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DECEMBER, 1956

Lokshmi's Bridegroom

Manbhumi Murder Case

Helen Made A Date
(A Detective Story)

The Hunting Knife
(A Detective Story)

Story of Ajamila

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Vol. III

DECEMBER, 1956.

No. 8

LAKSHMI'S BRIDEGROOM

(by 'SHIKHA')

Lakshmi, pretty like the pale-gold champak bud bursting to bloom, was plunged into deep melancholy when she came to know that the bridegroom-elect was coming to see her. For, she had secretly fallen in love with another.

Lakshmi went tripping gaily along the shaded path, her pot delicately poised on the waist. Her little world was full of joy. Happiness bubbled in her and overflowed in a merry, rollicking tune.

Well did she remember that gay tune. They had all danced to that—she and other girls of the village at the festival of Rains. She had been truly intoxicated that day, what with the fresh fragrance of newly moist earth in her nostrils and the tender young green of nature greeting her eyes everywhere; but above all, with the compelling rhythm of the dance and the heady wine of youth, life and beauty. She had gone on dancing even after the others had stopped, unaware that she was dancing alone, till the music too had ceased and she had caught her mother's horrified eyes upon her. She had run to her,

blushing and trembling, scarcely able to lift her head for shame. But the spectators had applauded wildly and her mother's eyes, even while she reproved her for her recklessness, had glowed with a proud joy in her daughter's beauty and grace.

For Lakshmi was truly pretty with the beauty of a pale-gold champak bud bursting to bloom. Her smile flashed like a ray of sunshine, her laughter rippled like a brook. She was the undisputed belle of the village and the darling of her home.

That home she might soon have to leave. For some months there had been talk of her marriage. Negotiations had been going on apace through the medium of Seetamma, a friend of both the parties. It was now almost certain that she was to be the wife of Narayan Gowd, the

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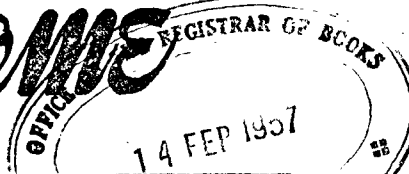
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son of Shyamanna Gowd, who was the headman of Mandli fifty miles away. That very afternoon Seetamma had brought the news that S. Gowd had consented to the match, but that a definite "Yes" could be given only after his son's approval. Young men these days did not listen to their elders, and insisted on having their own way in everything. Shyamanna Gowd's city-bred son had his views on marriage, and his head was full of the most fantastic ideas of love and romance. Among other things, he wanted to speak to the girl! Knowing the eccentricities of city folk, especially of the present generation, she had agreed to the demand. He had arrived in his village on a short holiday and would be coming soon to see the girl. All this information Seetamma had imparted in a series of loud whispers, while Lakshmi's mother heard her in an awed silence befitting the importance of the occasion. Seetamma was sure he would approve of the girl. "Such a beautiful girl! And so sweet too. Truly a Lakshmi!....." Lakshmi, sitting just behind the wooden partition with her sewing, overheard most of it and was thrilled with pleasure. Just think! He was actually present at the dancing during the festival of Rains! How was it that she had missed seeing him? He had not only seen

her dance, but had even shown his interest by asking those about him who she was.

Her heart was all a-flutter at the thought. After Seetamma had gone, her mother had come to her, and asked quite pointlessly, caressing her cheek. "Where were you all this time, my dear?" From the soft smile and the tender tone, Lakshmi had understood that the match was as good as settled. Then she had wanted to be alone, all by herself, and picking up a pot, had briskly set out for the lake.

Lakshmi set her pot down and relaxed on the moist grass. The rainy season was over. There were only light showers now and then, come to bid farewell. The little lake was full. It glittered in the sun, silvery blue in its emerald setting.

At seventeen one may be pardoned for spending a bit of one's time indulging in rosy dreams of the future. Ever since the first talk of her marriage, Lakshmi had tried to imagine what kind of a husband she would have. As a child she had always dreamt of a Prince Charming who would transport her to a fairyland and raise her from her humble status to the exalted one of a princess. But now she dreamt of a handsome young man, who lived in a big city and dressed and spoke just like a *Sahib*. Her village

was beautiful, she loved it and would always love, but still a village was, after all, only a village. All clever and rich people lived in cities. She had been on a visit to her cousins in the city two years ago and had been thrilled by the wonders she had seen there. Some day, she had decided, she would go and live there herself and be a close neighbour to these marvels. And now her dream was coming true! She sighed happily with the pleasure of anticipation. But suddenly she was all apprehension: supposing the young man did not choose her for his bride? What if he rejected her, instead, as an ignorant rustic?

A bird's shrill cry broke plaintively through the silence. Lakshmi stirred uneasily in her seat.

"Please do not move," said an unfamiliar male voice.

Lakshmi sat up with a bound and looked round her in alarm.

A young man, everything about whom proclaimed that he was that fortunate one among mortals, a city-dweller, was sitting on a grassy patch to her right and seemed to be busy with something. On a closer look she found he was painting with an easel before him.

Lakshmi was filled with an acute sense of awe and embarrassment at the unexpected apparition of the demi-god,



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for such was he to her.

"Sit just as you sat before, if you don't mind," he spoke politely. "I have been painting the whole scene for the last quarter of an hour."

Lakshmi was somewhat reassured by his words and manner. Surely he meant no harm. She looked up at him and met the boldest pair of eyes she ever saw - piercing dark eyes with a curious mocking light in them that troubled her. The straw hat on his head was set at a rakish angle which gave him the air of being a perfect villain, albeit a very handsome villain. She hastily dropped her eyes in confusion.

"Do sit as before," urged the young man.

Her limbs were stiff with excessive shyness. Why am I nervous? Surely he can do no harm, and my home is so near, she told herself.

"Be relaxed," continued the young man, "and don't look so frightened as if you had seen an ogre." He seemed to be amused at her discomfiture.

That put her up. She did not want to let the young man think that she was so easily frightened. She would make him understand that whatever other faults village girls may have, they are not chicken-hearted. She relaxed on the grass careless and defiant.

"That's right," approved the young painter.

For a time he worked in silence while Lakshmi sat feigning to be calm and unconcerned.

"This is a lovely spot. Do you come here often?" asked the young man by way of conversation. Lakshmi nodded.

"When have you to go home?" he asked after a while.

"There is no hurry."

He smiled in satisfaction, — a frank, good-natured smile. — and continued painting.

Shadows lengthened and storm clouds began to gather in the sky. A rough wind blew shaking the boughs.

The young man stopped his work. He looked up at the sky with distaste. "Storm

clouds so late in the season," he snorted. "I must stop."

She got up, filled her pot and turned to go home.

"Will you come tomorrow, same time? Then we could have the same light effect," said the artist.

She nodded her head in acquiescence.

"Thank you," he favoured her with a dazzling smile.

She was conscious of a strange trepidation in her heart. At the turning of the path she furtively cast a glance behind. He was watching her, with his hands in his pockets and his head bent a little to one side. She quickened her steps.

That night in her dreams, the unknown bridegroom had the stranger's mocking dark eyes, bold and compelling, his broad, good-humoured mouth and a rakish hat that gave him a villainous appearance.

The whole of next morning, she was waiting impatiently for the afternoon to come. Soon after her midday meal she set out from her house. At the turning, she saw him standing, staring down the path towards her. His hat was set at an even more rakish angle if that were possible. As she came up, he advanced with a glad smile of welcome.

"So you have come? I was afraid you wouldn't," he said.

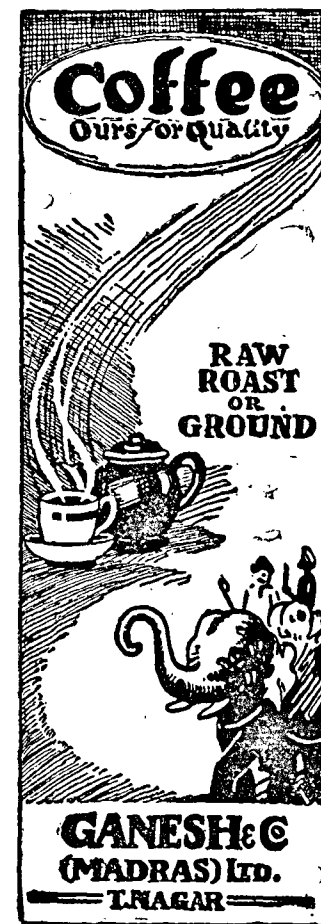
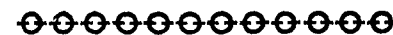
"But I had promised," she retorted.

For reply, he gave her a saucy look and immediately started on his work. He painted in intent silence, while she sat quietly, directing frequent glances at him, noting his appearance in all the details and trying to fathom his character. She had to admit to herself that he was undoubtedly good-looking.

At the end of about half an hour, he laid down his brush and stretched himself at full length on the lush grass touched with the gold of the sun. He was tired, he said, and besides, it was lovely here, too lovely not to feel like stopping work for a bit and enjoying oneself on the grass; what a pleasant contrast it was to the city!

At this she asked him timidly whether he didn't like the city. "Well," he began, "not exactly,....." and then went on to tell her about his life there, his two-roomed flat, his job which was distasteful to him, and the hobbies he cultivated, particularly painting, to escape the tedium. Having given her the prosaic details of his daily life, which, however, seemed to her most romantic, he turned to other topics of interest in the city, and finally he gave her an elaborate thesis on his views of life. He talked and talked, this man who had seemed so silent before.

Lakshmi listened with breathless interest. There were things she could not under-



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stand. But she did not mind. She would understand them one day, when she herself went to live in the city. For the moment she was overawed by the extraordinary being who seemed to know everything that one should know. Then she was touched with pity for the young man, who lived alone and ate badly cooked meals in an eating-house, with no one to look after him when he fell ill. But this benevolent mood did not last long; for on looking up, she would catch the amused expression on his face and turn cold instantly. He would immediately grow serious and recount his miseries so movingly that she would melt anew. Or else, he would boast of his adventures and narrate them with colourful details; she would resist for a time, but before long succumb to the magic of his words. She passed through wonder, joy, horror, pity and indignation, as he talked.

Time flew on wings. Lakshmi got up reluctantly to go home.

"You will have to come again. The painting is not finished," said the young man.

So she went the next day and the next.

Sometimes they did not talk, but just sat lazily through the afternoon, watching the sun trace patterns on the grass through the interstices of the leaves, and the silence between them was filled with a golden

content. She loved it as much as the talk. The days passed as in a dream.

At home she was continually in a state of feverish excitement. Her mother attributed it to the approaching visit of the Gowda's son. The Gowda had sent word that his son had started on a bicycle tour of the district in the course of which he would come to see the girl. But Lakshmi, who had been looking forward so eagerly to his coming was not in the least interested now. All thought of him had vanished from her mind. Another face haunted her day and night - a face with mocking dark eyes and a laughing mouth. From the moment she woke in the morning, she waited with all the impatience in her heart for the hour of their meeting by the lake.

"So you want to live in a city?" he had asked, on the fifth day, bending his piercing eyes on her. "Then you must marry a city man. And from what I hear you are about to marry one. Aren't you?"

So he had been talking to people in the village. How else could he know that?

"I hope I can count on being invited?" he continued, pretending not to notice that she had averted her face. "For I have no mind to forego the pleasure of seeing you as a bride. Oh, it will be a sight for the gods!"

Lakshmi made no reply.

She felt a terrific tumult in her breast and tears started to her eyes.

He must have sensed her mood, for when she ventured a glance at him, she found his eyes fixed earnestly on her face. For once they were not mocking, but shone with a serious and tender light and, also a something else which lurked behind.

There was an awkward silence which he broke at last by saying, "I am going today."

This was a blow.

"But of course we shall meet again. Invitation or no invitation I am sure to come."

How could he speak in such a bantering tone, when her heart was twisted in anguish?

"Come and see your picture," he called.

It was indeed beautiful, the silvery blue lake with its green fringe of grass and trees and stone steps on one side, and in the foreground a maiden looking like a flower sprung from the very grass on which she was half reclining. Was she really as lovely as that? For a moment she forgot her ache in wonder and delight at her own beauty.

He laughed happily, seeing her amazed. "The jewel does not know its own value. It is for the jeweller to find its worth." His eyes were again mocking, and dancing in merriment.

A surge of anger swept through her being. Why had

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he come and disturbed the even tenor of her existence? She had been happy, and was going to be married to a nice young man. Now she had nothing of her former joy left. This bold and dashing stranger had come, with the bearing of a conqueror, with his gay laughter and winning manner, and brought her discontent. She must shake herself out from his corrupting influence.

"Good-bye," she said in a firm voice.

"Good-bye and good luck.

We shall meet, you know when. I shall frame this picture and give it to you as a wedding present." With what persistence the man kept harping on her marriage!

At the bend in the path, she looked behind for a last glimpse. He stood watching, as always, with hands in his pockets and head bent on one side.

When she reached home, she found the house buzzing in excitement. Her mother whispered to her importantly that the Gowda's son was to be expected the next day.

Lakshmi was plunged into a deep melancholy. Mechanically she gave her mother a helping hand in making the elaborate preparations to receive the guest of honour.

Her mother entirely missed the reason of her sadness. "Don't take it so much to heart, my dear," she said, "You are not going to leave us just yet. It will be some months before.....It is the fate of us women. We have to bear it in resignation. I know how a girl feels at such a moment. I was only twelve when your father's people came to see me....." and she sighed.

For her mother's sake she tried to look cheerful in company. But at night, she wept bitterly and wished the Gowda's son would never come. But then she would pray to the contrary: "Make him come, O

God, and let him accept me. Otherwise my father and mother will feel humiliated and go down in others' eyes."

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At last the hour arrived and so did the Gowda's son. Her father and her uncle sat with him in the main room exchanging amiable banalities.

Her mother had dressed her in a deep green sari, embroidered in gold, and a gold blouse. A wreath of jasmine was tucked in her hair. She had all her meagre jewellery on her person. But her most precious ornament she had not—her sunny smile.

