking raw."

X X X  
Mother: "What did your father say when you smashed the car?"

Son: "Shall I leave out the swear words?"

Mother: "Yes, of course."

Son: "He didn't say a word."

X X X  
Lady (in museum): "What's that?"

Professor: "A diplodocus. An extinct creature of prehistoric times, very blundersome and slow thinking."

Lady: "Oh, I see. The ancestor of the diplomat!"

X X X  
Some persons like to listen to a good talker, while others prefer talking to a good listener.

Edited and published by P. A. Prabhu, B.A., (Hons) at 92, Pelatope,  
Mylapore, Madras-4. Printed at The Sunday Times Press  
69, Peters Road, Cathedral P.O., Madras-6.

Grams: 'Woodlands' Madras.

Phone: 86461 & 85528

## WOODLANDS HOTEL

(Regd. Boarding & Lodging.)

Your familiar host in Madras. The hotel which always played, host for you in the city since 1938, now located at 1/23, Edward Elliotts Road, Mylapore, Madras-4, is offering you home comforts. The same palatial accommodation, 'phone extensions to all rooms air-conditioned cottage accommodation with gardens, hot-water facilities day and night, wholesome food and courteous service at moderate charges.

*Garden parties are undertaken at short notice.*



## The Udipi Sri Krishna Vilas

1/4, Mount Road, Madras-2

Phone: 86155

Air-conditioned tiffin rooms and variety of sweets available always.

MEALS SECTION:

98-A, Wallajah Rd., Madras-2.



"Woodlands", Coimbatore

Phone: 111 & 777

## WOODLANDS HOTEL

COLLEGE ROAD, COIMBATORE.

Prop: K. KRISHNA RAO.

How much  
money will you  
have saved  
7 years from  
today ?

2 Annas a day  
Rs. 350/-

1 Rupee a day  
Rs. 2,800/-

10 Rupees a day  
Rs. 28,000/-  
(including interest at 3½%)

★  
TO GET AHEAD—  
**SAVE FIRST Before YOU SPEND**  
Build a sound future for yourself by  
putting part of what you earn in  
PICMY DEPOSIT SCHEME.  
Set your Savings goal today  
—stick to it  
★

RESOURCES OF OVER Rs. 9 CRORES

**THE CANARA INDUSTRIAL & BANKING  
SYNDICATE, LIMITED.**

Estd. : 1925

H. O. : UDIPI

Madras Office :

"Jupiter House", Loane Square, 167, Broadway.

## KAHANIYA

SHORT STORY MONTHLY

Annual Sub. Inland Rs. 3. Foreign Rs. 4.

Vol. II |

APRIL, 1956

| No. 12

*All the world loves a lover and here is a story of a young husband who gets panicky because he had not received any letter from his loving wife for four days.*

## The Young Lovers

(By I. V. Kutumba Sastry)

I came straight to my room the street seemed to look form the college. Hurriedly askance at me. Anybody opening the door I searched for the letter in vain. Consecutively who laughed, I thought was for the fourth day it had happened alike. I cursed the postman within myself and thought that perhaps he was deliberately withholding the letters, especially the one which I was eagerly awaiting from my beloved! That evening I had a horrible time. Every second told on my nerves. Everything irritated and annoyed me beyond mention. I knew I was out of element but I realised I could not help it. To the picture started and my

kill time I decided to go to a picture. I washed my face, applied a little snow and powder, combed the hair and then dressed—all mechanically. I locked the door and then went out.

Every thing and everyone in

**SURAJMAL'S**

FOR

**Quality Diamonds  
and Precious Stones**

**313, Esplanade, Madras-1**

eyes were seeing mechanically but my mind was wandering. My Sapna was uppermost in my mind. I was very much annoyed at not receiving a letter from her. Everyday I had rushed to my

Regd. No. M 6467

50 Years

OF

Progressive Banking Service

FIGURES AS AT 31-12-1955

Authorised Capital Rs. 50,00,000

Subscribed &

Paid up Capital Rs. 29,00,000

Reserves Rs. 29,00,000

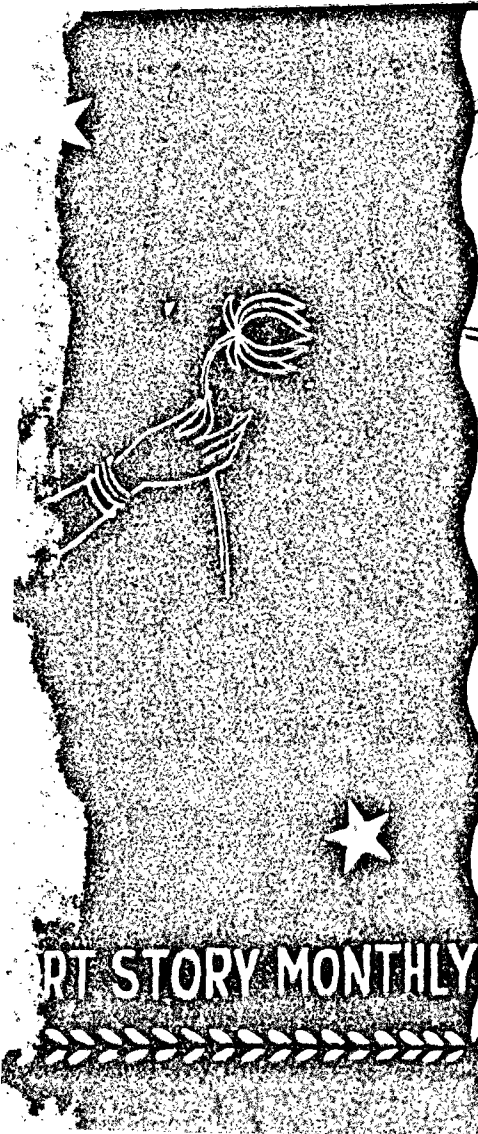
Deposits Rs. 11,95,00,000

**CANARA BANK LIMITED**

1906—A BANK FOR ALL THE PEOPLE—1956

409

# MAHANIYA



409  
APRIL, 1956  
THE YOUNG LOVERS  
THE MURDER CASE  
LADY OF THE PICTURE  
MADRAS  
BUT A FLEETING SHOW

A Strange Test

The Lilac Bush

Rambles in Court Life

All About Cancer

Faith Can Work Miracles

Arjuna Taught a Lesson

Farming on the Moon

Film News and Notes

Your Luck for April

ART STORY MONTHLY PRICE 4 ANNAS

room from college hoping to see it lying there, but I was disappointed every time. My body shivered by a stray thought. May be she was not keeping good health! But what prevented her to write to me about it? She might be thinking that I would be worried to hear of her ill health. But would it not worry me not to hear anything at all from her? I was at once angry with her for not realising this simple truth. May be she was not able to write a letter even. But why should not the old man at least write in such a contingency? Here I checked myself. Let me not be uncharitable to the old man without good reason.

Time passed and the picture was over and the people getting up to go home brought me out of my reverie. I too got out and soon reached my room.

I had forgotten to ask the hotel boy to keep my meal and I had to go without it. I stretched myself helplessly on the bed with an empty stomach and could not get sleep for a long time. In that uneasy mind I made a decision to start to my mother-in-law's next morning. I was determined to see my Sapna next day. I set the alarm at five in the morning as I decided to go by the early morning train. The thought that I will see Sapna next day calmed my mind and soon I fell asleep.

I thanked the alarm time-piece for the timely service it had done me. It had its own idiosyncracies and frailties. It had let me down on many

other occasions. I pushed some clothes into the bag and started off to the station. I reached the station in a short time. There was still half an hour more for the train to start. My empty stomach demanded my attention and I went to the station canteen and tried to eat something. The coffee they supplied was tasteless, so I gulped it down the throat with closed nostrils and immediately put some nut powder in the mouth.

By that time it was dawn and several people had gathered on the platform. I soon heard a whistle from a distance and immediately the bell rang near the station master's room. The train pulled up at the platform with the screeching of brakes. There was the usual bustle and shouting. Even at that early hour in the morning the hawkers were there and they made enough of noise. I was surprised at their utter lack of time sense. Only the tea wallah seemed to have made some business. People walking up and down checking their luggage and children, porters carrying heavy loads rushing into carriages and women and children shouting—those few minutes it was a pandemonium. At last the train started puffing like a giant.

Hardly had it moved off the platform than it shrieked and stopped. This annoyed me a lot. How long will it be delayed there? When would I reach my destination? My wife's house was two miles from the

station and I had to complete the journey by a jutka. Even if the train reached on time I would not reach the place before eleven. By that time everyone in the house would have finished their meal and the old lady would be having a nap. I recollected my last trip to the place and how I had to go to the hotel for my food. Meanwhile the train started.

It seemed to me the distance was much longer and wheels of the engine and the hands of the watch were moving rather slowly but my mind was flying on borrowed wings. For sometime I did not notice the persons in my compartment. It was as usual overcrowded. The person sitting opposite to me was evidently sleeping for his head was swaying this side and that and at the next halt when the train stopped he lost his balance and fell in my lap. With a suppressed curse I pulled him up and pushed him back to his seat. Some who were more wakeful laughed and made some silly remarks. I heard an old gentleman remark that Indian jails were far better than the Indian railways. I thought he was joking in an ironical way but he continued to talk sarcastically about the dome of the light which was swaying in the air and threatening to fall any second. The bulb of course was not there. There was enough of dust and damp in the bogey. The bugs had an unchecked sway in the compartment. They moved freely about.



**CAWO**  
Sandal Soap

rapturously alluring  
& 'MUSTIC'  
It will delight you

**GANGA WORKS**  
ADYAR.

The train was moving fast and my mind was moving faster. My Sapna was standing before me with her rosy cheeks and smiling eyes. She was laughing merrily and mischievously. Men, like iron, rush to the magnet, the woman. My vanity felt wounded at the thought but I immediately consoled myself with the thought that I was no better than the great sage and saint Viswamitra. Then too I was going to my own Sapna and with the suppressed fear that she might not be well. "Men are vain; they have no sympathy, no understanding, no patience," I imagined Sapna whispering in my ears.

No doubt my unexpected arrival would cause them some inconvenience. But my Sapna would be there to look after my comforts. But what if she were not doing well as I feared? God forbid! She must have wanted me to visit her. So she must have deliberately played this trick!

The train reached its destination. I collected my bag and rushed out of the station gate. At first I thought of walking the distance. I believed I could reach the house much quicker. But to go to the mother-in-law's on foot! I checked my impatience, looked around and to my relief there was a jutka! I engaged it and started off. On the way I stopped at the flower market, purchased some for my Sapna and resumed my journey. The horse ran in the traditional "one step forward, two steps backward" style. Somehow it covered the

distance to the house. To my embarrassment locked doors greeted me! I enquired at the next door and learnt that my Sapna and family had left that very morning to attend some function at some of their relatives and that they were expected back only the next evening.

I cursed my misfortune and made the return journey to the station by the same jutka. I caught the next train and reached my room completely exhausted. Soon after, my next room neighbour delivered me an express delivery letter. I anxiously opened it and found it to be from Sapana. It was all about a distant cousin of hers who was going to be married. The round letters seemed to mock at me and I laughed at myself and my impatience which had resulted in my undergoing a long and tedious and disappointing journey.

### HIS STRANGE REVENGE

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, aged nineteen, refused to lay her head on her twenty-one-year-old husband's shoulder because he was, in her opinion, too short. Stung to retaliation at this display of disaffection, husband James gathered together all his wife's shoes. "I'll bring you down to my size," he bellowed, as he knocked the heels off all her shoes and flung them into the kitchen fire.

Mrs. Montgomery applied for a divorce. It was granted by the court at Pasadena, U. S.

He was spouting with great vigour against corporal punishment for boys, which he declared never did any good.

"Take my own case," he exclaimed. "I was never caned but once in my life, and that was for speaking the truth."

"Well," retorted somebody in the audience, "it cured you."

It's nice to be important, but it's much more important to be nice.

## FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

# Lovedale Murder

(By S. Rajagopalan)

Father Boissiere (79), Roman Catholic priest, Conoor (Nilgiris), had his evening meal as usual at 7 p.m. at his residence in Lovedale and retired to bed. Next morning on 2-6-1952 at about 6-30 a.m. he was found dead in his bed, half naked, covered with blood and with many injuries. There were in fact altogether 22 injuries on his person, distributed over the head, neck arms and shoulders, inflicted probably with a heavy chopper. The head and the face were fractured. Death had doubtless been occasioned by shock due to the multiple injuries, two of which were fatal by themselves. Arteries had not been severed and the blood did not spout round about him. The upper half of the pyjamas was still on the body. The lower half had been removed and was missing. Also

missing was an umbrella which he had kept in his verandah to dry the previous evening. Articles of food, namely, cheese, bananas, a baking tin, sugar and butter were also missing from the food cupboard. The key of the outer door of the cottage was found in the lock, although it had been the gentleman's wont to take the key with him whenever he went out from the cottage; but apparently he did not do so, as he had remained in the cottage itself that day.

It became obvious that the person who took away the pyjamas, the cheese, butter, the sugar and the umbrella was also the one who had killed the priest.

Suspicion centred round one Sunny Boy (19½), a Roman Catholic and a wood chopper, who lived with his parents and

PANDIT D. GOPALACHARLU'S

# JEEVAMRUTHAM

THE BEST NERVINE TONIC

AYURVEDASRAMAM LIMITED, MADRAS-17

sister in a house about a mile from the cottage. He had been convicted twice for theft from this very cottage in Feb. 1950 and July 1951. Father Boissiere had given evidence against him in both the cases. He had been sentenced to four months and six months and came out of prison in January 1952.

The police forthwith searched his house and its immediate neighbourhood. They found the lower half of the pyjama and a lump of cheese weighing 7 oz. concealed in a bush 15 yards behind the house in which he lived. This was at about 5 p. m. on 2-6-1952. In the house, in the clothes almirah, a larger lump of cheese weighing over a pound was found.