Her mother chided her for her seriousness. "Don't look so serious, my child; why, to see you, one would think you were being led to be sacrificed and not that you were going to be betrothed to the boy you had so wanted to marry. For I always knew it, you see," she added with a knowing smile. Lakshmi forced herself to smile. "There, that's better," said her mother, "now take these dishes. I'll send the rest with Saroja."

Lakshmi picked up the dishes like an automaton and went to the room where they were sitting—her father, her uncle and the Gowda's son. She bent down and placed the dishes before them.

Coffee was brought.

"Will you have some more sugar?" asked her father of the guest.

"No, thank you, it is excell-

ent," replied the young man.

Lakshmi had kept her gaze fixed obstinately on the ground. At the sound of his voice she started and looked up. Her heart gave a great bound.

His eyes were as mocking and mischievous as ever, but the triumphant smile on his

lips was touched with a sweet tenderness.

* * *

When the wedding took place four months later, the star present that Lakshmi received was from her husband—a painting framed in gold.



HIS PROBLEM

A bizarre gentleman wearing a beret, smock, and great flowing beard was consulting a leading psychiatrist.

"You say you're not an artist?" queried the doctor. "Then why the beret, smock, and beard?"

"For heaven's sake," cried the man, "that's what I'm here to find out!"

X X X

THE ANSWER

Orator: "The man who admits that he has made a mistake is a wise man and a hero. And the man who keeps silent when he is right is—"

"Married," said a meek voice in the audience.

* * *

There are apparently two kinds of politicians; those who view with alarm and those who alarm with views.

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FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

MANBHUM MURDER CASE

(By S. RAJAGOPALAN)

At about 6.30 a.m. on 17-8-1938, the engine driver of No. 57 Akra-Chakratharpur passenger train saw between the up line rails near the Urma railway station (near Manbhum, Bihar) an object lying and being attacked by dogs. He reported the fact at Urma. The station master sent a man to guard it, which was found to be the headless trunk of a female. The arms as well as the head had been severed from the trunk. The head was found a short distance away, at the foot of an embankment. Information was sent forthwith to the nearest railway police wherefrom a sub-inspector arrived on the spot at about 4 p.m.

A post mortem was held. The remains appeared to be the head and body of the same person. The civil surgeon opined that the injuries might have been caused by the victim having been run over by a train and that it could be inferred from the extravasation of blood in the tissues over the shoulder blade that the train might have run over the woman during her life. The examination disclosed further that portions of the body had been eaten by wild animals. The

face bones were crushed into several fragments and the greater portion of the soft parts was missing. The right side of the skull and the base were broken into several fragments. Membranes were lacerated; the brain was liquified and was coming out. The left side of the scalp, however, seemed to have been present; and on dissection, clotted blood was found within it and also between it and the skull about four inches in diameter around the parietal eminence. Tattoo marks on the legs were also visible.

On these facts it was surmised that the unfortunate victim would have been seriously assaulted and then dragged even when she was not yet quite dead, to the railway line and placed on it in an unconscious and helpless condition and left to be run over by the next train.

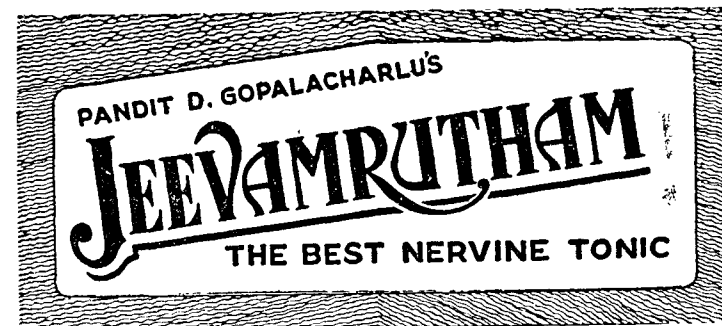
Meanwhile news of the gruesome discovery had reached the village Maldih where the absence of one Nisi had been noticed since 16-8-1938. She was the widow of one Akul, whose mother Paru was the grand aunt of one Nehal. On the previous evening, at about 7 or 8 p.m., her little daughter

Fulmani was crying and was taken by one Dhone to the house of one Badi where the child spent the night. In the morning Badi went early to Balarampur to see if Nisi had gone there, but returned about 9-30 a.m. without finding her. By about that time he heard the news of a woman lying dead at the railway line. He proceeded thither and identified the body as Nisi's.

Nisi had the previous day departed to Balarampur and was returning to her village with her companion Duli. Duli alone returned to the village in an unhappy and dazed condition and appeared to be suffering from the effect of some violent shock. She appeared to have told Fulmani and some others that Nisi had been done to death before her very eyes by Nehal. The sub inspector heard of it some-

how and immediately proceeded to the place of occurrence pointed out by Duli and there found paddy plants disturbed and also marks of violence. It was dark and hence search could not be close. He went again on the following morning. He found marks of blood at two places. Scrappings were taken out and one of them was found to contain human blood.

As the investigation proceeded, some more facts came to light. Nisi as stated was a relation of one Nehal. Ill feelings had arisen between them. Nisi lay claim to a property which Nehal claimed as his. There were also criminal proceedings, which were compromised. The compromise, however, was not to Nisi's liking. Thenceforth she brought a suit against Nehal's father. It was posted to 15.9-1938. Nehal was credited



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with a resolve to stifle this litigation. In fact it collapsed instantly on her death although her daughter Fulmani could have continued it.

Nisi and Duli had gone from their village to Balarampur market to make purchases. They started to return home. On the way they were seen near a tank not far from Balarampur by two persons. Thereafter they continued their way and had reached the field of Lalu Mahto. Nisi was walking in front and Duli was following her. All suddenly Nehal came from behind and attacked Nisi with a lathi on the neck and the head. Nisi fell down. Duli who was approaching was threatened by Nehal and warned to run away and keep the whole matter secret on pain of being killed outright. Duli ran away. Looking back, she heard Nehal shouting to his companions to join him. They then dragged Nisi down to the railway line. Duli was dumbfounded and when she reached home she was not communicative to any but Fulmani.

So far as the identification of the body was concerned, one vital factor was the coincidence in time between Nisi's disappearance and the finding of the dead body. Secondly the tattoo marks on the legs were also indentified. Duli said that the attack was made by a lathi from behind on the

back of the head and the neck. This was corroborated by the medical examination. The extravasation of blood in the parietal region of the scalp might well have been the result of just such a blow.

The motive for the crime, it is needless to state, had been amply proved.

At the trial a legal plea was put forward on behalf of Nisi. It was said that the offence should be split up into two parts: first the beating, which by itself was not sufficient to cause death; second, the disposal of the body which was on the assumption that she had died already. In the first there was no intention to kill and thence it could not be murder. In the second no case of murder could be spelt out as death had already taken place and the only motive which compelled him to do so was to make it appear as if she had committed suicide.

The judges, however, held in this case that it was pure cold blooded murder. Nehal's two acts were so intimately connected with each other that both the acts of beating her and placing her on the railway line formed part of one transaction, namely, the murder of Nisi. Nehal paid the extreme penalty and few would regret the retribution for so ghastly a crime.

(Copyright with the author.)

HELEN MADE A DATE

(By GEORGE GOODCHILD)

Helen was given a valuable necklace by her father on her twenty-first birthday but it was stolen that very day. Who was the thief who took it?

For over 18 years the Farringdale necklace had rested in the vaults of Sir Arthur Farringdale's bank, along with other valuable items which had belonged to his late wife.

Once only in all those years had it been taken out for cleaning, and that was the only occasion when his daughter Helen had seen it. She had been a spindle-legged schoolgirl in those days.

Now nine more years had passed, and Helen Farringdale

was no longer a spindle-legged school girl. In a month she would be twenty-one, and it was that which caused Sir Arthur to remember family traditions.

"John," he said to his brother. "I'm giving a party for Helen on her twenty-first birthday. I hope you'll come."

"Good gracious!" said John. "You mean to say she is twenty-one already?"

"On the fifteenth."

"She's a fine girl," said

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John. "Absolute spit of her mother. Oh, Arthur, I had a card from young Peter two days ago."

Sir Arthur's handsome face became fixed in a frown. No one but his brother would have dared mention his son to him, for Peter had left home under a cloud three years previously, and no one but the boy and his father knew why.

"Where is he?" asked Sir Arthur in a dead voice.

"Paris."

"Ah!"

"I wonder if he'll remember Helen's twenty-first birthday. He and she were close friends."

"I should doubt it," replied Sir Arthur crisply.

Thereupon John dropped the subject. He left the house to return to his own home in London.

On the day of the party Sir Arthur went to the bank, opened the box of jewellery, extracted the necklace, and resealed the box.

It was nearly eleven o'clock that evening that Inspector McLean was told that a bold robbery had taken place at the home of Sir Arthur Farringdale.

"It's a valuable necklace," explained McLean's chief. "Presented by Sir Arthur to his daughter today on her twenty-first birthday. I have told him to prevent anyone leaving the house. His address

is——"

"I know it, sir," replied McLean. "I should be there in half an hour."

McLean thereupon grabbed Brook from a spot of night duty and requisitioned a car.

At half-past eleven the car rolled up the drive of the house and came to a stop outside the entrance. A man was standing under the portico obviously waiting for them.

He said he was Mr. Saunders, the butler, and he escorted McLean and Brook to a small reception room, where Sir Arthur was pacing up and down. McLean had met him in the past and now smiled.

"Oh, it's you, McLean!" said Sir Arthur. I am glad you have the case. I'll tell you what happened. All right, Saunders."

The butler bowed and left.

"There's something I don't understand about the affair," said Sir Arthur. "Today is my only daughter's twenty-first birthday, and I presented her with a very valuable necklace. She was delighted and eager to wear it this evening.

"There are some thirty guests—all, of course, very well known to us—and a staff of five in the house.

"All the guests had arrived by eight. We had some drinks, and then cleared the dining-room and tuned the radio into a dance programme. Things went with a swing until about

ten minutes to ten.

"Then suddenly my daughter told me her necklace had gone. I asked her where and when, and she said she didn't know. She said it must have come unclasped.

"We made a search of the house, but could not find it. I am sorry to have to say I don't believe her story.

"Before I gave her the necklace I examined the clasp. It was good and strong."

"Is there any reason why your daughter should mislead you?"

"None at all."

McLean decided to see Helen at once. The girl's distress was most marked, and after she had been introduced to McLean and Brook, Sir Arthur left.

"Miss Farringdale, did you know your father proposed giving you the necklace tonight?" asked McLean.

"No—not definitely. But I thought it might be possible."

"Did you mention that possibility to anyone?"

"No."

"I suppose there is no doubt the object was lost in the house?"

"Oh, no, I never went outside."

McLean had been working up to this, for on the bottom of the girl's left shoe he had seen something which caused him to doubt this statement.

"Have you any objection to taking off your left shoe?" he

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asked.

She blinked at this request, but then removed it. From the slightly damp sole McLean removed a small flat leaf.

"That can't have been there many hours," he said.

"I suggest you did go out."

The girl suddenly changed her attitude, and came very near to tears.

"Miss Farringdale, it's foolish of you to keep anything back. Why did you make that false statement?"

"Because—because I'm not sure."

"Sure about what?"

"This evening while I was dressing, a note wrapped round a pebble, was thrown into my bedroom window. It was from my brother, whom I haven't seen for years.

"I should tell you that he is, more or less, in exile. He—he must have done something

wrong, and my father sent him away. The note said—'Try to see me in the summer house at 9-45 tonight. Something to tell you.' It was signed 'Peter'. And in his handwriting."

"You kept the appointment?"

"Yes. I made an excuse and left the house just before 9-45. I went down the garden path which leads to the summer-house, and I was quite close to it when I was attacked from behind. The necklace was snatched, and I was pushed forward on the grass. Naturally, I was frightened, and ran straight back to the house."

"Why didn't you tell your father what happened?"

"Because I thought I was justified in keeping Peter out of it."

"But you never actually saw him?"

"No."

"What did you do with the note?"

"I burnt it."

"That's a pity. Do you know your brother's last address?"

"No. But Uncle John received a postcard from him a month ago from Paris."

When she had left the room McLean felt compelled to tell Sir Arthur what had emerged. He looked very pained.

"Was he capable of doing a thing like that?" asked McLean.

"I wish I knew. I sent him

away because he forged my signature on a cheque. Since then I have heard nothing from him."

John Farringdale was then questioned. He said he had not heard from his nephew since he received the postcard from Paris.

"Is there any other person in England to whom the boy might have written?" asked McLean.

Uncle Jhon couldn't think of anyone, but Helen had a suggestion.

"There was a girl named Ruth Mason," she said. "Peter was very fond of her. She lives a few miles from here—at Chilcote."

McLean referred to the telephone book and found the name of the girl's father. He put a call through and was soon speaking to the girl.

She said she had had a letter from Peter only two days ago and that he was in Paris in a branch of an American firm. She gave McLean Peter's private address. It was a small hotel.

McLean put a call through and was informed that M'sieur Farringdale was certainly in the hotel, but had gone to his bedroom about half an hour previously.

"So the note was a fake," said Sir Arthur. "I am glad. But who could have written it?"

"Someone who knew his

handwriting very well!"

McLean then asked Helen to show him exactly where the robbery took place, and she led him and Brook through the garden.

About twenty yards from the summer house Helen stopped. To her left was a big beech tree.

"I think he was waiting behind that tree," she said. "Look you can see where he pushed me down on the grass, and there are my footsteps on the way back."

Between the spot and the beech tree there were other footsteps. The first series formed a dead straight line from the beech tree, but the others went off at a tangent.

McLean began to follow the second line of tracks, on the sparkling grass.

The footprints extended to the gate, which was locked, and

there ended:

Some time was spent under the wall near the tall gate, but no traces of the thief were found. McLean walked back by the drive, but on nearing the house there was a wide turn in the drive, with a short-cut across the lawn to the house.

At this point there were more footprints, and they went straight towards the house.

"You didn't come this way?" McLean asked Helen.

"Oh, no."

"Then the thief didn't leave the grounds, but came back to the house!"

McLean subsequently surprised Sir Arthur by asking for accommodation for the night.