Sunny Boy was missing from the house and was not found till the midnight of 4-6-1952. He was asleep on a cot in the house of a relative, one Santiago, who lived in another locality. At that time he was wearing a coat and a shirt; an umbrella was lying near the head of his bed. All the three articles were seized. Later he himself produced a chopper from his own house. The chopper was the one ordinarily in use in Roman Catholic households for chopping up meat and bones in the house. There was, however, no human blood on it, although it had stains of disintegrated blood.

The coat, the shirt, the pyjama, were stained with human blood. The chemical examiner found the two lumps of cheese to be similar in composition. The pyjama had also

oil stains on it. This was found to have the same refractive index as the two lumps of cheese. This showed a connection between all the articles; and it was possible to presume that the pyjamas were stolen off the murdered man immediately after the murder. The butter, sugar and the cheese were evidently wrapped up in the pyjama. All this was done by Sunny Boy. He had also the umbrella of the deceased. He was seen with it at 8 a.m. on the morning of the murder by one Narayanan Nair and he was then wearing the coat. He was again seen by Vincent at 9 a. m. with an umbrella and the coat. It was not suggested that he was carrying somebody else's umbrella or that he had another umbrella.

What however clinched the matter was the human blood stains on both the shirt and the coat. They were of an extensive nature. When the shirt and the coat were worn, they coincided exactly. No doubt the stains on the coat were on the back. It was mystifying but then it could be explained thus:

The murderer had evidently taken off the coat at the time of the killing and rolled up the blood-soaked pyjamas in a ball and placed them on the coat whilst he was abstracting the contents of the cupboard; and hence the very large circular blood-stained patch on the coat would be understandable. It was also probable that if he had put on the coat immediately after, the shirt would also have become stained at the same spot

because the blood would not have had time to dry on the coat.

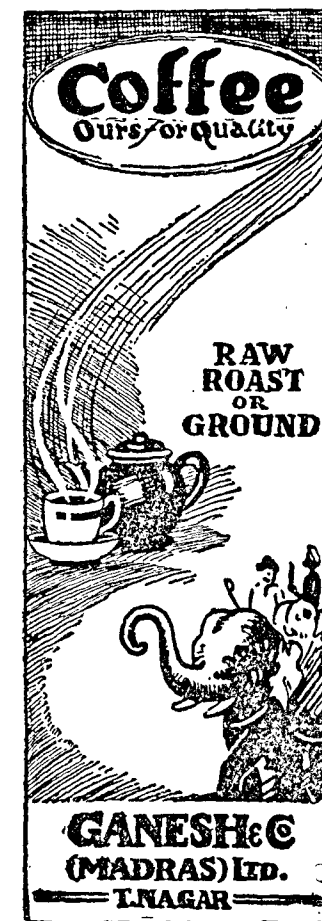
The shirt had only half sleeves so that there would be no blood there. As no artery had been severed the blood would not spout. It was hence natural that the blood spots should have been on the back. Further more, at the time when the police prepared a list of the articles seized, blood stains on the collar and below the right pocket were noticed but not those on the back; and that was probably because of the colour of the coat which made the blood signs undistinguishable. There was thus no reason to assume that he who killed and he who stole the articles were different persons.

Curiously enough the Sessions Judge of Coimbatore acquitted Sunny Boy of murder but convicted him for theft and sentenced him to two years prison. The State appealed to the High Court, which quite properly convicted him of murder and sentenced him to death, which was upheld by the Supreme Court finally.

#### LANGUAGE OF LOVE

An attractive young woman approached a desk at the United Nations headquarters, and requested help in translating a foreign phrase her fiance in Germany had included in a letter. The clerk looked at the phrase, "evoldna sessik," studied it a moment, then smiled and returned it with the suggestion: "Read it backwards."

\*\*\*\*\*



Retail Branches :

285, China Bazaar Road, G. T.  
&  
71, Pondy Bazaar, T'NAGAR.

\*\*\*\*\*

# Lady Of The Picture

A lovely folk tale from China about a painting which came to life in the nights

Long, long ago there lived in far away China a young man named Chu-tze. He was sturdily built and though past twenty he was not married. His heart longed for a companion but who would give a girl to a poor man like Chu-tze?

Chu-tze lived with his mother and they were so poor that they lived on bran and wild greens. One day his mother called Chu-tze and collecting all the coppers in their but sent him to the market to get some flour. But on the way to the market Chu-tze saw an old man selling some of his paintings. Among them there was one of a young girl. She was so beautiful that no words could describe her loveliness. Chu-tze who was already love-sick fell in love with the picture and purchased it with the money his mother had given him to fetch the flour and returned home. When his mother saw what he had done she felt sorry but did not say a word. She hung the picture on the wall.

That evening no sooner the lamp was lit in the hut than Chu-tze heard a strange rustling from the wall. He turned round to look what it was and to his amazement saw the lady in the picture fluttering her pretty hands as she slowly came to life and stepped down from the frame.

Chu-tze was both startled and delighted. Smiling and full

of charm, the lady sat down to chat with them. When the cock crowed the lady stepped back into the picture, to come down again at night and this continued for two months.

One night she said: "You are such a good, hard working man that it breaks my heart to see you poor and hungry. I would like to help you. Here is some money. Go to the market tomorrow and fetch me some silk thread."

Next day Chu-tze got the silk thread and gave it to the lady of the picture. She bade them go to bed and began to weave a shawl which next day fetched a good price in the market.

Thus days passed and Chu-tze and his mother began to live very comfortably till one day a Taoist priest came when Chu-tze was out at the market and told his mother:

"I see marks of black magic on your face."

The old woman did not know what to say when the priest added: "You had better hand over that daughter-in-law of yours who weaves such fine shawls. Otherwise you and your son will meet with evil and death."

Chu-tze's mother really got frightened at this and going inside the hut took the painting from the wall and gave it to the priest.

When Chu-tze returned from the market and heard from his mother what had happened he

## Lady Of The Picture

began to weep. His sorrow knew no bounds. He lost all interest in life pining for the lady in the picture and he fell seriously ill.

His mother called in a doctor and brewed herbs but no medicine could cure his ailing heart. "Oh, if only I could see her once," he wailed.

"Chu-tze dear," his mother told him, "when I was taking the picture from the wall the lady had whispered that you can find her in West Yu. If you get well there is still hope that you may see her once again."

This put hope in Chu-tze's heart and he soon began to get well. When he had fully recovered from his illness he set forth towards West Yu in search of the lady of the picture. He walked many weary days over hills and dales, crossed many rivers and deserts and at last came to the house of an old Taoist priest in West Yu.

The sun had just set and Chu-tze weary of travel begged the priest to give him shelter for the night. The priest frowned but consented.

But Chu-tze could not get sleep that night. He was restless thinking of the lady of the picture when he heard the faint rustling of silk robes. And there sure enough was the lady of the picture coming towards him. Chu-tze's joy knew no bounds and he was about to jump up and run towards her when she cautioned him to be silent and coming near she whispered, "Don't make any noise. I have taken

### ANNUAL NUMBER

The next issue of "Kahaniya" will be a bumper annual number. Readers are therefore requested to make sure of their copy by placing their order in advance with their news agents or by sending four annas to us direct.—*Editor*, "Kahaniya," Mylapore, Madras-4.

he priest's sword. Let us escape from here."

So saying she cut a piece of her skirt and bade Chu-tze stand on it. Immediately it began to rise and they sped homewards. They had not gone far however when they heard the Taoist priest following them. Chu-tze really got frightened but the lady told him not to worry. "Keep your eyes shut," she told him, "and don't open them till I tell you to do so." She then took out the sword and when the priest came near dealt a heavy blow at his neck. There was a piercing cry like a peal of thunder and the earth seemed to shake from the impact of a heavy object. When Chu-tze was asked to open his eyes he saw on the ground a huge monster with its head severed. The enemy thus destroyed the two proceeded on their journey and reaching home lived happily together thereafter. —*Chinese Literature*.

# Glimpse Of The Beyond

*Now and then we hear of persons who after a brief period of suspension of life get revived again. Does the soul of such a person remain in the body during this apparent period of death? Or, does it leave the mortal coil and travel into the Beyond and then return to it because its KARMA on this earth is yet unfinished? Whatever be the reason we have many such reported cases of apparent death and their accounts of the other world of which they had a momentary glimpse. The following is one such account which will be read with interest.*

I feel a slight sense of exhaustion on retiring to rest for the night, also a sense of invisible presence. I extinguish my light and compose myself for quiet slumber. How strange. A sudden cold draught seems to blow all around me and I immediately sit up when suddenly a bright white light shines into my room lighting up every article and crevice in the room with a brilliancy that is not of this earth. A face suddenly looks into mine, smiling and serene. It immediately recedes into the light, standing for a moment hesitatingly, as though loath to leave unless I follow. For one moment I pause, and then as the light seems about to be withdrawn I cry, "Oh, don't go; I want you." But the face turns but I could see that sweet smile as if beckoning me to follow. I make one violent effort to follow, but a sudden blackness overwhelms me and then comes oblivion. Then once again the light shines fully on me and I am standing beside my own body. How still everything seems. Again I look towards the light and without any effort on my part I follow passing through walls as if they are non-existent.

A sense of glorious freedom and exhilaration possesses me, and I am borne rapidly upwards through clouds and mists. The beautiful white light is above and just behind me, as though held aloft by an invisible hand to guide me through the shadows. I travel faster than any bird upon the wing. But I have no fear. Suddenly I feel beneath my feet a soft sandy roadway. I am standing in the mists and shadows. The light appears. I feel I am alone and begin to wonder many things—why I am alone and what is the import of my journey.

Slowly I wander on; the mists disappear, disclosing to my view a beautiful world but utter silence. I pass on thoughtful and happy. What lovely flowers and trees appear. How pure and ethereal surrounding objects seem. A feeling of reverence and worship possesses me for the Creator of it all. Now and again a thin cloud of vapour floats slowly towards me and as it approaches shapes itself into a form clad in white and radiant drapery. I look at each as it passes and each returns my look with a strange sweet smile which seems to me to be

## Glimpse Of The Beyond

11

a greeting and yet there is an expression of wonderment about the gaze. But none ever pauses or speaks to me. Again I tell myself this must be a world of thought, and as I speak my thoughts aloud a voice comes from all around me, "It is a world of thought and purity."

The sunlight disappears and the mists and shadows gather around me. The ground seems to fall beneath me and I am borne upwards again swiftly into space. The radiant light again appears to guide me and I travel silently away and far below appears a dull-red glowing mass. It seems to be a fire. I speak as though I am aware of a presence near me. "What is that dull-red glow in the distance?" I ask.

"That is a-world," the voice answers.

"A world," I reply in wonder, "what world?"

There was a slight pause and the voice spoke, "That is a world of pleasure, sorrow and sin."

The light moves on and we travel for quite a long time through mists and shadows. Again the ground meets my feet and the mists and shadows disperse.

I am standing in a kind of pleasure ground on a pathway bordering a lake. I look around me and I seem to recognise the scene. I turn and look behind me and see a huge wheel slowly revolving; cars are attached in which I notice the forms of men and women sitting in the midst of flames. A sort of terror seizes me which seems to keep me



chained to the spot.

The voice speaks again.

"The cars are full of the souls of those that are lost on the wheel of pleasure." I involuntarily cry out, "Oh, God, have pity on them."

I turn and look towards the east and from a bend in the pathway comes a beautiful stately woman. She is tall and of wonderful stature. Her snow-white hair is piled high above a noble forehead. Her walk is slow, graceful and full of dignity and a feeling of reverence comes over me. I watch her as she comes towards me in the light. She appears not to heed me and slowly moves towards the wheel. I try to speak but no sound comes. Now she moves directly under the wheel. O God! the wheel is just above her. She suddenly turns and a corner of the car strikes her and she falls bleeding to the ground.

I fly towards her and raising her place her upon a seat close by. I pick up the drapery to staunch the blood. But my fingers pass through it. Then the voice speaks again. "It is a world of pleasure, sorrow and sin—a world that cares not for the sorrows of its crushed and bleeding mother."

Utter silence. Then darkness descends again and the light guides me back to my home and into my room where lies to my view my apparently lifeless body and as I watch it, in a sort of pity and loathing to return the voice speaks again: "You must make your vision known to the world." Darkness overwhelms me. Again the rushing cold wind blows over me and in some mysterious way my spirit has returned to my body.

(Another absorbing article on the subject next month.)

### HELP WANTED

Little Kamala, aged nine, knelt down by her bed and prepared to say her prayers.

"Please, God, make Singapore the capital of Burma," she said.

Her mother, who was standing over her, gasped.

"Darling," she exclaimed, "whatever do you mean by that?" Kamala rose to her feet.

"Well, mummie," she said, "that is what I put in my examination paper to-day."

A theatre has found a means of making ladies remove their hats. Before the performance a notice appears on the screen:

"The management wishes to spare elderly ladies inconvenience. They are not required to remove their hats." There follows a general stampede to remove hats.

The surest way to establish credit is to work yourself into the position of not needing any.

### JATAKA TALES

## The World Is But A Fleeting Show

(By K. S. Ramaswamy Sastry)

Once upon a time the Bodhisatva was born in a Brahmin family. When he grew into boyhood, he was sent to Takshasila to learn all the sciences and philosophies and art. He became a very learned man and returned home. He had a profound knowledge of the evanescence of life and wanted to become an ascetic and live a life of meditation and renunciation though his family was worth eighty crores of rupees. But his parents pressed him to marry. To avoid their importunity, he got made a golden image of a very beautiful maiden and said "If you can get for me a maiden as lovely as this image, I shall marry her." His parents then sent some messengers with the image to find out a maiden like unto it.

It so happened that a great spiritual person was born as a female child in a rich Brahmin family which was worth eighty crores. The child was of surpassing beauty and was named Sammillabhashini. She grew up into a maiden of perfect beauty and grace and purity. She surpassed the golden image in loveliness. And she too wanted to live the life of an ascetic. But her parents refused to allow this and sent word that she would be given in marriage to the young man. The parents of the young man agreed. The young man could have no objection as the maiden surpass-

sed the golden image in beauty and grace. It was thus that the marriage took place.

All the world applauded the union but the young man and the young woman were of an ascetic nature and a spiritual temperament and resolved to live like saints though sharing the same house and had properties worth one hundred and sixty crores. They went to the Himalayas as pilgrims and ascetics and lived a life of poverty and abstinence and self-control. The female ascetic was of a delicate constitution. The diet of roots and fruits did not agree with her and was attacked by dysentery. The Bodhisatva took her to a city and laid her on a bench and went for alms. She expired before he returned. The people there seeing her beauty and grace and seeing that she was unattended blamed him. But he sighed and kept quiet and then taught them:

*"Why should I grieve and weep  
for thee*

*O pure Samillabhashini!*

*Thee from this transient  
world hast gone*

*To a fairer world, a brighter  
dawn.*

*Ah! in this world girt round  
with death,*

*Who can forever draw his  
breath?*

*What begins will have a close,  
Nirvana true will end our  
woes."*

Thus did the great Being teach the Truth and the people's minds were illumined. He returned to the Himalayas.

x                      x                      x  
THE HEARTLESS  
MONKEY

Long long ago the Bodhisatva was born as a monkey. He lived in a forest on the banks of the Ganga. There lived a crocodile pair at that time in the river. The female crocodile asked her husband to trap the monkey for her to have a full meal. The male crocodile then told the monkey, "On the other side of the river there is a big forest full of mango trees and bread-fruit trees. Why do you live in this worthless forest which has only a few old mango trees?"

The monkey replied: "How do you expect me to cross the river?"

The crocodile said: "I will carry you there on my back." The monkey agreed and mounted on its back. In the middle of the river the crocodile began to sink below the surface of the stream. The monkey cried out: "What will become of me? Please do not betray me." The

crocodile said: "Do you think that I have been carrying you out of love for you? My wife has got a longing for your heart. I wish to give it to her to eat." The monkey was in sore straits but it suddenly had a bright idea. It told the crocodile: "Why did you not give me a hint before? If my heart is inside my body when I jump from tree to tree it would go to pieces. I have kept my heart in a tree in my forest."

The crocodile said: "Is it so? Which is that tree?" The monkey showed a fig tree with a cluster of fruits and said, "Those are the hearts of monkeys. They are temporarily detached and tied there. My heart is on the top-most branch of that tree."

The crocodile said: "I shall take you back to that bank. Get up on the tree and bring down your heart and give it to me."

The crocodile took the monkey back. The monkey climbed up the tree and then in a mocking tone said: "O silly crocodile! Can the heart be ever out of the body? What a fool you are! You have a big body but no brain."

◆

### THE TERRIBLE END

The traveller had held the floor for two hours, boasting about his exploits.

"There," he said, "was I nearing the edge of the cliff, moving at a terrific rate. The brakes refused to act. Nothing before me but death. What could I do? What could you have done?"

"Tried to wake up," said the little man in the corner.

x                      x                      x

The world's oldest living thing is the 4,500-year-old, 267 ft.-high General Grant sequoia tree in California's Sequoia National Park.

*An ink dot on a map almost dashed all hopes of a military cadet passing his examination but his wife then came to his rescue by an ingenious plan.*

## The Lilac Bush

(By A. I. Kuprin)

No sooner had his wife opened the door, when Nikolai Yevgrafovich Almazov burst impatiently into the house, and without stopping to remove his overcoat and cap, passed right on to his study. A glance at the frown on his face, his contracted eyebrows and at the nervous twitch of his lower lip caught between his teeth, told his wife that some great misfortune had happened...She followed her husband without a word. In his study Almazov stopped for about a minute in one place, his vacant glance intent on something in a corner. Then he let the briefcase slip from his hands: it fell onto the floor and flew open, and he himself dropped into a chair, pulling his fingers with a crunching sound,.....

Almazov, a young officer with modest means, was attending lectures at the Academy of the General Staff and he had just returned from there. On that day he had submitted to the professor his last and most difficult practical work, a topographical survey of a certain locality.....

Thus far, he had successfully passed all the exams, and God alone and Mrs. Almazov knew the terrible effort it had cost him....To begin with, his very enrolment at the Academy

seemed impossible at first. After his solemn failures for two years in succession, Almazov managed through painstaking labour to overcome all the obstacles in the third year. He would perhaps have lacked the adequate energy and would have given up trying, if it had not been for his wife. But Verochka encouraged him and constantly bolstered up his spirits.....She trained herself to receive the news of every failure with an unruffled and almost cheerful face. She denied herself everything, in order to create for her husband some comforts, inexpensive though they might have been but necessary for a man occupied with brain work. Whenever necessary, she helped by transcribing his manuscripts, drafting, reading aloud, tutoring, memorizing things for him.

A few minutes of tense silence, disturbed by the melancholy and lame ticking of the alarm clock, Almazov still sat there in his coat and cap, his head turned aside.....Standing about two feet away was the silent Vera, her beautiful nervous face marred by suffering. At last she began to speak with the caution with which only women can speak at the bedside of a dear and grave ill person.....

"Kolya, and what about your work?.....Was it bad?"

He jerked his shoulders but said nothing.

"Kolya, was your plan rejected? Tell me, it's all the same now: we can discuss it together."

Almazov turned about to face his wife and began to speak with the heat and annoyance with which people usually give vent to a long suppressed feeling of bitterness.

"Yes, yes, rejected, if you want to know that. Can't you see it for yourself? Everything gone to the dogs! All this junk (and he furiously kicked the brief case bulging with his drawings), all this junk is good only for burning in the fireplace now! There's the academy for you. In a month I'll be returned to the regiment with resounding disgrace. And all that because of some disgusting blot.....The devil....."

"What blot, Kolya? I don't understand."

She sat down on the arm of the chair and slipped her own arm around her husband's neck. He did not resist, but his glance was still focused on the corner with a peeved expression.

"What's all this about a blot, Kolya?" she asked again.

"Ah, an ordinary blot, made with green colour. You know that I stayed up yesterday until three in the morning, had to finish that. The plan was beautifully drawn. Everybody recognized that. Well I've been up late yesterday, my

hands began to tremble from fatigue and I made a blot..... A heavy blot too.....a grease spot. Trying to erase I spread it still more. After some hard thinking, I decided to draw a cluster of trees in that spot..... It looked quite well, and the blot was not visible. And so I took it to the professor today."

"Yes, yes, hm. And where, lieutenant, did you get those bushes?" he asked. I should have told him the truth. It would have perhaps made him laugh, and that's all.....However, no, he would not laugh, he's like a real German, neat and pedantic. And so, he said: 'No, I know this locality, have every detail of its at my fingertips and there can be no bushes here.' And so we got into an argument and had a duel of words. And to make things worse, there were many officers of ours around. 'If you insist so much that there are bushes in this gully, then you will please go there to-morrow with me on horseback.....I'll prove to you that you were negligent, or that you had copied it directly from a three mile chart.....'

"But why is he so sure that there are no bushes?"

"Oh, lord, why? Honest, you do ask childish questions. Because for twenty years now he has known that locality better than his own bedroom. The most disgusting pedant in the world, and a German to boot.....So it will come out in the end that I was lying and arguing on top of it.....Furthermore....."

While talking he kept on picking used matches from the ash tray before him and breaking them into small bits, and when he stopped talking he threw them furiously to the floor. One could see that this strong man was on the verge of tears.

For some time the husband and wife sat there, thinking hard, without uttering as much as a word. But suddenly Verochka leaped energetically from her place.

"Listen to me, Kolya, we must go at once! Hurry up and get ready."

Almazov doubled up as if he were suffering from agonizing physical pain.

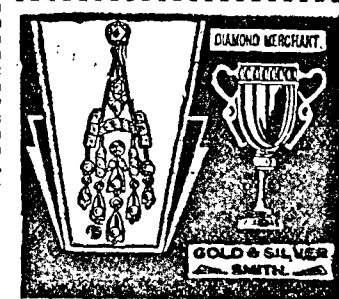
"Ah, don't talk silly, Vera. Do you think that I'll go to plead and apologize? That would mean signing my own sentence. Please, don't do any silly things."

"Silly things, no," retorted Vera, stamping her foot. "No one wants you to make any apologies.....But since those stupid bushes are lacking there, then they should be planted this very minute."

"Planting?...Bushes?..." Almazov said, his eyes popping.

"Yes, planting. Since you've told a lie once, it's got to be corrected. Get ready, hand me my hat...My jacket...Not there, look into the wardrobe...My umbrella!"

While Almazov, who tried to raise an objection which fell upon a deaf ear, was looking for his wife's hat and jacket, Vera was rapidly opening the table and chest of drawers, bringing



**JEEWAN BROS.**

(Popularly known as Pillaiar Koil Kadai)

No. 204, N. S. C. Bose Road, G.T., Madras-1.

out baskets and boxes, opening them and scattering them over the floor.

"Ear rings...That's a trifle... Won't fetch anything... and here's a diamond ring, an expensive one...We must not fail to redeem it... A pity if it get's lost. And this bracelet...will not fetch much either. It's old and dented...Where's your silver cigarette case, Kolya?"

In five minutes all the valuables were packed into a handbag. Vera, dressed for the street, gave her last look-over to the room to see if they had not forgotten anything.

"Let's go," she said finally with resolution.

"But where are we going?" Almazov tried to protest. "It will soon be dark, and it's almost ten miles to go to my sector."

"Nonsense...Let's go!"

To begin with the Almozovs went to the pawn shop. One

could see that the appraiser had long become accustomed to see human misfortunes every day, that they moved him no longer. He was examining the things they brought so methodically and slowly that Verochka was beginning to lose patience. She was especially hurt when he used acid for testing the diamond ring and after weighing it announced that he would give three roubles for it.

"But it is a real diamond," said Vera indignantly. "It cost thirty seven roubles, and even so because it was a chance bargain."

The appraiser closed his eyes with an expression of weary indifference.

"It makes no difference to us, madam. We do not take any stones in general," said he, throwing the next thing upon the scales, "we appraise metals only."

Quite unexpectedly for Vera, however, the old, dented bracelet was valued very highly. Altogether she received about twenty three roubles. That was more than enough.

When the Almazovs called on the gardener, the white night of St. Petersburg had already spread out in a blue milky pall over the sky and in the air. The gardener, an old little Czech with gold rimmed spectacles, was just getting ready to have supper with his family. He was very astonished and displeased with his late clients and with their inordinate request. He probably suspected some mystification and answered Verochka's insistant pleas very dryly.

"Beg your pardon. But I cannot send the workers at night and so far. To-morrow morning I shall be at your service, if you please."

There was no alternative but to tell the gardener the whole truth about that fateful blot, and Verochka did that. The gardener listened at first with an incredulity which bordered on hostility, but when Vera began to tell about her idea to plant the bush, he listened with attention and even smiled in compassion.

"Well, there's nothing to be done," agreed the gardener, when Vera finished her story. "Tell me, what kind of bushes would you have us plant there?"

However, of all the species that the gardener had in his possession, not one seemed suitable; willy-nilly they had to chose lilac bushes.

In vain did Almazov try to persuade his wife to go home. She insisted on going with him and while the bushes were being planted she bustled and got in the way of the workers; and she agreed to go home only when she was satisfied that the turf around the bushes could not be distinguished from the grass cover of the gully.

On the following day Vera could not stay at home and went out to meet her husband. From afar she could tell by his light, springy step that the affair with the bushes came off successfully.....And indeed, Almazov was covered with dust and he could barely keep on his feet from fatigue and hunger, but

there was the joy of victory in his face.

"Fine, splendid!" cried he from a distance in reply to the anxious expression on his wife's face. "Imagine, we went together to those bushes. You should have seen how he looked at them, and even tore a leaf and chewed it. 'What sort of a tree is this?' he asked. 'I don't know, Your Highness,' said I. 'Is it a birch, perhaps?' he asked. 'Most probably, a birch, Your Highness,' said I. He then turned to face me and even offered his hand. 'Pardon me, lieutenant.' He's a chum, this professor, and so very clever. Honest, I am sorry to have deceived him. He's one of the best professors we have. His knowledge is simply marvelous. And how quick and accurate he is in sizing up a locality—remarkable!"

But that was not enough for Vera. She made him repeat again and again the whole conversation with the professor, in great detail. She wanted to know the minutest details: the expression on the professor's face, the tone of his voice when he spoke about his old age, and Kolya's feelings at that time.

And they walked home as if they were alone in the street:



holding hands and laughing incessantly. People stopped in wonder, their puzzled glances following the strange couple.

Never had Almazov dined with such an appetite as on that day. ....After dinner, when Vera brought her husband a cup of tea to his study, husband and wife began to laugh together and looked at each other.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Vera.

"And you?"

"Just like that, just a trifling matter. I thought of the whole story with the lilacs. And you?"

"The same thing, a trifling matter, also about the lilacs. I wanted to say that lilacs will henceforth forever be my favourite flowers....."

### BORED

He was trying hard, but he didn't seem able to make much headway with the pretty girl.

"Those lovely hands," he murmured. "Your wonderful lips and those beautiful eyes! Where did you get those eyes?"

"Oh," replied the girl, coolly, "they came with my head."

x x x  
A woman who is easy to look at may be hard to look after.

# A Strange Test

(By Lotus Eater)

For the last three years I had been seriously trying to find a suitable young boy for my daughter. I had advertised in the papers, I had written to friends and relatives and I had also sought the help of professional match makers.

In the course of three years I had received several letters and enquiries and the common tenor of these letters can be summed up thus :

What is the age of the girl? What are her educational attainments? Is she beautiful and fair complexioned? Can she read and speak Hindi? What is the dowry and jewels I am prepared to give and so on and so forth.

There was one letter, however, which was refreshingly original. It simply asked, "Can your daughter cook an appetising meal and does she know how to prepare sweets?"

I was so pleased with this letter (for my daughter is an excellent cook) that I replied to it by the next mail inviting the young man to my house for a day so that he could satisfy himself about the quality of cooking by my daughter.

I had expected an answer but weeks passed and there was no reply from the young man and naturally I gave up all hope of getting to know the young man whose letter had impressed me most.

The hunt for the son-in-law continued. One day I received a letter from my aunt's son saying that he had been posted to my

place and stating that he and his mother would be staying for a few days with me till he could find a suitable house.