This was afforded him and before turning in McLean took another walk to the gate, and came back looking calm and hopeful.

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"The first post is delivered quite early tomorrow morning," he said. "The postman who clears the box brings it. Usually he arrives at half-past seven. Better be up and dressed by a quarter past."

"Something to do with that fellow in Paris?" asked Brook.

"Nothing whatever. I may be wrong, so I'm not going to satisfy your curiosity. See you in the morning."

At a quarterpast seven the following morning Brook tapped on McLean's door, and went inside to find McLean dressed.

"Now I'm ready," said McLean. "I'm convinced now that the thief is someone in the house. He did not go to the gate and leave those footprints to serve as a red herring."

"Then why did he go to the gate?"

"Brook, you are unobservant! Come on."

They walked over the springy grass down to the gate.

"That's what you failed to see, Brook," said McLean.

He pointed to the wall on the right of the gate—and outside it.

Brook saw a red posting-box let into the stone wall.

"But—!" he gasped.

"Ah! and here comes the postal van," interrupted McLean.

The small van stopped outside the gate, and the postman gave them a cheery good morning.

"I'm interested in the contents of the box," said McLean. "I may have to take possession of a small package."

The postman looked horrified.

"Can't do that sir," he said. "Once a thing is posted it is in safe keeping of the G. P. O."

McLean nodded, and then watched the postman empty the box. There were some fifty letters, and a thin parcel.

"That may be it," said McLean. "To whom is it addressed?"

The postman read the address slowly.

"John Farrington, 24, Makin Mansions, S. W."

An hour passed before McLean got possession of the package and re-entered the house. Breakfast was just being served and the family were all present, including Uncle John.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," said McLean. "Mr John Farrington, here is a parcel addressed to you. I should like you to open it."

Uncle John stared at the parcel. With trembling fingers he cut the string, and a few moments later the lid of a thin cardboard box fell off and revealed the missing necklace.

Helen gave a cry of amazement, and Sir Arthur stared at his brother.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "It is your handwriting on the label."

John Farrington rose from

his chair and staggered from the room. McLean looked at Sir Arthur and then at Helen.

"He posted it last night through the bars of the locked entrance gate," he said. "I think he came here prepared to do that, with that box labelled and stamped. What do you want me to do?"

"It's for Helen to decide," said Sir Arthur.

Helen thought for a moment.

"I'll do a deal, father," she said. "Peter for Uncle John. We did Peter an injustice. Can't we call the battle off and have an exchange of prisoners?"

Sir Arthur stretched a hand across the table and gripped that of his daughter. His eyes switched to McLean, and McLean understood.

(Another Dandy McLean story next month.)

MAKING IT WORSE

A philanthropic lady visited an asylum and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly won her compassion.

"And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a smile broadening on the face of her attendant, and, on asking the cause, heard with consternation that the old man was none other than the medical superintendent.

She hurried back to make apologies and blurted out: "I am sorry, doctor. I will never be governed by appearances again."

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EXPLAINED

Teacher: "Do you know, Tommy, a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer?"

Tommy: "That explains why I failed in my examinations, sir!"

x

x

x

MODEST

Tailor: "You have recently inherited a nice lump of money from your uncle. Why don't you pay me?"

Customer: "I hate all outward show. I don't want it to be said that my newly acquired wealth has caused a departure from my former simple habits."

THE HUNTING KNIFE

(By L. SHEININ)

Two scientists had gone on a scientific expedition to a remote island. One was found dead with a knife wound in his eye. His companion was naturally suspected of murdering him till.....

Well, the order was signed; they had it in black and white that Professor Burov, who headed the zoology chair, and his assistant Voronov, were commissioned for one year to Kolguyev Island, in the Sea of Barents, for the purpose of conducting observations.

At the university the order was received with meaningful smiles. It was a fact known well to all the lecturers and students, without exception, that there was no love lost between the professor and his assistant. And the idea of the two men being sent for a full year to a place where they would be constantly thrown together was both surprising and amusing.

The two men concerned were surprised most of all. But orders were orders, and within a few days the university expedition composed of Professor Burov and Docent Voronov left for the far away island in Barents Sea where the two scientists would have to spend together the long year in the Arctic.

.....A month later, a dry report cabled from Island Kolguyev informed the university that Professor Burov was killed by Docent Voronov.

The special attorney entrusted with the investigation in the case of Professor Burov's murder contacted by radio the captain of an icebreaker located off the shores of Kolguyev and gave him a number of assignments. He asked the captain to deliver to Moscow the corpse in frozen condition, to question the witnesses of the crime, should any be found there, and to make a thorough survey of the locality where the murder was committed. The attorney also asked the captain to bring Voronov to Moscow.

The assignments of the investigating attorney were carried out, and one day the captain of the icebreaker entered his office together with a middle-aged man who looked bewildered and frightened. That was Voronov.

The interrogation was opened. The attorney collected all the details about the man's life, and he could find no fault: it was an unblemished record. There was nothing against Voronov in the thirty-two years before Burov's murder placed him face to face with the investigating attorney. His was a life well lived and with a good purpose. Voronov

Kahaniya, Dec., 1956

was beyond question a talented specialist with a number of independent scientific researches to his credit; he was on the right road and with great prospects before him.

"Why in h.....," cried the usually calm and collected attorney, "why in h... did you kill that professor? What was there between you that you could not divide?"

Voronov spread his arms in an expression of puzzlement.

"You see," said he apologetically and in a quivering voice, "the point is...the point is that I did not kill him.....The most terrible thing about it is that I am fully conscious of the hopelessness of my case. The utter lack of any possibilities for defence. Of course, I stand... so to say...completely exposed. Were I in your place, I should have no doubt whatever. I understand. I am prepared to face anything. The worst if need be.....But I.....I did not kill....."

"Collect yourself," snapped the attorney. "If you had done the killing, as the circumstances of the case seem to indicate, then you would better confess. But if you had not committed the murder, then defend yourself. Protest, explain, put forward your own version....."

The attorney said that because the circumstances in this unusual case seemed entirely against Voronov. They all

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seemed to cry out that Voronov and no one else had killed Burov. To the attorney's surprise, however, Voronov did not say anything in his own defence; on the contrary, he added on his own initiative some additional and very weighty facts which aggravated the case against him. While persisting to deny his guilt, this man was at the same time hastily piling up before the attorney new facts, circumstances and suggestions which he should have known were killing for himself. It seemed as if he were passionately, consistently and mercilessly bringing accusations against himself.

"When we arrived at the island," Voronov was telling, "my relations with the professor, unfriendly as they had already been, were moving from bad to worse. There were moments,

and I must tell you frankly about it, when I felt I could hit the professor, give him a sound drubbing and even murder.....That urge kept on recurring more and more often. Those moments are even reflected in the diary I have been keeping. I brought the diary along. Here it is....."

And Voronov held out to the attorney a thick note-book. Sure enough, some of the entries in the diary showed that the idea of killing Professor Burov was constantly suggesting itself to Voronov.

"I don't know," Voronov went on to say. "Perhaps, in the end, losing control of myself in a momentary outburst, I would really have killed the professor. Perhaps I would. But I did not kill him. It happened as follows:

"That morning we decided to go out hunting for ducks to the lake in the interior of the island. We went there in a sledge with Vasya, as the driver. When we had covered only half the distance, something went wrong with the sledge. We still had about three kilometers to go and we decided to continue on foot, while Vasya stood behind to repair the

while I could cross to the opposite shore to fire from there. The professor accepted my suggestion, and I went to the opposite shore.

"Standing there, I could see quite clearly from the distance of about one and a half kilometers the lone figure of the professor on the opposite shore. There was no one, nor could there anyone be next to him. I say that emphatically. Then a shot rang out from the place where the professor was standing. Of a sudden I saw the professor sway strangely and drop to the ground. Unable to understand what had happened, I ran towards him.

"When I got there the professor was still alive, but unconscious. He was gravely wounded by a hunting knife which was lodged deep, to the handle, in his left eye.

"Besides myself with horror, I rushed back to the place where we had left the sledge. When I got there, Vasya was completing the repairs. We took the body to the wintering place, where we managed with great difficulty to pull out the knife with which the killing was done. And that is all.."

After a brief pause, Voronov continued:

"You will appreciate how difficult it is for me to defend myself. I can reason, and I understand that all the facts in this case are against me.

I have only one request to make. Here is a bundle of letters from a young lady, my betrothed. And this is my letter to her. Please, hand it to her."

"I cannot," said the attorney. "You yourself will give it to her. I have no intention of arresting you, Voronov."

There are cases when a sudden guess, the final conclusion, comes by far not as a result of the combination of formal charges and evidence, not as a logical sequel to what had already been found and established, and not as the sum total of facts. One sometimes comes across such a dark tangle and confusion of facts, details and human relationships, such a monstrous accumulation of chance incidents and circumstances, that even the most experienced criminal investigator feels baffled and discouraged in the face of all that. But his intuition and talent, his persistence, his humanism, help the attorney find his bearings in the case, and arrive at the truth.

Voronov's release was prompted solely by the attorney's inner conviction, by something in him which made him believe Voronov. That confidence was based on indistinct, vague and foggy feelings stirring in the mind, though outwardly they may not always seem logical feeling which are so difficult to express and

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which are not referred to usually; nevertheless, taken together, they come as the result of the investigator's talent, as an expression of the strength of his psychological and professional insight of his keen intuition, as the result of many years of painstaking and intensive brainwork, trained sense of observation, criminological experience, and the habit of adopting an analytical approach towards events and men.

The attorney was convinced that Voronov did not kill Professor Burov. But this conviction had to be substantiated, proved, and, most important, it was necessary to clear up and explain the mystery of Professor Burov's death.

P. Semeonovsky performed the autopsy when Professor Burov's body was brought to

Moscow.

He did that with his usual thoroughness, caution and skill, and his general conclusion was expressed in the following two points:

1. Professor Burov's death was the result of grave injuries caused by the blow of a hunting knife which hit the deceased in the left eye.

2. The blow was struck with inhuman strength.

"What is meant by inhuman strength?"

"It means," answered the expert, "that the strength with which the knife blow was struck surpasses the average strength of a normal man. I have therefore used the expression 'inhuman'. But I cannot tell you exactly what a power it was....."

When the attorney was again examining the hunting knife his attention was arrested by a minor detail: the wooden handle of the knife had a slight defect which was due to bad workmanship. A tiny edge of the metal pivot upon which the handle was fastened protruded from it. It was almost imperceptible.

The investigator fingered the tiny bit of metal and of a sudden an idea flashed in his mind which made him leap to his feet. It was like a flash of lightning in the darkness.

An hour later the attorney's office was crowded with experts (armour makers and hunters)

summoned for an urgent conference.

"Tell me, please," said the attorney, addressing himself to the hunters, "tell me, how in your opinion, from the viewpoint of commonsense, would a hunter (who had a hunting knife with a wooden handle stuck behind his belt) act if the cartridge would for some reason stick in the rifle chamber and refuse to move."

The experts exchanged puzzled glances and began to consult in whispers.

"In such cases," was their unanimous decision, "the hunter would most probably take his hunting knife, and, knocking its blunt wooden handle gently on the cap try to 'drive' the cartridge cautiously into its place."

"I think so, too," observed the attorney with a smile. "And now, let me ask you to examine this knife, paying attention to this protruding bit of metal pivot and imagine a hunter trying to drive a cartridge in with that. What will happen?"

The experts examined the knife, tested the strength of the metal of which the pivot was made and pronounced their unanimous opinion:

"With the sharpness and strength of the metal this bit of pivot could well play the part of a striker. A blow with this knife at the cap of a cartridge would cause an explosion, and

a shot would ring out."

Next the attorney addressed himself to the armour makers.

"Tell me please," said he, "if the cartridge had not been driven into its place and an explosion occurred owing to the hunter's lack of caution, whither would the strength of this explosion be directed, and what would the degree of this strength be?"

"In a position like this," answered the experts, "the strength of the explosion would hit back; it would supply a terrific impact to the hunter's hand which held the knife, throw this hand back towards his face. The strength of the explosion, the strength of this impact would be very great: it would approximate to a pressure of 5-7 atmospheres....."

The attorney breathed a sigh of relief. His sudden guess was correct.

Just then Semeonovsky walked into the office and the attorney acquainted him with the latest version, held up the knife and recounted the conclusion of the experts.

Hostess: "Not very tactful I must say, to ring me up during church hours."

Guest: "Probably she knows you don't go to church."

Hostess: "Very likely; but she might have had the decency to assume that I do."

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"Who first introduced you to your husband?"

"Oh, we just met. I can't blame anybody."

"All this is very clever and convincing," drawled Semeonovsky, "and it even sounds quite like the truth. If it were not for one detail. The professor was killed by a blow in his left eye."

The mosaic so well assembled fell to pieces again.....

But the attorney did not give up. He was convinced in the correctness of his reasoning and persisted in his investigations.

"Tell me," he asked the relatives of the late Burov, "have you ever observed the professor work with the scalpel?"

"Many times," said they; "he often worked at home."

"And in which hand did he hold the scalpel?" asked the attorney cautiously and even timidly, for fear of seeing his last hope wrecked in a moment.

"But the professor was a lefty," said the relatives calmly.

The attorney could barely repress his desire to scream. There it was at last, the truth, the clue to the puzzle; the explanation. The case was clear...

Ajamila was a great sinner but he was saved from going to hell by the uttering of Lord's name.

STORY OF AJAMILA

(By G. KRISHNAMURTHI AIYAR, B.A. B.L.)

In the 5th skanda of Srimad Bhagavatam Suka describes to Parikshit the different categories of sins and the punishment that is meted out to the sinners by Yama in Naraka. Parikshit shuddered at the idea and wished to know whether there is any method by which the worst sinner could have redemption. The problem of sin is a vexed one and in religion different schools of thought have propounded numerous theories for its solution. A penitent mood and a true confession in Christian theory are sufficient to wipe out the sin of humanity. But our Dharma Sastras go into the question more intimately and they classify sins as Upapataka, Kulapataka, Mahapataka etc., according to the gravity of the offence. If a sinner evades a temporal punishment here on this earth our theory is that he cannot evade the punishment after his death in the world to come. Prayaschitta is an expiatory function and sins can be atoned for by performance of the expiatory ceremonies. If any such expiatory ceremony is not performed the sinner is bound

to suffer punishment. But the question is if a man commits mahapataka and he is the worst sinner on the earth is there any redemption for his soul? The story of Ajamila affords an answer for this question.