Here, I thought, was a golden opportunity. In my search for a son-in-law I had never thought of my aunt and his son, but God had directed them to me. My aunt would, I flattered myself, gladly accept to have my daughter as her daughter-in-law. In fact it was she who had brought me up. And the boy was an Upper Division clerk in the Income-tax Department.

So I was glad to receive them in my house but my calculations were all upset when I found my aunt finding fault with my daughter on the very second day of their visit.

This was too much for me. So I called my aunt and told her that she is only a guest in my house and that I wouldn't tolerate anyone hurting my daughter's feelings and that too in my own house. "If you don't like my daughter you better quit this very moment," I said indignantly.

My aunt immediately began to sob. "How ungrateful of you, Ramu! Have you forgotten how you had been brought up—an orphan boy that you were—by your uncle and how you had been educated by him? And yet you cannot put up with our stay for even two days!"

I apologised. "Dear aunt," I replied, "I am grateful to you and to my uncle. I can never

## A Strange Test

forget the good you have done me. But in the interest of my domestic felicity I have to ask you not to offend my daughter."

My aunt burst into more sobs saying that she never expected such treatment from me and added that as soon as her son returned from office she would tell him to fix some house for themselves.

For the next two days my aunt did not speak to me. My nephew seemed a little reserved in his behaviour towards me. But there was peace in the house.

That evening my wife had to leave for her mother's house. My daughter did the cooking for the night.

I and my nephew sat for the meal. My daughter, as I had mentioned earlier, was a good cook and every item of the menu seemed extremely delicious to me. But my nephew seemed not to like any of the dishes and he was making a wry face at them.

This was too much for me. "Seenu," I burst out. "What is wrong with the dishes? They are really tasty and I don't think anyone else can cook better than this. Why are you making a wry face? It is nothing but insulting my hospitality."

Srinivas and my aunt both burst out laughing at this. "Uncle, please don't mistake us," said Srinivas. "I have to make a confession to you. Hear me first and then judge us. Sometime ago you had advertised for a suitable match for your daughter. I had written to you under an assumed name and

## WATCHES & CLOCKS

**Jason, Roamer  
& Record**

Water-proof Wristwatches  
Best Designs

AT

**Khader & Yousuf  
BROS.**

Govt. & Rly. Contractors,  
Watch & Clock Dealers

Head Office :

**Rattan Bazaar, MADRAS.**

Branch Office :

**Park Road, VIJAYAWADA**

to my queries you had replied stating that I might come and stay at your house for a day and see your daughter and taste her cooking. It is with that purpose in view we came here and I may confess that I have been much pleased with your daughter's charms and her delicious cooking. My mother's finding fault with her and criticising her was just a test to see how she would behave under provocation. She too is much satisfied and so if you have no objection .....

"Seenu,.....aunt..... pardon me for the harsh words I had said. Of course you can have my daughter...Eh, where is she? Ha, ha, ha! She has slipped inside!"

"Bashfulness is a most becoming virtue in young girls," commented by aunt.

# Faith Can Work Miracles

(By S. B. Keshavaiya)

Faith in God is a necessary prerequisite in all spiritual endeavours. It is impossible to understand how such faith is inspired, for God and His relation to our lives transcend our powers of understanding. Faith helps one to put absolute reliance on God which often produces results beyond all expectations. Swami Vivekananda once narrated the story of a little boy whose child-like faith helped him to see God.

Having lost his father while yet a child, he was living with his poor mother in a small village. When he came of age to go to school the mother found that her means would not permit her to pay the school fees. So she had to send him to a free school situated in a neighbouring village. The boy had to walk daily to the school through a small forest. Being very young he was afraid to go alone and asked his mother why he should not be escorted by a servant like the other boys in

the village. His mother replied that they were too poor to afford servants, but she said that God is the helper and friend of the poor. So he might ask his brother-shepherd Krishna in the forest to keep him company during his lonely walk. The boy believed this implicitly and next day in the forest he called out for the shepherd Krishna. At once he heard a voice say, "Yes I am here" and the boy was comforted and happy. By and by he used to meet in the forest a small boy of his own age who played with him and accompanied him daily in the forest.

One day a big ceremony was being performed at the teacher's house and all the boys studying in the school were expected to take presents to the teacher on the occasion. The little boy asked his mother to buy him a present to be given to his teacher. He wept bitterly at his mother's inability and so on his way to school he called out his

*Faith Can Work Miracles*

28

brother shepherd for a present. In response there appeared before him a little pitcher of milk which he gratefully took to the house of his teacher. There were so many who came there with much grander presents that no one took any notice of the little boy. After much waiting the teacher looking at the pitiful gift with the boy, in scorn asked his servant to empty the pitcher and return it to the boy. But the servant found this task too much for him, for every time he poured out the milk it got filled right up again so that it could not be emptied. Everybody was surprised at this miracle.

The teacher then asked the boy where he got the pitcher and hearing his story went with him to the forest where the boy said he would show his brother shepherd Krishna. But Krishna did not appear even after the boy called out several times. In despair the little boy cried out: "Brother shepherd, if you do not come they will call me a liar. Please do come." From afar a voice reached them which said that the boy because he was pure was able to see and play with Him but the teacher should wait long and go through many more rounds of birth and death before he could see the Lord.

## HOW IT BEGAN

"Yes," said the young wife, proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents."

"So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband.

Matrimonial bonds are like any other kind—the interest has to be kept up.

PATRUDU'S

**"BALASANJEEVINI"** REGD

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

**DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,**

19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4.  
Phone: 71354.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koil East St., KUMBAKONAM.  
(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

The annual subscription for KAHANIYA is Rs. 3 (Foreign Rs. 4), post free. Copies will not be sent by V.P.P. Price for single copy is four annas. Subscription amount may be sent either by M. O. or crossed Postal Order to

**KAHANIYA**

32, Pelatope  
Mylapore :: Madras - 4.

## Arjuna Taught A Lesson

(By Swami Sivananda)

Manasic Pooja is mental worship. The devotee does not use external objects of worship such as flowers, etc., in mental worship.

Arjuna was very fond of doing long and ostentatious external worship of God. He had a very big pooja room, lit up with countless lights. He used many gold and silver vessels. He spent several hours in ceremonial worship of Lord Siva. He would sit for several hours and throw cartloads of flowers at the image of Lord Siva.

Bhima, brother of Arjuna, never sat for doing worship. He never had any special pooja room for worship. He never went to the temple. He used to close his eyes for a few minutes just before dinner and do mental worship of Lord Siva.

Arjuna thought that he was a great devotee of Lord Siva, and that he was highly pious and devotional. He thought that his brother Bhima had no devotion, and so looked down upon him with contempt.

Lord Krishna found out the attitude of Arjuna, and wanted to teach him a good lesson and bring him to his senses. He proposed to Arjuna a trip to Mount Kailas, the abode of Lord Siva. Arjuna did not suspect anything. He gladly consented to the proposal of Sri Krishna. They both started their journey. They met a man

on their way who was dragging a cart loaded with flowers of diverse kinds. Arjuna asked the man where he was taking the flowers, but the man kept silent as he was very much absorbed in his work.

Lord Krishna said, "Arjuna, let us follow the man and find out the thing for ourselves." Arjuna agreed. They both followed the man. They saw him empty the cart by the side of a huge heap of flowers which was as big as a hill. They further saw several hundreds of carts all loaded with flowers approach the same spot and empty their contents there.

Arjuna became more and more curious. He asked the men, "Please tell me where from do these carts come." None of them gave a reply, but one man said after repeated questioning, "Venerable sir, kindly do not disturb us. We are busy in our work. We have no time to talk to anybody. We have brought only seven hundred and fifty carts of flowers and more than seven hundred and fifty yet remain in the temple. They are all the flowers with which one, Bhima, a son of Pandu worshipped our Lord yesterday. Now it is hardly four hours more for his to-day's worship. We must remove all of them within that time."

Arjuna was struck with wonder. He asked, "Is it Bhima or Arjuna that you speak of? My

friend, I think you are making a mistake." The cart man replied, "Pooh, Arjuna! not at all. It is Bhima who does such glorious worship with intense devotion and not his brother Arjuna who merely makes an outward show of his worship."

Just then another man came with a basket of flowers. Lord Krishna asked that man, "Friend! whose offerings are these flowers?" The man replied, "They were offered yesterday by an ostentatious man who lives on the earth known as Arjuna who makes a display of his worship without real devotion."

Arjuna now hung down his head with shame and said to Lord Krishna, "O cunning man, why did you bring me here? Let us leave this place at once. You might have pointed out my defects, my self-conceit and

ostentation at home and saved all this trouble and vexation. I do admit I thought very highly of my worship and devotion. I treated Bhima with a sort of contempt. I now do realise that Bhima's short meditation with sincere devotion is more valuable and potent than all my showy worship."

Lord Krishna smiled and remained silent.

Though mental worship is more powerful than external worship, beginners should not leave the external form of worship. They should not start also at once Manasic Pooja, and disregard external worship. Many Nayanar saints attained Siva Sayujya through external worship alone done with intense and sincere devotion. Those who are much advanced in the path of devotion can do exclusively Manasic Pooja.

A celebrity is one who works all his life in order to be well known and then goes through back streets wearing dark glasses to avoid being recognised.

*Insist on being given*

**L.G.**

The Quality Asafoetida  
Sold everywhere or direct from

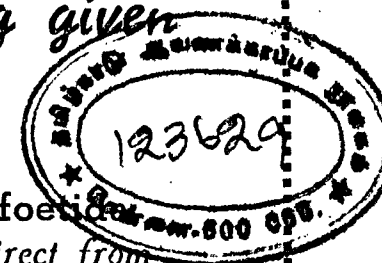
**LALJEE GODHOO & CO.**

SOWCARPET

::

MADRAS-1

Head Office : BOMBAY.



*Handwritten notes:*  
J L  
20/1/54  
20/1/54

# A Little Misunderstanding

(By H. M. Peters)

She was dancing with Stan, but her eyes kept wandering to Rita and Bill. They made such a handsome couple. And they danced so beautifully, throwing their hearts into every movement. They had the grace and charm of two young people so perfectly in love.

Stan was not like Bill. He was a strong, silent lover. He hated to make an exhibition of his love. Now he watched with disgust at the way Rita and Bill were enjoying themselves.

"They're making fools of themselves," he said. "Bill's a dope to fall for her."

"Why are you so dead against Rita, darling?" Marie asked. "She's not as bad as you take her to be. She's a little tom-cat. But she's not bad. I think Bill has turned her into a sweet little girl. A girl so deeply in love."

"Marie! Please don't have anything to do with Rita. She's an open flirt and that's what she's doing to Bill."

"I don't think so," said Marie softly.

She didn't want to say anything more.

There was one thing about Stan she didn't like. He was far too jealous. He just didn't like her joining the other boys and girls of the Railway Colony.

"Marie," he always used to say, "for goodness sake, please keep away from that crowd. They're not good. I know those

boys. I work with them. They're all rotten to the core. What with their cheap jokes and smut, I don't see how you can stand them. As for the girls, they're all just as bad. Especially Rita."

But Stan was so completely wrong about the crowd. Sure, some of them were bad. But not as bad as Stan painted them to be.

Whenever Stan was away on 'line' Marie had joined the 'crowd'. She couldn't help it. They were her kind of people. Rita had told her she had once been Stan's girl, that was before Marie had come to the Colony. But because she was friendly with the other boys too, he had left her for being a flirt.

"You better watch your step, Marie," Rita had advised. "Keep away from us when Stan is around. He's very zealous."

Marie also knew that Rita had a little dream. She was always talking about her 'Prince Charming' coming in a white Cadillac to whisk her off to his castle in the stars! The 'crowd' knew of her dream and teased her. But, tonight everyone felt that at last Rita's dream had really come true.

It was Stan who had played cupid without knowing it! He had invited Bill, an old friend, to come to the dance at the Institute. And Bill had arrived in his white sports car.

"The 'crowd' had wondered if this was Rita's Prince

## A Little Misunderstanding

Charming and their doubts were dispelled as soon as the band struck up the music for the first dance.

Bill left Marie and Stan and walked straight across the hall to Rita. She was waiting for him! And from that moment onwards the dance hall took on a more romantic look.

The day after the dance, Bill came to see Rita. He brought her expensive gifts and took her out to town for a wonderful time.

"I love Bill so terribly," Rita told Marie when they met. "He told me that Stan had tried to warn him away from me. But Bill said that Stan was a fool. Marie, Bill loves me and it won't take long before he asks me to marry him. He's rich, but even if he was the poorest man on earth I'd marry him."

"Suppose he thinks you're a flirt Rita, will he marry you?"

"Don't worry about Bill. He's not so touchy and jealous like Stan. I told him everything about myself and he loves me for what I am."

How wonderful, Marie thought, to be in love with a man who was never jealous. Bill was such a man. He didn't care a thing about Rita's past. Even if she had been a flirt, it didn't matter to him. He wasn't jealous about anybody or anything. Why, he even joined the 'crowd' and was so nice with the boys who had once flirted with Rita.

It was now nearly a week since Bill and Rita were going so steady with themselves. Then



## PRESIDENT

*Vegetable Hair Oil, Snow & Talcum Powder are the best I have found for my use.*

(Sd.) PADMINI.

Manufacturers :

**M/s. Rathod Trading Co.,  
Madras-1**

Bill didn't turn up one evening. It was Stan's day off so Marie couldn't find out anything from Rita.

"Been waiting long?" Stan asked when he came to see her. "Darling, I've got something to tell you. It's about Bill. He'll never come back here."

"Why Stan?" Marie nearly shouted in surprise. She suddenly began to hate him. "It's because of you, I'm sure," she said with disgust. "You never cared for any of us. You've always disliked the 'crowd', especially Rita. And now you've gone out of your way to spoil the most wonderful thing that could have happened to the poor girl. I hate you; I hate

you. I don't want to see you any more!"

Before she could go on, Stan rudely took her into his arms.

"Now, you listen to me first, you fool," he said. "You all thought that Bill was madly in love with Rita. I thought so too. I know him only as a shy, simple chap. I felt sorry for him when he took Rita seriously. But, he didn't want me to interfere. He said he was in love and that was all that mattered. Today, I found out what he really is."

Marie was crying now. This was her first big quarrel. She quickly wiped her tears, and asked:

"What did you find out Stan?"

"Bill is going away to Bombay. I asked him what about Rita. And he began to laugh and said that he had only taken her out to have a good time. He had done that to so many other girls too. And it had been fun to meet another flirt. Something

happened to me then, Marie. I suddenly felt sick and so sorry for Rita. I know that this time she was truly in love with Bill. And Bill was going to play her dirty. I wasn't going to let him. So I whacked him. He won't show his face again here."

Through the sorrow that had been filling up Marie's heart for the sake of Rita, a new feeling of happiness now began to take hold of her. She couldn't believe that Stan would stand up for Rita when he had to. He was one of them now. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him like she had never done before.

"What was that for?" Stan asked a little surprised.

"That was for Rita," she said. "Thanks for taking up her side, darling. She's going to love you for what you did. And it won't be difficult for her to get over Bill when she knows what he did for her. And now for a little thanks from me." So saying she kissed him again.

### THE VOLCANO

"The house shook," said the speaker describing an earthquake he had experienced. "Cups and saucers flew all over the place and....."

"Great Scot!" exclaimed one among the audience. "That reminds me - I quite forgot to post my wife's letters."

"Fifty rupees a month," said the landlord to the prospective tenant.

"But fifty rupees is rather high isn't it? I am only a working journalist."

"Then in that case," said the landlord, "it is fifty rupees and hundred rupees advance!"

Sometime the biggest stumbling block to man's success is his own head.

### RAMBLES IN COURT LIFE (11)

## The Lawyer & His Books

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

A library is indeed a worthy possession. It becomes worthier when the library is used as one. Lawyers in the early thirties of this century, even in the moffusil, used to pride themselves on their books. The more almirahs a lawyer had the more aristocratic and fashionable was he considered. A civil lawyer — we mean a practitioner on the civil side — had a greater range for selection than his colleague on the criminal side and the more glittering a book, the more pleasing it was to see. Mind you, the client of those days judged his lawyer by the number of books he possessed. And very often, a lawyer in the district has his office in the outer verandah of his house unlike the city lawyer who always believed in his spacious office room in his house or bungalow.

The opulent of the latter species — we may include in this category even the apparently opulent from the client's viewpoint — delight in furnishing their office room with a dignifiedly big rosewood table, a revolving cushion chair for himself and appropriately carved chairs for a few juniors. There are also some chairs and two long armed benches with backs for the use of clients. On the lawyer's big table one can find the long rosewood tray-like book case to hold reference books. On one or both sides of the revolving chair a fine

revolving shelf carries a good lot of the necessary text books, dictionary, law lexicon etc. Around the room alongside the four walls are the rosewood almirahs with a fleet of top tiers to very near the ceiling, containing all the Indian, English, American etc., Law Reports. A handy portable ladder on wheels help the library attender to spot out the required books. A spacious anti-library room — one or more — with a lot of books ancient, mediaeval and modern adorn some really opulent senior's bungalow. In humbler spheres the city lawyer has only a small anti-room with a few almirahs of books. In fact there are some even in the city with little or no books. Such a one would pride that his knowledge is in his head and not in books as in the case of the yonder vakil!

In the moffusil there are some practitioners who do revel in rich libraries. Some pride in possessing Halsbury's Law of England, English Law Reports and sometimes the Canadian and Australian Law Reports also. Such gentry would show off their knowledge in the district courts, by citing to the judge analogous English law. This was the fashion upto the early thirties; and judges also felt flattered when such continental references were made. But then the great World War II brought about a change and the tendency

was reliance on Indian law particularly in the lower courts. The fashion to refer to foreign reports did not sound nice in the context of the Indian independence struggle. Judges there were who even flew at counsel who referred to foreign reports. "Well sir, cannot you quote one Indian authority for your position? Thousand foreign references are no good sir when the other side shows a direct, Madras case!" Another judge used to say, "Sir, Halsburys and English Law Reports are for the High Court. Here sir, please rely on home products, in these swadeshi days!"

The fashion is therefore slowly dying out in the mofusil to refer to foreign decisions even in cases in torts and contracts. In the sphere of constitutional law there is hardly any occasion in a district centre which has no jurisdiction to hear writ petitions.

Speaking of lawyer's books, an upcountry client has always an instinctive respect for gilt-edged leather-bound sumptuous law books. It is not as if the lawyer from the early twenties upto modern times did not know his (the client's) weakness. As we said the humble mofusil lawyer who has his office in the front verandah of his house, makes it a point to at least decorate his table with a tray of twelve such shining volumes. Does not matter what books they are. Enough if they are well bound thick volumes with gold letters and ornamentation. The more ornate they are the more the client is impressed. It may be a dozen volumes of Sanjivi Rao's Digest or for the matter of that a dozen volumes of Shakespear's plays. This matters not in the least. When the client comes for consultation, say in a case of criminal breach of trust—may be the lawyer knows the law, but unless he consults at least two or three books, the client does not feel satisfied that he has had expert opinion. Ergo the trade instinct in the lawyer prompts him to satisfy his rustic client and would therefore refer to two or three of these dignified volumes. May be it is all about 'Romeo and Juliet' or 'Julius Caesar'. It does not matter! After the pretended scrutiny for say five or even ten minutes—the more pages turned over, the more is said to be the scrutiny—the client is prepared to take counsel's opinion as "real law" A casual or real reference to Ratanlal on 'crimes' or the bare Indian penal code may be more germane. But that will be deemed as quite prefatory by the client who after all is the pay master! But then there are impecunious lawyers who cannot either afford or would not like to keep or show even a few of these gilt lettered volumes, though they can be purchased in the Madras Moore Market at eight annas each. Such a one would make a different kind of bombastic show to the rustic client who may say to him, "Sir, see well into the law books and do tell me the correct position. My opponent has engaged Mr. Y.,

who has looked into a lot of books."

"Well, well," quoths this lawyer X, "you see Mr. Y. does not know the law and therefore wants books. But I carry my law in my head. In the college Y failed four times in B.L., and by a copying fraud, he managed to pass. So he always refers to books. You must know I passed at the first attempt and with distinction," and so on and so forth. And if this X wins a few cases, the client will dub him as one born with law in his head. There was one lawyer called 'Law point K-Iyer'. He never quoted law at all in courts but was always simple and elegant in his presentation of facts. Yet the clientele felt that he was placing his points well and every point became a law-point. Ergo, K-Iyer became a law point K-Iyer! The clients have peculiar ways of assessing a lawyer's capacity!

It is a habit with some lawyers to bring a lot of law books to the court hall. Their clerks will arrange them in order on the desk in front of the lawyer's seat as if he is going to argue in full with a lot of references to the books. It is all just to impress the client or terrify the judge. A junior judge may get stunned by the bulk and in his hurry to get on with the day's work, with an eye on 'speedy disposal' may as well grant the lawyer his point or keep mum when he states a proposition. If the lawyer is controverted then the trouble starts. May be the lawyer might not refer to these books

## 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.

at all. He may merely touch them and say, "Well, Your Honour, there are a number of cases on this point from our Madras and Calcutta High Courts. But as Your Honour is aware this is a well known proposition well settled by State decisions. So instead of wearying this Honourable court with a reading of these precious volumes, I shall pass on to the next point." Some uncanny judge may retort to our counsel: "Well sir, please do not think you can browbeat me with these volumes. The latest Full Bench case on the point has overruled all the prior cases. Probably you are having all the prior cases." Counsel would them adroitly pass on, "Not at all Your Honour. I am not going to trouble the court with such a position. I shall address myself on the next issue!" For all one may know the volumes there

may not be the prior cases at all. They may be just some volumes to impress the client or funnier still the judge may be wrong when he spoke of the latest case overruling the so-called prior cases!

The judge thinks it is a good stick to beat this tricky lawyer. The stick yields results. The lawyer and the judge trying to outwit one another! All this fun creeps in since it is all masquerading and playing to the gallery in some cases just to please a client or needlessly frighten a simple-minded judge.

But clients are not always dullheads. They know the worth of their counsel. Particularly the more knowing of them can assess properly their lawyer's capacity. "Argument Shesha Iyer" may as well be the appellation they crown one to their liking particularly when the particular counsel "would argue though vanquished still" in the Goldsmithian phrase! We know of clients who watch the entire gamut of skilful advocacy and long arguments about how the Full Bench decision cited by X was met by a Privy Council decision cited by the opponent, how one Federal Court judgment was only an obiter and not binding etc.

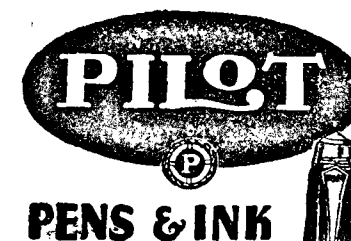
We know how in these battle of books, we mean real battle after deep study and exposition by competent counsel, the client of the urban type shows keen interest. A seasoned client can even tip the junior counsel to look up 30 Mad. F. B. or the

1930 Privy Council decision etc., since a similar point was argued by the great senior lawyer Z on a prior occasion.

There are some cunning lawyers who would not desire a straight fight but would resort to mean tactics. He may hide the book containing a Full Bench decision which may upset their position. In taluq bar very often it is a case of meagre library facilities. The opposite lawyer can be easily held at bay by refusing him access to the book precisely needed! One particular judge R. outwitted such a lawyer L. "Well sir, I remember a Full Bench decision but cannot spot it out. It must be 32 Madras or 34 Madras," Lawyer L said: "No, Your Honour, not that I know of at all." The judge asked the opposing counsel S. to have the volumes fetched from the Association Library. 32 Madras was missing and 34 Madras was of no use. Spoke up the judge: "Well Mr. S. I am sure 32 Madras covers it since it is missing." The judge knew the latter's antics and it proved right when next day the volume was somehow fetched from a lawyer friend of Mr. S.

Lawyers of the lowest court generally master the facts and touch on points of law only when absolutely necessary. It was the fashion in good old days for judges in the moffusil to show off their superior knowledge to the local gentry of the bar. The local gentry were anyway quick witted. If the judge liked this airing of "needless law" let him have plenty of it.

So they would venture to argue positions of law in each interlocutory petition or even on issues. In one case a lawyer once said, "Your Honour, Mr. T. M. is engaged from Madras to argue this petition. May I solicit a Saturday for the next hearing?" The judge replied, "Yes sir, I knew you would engage a Madras lawyer. They will quote the proper law!" On the adjourned hearing Mr. T. M. came with a load of books and on the question of a mere temporary interim injunction matter, quoted umpteen citations tracing the origin of the law, balance of convenience etc. The judge pretended to hear it all and posted it for orders. The opposing counsel not to be taken in by these tactics, after the interim injunction was granted, filed a petition to annul the same, engaging Mr. J. D. from Madras. Mr. J. D. argued at length managing to convince the judge to vacate the prior order. The former counsel not to be beaten thereupon filed a petition for appointment of receiver and both Mr. T. M. and J. D. argued at length on the appointed day for full five hours. The judge passes orders appointing a receiver. Thereupon a revision was filed in the High Court and a stay obtained. This mania for law by the judge put him into an awkward position. Interlocutory petitions increased, even framing issues were contested and revisions and stays in the High Court were the order of the



The wide popularity of the Pilot products to-day is in the superb writing comfort enjoyed by millions. The variety in Pens is comprehensive, that every one will find a model to suit individual taste.



Available from all good stationers throughout India.

Manufactured by

THE PILOT PEN CO (INDIA) LTD.

"CATHOLIC CENTRE" ARMEANIAN ST.

MADRAS 1. Phone : 2325.

day. Meanwhile the judge felt glad that before inspection by the District Judge, he was transferred. The new judge Z had to take the burden. But Z was astute. He refused to hear any preliminary point. All interlocutory petitions were heard along with the suit. Trial was speeded up and more value was attached to facts than to law. As for those suits stayed, in many of them he advised counsel to enter compromises; otherwise the resiling counsel felt it hard and was often refused adjournment in some difficult cases. The tenure of Z afforded no scope for the Madras lawyers to rush to this court with an array of books. In fact one particular judge had a contempt for these big lawyers who according to him twisted both facts and law! So once when it was announced that so and so from Madras was appearing he simply passed the case and took up the next one. The Madras lawyer had to wait till lunch. Even after lunch, his case was not called. When he rose up to address the judge, the latter said, "Well sir, what is your name—never mind your name—you must be from Madras or thereabouts! I am busy to-day in a simple case. I will adjourn your case a month hence!" Off goes the Madras gent to come nearly four or five times, for the same drama was enacted. The client got wiser and dropped the Madras gent. The local gents got an upward trend during the tenure of Z. One such Madras gent who came to argue came with a lot

of books. The judge rose up for lunch! The local lawyer whispered to the Madras senior, "Ours will be taken up after lunch!" But actually the judge went away home from his chambers in his phaeton at 3 p.m. The bench clerk informed the lawyer later, "The judge is not sitting after lunch."

"But what about our arguments?" asked the local lawyer. "Oh, the judge has posted it next week." The Madras gent merely wondered at the whimsicalities of this judge but went away contended having earned his day's fees!

But one Madras lawyer W was quite alive to his right of audience. So when in an injunction matter he had to appear nearly seven times before this Nabob-like judge without his case being called, he waited till the court closed for the summer recess. The High Court was then functioning and up went W to His Lordship of the High Court with an emergent application for issue of injunction. The learned judge pertinently queried: "But Mr. W, the suit appears six months old and have you not moved the lower court at all?"

"Your Lordship, the motion was made along with the institution of the suit. I myself appeared for the plaintiff to argue the petition. I may add, Your Lordship, I went seven times to the said court but on each day it stood adjourned."

"How does that happen Mr. W? Did you not press for a hearing?"

"I did, Your Lordship. But the learned judge was allergic to

Madras lawyers." Often that court never sits to function after lunch time. In fact on the last hearing it happened like that and the bench clerk whispered that our petition was adjourned in chamber. As the lower court refuses to function, I am constrained to move in this high forum." His Lordship without further arguments forthwith accepted the affidavit of the petitioner and granted an interim injunction. His Lordship also parenthetically added in the order that it was brought to his Lordship's notice that the petition before the lower court was needlessly postponed though counsel was ready and that this was indeed a regrettable matter.