The story of Ajamila is narrated by Suka to Parikshit in the 6th skanda of Srimad Bhagavatam. Ajamila though married deserted his wife, lived with a concubine and had a son by her by name Narayana. To please and protect the concubine and her family he committed all kinds of offences and earned money. He used to gamble, drink and rob others of their wealth and even committed cold blooded murders to achieve his object. There was no sin that he had not committed and the mistress kept by him was fed and maintained by him by these unlawful means.

Time passed by. Ajamila grew aged and he was so steeped in these vices that he had no time to think of his future or what would be his fate in the after life. The last moment of his life approached. He was struggling for existence

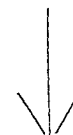
Kahaniya, Dec., 1956

with Yama and gasping for breath to be or not to be. The child by name Narayana was playing nearby and in a choked and quivering voice he called Narayana, pivoting his mind and attention on the boy. As soon as he pronounced the word Narayana, the liveried attendants of Vishnu suddenly appeared on the scene before him. Messengers of Yama who had cast their noose around his neck for taking out the life felt powerless to take back the noose or *pasa*. The Parshadars or the liveried attendants of Vishnu stopped the process of separating the life from the body of Ajamila

by Yamadutas. The Yamadutas at once questioned the devotees of Vishnu, "Who are you? Why do you prevent us from discharging our duties? Your lustre and glory confound us. You have no right to stop us from taking away the life of this sinner. We are under a mandate from Dharmaraja to take out his life and bring it to the other world for such punishment as the sinner deserves. We are within our power and jurisdiction in doing this act. Are there others vested with similar powers? Can there be a conflict of jurisdiction in the same matter? We claim

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exclusive jurisdiction and deny your jurisdiction to interfere with our exercise of power according to the rules of dharma."

The attendants of Vishnu at once put this question to the messengers of Yama: "If you are Yamadutas you must know the rule of dharma. Please state the rule and tell us how he has violated. We claim jurisdiction over the life of Ajamila. He has not committed any sin according to us and even if he had committed he has atoned for it in this life. Your power has been eclipsed by ours and it is obvious from the fact that you are unable to take back the noose or to take out his life and our very presence has defeated your power."

Yamadutas replied: "Dharma is subtle. It is enjoined by the sastras. One who acts in consonance with the rule of law performs an act of virtue and one who infringes the rule laid down in Smritis is guilty of an act of sin and for which he will have to be punished according to the code of Manu. This man committed numerous sins. Born in a good family he without just cause deserted his wife and children, took to an immoral life and satisfied his lust, keeping a concubine. He is guilty of having produced an illegitimate child. He robbed and plundered and even murdered people for the

purpose of gaining wealth to maintain his illegitimate wife and child. He is guilty of mahapataka. He has not expiated his sins by performing prayaschitta according to dharma sastras. So we classified him as an arch sinner and we wanted to take him to the presence of Dharmaraja for punishment when the Doomsday arrives. He is now under trial but our right has been put to trial by you. As servants of Dharmaraja we did our duty; but who are you to interfere with us?"

Vishnu Parshadars replied: "Oh! What a wonder! Injustice reigns supreme even in the kingdom of Dharmaraja. It is true that this man Ajamila is the worst sinner on earth. But all his sins had been atoned for in one moment when he called by name the dasiputra; the word Narayana was on his lips at the last moment of his life. Don't you know that God's name is more powerful than God Himself? The name of God has inherent potency and in this particular case has been a prayaschitta for crores of sins committed by Ajamila not only in this birth but in all his previous births. He is now a pure soul. He has come within the jurisdiction of Vishnu as a devotee and the jurisdiction of Dharmaraja for punishment was ousted the moment he uttered the four letter

'Na-ra-ya-na.' The efficacy of the Lord's name is not understood by you. Please go and ask your master. If he agrees with us, then our judgment will prevail."

The messengers of Yama ran up to Yamaloka and narrated the incident with the implication of the rule of law and the point of jurisdiction involved in their dialogue with the Parshadars of Vishnu. Dharmaraja at once explained: "Oh fools! My jurisdiction is not absolute; it is limited. Why did you stay there when the Parshadars of Vishnu came on the scene? The elucidation of the rule of law is correct. But the application of the rule of law by them is not correct. I first bow to Vishnu for pardoning me and my servants for having questioned the power and jurisdiction of the superior Lord. We can claim only jurisdiction over persons who are not devotees of Vishnu. When he uttered the name of Vishnu you should have at once realised that he is a virtuous man and the name of the Lord on his lips at the last moment has washed away all sins he had committed however grave and inexcusable they may be according to our code."

The messengers retorted by pointing out that this Ajamila never uttered the name of Lord Vishnu, but he pronounced in affection the word "Narayana", the name of his dasiputra. Then

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Dharmaraja cleared up the position of law by saying, "It is not for you to differentiate between the name of dasiputra and of Vishnu at the last moment. It is a happy and fortunate coincidence that has saved the life of this terrible sinner. When we admit that it is the name of Vishnu, the fact that it is also the name of the dasiputra is irrelevant. His intention is immaterial. The power of the Lord's name to destroy all sins is the only question of questions. If the Lord's name has efficacy in it then

it depends for potency on its own force. A power inherent in an object does not require knowledge for its support. A child in its ignorance sets fire to a hayrick. Will not the hayrick burn even if the child cried, 'Oh I did it without knowledge?' If the Lord's name when pronounced has power to destroy all sins it will do so irrespective of the fact whether the man who pronounced it has knowledge of the efficacy or not. Ajamila has uttered four letters at the last moment of his life and when the four letters are pronounced it constitutes Vishnu's name and Vishnu's name is described in Smritis as having unlimited potency to expiate all sins. That is why the Smritis say, 'Lord's name is nectar and the name of Krishna is prayaschitta for all sins.' The correct dictum according to Smritis in regard to the potency of Lord's name is this: 'The name of the Lord whether uttered in joke or jest or in derision or hatred or when pronounced at the termination of of a tune in a song, or whether as a result of accident or unbearable pain during sickness it is ordained by Smritis that it shall constitute the final prayaschitta for all sins in this life and lives prior to it.' This dictum is correctly applied by Vishnu's Parshadars to the facts of Ajamila's case. Let God Vishnu forgive us for the breach of law that we have

committed."

Ajamila rose up as if he were from a dream. He recollected in his mind the dialogue of the devotees of Vishnu and Yamadutas. He was wrapt in wonder that our ancient law provides for redemption of the worst sinner. He turned out a new leaf. He went up to Himalayas and in a cottage did penance for the rest of his life. He attained salvation in full spiritual glory by Lord's name.

The efficacy of bhajana by pronouncing the name of the Lord in devotion is considered to be so great that other means of atonement for sins by performance of rituals is considered to be impracticable for this Kaliyuga. The practice of uttering God's name is to be kept up in all leisure hours. The use of leisure was well understood by our Smriti writers. It is easy to say that God's name must be on the lips at the last moment. But without daily practice the samskara will not avail a devotee at the crucial hour. A story will illustrate this.

A devotee was doing bhajana in a street in a village. His neighbour who belonged to the school of Karma used to mock him and state that without performing the rituals enjoined by Sastras God's name can do nothing. The neighbour's last moment arrived. He had the inner consciousness and was responding to the questions put

by visitors. The devotee who had great faith in the name of the Lord approached him in his death bed and with a view to release him from bondage hit upon a plan. The dying man had four sons. The first three had names different from the God's names like Pushpavanam, Rajkumar etc. The last boy's name was Rama. He asked the dying man as if to test his consciousness the name of each boy. He pronounced the names of the first three correctly. The devotee thought that he would pronounce the last boy's name also in the same way. But his hope was disappointed. When asked to pronounce the name of the fourth boy instead of saying Rama, the dying man mentioned "My last boy." So his life ended. The two letters 'Ra-ma' could not escape his lips because that samskara of pronouncing the Lord's name was not in his subconscious mind. He would rather utter three words "My last boy" than the two holy letters "Ra-ma."

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa said, "Don't take the name of the Lord in vain." Mahatma Gandhi found the

greatest solace in pronouncing the name of Rama. Bhodendra who has written a big volume on Nama Siddhanta has conclusively established that nama sankirtana is the most efficacious for atonement of all sins in this Kaliyuga. He goes to the extent of proving that without other sadhanas, that is karma and gnana, nama sankirtana alone can establish a soul in the seat of moksha. Krishna Chaitanya in recent years has stated in a sloka: "God first manifested Himself at the beginning of this Kaliyuga in the mind of the devotees during meditation. As soon as meditation became rare and came into disuse as a sadhana God manifested Himself in an idol. When the idol too ceased to be worshipped He manifested His powers in sankirtan, that is in His name."

To pronounce the name of the Lord is the highest form of worship. Without doubt in its efficacy and firm determination that it will save us from all the ills of this Kaliyuga we must pronounce the Name of the Lord by sankirtana.

(Copyright with the author.)

NO OFFENCE

Johnny: "Isn't that monkey just like Uncle James?"

Mother: "Behave yourself, Johnny. You mustn't say things like that."

Johnny: "But the monkey can't understand."

* * *

A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband, while a man never worries about the future till he gets a wife.

NORTON ON THE BENCH AND BAR

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

Mr. Eardley Norton has an extraordinary way of recounting his reminiscences. "Sir Adam Bittleston," he writes, "one of the High Court judges at Madras, betrayed a persistent animus against Mayne. One day the latter appeared before a Divisional Bench of two judges to argue an important appeal exceedingly heavy both in its facts and in its laws. After listening to him for an hour with ill conceived discourtesy, Sir Adam told him he had read the papers and did not wish to be addressed on facts. The little Irishman in the sauest and most silvery of voices replied, 'As your Lordship does not desire to hear me on the facts I propose to address myself for the next three days exclusively to his Lordship the pusine judge. In the meantime your Lordship, the Chief Judge, might amuse yourself with a novel,' and Mayne kept his word.

"I have been often asked," he adds, "as to the limits to which counsel are entitled to go in a repartee to the Bench. I am not competent being only at the Bar to define where judicial courtesy ends and its

converse begins. But if a judge elects to take off his gloves for the purpose of a foul blow, I apprehend counsel is not bound, even if he goes to church twice on Sundays, to turn the other cheek. The efficiency of a retort depends mainly upon absence of temper and restraint in speech. An agricultural labourer can bang his opponent with a bludgeon. It needs a swordsman to drill a hole through the heart with a rapier. Who does not envy the brilliant repartee of distinguished counsel who on being told without cause by a wearer of the ermine that he could teach him law but could not teach him manners, bowed and blandly replied, 'That is so My Lord!'

Mr. Norton had admiration for Sergeant Ballantine for his skill and brilliance at cross examination. "He was," he states, "to the manner born. The science came to him by intuition. It was perfected by practice but his intimate knowledge of the passions which impel man to action, supply them with motive and govern their conduct, gave him a great advantage over the

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knowledge which comes only second hand to the student of books. He led for Sir Roger Tichborne in the great civil suit for ejectment which I constantly attended in London."

Speaking of John D. Mayne Norton says: "Mayne made a fortune out of his law books. His commentaries on the penal code, the first edition of which appeared in 1881, ran I think into fifteen editions..... Mayne's work is a model of what a law book should be. As a contribution to the intricate niceties which divide and subdivide the Hindu lawyer's brain it is something more than admirable and just a little short of marvellous. It is not a mere compilation of head notes excerpted from Reports which purport to digest and not infrequently misrepresent the wisdom of the Bench. It is a masterly enunciation of principles illustrated by judgments, themselves not infrequently criticised the result not only of very extensive reading but of very intensive thought."

Speaking of his entry into the Bar Norton relates of his young days: "Time was hammering his bells remorselessly and one day, much to my surprise I had to face my examiners for the Bar. They found me ready. I had read continuously with my father

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for many years. For me there had been no cramming. We had discussed cases and principles at our leisure, had endeavoured to reconcile the irreconcilable and in some instances had given up the effort in reverential despair. One is not to reason why, one is but to read and remember, so with a tender, hadshake my father passed me into the examination room as years before he handed me over to the torture chamber at Rugby. I emerged successfully. My Oxford degree excused the Roman Law. I had all the great English statutes, the years of the various kings and the main lego-constitutional changes deep buried into my memory by a system of

nonsense hexameters based on Grey's Memoria Technica."

Speaking of his first wig Norton says: "Settled at the Bar the next thing was to be photographed in wig and gown. Looking upon the presentment I reproduce here today, I can scarcely believe I ever looked so young and foolish. Then in order of precedence came the choice of a circuit. In that I never wavered. My heart lay buried in Oxford and I joined the Bar which included my Alma Mater in its tour. I forgot who proposed and seconded me on circuit. But I was elected and immediately chose Oxford and Gloucester as my two sessions towns."

Speaking on his early training Norton refers to Mr. Griffiths, Queen's counsel, around whom he hung a story. "Gough once prosecuted a little boy and girl for technical highway robbery. The children had met another child returning from purchases in the village and in the course of the ensuing rough and tumble, five shillings disappeared. The police had recovered two and six pence. 'Just watch me, my lad,' said Griffiths to me, 'and I'll teach you how to larf a case out of court. Yes, larf it out!' I watched. His system was to annoy Gough as much as possible, ply him with audible interruptions, take

frivolous objections and generally to worry him as much as he could. Gough fell into the snare. With his eau-de-cologne in his hand he appealed to the Bench for protection against his learned friend's intimately irrelevant interruptions. 'Unless your Lordship helps me, I shall be unable to discharge my duty as counsel for the Crown.' Like a flash of lightning Griffiths was on his feet. 'Counsel for the crown, did you say counsel for the Crown sir? Counsel for the 'arf crown you mean?' Every one laughed except Gough and the foreman of the jury rising uninvited said, 'Not guilty.' Dear old Griffiths! He was very proud of one accomplishment, whistling. 'Oh, Norton,' he once feelingly said to me, 'I have done everything in court a counsel oughtn't.'"