The Nabob-like judge got a shake up and when Mr. W. later appeared in his court for the trial of the very suit, he said: "Mr. W you are a great man from Madras. Shall we take up your case first and adjourn even the older suits?" Mr. W felt fidgetty since he was not really ready for the trial and wanted to file another interlocutory petition for appointment of a commissioner. The judge however did not agree for this. "Does not matter Mr. W. We shall go on with the trial. Else their Lordships of the High Court will express greater regrets. As for the commissioner there is no need. We ourselves will inspect the area after the evidence is over." This was a stunner for W but he was upto

## The Famous Astrologer

(Office Estd. 1924)



Awarded Gold Medals and Certificates from Maharajahs and Judges for accurate predictions. One year monthly reading Rs. 5.

Weekly Rs. 10. Future 3 questions Rs. 2. Send birth details or writing time.

Pandit Kaliyur  
M. SRINIVASACHARI,  
"THAPONIDHI"  
T'Nagar, Madras-17

the game. "Well, Your Honour. In case Your Honour decides to inspect the site, we must have Your Honour's notes of inspection and then lead evidence. If Your Honour refuses to allow my petition for appointment of a commissioner, then I may be permitted to move the High Court in revision and also probably for transfer of the case." This had the desired effect. The petition was allowed and Mr. W was in any event left wondering as to the extraordinary Nabob-like powers which these little Munsiff judges assumed. They appeared to assume airs superior even to the Chief Justice of the High Court. In fact the latter appeared simple, noble and dignified. But many a District Munsiff of the olden days was indeed the limit!

When you are down and out something always turns up—and it is always the noses of your friends.—Orson Welles,

# Gandhi Lives In Alabama

Artistic and Tasteful!

GUARANTEED  
GOLD & GEMSET JEWELLERY  
ANTIQUE SILVERWARE

THE JAIN JEWELLERY CO.  
NO. 1 NAGESWARARAO ROAD,  
T. NAGAR MADRAS 17.

a vast silent trickle, singly and in pairs.

This was no mass parade or march with music or malice, for the theme is passive resistance in the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi. Here and there an older person stopped to shake a pebble from a shoe or rest under Alabama's endless oak trees.

But as the trickle neared the business heart, backs straightened and fatigue faded, and one would say the slouch turned to strut.

True, there was fear in the hearts of many in today's silent parade. After all, the collected footsteps of some 20,000 working, walking Negroes beat a loud rhythm of defiance against tradition, against subservience.

And all week white orators have warned and threatened and here the cross can easily burn.

There is no fear in the hearts of the young, the ex-paratrooper who looked death in the eye at Anzio—and winked. There is fear in the old, the scrub woman who recorded on her brain the screams of the boy next door who thirty years ago was torn from his home by hooded hoodlums and flogged until he was a whimpering lump.

Observing the silent parade, listening to the occasional clusters of white men in the doorways—some cursed and spat—one felt no hand would be raised. For even the most pro-segregation white is puzzled by this form of defiance, just like British troops were puzzled by Gandhi's marching, passive millions.

During last night's rally—punctuated with "hallelujah" and "how true, how true," and "amen," Reverend M. L. King out on \$300 bail, prayed against hate.

"If we are arrested every day ...if we are exploited every day ...let nobody pull you so low as to hate them."

The minister warned against temper—temper and tragedy are mates—and forbade any Negro demonstrations or soapbox speeches or crowd gatherings, parade of pageantry and prayer.

Many intelligent whites—not the hotheads or those blind with ancient passion—now agree the indictments were a mistake. If it was calculated to break the boycott by fear, it has certainly failed.

The old scrub woman and the Negro ex-paratrooper reached the home and office where they work. Both leaned over and with handkerchiefs dusted their shoes.

"You say that your wife is fond of music—what instrument does she play?"

"The drum."

"And what sort of drum does she play on?"

"My eardrum."

## WHAT IS NEW IN SCIENCE

# Farming On The Moon

Though millions of miles separate the earth from Mars and Venus, astronauts have been designing space ships that look convincing on paper. But how are the interplanetary voyagers to live on a body such as the Moon, the one most likely to be reached first, but also a body that is airless, waterless, soilless and about as dreary and desolate as anything that can be imagined? Undaunted by these conditions J. W. W. H. Sholto Douglas, who adds B.Ss, Dip. Agric., Cert. Hortic. (Reading), R.H.S., R.S.A. (econ.), F.R. H.S. to his name, tells in the *Journal* of the British Interplanetary Society just how a farmer on the Moon could proceed and why he should be successful.

Sholto Douglas holds, writes *New York Times*, that hydroponics solves all problems, that is, the cultivation of plants by feeding them solutions of the proper chemicals, a well developed art on this earth. How are the chemicals to be obtained? From the Moon's own rocks. Sholto Douglas thinks there may be water in the form of ice in deep crevices. If there isn't, it will have to be transported from the earth. The necessary atmosphere would have to be created. So the lunar farm would be a large transparent air-conditioned dome which would admit essential light and beneath which the lunar farmer could grow bumper crops. "There are no

insurmountable obstacles," says Sholto Douglas with an airy disregard of obstacles of which he is aware but which he pushes aside.

Because of gravitational attraction—the Moon is only one-sixth of the earth's—sap will almost stream up into foliage and fruit. So we would have gigantic cabbages, carrots and apples.

Farmers on the earth have always been a patient lot. They toil and sweat for weeks, even months, before a crop can be harvested. On the Moon it would be different since crops would grow with astonishing rapidity. Because of the Moon's period of rotation vegetables would be ready for harvesting in two weeks. To be sure, a lunar colonist would have to carry a tank of oxygen on his back and breathe through a mask if he weren't working inside of his dome-farm. At least he would not starve to death, according to Sholto Douglas. All of which proves that when it comes to romancing the astronauts are far more entertaining performers than the writers of science fiction.

## NEW LIGHT ON CANCER

Probably the most distinguished contemporary figure in cancer research is Otto Warburg, who received the Nobel Prize in 1931 for his studies of cell metabolism, that is, the process whereby cells feed and breathe and so produce energy. He is

director of the Max Planck Institute for Cell Physiology, Berlin-Dahlem, Germany.

Last year, writes Waldemar Kaempffert, Warburg delivered in Stuttgart a lecture in which he summarized conclusions reached after a lifetime of research. The lecture was published in *Naturwissenschaften*. It is so important that a group of American scientists published a translation in *Science*. Warburg, a man of independent thought and strong convictions, is certain that he has found the cause of cancer.

More than twenty years ago Warburg made the discovery (a turning point in cancer research) that a cell needs oxygen as much as any higher animal. It breathes, if we are to give respiration its usual meaning. Respiration produces energy. A cell can produce energy not only by respiration but by fermentation. The difference between a cancer cell and a normal cell is this: a cancer cell can obtain about as much energy from fermentation as from respiration, but a normal cell obtains more energy from respiration than from fermentation.

There is no longer any doubt about this. Literally thousands of experiments and measurements have proved the case. When a normal cell is injured (but not killed) its respiration suffers. The injury is irreversible, meaning that there is no healing, no restoration to normality. One way to injure a cell is to deprive it of oxygen, and that seems to be the ultimate cause

of cancer. If the cell cannot "breathe" enough oxygen it cannot grow normally. Cancer inciters impair respiration by poisoning the cell.

If a cell cannot get energy by respiration it resorts to fermentation. But there is a difference. With respiration there is an intake of oxygen, with fermentation oxygen is not necessary.

It takes time for an irreversibly injured cell to switch partially or wholly from respiration to fermentation. The time differs from one species of animal to another. It is especially long in man. The exact time is known in cancer caused by arsenic or persistent doses of X-rays. Body cells that ferment weakly perish; those that ferment strongly live and flourish. When fermentation has completely supplanted respiration, the normal cell has changed to a cancer cell.

"It follows from this," says Warburg, "that there would be no cancers if there were no fermentation of normal cells." The problem, then, is to prevent fermentation, which has nothing to do with normal growth. Some fermentation always goes on into the body.

Normal cells differentiate, that is, they organize themselves into eyes, ears, legs, arms, tissue. But a cell that gets its energy from fermentation cannot differentiate. It grows wild and forms a shapeless mass that takes possession of vital tissues and organs. "Not even yeast, which is one of the lowest forms of life, can maintain its structure permanently by fermenta-

tation alone," says Warburg. But as soon as yeast comes in contact with oxygen it is rejuvenated. If this is true for yeast it is no wonder to Warburg that the body cells of higher organisms grow wild if they are deprived of oxygen.

Fermentation increases gradually in body cells. Hence there must be a transition from normal cells to fully formed cancer cells. So it happens that there are cells that look like cancer cells but still get their energy by respiration. Such cells occur in the prostate, kidneys, lungs and stomach. They are known as "sleeping cancer cells."

Warburg suggests that if sleeping cancer cells can be killed more readily than normal cells by some chemical, the way to a cure for cancer will be opened. He suggests that experiments be made with the sleeping cancer cells of skin, that is, with precancerous skin cancer.

Warburg is certain that the difference between a normal cell and a cancer cell is a difference in respiration and fermentation. For him there is no other explanation of the cause of cancer. He implies that too much time and effort are expended on chemical and other

cancer inciters and holds that the discovery of more and more (there are now several hundred) has done more harm than good because they have diverted attention from fundamentals.

x x x

#### THE NEW MENACE

A lot of attention is now being focussed on what is called the ultimate weapon, the weapon that will rule the earth. This is the inter-continental ballistic missile, ICBM for short, in the development of which Russia is stated to have made considerable advance.

It is said to be the most frightful weapon conceived by man, a virtually unstoppable 16,000 miles per hour missile that can drop a hydrogen warhead on a city 5000 miles away.

"Imagine," writes an expert in *Collier's* "a giant rocket, a gargantuan version of a sky rocket more than 100 feet high, weighing more than 100 tons, hurled to an altitude 600 to 800 miles above the earth into a region of no air and envisage the warhead or nose of this huge gadget slanting downward through the denser atmosphere speeding at 15,000 miles per hour towards a target a couple of thousand miles away."

Full of enthusiasm she had gone to canvas votes for her friend and she was out most of the days. One night she returned late and sank into the chair.

"Everything is grand," she said. "We are going to sweep the country."

Her husband looked round wearily and said, "Why not start with the dining room?"

# Silver Jubilee Of Talkies

(By Pratibha)

The silver jubilee of 'Talkies' in India is to be celebrated by the end of this year. Strictly speaking this should have been celebrated by this time.

It was on March 14, 1931, that the first Indian talkie *Alam Ara* was screened in Bombay. At the premiere of *Alam Ara* in Bombay on March 14, the black market rate for each ticket was as high as Rs. 50. Mounted police had to be summoned to keep the crowds in order.

Efforts are being made to show this original film during the celebration, and careful search is being made for the negatives. The Imperial Film Company which made the picture had no idea of preserving the negatives.

Here are some of the highlights of the film industry in the last quarter century :

The film producers in India for the first time in history have joined together to make an united front, thanks to the efforts of Sri S. S. Vasan.

In 1930 there was hardly one studio in Madras worth its name. But to-day there are about 20 studios in the city alone.

The first actress who received Rs 10,000 as remuneration was T. P. Rajalakshmi and K. B. Sundarambal was the first to receive a lakh of rupees for one picture.

The first film (silent) *Harischandra* was produced by T. G. Phalke in 1913.

Devika Rani's *Karma* was the first English film which was screened overseas also.

First full length cartoon film was produced in India in 1933.

The first Tamil talkie produced in Madras was *Srinivasa-kalyanam* in which R.B. Lakshmi Devi appeared in the title role. First Telugu film was H. M. Reddy's *Prahlada*. *Dhruva Kumar* is the first Canarese talkie and *Balan* is the first Malayalam talkie produced in Madras.

Director K. Subramanyam produced *Premasagar*, the first Hindi picture, but unfortunately this was burnt in a fire accident. *Chintamani* and *Ambikapathi*, both Tamil films, made a record run, more than a year, in the city theatres.

South India's first exhibitor was Coimbatore Vincent.

Up to 1954 South India had produced 945 films.

The English and Hindi versions of *Gandhi Path* produced and directed by Alexander Markey will be released in India in the middle of this year. The cast is cent percent Indian and the cost is about Rs. 20 lakhs.

The film brings out the central theme of Gandhiji's, namely non-violence. Mr. Markey while he was hire explained that it was wrong to associate the principle of non-violence with physical or moral cowardice. It required tremendous courage much more than physical resistance to stand

up to and fight social injustice. He hoped Indian film producers would take more films depicting India's spritual traditions.

x x x

About 20,000 school children in the city saw children's films from many countries including India last month in connection with a festival organised by Film Fan's Association.

Famed film stars Clark Gable, James Cagney and others will visit Ceylon some time this year for the filming of *Elephant Bill*. Sir. C. Gardiner, Managing Director of Ceylon Theatres Ltd., is at present in England and is trying to persuade the famous film stars to come to Ceylon for the film festival which is to be held next year in connection with the Colombo Plan Exhibition.

## MAN SUES FOR ALIMONY

You rarely find a man taking a woman to court for breach of promise. It's usually the other way round. But when he does, he usually goes the whole hog.

In a Kentucky town a man sued his former girl friend for the money he had spent on her. Apart from a long list of presents and entertainment expenses he included an item of 100 dollars for the first 20 kisses he had given to the girl.

He said that before he met her she did not know how to kiss.

After 20 kisses he was satisfied that he had taught her. He considered 3 dollars a kiss a reasonable fee for the instruction.

x x x

"May I see the young man who was injured in a motor car accident yesterday?"

"Are you the girl who was with him?" asked the nurse.

"Yes, I thought I ought to come and give him the kiss he was trying for."

x x x

"People who drink too much coffee," said the teacher, "get what is known as coffee-heart. And men who smoke too much get tobacco-heart."

A mischievous lad stood up and asked: "Well, sir, if a boy eats a lots of sweets does he get a sweet-heart?"

x x x

"Now, what is the future of the verb 'To rob'?"

"To go to prison."

x x x

The hotel manager was giving advice to his new receptionist. "Always ask for money in advance when people have luggage that is over emotional," he said.

"Over emotional?"

"Yes! too easily moved."

# On Pilgrim's Path

( By Nandalal )

Phalgun, the last month of the year for Hindus, is a month of festivities in many temples. Rama, the incarnation of Vishnu, was born in this month. Bhadrachalam and Rameswaram are the important places here that are connected with Rama.

Though a well-known centre of pilgrimage Bhadrachalam is not visited so frequently as it is rather out of the way. Near the foot of the hillock it is the chakram of gold plates on the main shrine that catches the eye of the visitor first and that indicates how richly endowed the temple is.

The story goes that it was Rama's devotee Gopanna who built this temple with the State funds of Golconda.

Another story relates how a group of devotees of Kabirdas when they came to Bhadrachalam were refused admittance to the shrine because they were

Muslims and how the idols of Rama Sita and Lakshman disappeared. Gopanna, when he came to hear of it, it is stated, forced the priests to admit them and the idols reappeared again. In Bhadrachalam temple the God Vishnu is having the Shanka and Chakra in the wrong hands. The story goes :

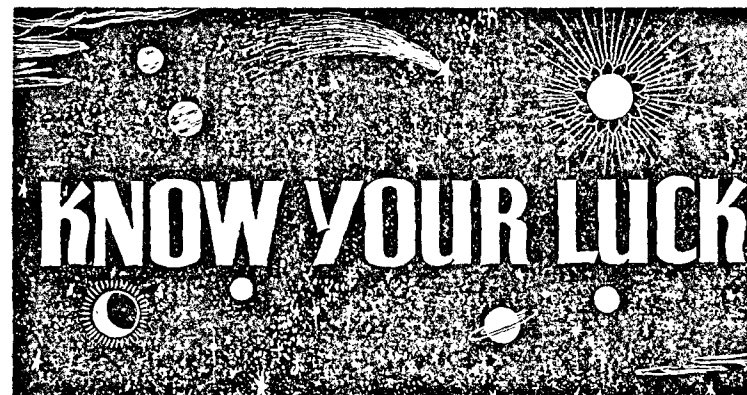
Rama, Sita and Lakshman while in their exile visited this place and assured the sage Bhadra that they would revisit the place on their return journey to Ayodhya. Rama, however, after killing Ravana returned to Ayodhya in the Pushpa Vimana and did not fulfil his promise to Bhadra. When Rama left this world Vishnu in heaven felt the power of Bhadra's penance. Hurriedly he took his Shanka and Chakra to appear before his devotee. This accounts for this peculiarity in the image of Vishnu according to the legend prevailing.

Wife (reading husband's fortune card): " ' You are a leader of men. You are brave, strong minded and popular with the opposite sex.' It's got your weight wrong, too."

Men are fools to marry women.....but who else can they marry?

## MOBILE BOOK SERVICE

The Little Flower Co., publishers of education books, launched their second mobile book service van last month. Sri V. S. Krishnaswamy, Editor, LIFCO Publications, said that the mobile book service was a real boon to the villagers because books are made available to them at their doors. It is his ambition to have a van for each district so that educational books may reach every nook and corner of the country.



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

Planetary combinations exert greater benefic influences over your affairs during this month. Since your ruler, Mangal, is getting exalted on the 6th April and the solar course is through your rasi, you will be able to achieve your objectives which have been pending so far. Meanwhile the solar course in the first half will cause you much mental strain, domestic anxieties, differences with elders or people at the top. It is advisable that you move in good society and in the company of those for whom you have a liking. One of your sons will give you much satisfaction in the second half. Financially the month will prove definitely better. Some unexpected money or a wind-

fall on or about the 18th may come your way to your surprise. The month is such that there is going to be mutual help in business or profession. Marriage seekers will be happy to find suitable partners. Businessmen will fare well during the month. Domestic life will be more harmonious than before. Officially departmental favour will be enjoyed, but avoid discussion with higher-ups.

1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 14, 18, 19, 20, 22, 30 are lucky days.

### VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Though the general trend of planets signify no favourable influences of planets at work, the solar course through the XI house

‡ Krithika,  
Rohini &  
Mrigashira

Aswani  
Bharani and  
‡ Krithika

aspected by its exalted planet viz. Guru, indicates that you are going to achieve your long wished for objectives during this month. You will gain through the influences of friends and admirers whom you contact. You will have the pleasure of friends and relations rallying round you to your advantage. An important travel might occur. There will be spiritual culture developed through contacts of spiritualists. You will unexpectedly do righteous deeds or *punyam* calculated to lift you up in the spiritual ladder which attracts you particularly this month. Financially there is timely help received though the pressure is in evidence by the presence of Mangal in the 8th and 9th houses in the course of the month. Lagnadhipa Sukra in your rasi shows you are surmounting your difficulties, domestic and occupational, with all the strong moral courage that you can command. A marriage in a few cases is envisaged during the month. Officially you will have your boss's favour and better position. Merchants will find the first half more profitable. Foreign business may prosper better from the second half.

1, 6, 8, 9, 11, 19, 20, 28, 30, are good days.

x                      x                      x

**MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI**

The planetary cabinet envisages important events to take place during this month. Unexpected events will be

† Mrigashira,  
Ardra and  
‡ Punarvasu

the month's characteristic features. Financially there will be windfalls or sudden help received. Friends will take keen interest in your welfare. Government will give you the desired help sought. Guru and Soorya in trine to each other in the first half will help you go forward in your undertakings. There will be timely patronage, encouragement and mutual help in all your activities. Mangal in the 8th from 5th of April may suddenly cause financial gain and inimical troubles too. But Guru's aspect will overcome the troubles soon. Health may often be disturbed owing to excessive heat. A young friend of yours may suddenly turn to be your enemy. He may be your relation as well. He will turn to be your real friend ere long. Officially, you may gain favours at the hands of your superiors. Businessmen will do well in this month. There may be heavy investments without proportionate gainful return. Second half will prove more lucrative.

1, 4, 9, 9, 11, 13, 15, 19, 20, 27 are better days.

x                      x                      x

**KARKATAKA RASI or  
CANCER**

Planets during this month are more favourable to you than last month. Patronage, help from outside, influential friends, desires and wishes fulfilled, are the outstanding features of this month. Surya - trine - Guru, Sukra in his own house of gain, Mangal and Guru exalted—are

† Punarvasu  
Pushya &  
Ashlesha

**Know Your Luck**

all calculated to improve your position financially, socially and domestically. First half shows some disappointment through a friend or a near relation. You will be helped by elderly benefactors and high class men of influential position in the achievement of your objectives and any marriage propositions will hold good in this month without any obstacles. One of your sons will come up very well and make your life happy. Officially, you will gain better position and more money. The month holds out greater conveniences of money from the 13th April. Businessmen will do well throughout the month. More business contact is evident resulting in mutual benefits.

1, 4, 6, 11, 15, 18, 19, 22, 25, 28 are lucky days.

x                      x                      x

**SIMHA RASI or LEO**

Planetary plan augers better trend of their influence over your life. Though Guru is unfavourably placed to your rasi, your ruler aspected by Guru in the 8th house will react more favourably towards your interest, bringing about unexpected achievement and favours from the higher-ups. The first half forges spiritual aspirations and culture ahead through your contact with men of spirituality. There may be an unexpected pilgrimage. Second half is more favourable for financial conveniences though your financial budget may not cope with your mounting items of expenditure.

Makha,  
Poorvaphal-  
guna and  
† Uthara-  
phalguna

More money seems to be spent for unnecessary items which you could easily avoid. Second half also shows marriage performance in a few cases. Officially you may have favour at the hands of your superiors. On or about the 19th there might be some slight unpleasantness officially. Domestically you will not feel well. Disturbed health or quarrelsome surroundings will almost overwhelm your mind. Businessmen will do well in the second half.

1, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 20, 27, 30 are lucky days.

x                      x                      x

**KANYA RASI or VIRGO**

In spite of Guru favouring you with his blessings in all your activities planets in 3rd, 4th and 6th houses are causing you

heavy mental distraction on account of the irritating surroundings in which your life is circumstanced. From the 5th when Mangal enters the fifth house and when Sani aspects Mangal there, there will be mental mortification in the domestic life. Though there may be hectic time of it, Guru's and Sukra's position will minimise your troubles to a great extent and with your subdued mind and forbearance you will be able to surmount your difficulties as a passing phase. Your health will suffer owing to excessive stomach irritations and upset of some of your plans. Second half shows a distant journey, if not disturbed health and some accusation from your enemies. Officially you will not

† Uttara-  
phalguna  
Hastha and  
‡ Chitra

be able to gain much. Avoid quarrels with colleagues. Businessmen will do well in foreign markets. Business over water or overseas business will prove more lucrative.

1, 4, 6, 8, 9, 14, 15, 18, 20, 22, 27, 30 are lucky days

x x x

#### THULA RASI or LIBRA

The positions of the planets prove satisfactory and encouraging.

‡ Chitra  
Swathi and  
‡ Vishaka

The solar course through the 6th house indicates fulfilment of many of your plans so far pending. Second half promises greater realisations of your objectives. Financial conveniences look more easy than before. You will have more friends to help you in this month. Socially and domestically you will be happier. A distant journey is envisaged. Health will be disturbed in this month. Stomach trouble will be evident in the first half. You will move in the high circle of friends and relatives, and are likely to gain through their associations. Letters and correspondence will prove more encouraging. One of your brothers will come up well. Avoid misunderstanding with your relations. Second half envisages better finance and domestic life. Officially, you will have favour from your boss. Heavier responsibility will be thrust on your shoulder. Marriage, if any, will be performed in the second half. Merchants will find the month more profitable. Partnership business will thrive well. New partners may come

in with more capital necessary to run the business.

1, 4, 6, 11, 13, 15, 16, 17, 20, 22, 30 are fruitful days.

x x x  
VRISCHIKA RASI or  
SCORPIO

Planets in trine to Sani and Rahu will not make you mentally happy. There will be extra strain felt on

account of multifarious activities you have undertaken. Sukra in the 7th brings you in contact with personalities and you may find it easy to accomplish your object. As a businessman you will find this a profitable month. A new contact with a partner in business or in life in some cases, if not already, is envisaged during the first half of this month. There is a prospect of begetting a child as a result of Sun-trine - Moon on the 13th of this month. A journey is envisaged in the second half. You will grow enterprisingly spirited and with the help of people on the top you will have the satisfaction of having achieved success in your attempts. Financial prospects are more encouraging this month.

1, 4, 5, 8, 11, 15, 17, 20, 22, 24, 28 are lucky days.

x x x  
DHANUR RASI or  
SAGITARIUS

This month does not hold out

Moola,  
Poorvashada  
Uttarashada‡

more hopes than last month. Ill-placed planets are so powerful against

you that there are irritations and troubles afoot. Enemies

are seen at work against you. Differences are indicated between you and your relations or friends. A friend will play a dirty part against you financially. Financial life, though hopeful, shows involvement. In a few lucky cases, sudden money is expected, if not already. Indirect income may be also envisaged. Businessmen will find it opportune to make hay while the sun-shines. Domestically you may not be happy. Residential problem may be a worrying factor to some of you. A change may be possible ere long. Officially some change is expected. Avoid rupture with your colleagues. If you are in charge of finance shortage is bound to occur unless you avoid it with meticulous care.

1, 4, 6, 9, 11, 14, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 are lucky days.

x x x  
MAKARA RASI or  
CAPRICORN

Planetary alignment indicates their greater bene-

fic influences over your affairs this month of which the first half seems to be more fortunate to you. Solar course through the 3rd house aspected by exalted Guru augers well for the success of your undertakings, your correspondence, your feelings of brotherhood, your relationship with elders and any record or documentary execution. You will move in higher societies and would take greater interest than ever in your social life. In any contest or discussion in matters of vital import-

ance your success is sure beyond doubt. A journey will surely be in the picture of the month. More friends than before will rally round you but beware of your being treacherously dealt with by one of them. It is safer, particularly this month, not to be very credible as is usual with you, because you will be overcome by greater feelings of emotion and temptations in the surroundings in which you are placed. Financially the month is decidedly better after the 4th April. Sources of income will increase. Health may not be good owing to excessive heat. Merchants will profit more in the first half than in the second.

1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 18, 22, 23, 30 are lucky days.

x x x  
KUMBHA RASI or  
AQUARIUS

Planetary positions don't promise to make this month a good one for you. Mangal in the 12th house from the

‡ Dhanista,  
Sathabbisha &  
‡ Poorva-  
bhada

5th onwards and Guru in the house of anxiety and annoyances, Ravi trine Sani, Rahu—all these do not indicate that you will be carefree owing to surrounding conditions obtaining during this month. Financial plan will be upset. Expenditure items grow beyond your control. You may face some financial complications difficult to be resolved. From second half onwards is seen a safer period wherein you will have less trouble and unexpected settlement of affairs to your advantage. Domestically first

half is better than the second. Difficulties will be felt on account of your son's affairs. Court affairs, if any, had better be adjourned to a later month. Officially you will have no mental peace. Merchants will not find this a safe period.

1, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 22, 24, 27, are lucky days.

x x x  
MEENA RASI or PISEES

This month offers greater encouragement comparatively, but your lord Guru, exalted in the house of mind, coupled with Sukra in the third house will cause mental affliction over your domestic, financial and official

matters. Some of these irritations may be avoided or even solved through correspondence than in person. Sukra in the third house will bring before you the affairs of your brother or sister for your consideration. In this respect first half is better. Financially, since the lord of income, Mangal, is entering the 11th house and then aspected by Sani, you will find much better convenience of money so as to enable you to handle or manage your previously embarrassed position with more tact, ease and grace. Officially you will feel more encouraged through your boss's favour. Merchants will find this a speculative month more than ever having better turnover. 1, 2, 4, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 22, 27, 28 are lucky days.

### POPE ON MOTOR SCOOTERS

Pope Pius XII has upheld motor scooters as a means of making life easier, even if some persons think they are noisy.