Well, Griffiths' mannerisms had indeed some effect on young Norton. In later years when Norton rose high in the legal firmament, his forthright way of attack, his dazzling thrusts at opponents, his digs at the Bench who sought to make little of Norton, his general air of bravado, are all suggestive of the old Griffiths' school—a more dashing elegant edition perhaps!

Norton had his own opinion about the Bench and the Bar in England. Besides travelling around circuit Norton was

alous in attendance at the courts. It was a matter of sheer delight to him. He watched the foremost advocates of the day, their method and their manner. The judges of England were to him the inheritors and their manner. The judges of England were to him the inheritors and expounders of a system which compelled his admiration. Norton while in India said, "It (the English system) now excites my envy and elongates my regrets. The system at home is so utterly different to the system in India where those in power fail to see that what is a virtue in England is an error in India. Bench and Bar in England are but branches of one great profession, allied by experiences suffered and knowledge acquired in both alike. Judges write to the *Times* to say that though they are on the Bench they still hold themselves proud to have been members of the Bar. That cannot happen here. In England the Bench is wholly recruited from the Bar. In India it is not. Those who dispense justice at home have themselves shared in the turmoil and the fight which when they have won the spoils befit them for translation to their highest posts. The law in England is considered a profession whence as a rule the tried gladiators don the 'puce

and scarlet' of the judges. From the start to the finish the student, the advocate, the judge, is trained to consider but one thing, the truth of the evidence with which he has to deal. All extraneous considerations are discarded as *tanathema maranatha*'. No fear of consequences deters an English judge from a pronouncement uninfluenced by anything outside the facts before him. That is not the case in India. The district and sessions judges, honest, able and conscientious gentlemen, graduate in a school which if it enlarges their experience in one direction narrows and distorts it in another. A knowledge of the revenue system may be in the understanding of certain phases both of civil and criminal litigation. But a training which overvalues the necessity of supporting authority seriously prejudices and endangers all attempts to arrive at an impartial conclusion, upon the merits of a particular dispute."

Norton was obviously trenchant in his remarks about the Indian judiciary presumably because in those days both in the High Courts and the Districts the Indian Civil Service members manned many a judgeship. The executive was not separated from the judiciary in those days. To-day, at any rate in some States as

Madras, there is a token separation of the executive from the judiciary. We say token, since even now, the District Collector controls the prosecution, the prosecuting counsel being in his control. He is besides given some criminal jurisdiction and in the lesser ranks the Revenue Divisional Officer exercises powers under Secs. 107 and 145 Cr. P. C. The subordinate judges are appointed by a Public Service Commission which is as yet an advisory body of the Executive. The High Court has no power in such appointments. Even the judges of the High Court are appointed by the Executive and Administrative head of India, the President of the Republic, who acts on the advice of his Cabinet. May be, there can be no ideal separation. But even now, the subordinate judiciary are swayed by Governmental authority and the latter's power of patronage. In crucial cases, the judges, particularly the weaker ones, cannot be forthright and uninfluenced by such considerations. In the days of Mr. Norton, it was obviously worse. But it should be said to the credit of the Indian judiciary, that despite all the above difficulties, they have in the main acquitted themselves very highly. Both the tradition of

the judiciary and the Bar in India can compare favourably with the British. In some cases they excel. But in sensational cases, at any rate where Norton appeared, the result of many of the cases goes to the credit of the judiciary. Norton may have had some rude shocks now and then but that should not allow him to pass a sweeping chastisement about the Indian judiciary as a whole. You must test an English court when the parties are of differing nationalities probably at political deadlock with the British. In American courts the Negro has yet to get full justice done to him. In South Africa, the law is administered differently, one for the 'white' and the other for the 'black'. In the recent Suez Canal dispute Britain wrongly accused Egypt. Egypt was right in nationalizing the Suez Canal Company and take into its own hands the running of the canal. That does not abrogate her obligations to keep the canal free for international navigation in times of peace or war as per the terms of the 1888 Constantinople Convention. And Egypt had kept up her obligation by allowing this freedom in full. And yet Britain and her western allies accuse Egypt of transgressing international law. It is nothing but power politics. The West

does not like the East to assert her independence and improve her economic standards.

So, as we said already, there is a certain amount of lurking prejudice even in Norton against the judges of India. But one can appreciate his point in a way. An Englishman in London was different from the Englishman as a judge in India. He put on a different spectacles here and it was 'imperialism' in the realm of justice' also. Norton probably felt this affected his clients' causes and hence his denunciation. Did we not see Mr. Sullivan try to use his high influence against Mr. Norton? But Norton ultimately came out successful. Yet Norton, the rebel, we mean rebel at anything unjust, could not brook any lowering of standard. Hence his cavil at the Bench. He sometimes fell foul also with the Bar if he felt that it took an unjust attitude. All this only reveals Norton's innate sense of fairplay and justice. Norton was a fighter. You may call him a rude fighter. But he was a just fighter too! He was as tough as he was kind. He would take any risk to fight for

justice and would not mind getting involved in an undesirable wrangle with the judge ending in contempt proceedings. But Norton never worried about any personal danger involved in fighting the cause of his client. Certainly he was not a 'yes' man to the judge—an attitude which is nowadays recommended for easy success at the Bar, at any rate at District level. He was a fighter to the last. The judge's 'no' did not worry him. He did his duty fearlessly, nobly, and boldly. The judge had to come to his view. If the verdict went against Norton's advocacy, Norton went to the Appellate Forum and demonstrated how unmistakably and woefully wrong the judge of the lower court was. We have witnessed how judge Boddham fared at Norton's hand in the Revisional Bench. The days of strong advocacy is alas not the fashion nowadays! They say cool logic and petite presentation of law and fact are more to the point nowadays. But we cannot help expressing that Norton-like advocacy has its own charms, provided Norton's intelligence is in it.

THOUGHTLESS

"Jack," the girl said reproachfully, "you wouldn't marry me for my money, would you?"

"Not if I thought there was any other way to get it," he said thoughtlessly.

PREVIEW OF THINGS TO COME

Delegates to the recent International Astronautical Congress in Rome, Italy, lived through a memorable experience. They attended the screening of a film, shown by Mr. S. J. Gerathewohl of the American delegation, that might well have been called "The Shape of Things to Come" or "It Happened Tomorrow", for it had been filmed in an aircraft in which the effects of gravity had been completely cancelled out. Objects and people inside the plane were entirely weightless and the slightest push sent them floating about in space. When a bottle of water was turned upside down, not a drop trickled out.

Yet this was no science fiction film achieved by trick photography, but the actual record of a fascinating experiment in which Mr. Gerathewohl himself had played a leading part. For 47 seconds, he and others in the plane had been subjected to the extraordinary effects of the lack of gravity. The phenomenon had been created by flying a jet aircraft in carefully controlled dives and parabolas in such a way that centrifugal

force equalled the force of gravity.

This remarkable film strengthened the feeling among delegates that an important step had been accomplished towards the conquest of outer space. The experiment had in fact recreated artificially one of the physical conditions prevailing in space, and there are now men who have felt some of the sensations which interplanetary explorers will experience in years to come.

—Unesco.

* * *

New Scientific Marvels

Six hundred scientists from countries all over the world visiting Stockholm recently for the fourth Instruments and Measurements Conference saw some of the latest inventions in scientific instruments exhibited by 300 commercial firms and by Swedish, British and United States scientific research institutes. The displays included some of the latest developments in nuclear science, electronics, automation, TV, measuring and testing techniques, medicine and many other branches.

Instruments ranged from an intra - heart blood - pressure

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gauge to remote-control equipment for weighing red hot metal in iron foundries. A small apparatus for registering sound and light waves, vibrations, etc...known as the Mingograf jet recorder, uses a simplified method of recording directly on to moving tape, while another instrument produced as a complement to the electron microscope, performs serial sectioning of biological specimens down to 1-2/100,000th mm. Among the exhibits displayed by Swedish research institutes was a camera with an electro-optical shutter for exposure times as short as 1/300,000,000th of a second.

The display of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority featured various new developments in atomic power production, while the National Science Foundation of the United States exhibited a model of the artificial satellite to be launched next year.

* * *

Nobel Prizes

Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swedish inventor of dynamite, bequeathed the income from the bulk of his estate to be distributed annually in the form of prizes to those who, during the preceding year, shall have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind.

The 1956 Nobel prize for

medicine and physiology was awarded to Drs. Walter Forssmann of Germany and Andre F. Cournand and Dickinson W. Richards of Columbia University for perfecting the technique of obtaining blood samples directly from the heart through a hollow tube. The literature prize was awarded to Juan Ramon Jimenez, 75-year-old Andalusian poet.

The physics award went to Drs. William Shockley, Walter H. Brattain and John Bardeen of the United States for developing the transistor—the tiny, inexpensive substitute for the vacuum tube used in electronics; the chemistry award to Sir Cyril-Hinshelwood of Britain and Prof. Nikolai H. Semenov of Russia for studies of molecular reactions.

* * *

Earth getting warmer

The general warming of the climate that has occurred in the last sixty years has been variously explained. Among the explanations are fluctuations in the amount of energy received from the sun, changes in the amount of volcanic dust in the atmosphere and variations in the average elevation of the continents.

According to the latest theory variation in the atmosphere's carbon dioxide is responsible for climatic change.

The theory is put forward

by Dr. Gilbert Plass in the *American Scientist*. Solar radiation passes through to the earth readily enough, but the heat radiated by the earth is at least partly held back. That is why the earth's surface is relatively warm.

Of the gases that check radiation, carbon dioxide is especially important even though the atmosphere contains only 0.03 percent of it by volume. As the amount of carbon dioxide increases, the earth's heat is more effectively trapped, so that the temperature rises.

According to Dr. Plass, the latest calculations indicate that if the carbon dioxide content of the earth were doubled the surface temperature would rise 3.6° C. and that if the amount were reduced by half, the surface temperature would fall 3.8° C.

Such a comparatively small fluctuation seems of no importance. Nevertheless it can bring about striking changes in climate. If the average temperature should fall only a few degrees centigrade, glaciers would cover a large part of the earth's surface. Similarly a rise in the average temperature of only 4° C. would convert the polar regions into tropical deserts and jungles, with tigers roaming about and gaudy

parrots squawking in the trees.

Dr. Plass examines the various factors that enter into what is called the "carbon dioxide balance," including the exchange of carbon dioxide between the oceans and the atmosphere. That balance must be preserved. Photosynthesis (the process whereby plants with the aid of sunlight assimilate carbon dioxide to produce sugars and starches) causes a large loss of carbon dioxide, but the balance is restored by processes of respiration and decay of plants and animals.

Despite nature's way of maintaining the balance of gases the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is being artificially increased as we burn coal, oil and wood for industrial purposes.

Today more carbon dioxide is being generated by man's technological processes than by volcanoes, geysers and hot springs. Every century man is increasing the carbon dioxide content of the atmosphere by 30 per cent--that is, at the rate of 1.1° C. in a century. It may be a chance coincidence that the average temperature of the world since 1900 has risen by about this rate. But the possibility that man had a hand in the rise cannot be ignored.

LORD OF THE SEVEN HILLS

(By VELANDAI)

Hinduism amidst its pantheon of Gods does invoke the devotee to concentrate on the one Supreme Being, the Absolute. The shrine of Sri Venkateswara, the Lord of the Seven Hills, is a glorious pointer in this direction. Just as Vedanta satisfies the craving for a universal religion Sri Venkateswara is a concrete representation of the one God, supreme Brahman or Absolute without name or form or sect or creed. We find in the Bhavishyottara Purana Lord Siva expounding to Parvati the Venkatesa Rahasyam suggesting Sri Venkateswara to be the embodiment of Turiya Brahman. In the 'Sawal-e-Jawab' (the ancient accounts kept by the sthanikas of the Tirupati shrine) Sri Venkateswara is declared to be "the embodiment of the Absolute effulgence. His grace is such that he appears to his devotees in the form in which they adore Him. He manifests Himself in diverse forms and in one form."

Hence in this context the controversy over the identity of the God of the Seven Hills, whether he is Siva, Vishnu, Shakti or Lord Balasubramanya, is really not of any controversial significance except to stress that Lord Venkateswara is all that and more.

The learned exposition of Dr. S. Krishnaswamy Ayyangar in his "History of Tirupati" that the Lord is Vishnu or of the equally learned and authoritative exposition of Sri V. N. Srinivasa Rao in his book "Sri Venkateswara—Balaji" that the Lord is Siva or Balasubramanya—both these expositions should be taken by the intelligent devotee to denote that the Lord takes the shape His ardent devotee desires. He is one and yet all.

According to legend the shrine and the hills are very ancient ones, sacred throughout the four aeons—as Virabadrachala in Kritayuga, Anjanachala in the Tretayuga, Seshachala in the Dwaparayuga, and Venkatachala in the Kaliyuga of the present. The seven hills are said to represent the seven heads of Adishesha, the centre of the serpent's body is Ahobila Narasimha and the tail end is Srisaila Nallikarjuna. According to Venkatachala Mahatmyam Seshachalam is a part of Mount Meru. In a quarrel between Adishesha and Vayu, a portion of Mount Meru was blown away and deposited in Tirupati. Adishesha is said to have come here at the desire of the Lord Himself and laid Himself out in the form of a mountain to accomo-

date the Lord during His stay here. It is again said that when Sri Mahavishnu was lying in His serpent couch in Vaikunta, the revered Sage Bhrigu kicked at the chest of the God to test if He was really the embodiment of Sathyaguna. The God came out successful in the test but Goddess Lakshmi got enraged, left her spouse and came down to earth to offer penance. Lord Vishnu went in search of her and came to Venkatachalam. He also did penance at Tiruchanur and obtained her.