Addressing a group of Spanish motor scooter and motorcycle riders who had driven to Rome on a pilgrimage, the Pope said:

"There will be persons of delicate hearing or enemies of any risk who will criticize the unmistakable noise which announces your presence on the city streets, or the slipper agility which permits you to wind among vehicles and pedestrians with incredible speed.

"Use your machines, but try to do it always with prudence, discretion and respect which alone can assure you the sympathy and affection of all. Love your machines, but remember that before them come yourselves, and your family, social and religious duties."

x x x  
Income these days is something one can neither live without nor within.

### A PAGE FROM FRENCH HISTORY

## BETRAYAL OF NAPOLEON BY BARNADOTTE

One of the grimmest irony of human affairs is the betrayal of a Revolution by the revolutionary leaders. Not that it is a never failing phenomenon but there are enough historical instances of it. It has been said of George Washington that he and his wife on his accession to the Presidency used to hold "Friday Nights" of glamorous merry-making more reminiscent of a royal court than appropriate to the Republican traditions. In the case of Hitler the Socialist significance of his Nazi movement was killed by the removal of all the Socialist leaders on the single night of June 30, 1934. But the worst case of the revolutionary betrayal was that of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was worst, because due to a coincidence of historical reasons revolution was never and nowhere supported by such a stormy tide of popular ideas, as it was in the last decade of the eighteenth century and among the French people.

Barnadotte was one of Napoleon's general. Born in 1764 and son of an advocate of Pan, Barnadotte joined the French Army when he was only seventeen. Extraordinary intelligence made him sweep through a series of rapid promotions and by 1794 he became a General of the French Army. Next year he was placed at the head of the Rhine campaign in which he scored a distinguished success. Three years later, he married

the woman, Mademoiselle Desiree Clary, the daughter of a Marseilles silk merchant, whom Napoleon himself loved and loved dearly but somehow avoided marrying. As the situation in the French scene was in 1798, Desiree had no reason to regret her marriage. For though Bonaparte had even then more political power, Barnadotte had the reputation as a French General almost as high as Bonaparte's. Indeed, years later when it was almost clear that the Revolution was drifting to a new royalty, Fouché and Tollyrand, men who were close to Napoleon, suggested that Barnadotte should assume the throne of France, an offer which the General promptly turned down, as a convinced Republican.

In 1804, however, Napoleon made himself the Emperor of France, Barnadotte too was raised in stature. He became the Prince of Ponte-Corvo—a titular distinction for the husband of Desiree. But the man honoured felt humbled—humbled because an Emperor was restored in France and he had to accept the gift of an imperial regime. It was a tremendous struggle for the man who loved France; who fought for her Republican destiny but whose friend and chief thought it fit to arrogate to himself the status of a French Emperor. Barnadotte's corrosive conflict however did not last long. In 1808 came a strange offer from

an once-hostile people whom he had earlier fought on behalf of France. Sweden having lost that year their Crown Prince, the only heir to the throne of the Scandinavian country, eyes were cast by the Swedish people all around to adopt a Crown Prince who would be highly valiant as a General and highly honourable as a man. To the small knot of military officers whom Barnadotte had made prisoners of war in Napoleon's earlier Swedish campaign, the test of a Crown Prince in quest exactly filled Barnadotte. It was not the old Saul-like choice made by an accident by the ancient Jewish people but it was a choice that was deliberate and in complete appreciation of the qualities of the man chosen. There is no parallel for such a deal in modern history. Barnadotte's choice was as much a tribute to the Swedish people as to the characters of Barnadotte himself.

The Marshal of France accepted the Swedish people's offer. This he did, I presume, only to flee the Imperial France. For a thoroughgoing Republican to accept the call to a royal position in a foreign land was no doubt an act of irony. To suggest that Barnadotte did not see the irony implied would be a callow lie. They truth probably lay elsewhere. He no doubt saw the irony but overcame it by his deep pain at the Imperialist France. All the same, an

inescapable irony persisted—the irony of a mortified patriot going as an exile to a foreign land to adopt it as his own.

Before he left for Sweden, Barnadotte obtained the approval of the Emperor to his intended acceptance of the foreign offer. Napoleon gave him the approval thinking that through Barnadotte Sweden could be counted on to become his stooge. Events proved however otherwise. 1812 Barnadotte as the Swedish Crown Prince joined the Coalition of Princes against Napoleon. It was a kind of modern E. D. C and the trial between it and the French Emperor came next year when at the Battle of Leipzig the allies dealt him a crushing blow—and who else than Barnadotte of Sweden contributing the decisive strategy of the action? History records that in the desolate and deserted battle scene of Leipzig, when all was over, jumping over the dead bodies of the Frenchmen there stood in silence a high General in Swedish robes hanging his head before a French banner still then lying planted on the battle ground. Napoleon met his final doom in 1815 and three years later, King Charles XII ascended the throne of Sweden. He died in 1844 and was succeeded by his son Oscar. The Barnadotte lineage is still continued in the Swedish royalty.—*Jobber in Anrita Bazaar Patrika.*

A husband is a man who lays down the law to his wife and then accepts her amendments.

## NEWS STORIES

### STAKING CLAIMS ON MOON

Rival land agents have been falling out over their claims to property on the moon. The row started when Robert Coles, Chairman of the Interplanetary Development Corporation in the U. S., sold deeds to one-acre plots on the moon at one dollar apiece. There were 4,500 buyers.

Soon afterwards, twenty-seven-year-old Harry Hall alleged that the I. D. C. was claim-jumping on his property. "They're invading my land," he said. "I've already sold 2,000 one-acre plots at one dollar each and my claim to the moon was filed in March, long before theirs."

New York's Attorney-General has been investigating the setup. Coles's offer comprised: "1. A general quit-claim to an acre of good crater bottomland, the buyer receiving the fishing and winter sports rights near his plot. 2. A brochure describing the wonders of the moon. 3. A map that shows the purchaser how he can see his land through a powerful telescope."

Coles, who does not provide transportation to the moon, says long study has convinced him that an expedition will soon go there and that he will be a member. He agrees that many people may regard the enterprise as a joke.

Those claims have followed recent prophecies that man will land on the moon before the end of this century.

According to present law Coles has a right to sell the moon plots, provided he is the first man on the moon for, in law, outer space is uncharted. A property owner on earth has ownership rights extending 70 feet above his property.

x

x

x

### CHILD'S OPINION OF MOTHER

Dr Sina Mott, director of Southern Illinois University's kindergarten and nursery school, has checked up on how four and five-year-olds feel about Mum.

Dr. Mott analysed 250 drawings made by the children. She found the youngsters by-passed their favourite colour, red, to show mother in sunny yellow, but only when she was shown with the family.

When mothers were shown alone or with one other members of the family, they were coloured cold blue or purple. However, the little artists always placed themselves right next to mother in their pictures.

"The child wants to make sure of absorbing a generous share of the warmth its mother radiates," Dr. Mott said. Other evidence of the esteem the child has for mother: The youngsters took greater pains in drawing their mothers than other members of the family. Sometimes they left these out altogether, but they never omitted Mum.

## GAVE A LEG FOR LOVE

"I want you to cut off my right leg. I'll pay you 100 guineas for doing it," the mysterious Englishman told the young French surgeon.

"But, sir, there's nothing wrong with your leg," protested the Frenchman, Lewis Thevenet.

The Englishman produced a pistol from his coat pocket. "Then I'll shatter my leg to pieces before your eyes and it will have to come off," he challenged.

Much against his will, writes *Weekend Mail*, Thevenet amputated the leg, collected his fee, and left the country house near Calais to which he had been summoned that day in 1782, troubled and bewildered.

Eighteen months later he received a letter from a Sir Charles Temple, who said that he was the mysterious patient.

He went on to explain that he had fallen in love with a Miss Emily Harley. She had loved him too, but had refused to marry him. One of her sisters eventually told the heart-broken Sir Charles the reason.

He wrote: "Miss Harley was a prodigy of beauty, but she had but one leg, and on this account she feared to become my partner for life."

It was then that Temple hit on the idea of having his own leg amputated.

And the last paragraph of the letter announced that the idea had worked.

Sir Charles had given a leg—and won a bride.

## TRUTH IS OUT

Years ago it was the custom to make a suspected murderer touch the body of his victim, as it was believed that the corpse would then bleed. It also provided a pretty fair estimation of the suspect's state of mind.

There was a touch of the macabre in a ruse employed by Continental police when a man was found dead and it was suspected that his wife was to blame. She claimed that a stranger had forced his way into the house and shot her husband, but the police had other ideas.

She was taken to another house and the police made a dummy of the dead man. It was dressed in his clothes and placed in his favourite chair in a life-like position under a light that was not too good.

Then the widow was invited to come along and help the police to reconstruct the crime. With no knowledge of what awaited her she was led into the room and—

"My God!" she screamed. "It's himself!"

Even when she realized it was not a corpse she was so tho-

roughly unnerved by the shock that the searching questions of the police soon established what had really happened.

## BORED, HE BLEW HIMSELF UP!

If you've got the "blues," don't do what one young man did. He lit a firework—and sat on it.

The firework went off, and so did he—to hospital.

This astounding story is told by a surgeon in the *British Medical Journal*. The patient, he says, was a man of 24, who was admitted to hospital complaining of severe pain.

The man said he had had the pains for some years.

The doctors performed an operation for an internal injury—but there were some features which puzzled them.

They considered all sorts of possible causes, probable and improbable, but none seemed to fit the case.

They decided to ask the patient what had really happened.

His story was that he was standing too near a firework when it went off.

Still the doctors were not satisfied. After more questions, the patient gave his "astounding explanation...."

He said that for domestic reasons he had become unhappy and morose.

While he was feeling depressed he had decided to light a firework and sit on it.

The surgeon who tells the story says that this surprising explanation was accepted "with reservations."

So the patient was sent to a psychiatrist, who said that the final story was the true one.

## BEAR AS WITNESS

When a fine black cat appeared as a witness in a court case at Wiesbaden, Germany, a few weeks ago, a man accused of rubbing acid into the cat's skin was ordered by the judge to stroke it.

Apprehensively he tried to do so—but the cat fled from him. The cat, however, allowed other people to stroke it.

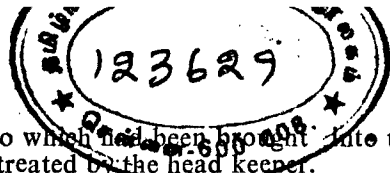
The court found this evidence conclusive and the man was fined about Rs. 50.

Animals have often helped the law by providing evidence in important court cases.

Two bears from Berne, Switzerland, were recognized as capable witnesses thirty years ago when one of the assistant keepers of a bear pit brought charges of cruelty against the head keeper.

The head keeper decided, with official permission, to call two of the bears as witnesses for his defence. He appeared for trial followed by the bears, the sight of which caused several people to leave the court hurriedly.

The prosecution witness described how the animals, including



Kahaniya, April, 1956

the two which had been brought into the courtroom, had been badly treated by the head keeper.

Counsel for the accused then introduced as the only witnesses for his client, the bears themselves.

The accused's lawyer then led the bears before the bench. The complaining witness and several other attendants of the bear pit were asked to come down from their seats and confront the bears.

To the surprise of everyone except the head keeper and his lawyer, one of the bears showed his dislike for the prosecution witness and his companions by moving menacingly towards them in an attempt to administer a savage blow.

This evidence proving sufficient, the judge dismissed the charge against the head keeper.

#### PRETENDED DEATH TO WIN GIRL

Believe it or not here is a strange story of a crazy lover who pretended death to win over his girl.

Stan Estz loved Heddy Noost, but she only laughed when he proposed. He threatened to kill himself, but still she laughed.

So Stan's best friend put a notice of Stan's death in a newspaper, and then called to see Heddy, taking the newspaper with him.

He told her that Stan's last wish was that she should see him in the coffin.

Heddy, shocked at the news, and realising how much she really had loved Stan, dressed herself in black and walked sorrowfully to fulfil his last wish.

Gazing into the pale face in the coffin, she tearfully told his friend how much he had meant to her.

That was enough for Stan. He sat up in the coffin and kissed her.

When Heddy had recovered from the shock, she was so pleased to find Stan alive that she forgave him for his trick and married him.

#### TV. TO DETECT PICKPOCKETS

There is a row developing in New York over a proposal to use TV to detect subway pickpockets. The transit authority which controls the New York underground railways has been worried by many complaints of the activities of pickpockets. And on many underground lines in New York women are afraid to travel at night.

The transit authority want to install hidden television systems in subway stations so that police can watch the crowds.

Edited and published by P. A. Prabhu, B.A., (Hons) at 32, Pelatope, Mylapore, Madras-4. Printed at The Sunday Times Press 69, Peters Road, Cathedral P.O., Madras-6.

Grams : 'Woodlands' Madras.

Phone : 86461 &amp; 85528

## WOODLANDS HOTEL

(Regd. Boarding &amp; Lodging.)

Your familiar host in Madras. The hotel which always played, host for you in the city since 1938, now located at 1/23, Edward Elliotts Road, Mylapore, Madras-4, is offering you home comforts. The same palatial accommodation, 'phone extensions to all rooms air-conditioned cottage accommodation with gardens, hot-water facilities day and night, wholesome food and courteous service at moderate charges.

*Garden parties are undertaken at short notice.*

## The Udipi Sri Krishna Vilas

1/4, Mount Road, Madras-2

Phone : 86155

Air-conditioned tiffin rooms and variety of sweets available always.

MEALS SECTION :

98-A, Wallajah Rd., Madras-2.

"Woodlands", Coimbatore

Phone : 111 &amp; 777

## WOODLANDS HOTEL

COLLEGE ROAD, COIMBATORE.

Prop: K. KRISHNA RAO.

# **50 YEARS**

OF

## **FRIENDLY SERVICE**

For 50 years, Canara Bank has stood firmly behind the National progress providing financial strength to help the growth of trade, industry and commerce.

We are proud of our 50 years of successful Banking, proof of our friendly service.

During our 50th year, we say "Thanks to you", our loyal customers and friends for your confidence and goodwill. Each and every one of us here at the Canara Bank will continue to do our best to serve you faithfully and well.

### **CANARA BANK LIMITED**

**1906**

**1956**

A Bank for all the  
people.