The above Bhrigu mythology has a spiritual pointer. The unmanifested Brahman in the static state is conceived as Narayana lying on water (consciousness) with Lakshmi (Prakriti) seated on his chest on a serpent couch (Eternity), the creative impulse is Rishi Bhrigu and Lakshmi or Shakti emerges from Brahman as Creative activity. The reunion of Lakshmi and the God postulate the immanence of Brahman in creation. The significance is that the ego in the unmanifested Brahman is the creation of the universe in name form; with the extinguishing of the ego, the identity of the individual soul and the Brahman gets realised.

The Shakti worshipper discovers in the "Gali Gopuram" (wind-swept tower) in the first of the seven hills what was really "Kali Gopuram." "Gali"

became in time the corrupted Telugu word from "Kali." There is in a room on the side of the gopuram a shrine dedicated to Goddess Kali where a bairagi functions as the priest. In the central Vimana of the very temple of Sri Venkatesa, in all the corners are placed figures of couchant lions, the vehicles and emblem of Shakti, and found in temples dedicated to Vishnu. The Shakti worshipper further delights in seeing traces of Shakti aspect in the "Moolavar" such as Simhalatam, Jatam, and Sri-chakram on the crown. Even to-day the daily ritual points to the shakti aspect. The drapery around the image (thirty two cubits of silk cloth) is dressed in the style of a saree and a sword hangs from the girdle. The two arms are adorned with Nagabaranams betokening the female sex; a ball of richly perfumed sandal paste adorns the chest on Thursdays while a bath is given on Fridays, a special feature of which is water mixed with turmeric—a feminine aspect. There is a Meruchakra embedded under the image of Bhoga Srinivasa (silver) image and this is worshipped secretly soon after the abishekam of the main image by an archaka who has received special diksha in the ritual. It is to be further noted that for one month in the year the deity is worshipped with bilva leaves.

The namam is a line drawn vertically with musk kasturi, a favourite toilet appropriate to women. The principal Brahmotsavam is during Dasara, associated with the worship of Shakti. It may be further noted that Shakti in her male aspect is Vishnu. The worship is conducted by Vaikhanasa priests, who though votaries of Vishnu, yet do not submit to Samashrayanam, the essential rite of a true Vaishnavite. They are more like Smarthas and the ritual in the temple is unique and not usually found in Vaishnavite shrines such as in Srirangam.

The Siva bhakta when he sees Lord Venkateswara is equally moved to tears of devotion in seeking only the Siva aspect in the diety. The *Sawal-e-Jawab*, the chronicle of the ancient priests of the temple, posits that in olden days Agastya and other sages worshipped the Lord as Siva using the special forms of worship prescribed for Siva. The worship of the Lord with bilva leaves persists even to-day throughout the whole of Margazi month. Mr. A. F. Cox writes in the North Arcot District Manual of 1880: "There can be no doubt that originally the idol was worshipped as Siva. This is denied by none. Later Sri Ramanuja asserted that it was a mistake and that the Swami was Vishnu." It is

to be noted that Sri Ramanuja it was, who first placed the shanka and chakra in the hands of the deity to clearly make out the identity of the God as Vishnu. The arrangement of the hair as jata or tangled mass and the cobras carved upon the body all point out that the Lord was viewed as Siva. The Dikshatars (who were the priests then) were Saivites though they wore namam. A point worthy of note is that the image of Sri Venkateswara from chin upto to the top of the crown to a height of about two feet is roughly cylindrical and is made to resemble a linga with a crown, a thick white namam in refined camphor starting from the mouth completely hides the nose, eyes and actually covers the whole face leaving the cheeks (round in shape) as lost in the cylindrical form. One view can be that this unshapen dark mass indicates formlessness. The glowing white namam surrounded by the dazzling yellow golden crown, set with brilliants and tapering upwards renders the whole picture as one of a sacrificial flame representing the supreme effulgence, dinning into the ardent devotee to meditate on the formless effulgence of the Supreme Brahman.

There is further the irrefutable historical visit of Sri Adi-

Sankara to Tirupati where he erected the crystal Lingam as the image of Venkateswara and denominated it as Chandra-mouleswarar—the crescent crowned God. Sri Sankara's purpose was to stress on the fact that the image of Venkateswara combines the aspects of Shakti, Brahma, Siva and Vishnu. It was the sage's mission to direct posterity to have a subjective conception of the Absolute as the only Reality containing within Him all the experience of the gods and the universe. The very name Venkateswara has a suffix Iswara which is more than Siva or Vishnu. It is the Absolute ONE. It was indeed *Adisankaracharya* who innovated agamic worship in Tirupathi for the first time with Brahmin priests. It was Sankara who installed a yantra and akarsana chakram near the Padmapitam of the God.

When we come to the devotees of Lord Muruga who ardently feel the immanence of that deity in Sri Venkateswara, one has to admit that all over India, particularly in Northern India, pilgrims hasten towards Tirupathi crying out for darshan of 'Balaji'—Balaji is synonymous with Balasubramanya. And in the long travail over the seven hills one hears the resonance and echo of the words 'Balaji' or 'Govinda' from the pilgrims coming over

to the shrine from all corners of India. To the ardent devotee Sri Venkateswara as Govinda or Balaji is the same supreme Almighty protecting erring humanity in this Kali-yuga.

The devotees of Lord Muruga quote the Siva Rahasyakanda of Skandapurana (Sankara Samhita, ch. 48) where it is stated that Venkatachalam is the home of Subramanya. After the *samhara* of Tarakasura, Skanda is said to have gone on a pilgrimage to all Siva shrines as Kedaram, Kasi, Virupaksham (Humpi), Kalahasti (Dakshina Kailasam) and finally to his own home Venkatachalam. Balaji (young Lord Muruga) being a bachelor and Sri Venkateswara being present on the hills without a consort lends support to the Skanda aspect of the God. Again in Kandapurana of Kachiappa Sivachariar (Vazhinadai Padalam-stanza 6) it is stated that Muruga came to Vengadam after quarrelling with his mother Parvati. We may here recollect also that the other quarrel with his father Siva in not giving him the Divine fruit in preference to Vinayaka, resulted in Muruga going to Palni hills.

To the ardent devotees of Vishnu, Sri Venkateswara gives equal solace. The latter day savants used nomenclatures such as Venkatachalapathy and Srinivasa Perumal. This latter

name is not mentioned in any of the temple inscriptions upto the end of the fifteenth century. Sri Ramanuja's advent into the shrine and his great vision that the Lord was none other than Vishnu was about 1111-1112 A.D. It was this great seer that adorned the deity with shanka and chakra. It is graphically said by some savants that Sri Ramanuja was both the father-in-law and the acharya of Lord Venkateswara since it was he who gave the Lord samasranam (with shanka and chakra) and further gifted a Devi (wife) in Sri Padmavati, the daughter of Akasaraaja, which divine marriage is recited in sthalapurana. The Bhoga Murthy (silver image) in the Thirumalai temple is Srinivasa Perumal and has special poojas appropriate to Vishnu while the main image of Sri Venkateswara gets secondary attention at the hands of the Vaishnava priests. One school of thought (Devasthanam epigraphists) posit that the silver image of Manavala Perumal presented to Thiruvallankoil in Tiruchanur in 1249 A.D. was transferred to the Tirumalai shrine in or about 1550 A.D.

This image was designated originally as Emberumanadigal, Manavala Perumal and Alagiya Perumal. Sri Krishna was often described as Alagiya Perumal. The songs sung in

praise of Vengadam of Tirumalai by the Mudal Alwars ever enthuse Vaishnavite devotees. They see Balakrishna in the image of Sri Venkateswara and venerate the Bhirgu theory which depicts Lakshmi departing from her Lord and the latter going in search of her in Vengadam and with penance indulged in by him in Tiruchanur ultimately obtained her.

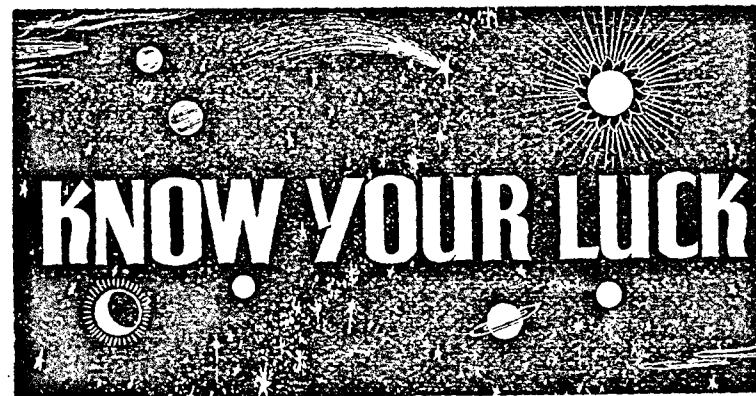
As we premised at the beginning Sri Venkateswara is the Supreme Turiya Brahman lending Himself to be worshipped in diverse ways as Shakti, Siva, Balasubramanyam and Vishnu. This is well portrayed by the sahasranama archana in vogue in the temple. Words such as 'Venkatesa namaha', 'Virupakshya namaha' denote Siva. Saiva attributes are found in 'Urdhva Linga namaha', 'Urdhvaretse namaha', 'Nagasaya namaha', 'Kapardine namaha', 'Sambhave namaha' etc. The mother aspects are found in words such as 'mata'. The Brahma aspect in 'Swayambhuv namaha'. The Vishnu aspect in 'Vishnuva namaha'. The Bija mantra for Venkateswara is 'Om' just as in Gayatri Mantra. This denotes Brahman. In one Astotara He is described as 'Kartikaya Vapudharine namaha' which means bearer of the body of Kartikaya or Subramanya. The face mark on the main image is 'Urdhva

Pundram' prescribed in the Vedas for the Brahmin. This is in refined camphor in 'V' from with two thick forks and the central portion painted in musk—a raksha. This is different from the usual Vaishnava namam since in the latter if without the central red, it is indicative of pollution. We find Dr. S. Krishnaswamy Ayyangar also acknowledging that "the image was intended to be that of Vishnu but Vishnu conceived of as the supreme deity, containing in Himself all other deities as Brahma (creation), Siva (Destruction) and even Indra and so on. Such a conception would perhaps indicate an age when the dominant feeling was not sectarian superiority but a period of compromise."

All this indicates that our ancients had a balanced mind and found no difference in the worship of Siva or Vishnu. We find in Mahabharata Vanaparva Arjuna praying to Siva thus: "Adoration to Siva in the form of Vishnu, to Vishnu in the form of Siva, to Hari Putra etc." Lord Krishna himself declares in Santi parva: "When the God of Gods Maheswara is worshipped the God Narayana, the Lord, will also be worshipped. He who knows and loves Rudra knows and loves Narayana. Rudra and Narayana are but one in principle, divided into two and

operating in the world in manifested forms."

Again, as the 'Sawal-e-Jawab' points out from time immemorial the shrine in Tirupati has been held equally sacred to all religious sects, Advaita and Vaishistadvaita. There is sanction for all forms of worship in the hill. Sri Venkateswara is verily the embodiment of the Supreme Brahman and he contains within Himself all the attributes of Siva, Vishnu, Brahma, Shakti, Subramanya etc. We have dilated at length on all the above aspects with the aid of the research done by Dr. S. Krishnaswamy Ayyangar and Sri. V. N. Srinivasa Rao, with a view to harmonize all controversies, so as to lift the ideology of the ardent devotee going on a pilgrimage to the Lord of the Seven Hills. The ardent devotee goes there to worship the supreme ONE, Whether he utters His name as Balaji, Subramanya, Govinda, Venkatesa, Srinivasa or Venkatachalapathy, the sight of Him after the long traverse on foot of the seven hills, annihilates the ego in man and lifts him on the splendour of the supreme effulgence in that magnificently wonderful deity Sri Venkatesa. The mind gets attuned to the Supreme Brahman and the aroma of shanti pervades the bhakta.



(By P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5)

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planetary configuration does

not sound happy for
Aswani you during this
Bharani month, The only
Krithika planet that is work-

ing favourably is Sukra, the lord of finance. Planets in the 8th will not give you peace of mind in your profession or domestic life. Your general health will be much below par. Guru in the house of disease and enemy bodes ill in your relationship with your near relatives or seniors. Guru also worsens your constitution till the 23rd after which date there may be some relief. Domestic life though disturbed will be fairly well till the second half of the month. There may be general ill health prevailing at home and so you may not feel happy over your domestic matters. Any marriage proposition may be negotiated successfully in the first half.

Officially there is not much to be gained. More work and heavy pressure is in store. Beware of your master's prejudice against you. Merchants also will not find this month lucky. Partnership will fare well in the first half. Financially there will be handicap owing to involved capital. There may be necessity to raise further funds for the sake of business. The last week, about the 25th, will be a turning point financially in the business field.

1, 4, 5, 10, 15, 16, 20, 24, 25, 29 are better days.

VRISHABAHA RASI or TAURUS

Major planets are favourably posited during

this month for your
Krithika, Rohini & Mrigashira affairs in life. Guru in the 5th will give you the necessary hopeful outlook to achieve your cherished ambition. He guides you in

the right direction in your line of profession. You will be lucky as to affairs of your children. Everything goes on well if your wife's horoscope is good. There seems to be a prospect of your becoming a father soon. This is a period propitious enough for investment purpose specially on land and house. A house move or better house amenities may be in the month's picture. Planets in the 6th and 7th may also indicate some handicap in the march of your life's progress through one of your own relations who is against you. Any court proceedings will be favourably viewed by the planets specially in the first half. Financially there is some fluctuation. Necessary funds for your requirements will easily be forthcoming without much trouble. It is not a good period for lending money. Domestically your wife will not be keeping good health. Heavy expenditure for dress and other amenities will be incurred. Officially you may be favoured in preference to others if there is any opportunity for it. Your boss will be favourably disposed towards you. Second half may not be so good. There may be a journey. Merchants will find opposition in their business and yet their speculation will result in huge profits in the second half. Partnership will not be lucky.

Kahaniya, Dec., 1956

2, 3, 5, 9, 11, 14, 16, 22, 24, 26, 29 are good days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planets are favourably disposed in the first half of the month, indicating fruitful results. One of your children will come up well or give you greater satisfaction than before till the middle of the month. Journalists and others doing intellectual work like writing and publishing will be in the limelight during the first half of the month. Planets in the 6th do not augur well and troubles through your enemies may be expected though they also may contribute towards your general prosperity in your profession since major planets viz Guru, Sani, Rahu and Surya are concerned therein. These planets don't favour well your physical condition. Mangal's aspect to your rasi and malefics in the 6th house show general debility, stomach disorder and irregular diet. Guru in the 4th, Sukra in the 5th signify general domestic harmony. The month is good for investment on land. Financially the month is one of heavier expenditure. There is fluctuation and heavy demands on your purse. Second half shows temporary loans being raised without difficulty. A young friend might help you financially. Officially you may

‡ Mrigashira
Ardra &
‡ Punarvasu

Kahaniya, Dec., 1956

gain your boss's favour but your co-workers are your spies. Beware! Merchants will find this month speculatively inclined. Their business will become more lucrative in the second half. Partnership will be good. 4, 5, 8, 11, 16, 20, 23, 24, 29 are favourable days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planets in the 3rd and 5th houses indicate mental anguish and restlessness till the 15th. But the position of Sukra in the 4th house till then helps you largely to gain composure in regard to domestic and social affairs. Guru in the 8th causes journey. It helps also success in correspondence at higher level and favour from distant people. The aspect of Mangal to Guru brings you in contact with people of influence and status so that you may gain through their contact in your activities of life. 5th house Surya along with other malefics will make you worried both on account of your wife and children. Your health point also will be below par towards the close of the month. Avoid rupture or friction with higher-ups or elders in financial matters. Financially the month is seen progressing with better conveniences. You may gain through near relations. The aspect of Man-

‡ Punarvasu
Pushya &
Ashlesha

gal to the 12th house brings about unexpected items of expenditure which you may not be able to control. Your friends and relations might contribute towards your financial commitments. A house move may be thought of in the case of a few of you. A near relation of yours will suffer in health. Officially there may not be much encouragement. You may not be in the good graces of your superiors in the first half of the month. Avoid discussion with seniors in the office. Merchants will find this month speculatively inclined. Foreign business may also appeal to them but rash speculation will surely entail unexpected loss.

2, 5, 10, 13, 15, 20, 26, 29 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Mangal has gone to your Makha, 8th house causing Poorvaphal-guna and greater mental ‡ Uthara anxiety and Phalguna and unsuccessful attempts. Guru's aspect might indicate some success in a few cases. Solar course in the 4th house makes you domestically inclined and get worried unnecessarily in domestic matters. A change in the residence may be attempted. A journey to your native place or a pilgrimage may occur. You may come in contact with religious men and gain their favour and blessing. Second half shows

that children's affairs claim your special attention. Correspondence will be favoured especially in the first half. Financially the month is easier than before. Guru in the 2nd and Budha in the 5th in mutual reception will greatly add to your conveniences. This is a lucky month for those in the turf. Second half in particular will be more profitable. Domestically planets in the 4th may bring some discomforts. You may be worried through relations and outsiders as well. This is a good month for investment on land. Officially, the aspects of the planets in the 10th will only make you aspire and not gain any of your objectives. Sukra, the lord of your job, will make you attempt for higher or better position but success may not be gained during the month. Businessmen will find this month static. They had better wait for the second half of the month when their business may be expected to pay better dividends.

3, 5, 9, 13, 14, 16, 19, 20, 23, 24, 29 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary map is promising enough during this month. The solar course through the 3rd house along with malefics is in its own elements

promising success and settlement of pending affairs. A journey will certainly occur in the month. Sukra in the second. the house of money, shows improvement. But you will have heavy pressure due to prior commitment. First half will be more tolerable. The aspect of Sani to the house of expenditure continues causing heavier expenditure than before. But Guru rising in your rasi will enable you to find sufficient funds for all your requirements. Domestically this month promises happier conditions than before. An auspicious ceremony may occur causing expenditure. Your relations and elders will rally round you. Journalists and authors will be specially lucky during this month. There is a chance for you to go to your native place. One of your children will give you great satisfaction. Your eye may require attention in second half. You will be inclined to read philosophical books and delve deep into the realms of spirituality during the first half of this month in particular. In some cases there will be family dissensions and quarrels. Officially you may gain your boss's favour in spite of your being found fault with by him. Enemies are seen working against your interests. Merchants will find opposition in their business particularly in the second

half. They gain more in the first half. Partnership will not fare well.

4, 5, 10, 15, 16, 20, 21, 24 and 29 are good days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Sun is passing through the second house and forming bad conjunction with Saturn, Budha and

‡ Chitra
Swathi and
‡ Vishaka

Rahu. Your hands will be full of undertakings. The Sun, lord of the 11th house, is in the second house till the 15th which will give you greater facility to earn more income than before. Second half envisages money gained through the help of friends or elders. Second half also shows a journey to an important place. Expenditure is seen to increase. The lord of wealth in the 6th house aspected by Guru in the 12th is a sure sign of heavy expenditure for good causes and spiritual objectives. You may have to help near relations also. You may also be worried through them. Domestically the month is not so harmonious as you expect. Family bickerings, disputes, eye trouble, headache are the things to be expected. Your general health may not be good owing to stomach trouble and rheumatic complaints in the case of older folk. Avoid friction or troubles through correspondence. Marriage in

the first half is indicated; in a few cases transfer may be tried for successfully. Merchants will find this month somewhat better. Second half is more gainful financially. Correspondence will prove financially gainful. Partnership may have encouraging prospects.

2, 4, 5, 8, 11, 13, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 29 are good days.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

With Sukra and Guru in the 12th and 11th

‡ Vrischika, Anuradha, & Jeshta houses, you will have much more encouraging and pleasant life during this month. Friends will play an important part particularly in the second half. The mutual reception between Guru and Budha will revitalise your financial resources. Expenditure will be incurred for good causes. A marriage may occur in a few cases, or you may meet a woman unexpectedly and a romance might develop. There may be differences with her in the long run. Court cases are indicated or financial disputes and misunderstandings. Children will engage your attention more than ever. One of them may come up to your expectation. Domestically in spite of differences this month will prove happy and harmonious enough. Second half may not be so lucky. Your wife's health

will be disturbed or there will be conjugal disturbance. Avoid excitement in family life and also in financial dealings with others. Officially you may gain boss's favour and a promotion as well. Second half may be better for your work. Merchants will do slightly better during this month since Guru is aspecting the 7th house. Avoid rash speculation and new partnership.

1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 11, 13, 16, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 29 are better days.

● DHANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

Planetary positions do not seem to be favourably inclined.

Moola, Poorvashada, Uttarashada ‡ Planets in the 12th and 4th are not happily placed for your mental peace in the domestic and social life. You will be unnecessarily bothered by your family and children. Your wife will play a greater role during this month than ever. Avoid family quarrels and financial commitment as far as possible for planets in the 3rd house indicate heavy expenditure beyond the budget of the month. There may be miscalculation in financial dealings. Don't antagonise elders in financial matters. Planets in the 12th also indicate eye trouble. First half augurs well for a marriage

settlement in a few cases. Friends will come to your help after 20th. Sukra in the 11th house and Guru in the 10th house having just left Simha indicate that you stand a good chance of becoming a prospective father soon. Officially this month is beneficial from the 5th on account of mutual reception of Budha, the 10th house lord, and Guru, your ruler in the 10th house. You will be the recipient of special favour from your departmental head. The work will be heavier than before. Merchants will not find this month so favourable and lucky.

1, 4, 5, 8, 13, 15, 20, 21, 22, 24, 26, 29 are better days.

● MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

‡ Uttarashada, Sravana, Dhanista ‡ All the planets are happily positioned for you during this month. Planets in the 9th, 10th and 11th are specially indicative of your progress and success in life in general. You may be in touch with people of rank and position through whom you may benefit to a great extent. Financially speaking, the month seems to be more easy than before since a large number of the planets are in the 11th house, viz. the house of gain. You will be more after friends and friendship but beware lest you should

be fraudulently treated by one of them. Your general health is good. A journey to a distant place is envisaged to your advantage. Professors, lawyers and publishers will be specially in the limelight during this month. Officially you will be in the good graces of your departmental boss. Extra gain with retrospective effect will come for some of you during the month. Business people will do well in their speculative business. Foreign business will specially appeal to them and prove more lucrative and encouraging than before.

1, 3, 4, 5, 11, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 29 are good days.

● KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

‡ Dhanista, Sathabhisha & ‡ Poorva bhadra Planetary alignment shows an admixture of both good and bad results for the month. In the first half your hopes may be realised to some extent. It is better you do not take any initiative in any matter till the 26th when Sukra conjoins Saturn, your ruler. Sukra's position will get you more friends and popularity. The new moon on second will involve you in great many activities

and you will need all your emotional poise. Financially you may not feel happy since Guru, the lord of income, is in the eighth house. Physically there will be stomach and bowel complaints. Merchants will fare well during the month. Speculation in foreign markets within reasonable limits may not be harmful.

1, 2, 4, 13, 16, 20, 22, 24, 26 and 29 are favourable days.

● MEENA RASI or PISCES

‡ Poorvabhadra, Uttarabhadra & Revathi The month's planetary picture is far more favourable than before. Financially there will be greater conveniences. Guru, your ruler, helps you to assert your individuality. Sukra in the eighth will bring you sudden sources of money. Second half favours your movement with higher ups through whom you may benefit much as a result of Kuja and Guru aspecting each other. There may be gains from your wife's relations. A transfer may be in the picture for a few people. The month is good for merchants.

1, 4, 11, 13, 16, 20, 22, 24, 26, 29 are good days.

● NEW VERSION

"Girls are prettier than boys," said he.
"Naturally," replied his girl friend.
"No artificially," commented the boy.

IT DOESN'T HAPPEN

Editor: "Why don't you make your stories true to life?"

Author: "I do try to. What's the matter?"

Editor: "Why, here you say: 'There was an alarm, and in a flash the street was swarming with policemen.'"

X X X
"I want a box of cigars, please."

"Yes, madam; a strong cigar?"

"Oh, yes; my husband bites them so."

X X X

PARABLE OF TALENTS

A Sunday-school teacher, after telling the class the Parable of the Talents, gave each boy sixpence, explaining that they were to use their capital during the week and report on the following Sunday how much they had made.

"Now, then," he said to the first boy when they gathered a week later, "how much has your talent gained?"

The boy produced a shilling and the teacher was delighted.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed, then turned to the second boy.

"And how much have you brought?"

"Nothing, sir."

The teacher's expression changed.

"There, you see," he told the class. "George has used his talent and brought sixpence more, while Jimmy has lost the sixpence he had."

He turned sternly to Jimmy.

"And what has become of your sixpence?"

"I tossed up with George, sir, and he won."

X X X

THE REASON

"What is the matter, my little man?" asked a sympathetic stranger of a small boy whom he saw crying in the street.

"Please, sir, my dog's dead," sobbed the boy.

"Well," said the man, "you mustn't make such a trouble of it. My grandmother died last week, and I'm not crying."

"No," said the boy, "but you didn't bring her up from a pup!"

X X X

THE MUG

Ike and Sam were strolling along the street. Passers-by stared at them, because Sam was reading a letter aloud, and Ike had his fingers stuck in Sam's ears. Their mutual friend, Joe, encountered them and stopped in amazement.

"Ike," he asked sharply, "why are you holding Sam's ears shut while he reads a letter aloud?"

"The letter," replied Ike, "is from my sweetheart. I can't read, and I don't want him to know what she's saying to me."

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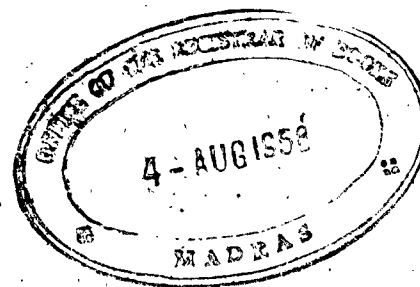
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KAHANIYA



AUGUST, 1956

732
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Cause and Effect

On Omens & the Evil Eye

Famous Murder Trials

A Folk Tale from China

Famous Cases of Norton

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By Swami Sivananda

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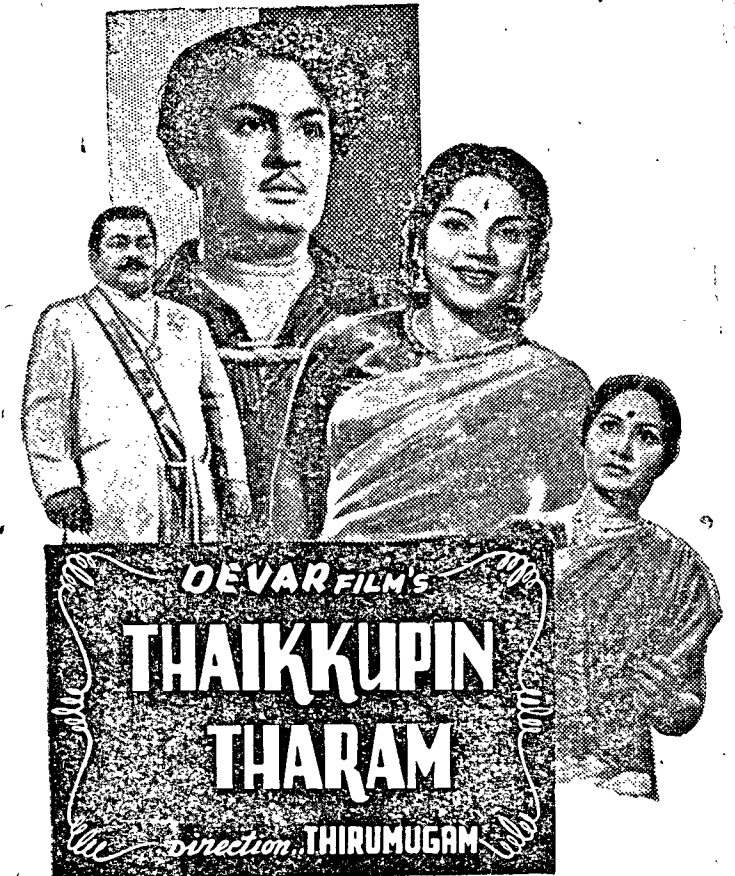
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BALIAH - KANNAMBA

vely. On the day in question, he returned home after attending the morning session, ate his lunch and took a short nap—all as usual. Round about four he murmured something about going out but mysteriously enough fifteen minutes later he was raving like a madcap!

Kanakambal, his mother, did not at first take him seriously. She thought he was rehearsing some lines for his college drama. But her suspicions were aroused when even after ten minutes the fellow didn't stop raving. What was more he looked terrible—what with his hair dishevelled, eyes with a hot and distant look in them (as though they could not perceive nearby objects.) He laughed wildly every now and then, and it was really frightening. She got bewildered no doubt, but somehow collected her wits and managed to push Sekhar inside his room and locked it securely.

When Prof. Rajan returned home from the college she broke the news to him and he

received it without exhibiting emotion or excitement—as was typical of him. Greatly agitated she repeatedly urged him to call in a doctor but he paid a deaf ear. She lost her temper and burst forth as we saw at the beginning.

"Don't get excited, dear!" Prof. Rajan comforted her. "Nothing will happen to our Sekhar. He is as much my son as he is yours. You say he has turned mad. Well, there must be some cause for it. Let us find it out. Come on, let us have a look at him."

But Prof. Rajan was taken aback when he had a look at Sekhar. Sekhar was laughing wildly. A little later he started shouting at the ceiling as if he wanted it to be blown off. And he quietened a bit; he was now addressing the ceiling softly, gently and entreatingly, as if he wanted the *blown off ceiling* to come back and settle itself into its original position. He was silent for sometime only to start off in this fashion: "Ladies and gentlemen! Don't

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fail to grasp this point of cardinal importance and significance. Get this into your heads clearly. The Law of Torts has nothing to do with the Law of Tortoises. Or hares for that matter....."

Prof. Rajan now formed two rival hypotheses regarding the cause but was not sure which to choose, verify and prove beyond all doubt. And his wife would not leave him alone. She kept on nagging him to bring in a doctor. "Well, Kanaka," he told her finally, "again I tell you. Don't get excited. Leave me alone and let me find out the cause. Don't you worry a bit. For madness there is nothing like lime-and-water treatment for just fourteen days. You know very well that I don't believe in modern treatments, hospitals and asylums. If Sekhar doesn't get all right within fourteen days call me an ass!"

"All right. I think I better give up," she said pouting her lips.

The Professor felt relieved, and thought that too much of study, thinking and worrying in these hot days might have upset Sekhar's mental equilibrium, but was not certain. And then it struck him that his friend and amateur hypnotist, Mr. Roy, might be able to help him pitch upon the cause responsible for disturbing Sekhar's mental balance. And fortunately when he called on him, Mr. Roy said he would indeed be glad to oblige his professor friend.

Prof. Rajan gave him a resume and then showed him



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GANGA WORKS
ADYAR.

Sekhar. Sekhar was vacantly gazing at the wall. Mr. Roy made some sound to attract his attention and Sekhar turned his face slowly and mechanically like an oscillating table-fan and looked at the hypnotist confusedly. Then his face beamed as though he now recognised him. "Welcome!" he said dramatically, "O! welcome, the Most Honoured and Powerful Mortal on Earth, the Conqueror of Conquerors, the Emperor of the mighty, glorious Roman Empire, Julius Augustus Caesar!....."

Mr. Roy smiled, looked at Prof. Rajan meaningfully and

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SHORT STORY MONTHLY

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AUGUST 1956

| No. 4

The intriguing case of a law student who suddenly starts addressing the ceiling! It was left to a psychologist to find the cause of this madness and effect a cure.

Cause And Effect

(By N. Ganga Ram, M.A.)

"You are incorrigible!" burst forth Shrimati Kanakambal late that evening when her entreaties urging her husband to bring a doctor for their son, Sekhar, who had suddenly turned mad, proved futile.

Evidently her husband, Prof. Rajan, was not the man to be moved by emphatic outbursts or persuasive entreaties. Eccentric to some degree, he was not then debating in his mind whether to call in this doctor or that expert, to ring up and remove Sekhar to this hospital or that asylum.

As a matter of fact the course of action to be adopted immediately was not at all engaging his attention. A Professor of Logic for over a decade, he was wedded to logic and reasoning to an unreason-

able extent. So much so if he caught a simple cold he would not straightaway take some mixture: he would first rack his brains and find out the indiscretion—the cause—that had resulted in a cold—the effect. (There is, you may be sure, a cause for every effect.) Now, naturally enough, he was concerned with the factor that had caused his son the malady. And to arrive at a satisfactory cause he was sifting in his mind the facts of the case, which briefly were:

Sekhar, their only offspring, was studying in the Law College. He was somewhat reserved by temperament and also a bit moody at times. He poured over his texts, reports and journals a little too excessi-

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When Prof. Rajan returned home from the college she broke the news to him and he

received it without exhibiting emotion or excitement—as was typical of him. Greatly agitated she repeatedly urged him to call in a doctor but he paid a deaf ear. She lost her temper and burst forth as we saw at the beginning.

"Don't get excited, dear!" Prof. Rajan comforted her. "Nothing will happen to our Sekhar. He is as much my son as he is yours. You say he has turned mad. Well, there must be some cause for it. Let us find it out. Come on, let us have a look at him."

But Prof. Rajan was taken aback when he had a look at Sekhar. Sekhar was laughing wildly. A little later he started shouting at the ceiling as if he wanted it to be blown off. And he quietened a bit; he was now addressing the ceiling softly, gently and entreatingly, as if he wanted the *blown off ceiling* to come back and settle itself into its original position. He was silent for sometime only to start off in this fashion: "Ladies and gentlemen! Don't

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fail to grasp this point of cardinal importance and significance. Get this into your heads clearly. The Law of Torts has nothing to do with the Law of Tortoises. Or hares for that matter....."

Prof. Rajan now formed two rival hypotheses regarding the *cause* but was not sure which to choose, verify and prove beyond all doubt. And his wife would not leave him alone. She kept on nagging him to bring in a doctor. "Well, Kanaka," he told her finally, "again I tell you. Don't get excited. Leave me alone and let me find out the *cause*. Don't you worry a bit. For madness there is nothing like lime-and-water treatment for just fourteen days. You know very well that I don't believe in modern treatments, hospitals and asylums. If Sekhar doesn't get all right within fourteen days call me an ass!"

"All right. I think I better give up," she said pouting her lips.

The Professor felt relieved, and thought that too much of study, thinking and worrying in these hot days might have upset Sekhar's mental equilibrium, but was not certain. And then it struck him that his friend and amateur hypnotist, Mr. Roy, might be able to help him pitch upon the *cause* responsible for disturbing Sekhar's mental balance. And fortunately when he called on him, Mr. Roy said he would indeed be glad to oblige his professor friend.

Prof. Rajan gave him a resume and then showed him



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Sekhar. Sekhar was vacantly gazing at the wall. Mr. Roy made some sound to attract his attention and Sekhar turned his face slowly and mechanically like an oscillating table-fan and looked at the hypnotist confusedly. Then his face beamed as though he now recognised him. "Welcome!" he said dramatically, "O! welcome, the Most Honoured and Powerful Mortal on Earth, the Conqueror of Conquerors, the Emperor of the mighty, glorious Roman Empire, Julius Augustus Caesar!....."

Mr. Roy smiled, looked at Prof. Rajan meaningfully and

got down to his business.

"Come on, Sekhar. Sit down. Here. Here," he said forcefully, looking intensely and making a pass by his hands at his face. And Sekhar sat down at the place indicated.

"Now, sleep. Sleep. Sleep." Sekhar closed his eyes. He was now in a hypnotic doze.

"Now recollect. Recollect. It is afternoon. You return from your College. You take your lunch. And then a nap. You get up about four and some time later tell your mother something about going out. Tell me what happened then..."

"I...I.....w-a-s....." Sekhar began falteringly, "I was going out. At our door I encountered a beautiful girl. I guessed she must be the daughter of our new neighbour. Obviously she had come to return some magazine which she thrust forward. I was dumb-struck by her beauty...We stood face to face staring at each other. And then...then..."

"Then what happened?"

"W-e-l-l, a particle of dust which came floating in the air got settled in the corner of my left eye. I unwittingly contracted that eye; the girl blushed red, threw down the magazine, turned and ran down the steps... In a twinkle I realised why she did all that. For...for I had

winked at her. I felt horrible and ashamed. Some unknown fear ran through my veins. I shuddered to think what will happen next. The girl might go and tell her parents about my winking at her, about my indecent conduct. And in these days when there is so much talk in the daily papers about girl-gazing I would be surely dubbed an immoral young man. I did some rapid thinking and it occurred to me that the only course which would save my face and save me from ill-fame and ignomy was to feign madness. I thought anybody would pardon a mad man for winking at a girl. Of course I also thought of the consequences. I might be taken to a mental hospital. But knowing my father as I do, I felt he would not do that. He would first try the traditional method of treating madness, namely the lime-and-water treatment. If he did that I planned to feign recovery also. Even if I were taken to the mental hospital and the specialist found out the truth I would confess and my dear father would forgive me and keep everything in confidence..."

"Awake. Awake...Awake..." Mr. Roy was trying to shake him out of the hypnotic doze when Prof. Rajan jubilantly exclaimed: "I told you, there is a cause for every effect!"

He : Well, I must go home and explain things to my wife.

Friend : What things ?

He : How do I know ?

A CHINESE FOLK TALE

Wife Who Deserted Her Husband

In the Han Dynasty there was an illustrious minister whose wife, failing to realize his greatness before he won fame, lived to repent bitterly that she had left him. He was Chu Mai-chen, a native of Kuaichi. While yet poor and unrecognized, he shared with his wife a thatched hut in a wretched lane and went to the hills every day to cut firewood to sell in the market. He was so fond of studying that he always had a book in his hand. Even when shouldering a pole with two loads of firewood suspended from it he would carry an open volume, from which he declaimed with great gusto as he walked. The market people, who knew his ways, could foretell the woodcutter's approach from the sound of his reading. Out of pity for the poor scholar

they liked to buy from him; and since Chu never haggled over prices he sold his firewood more quickly than anyone else.

One day Chu's wife, going out to draw water, was horrified to see a group of children following her husband, clapping their hands and laughing. As soon as Chu returned from the market, she began to scold him.

"If you want to study, don't sell firewood. If you want to sell firewood, don't study. You're not a fool or a lunatic, so why carry on like this at your age and set all the children laughing? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I sell firewood because we have to eat, and study because I hope to become rich and famous," replied Chu. "The two things are not incompatible. What does it matter if the

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boys laugh?"

"If you could become rich and famous you wouldn't be selling firewood," scolded his wife with a scornful laugh. "Did you ever hear of a wood-cutter who became an official? What nonsense you do talk!"

"There is a time for wealth and a time for poverty," countered Chu. "A fortune-teller foretold that I should win fame at fifty. Remember the proverb: 'You cannot measure the sea with a bucket.' You should not underestimate me."

"That fortune-teller must have been making fun of you because you looked such a fool," scoffed his wife. "Don't you believe it! By the time you're fifty you won't even be able to carry your faggots, and then we shall starve to death. Official indeed! I can't see how you can be an official, unless the King of Hell is waiting to employ you as his clerk!"

"Chiang Shang was still a fisherman by the river Wei at eighty," protested Chu. "Then King Wen of Chou carried him off in one of his carriages and appointed him Grand Patriarch. In our dynasty the prime minister Kung-sun Hung was still a swineherd at Tungnai when he was fifty-nine. If fame comes to me at fifty I shall have succeeded earlier than the other two statesmen. You must just have patience."

"Stop quoting history at me!" snapped his wife. "That fisherman and swineherd were brilliant, learned men—you're only a bookworm! Even if you study till you're a hundred, you'll still

be the same good-for-nothing. It was just my luck to marry a man like you! When children jeer at you, I lose face too! If you won't listen to me and give up your books, I'm not going to stay with you. We better go our own ways, instead of acting as a drag on each other."

"I am forty-three this year," replied Chu. "Another seven years and I shall be fifty; so you don't have much longer to wait. How can you be so heartless as to leave me? You will live to regret it."

"The world is full of wood-cutters," rejoined his wife. "What would I have to regret? If I stay with you, I shall starve long before the seven years are up. You had better do a good deed and let me go, so as not to have my death laid at your door."

When Chu saw that his wife had made up her mind to leave him and that nothing he said could dissuade her, he sighed.

"Very well," he said. "I only hope you will marry a better man than I."

"That shouldn't be difficult!" she retorted.

After courtesying to him she marched triumphantly off, without so much as a glance behind. And Chu, sighing, wrote the following verse on the wall:

A wife should be a faithful

mate,

However poor her man may be;

'Tis not that I deserted her:

'Tis she that has forsaken me.

In Chu Mai-chen's fiftieth year, Emperor Wu issued a decree calling for talented men and Chu went to the capital,

presented a memorial to the throne, and was declared eligible for an official post. Then he was recommended by a fellow provincial, Yen Chu. The emperor assumed that Chu, a native of Kuaichi, must understand conditions there; so he appointed him governor of that district. When the local officials heard that the new governor was on his way, they conscripted a large number of men to repair the road, one of the conscripts being the second husband of Chu's former wife. This woman, touselled and barefoot, was carrying her new husband food when, amid great bustle and commotion, the governor's equipage arrived. And looking up from the roadside she saw her first husband! The governor in his carriage recognized her too. Chu called her and asked to see her second husband, and very soon the man arrived. As he knelt on the ground, not daring to look up, Chu laughed.

"This fellow doesn't look much better than Chu Mai-chen," he said to his wife.

The woman kowtowed again and again, cursing her previous lack of insight, and begged permission to serve the governor all her life as his slave.

Chu ordered a bucket of water to be fetched and poured out in the courtyard and said:

"Spilt water cannot be recovered, and neither can I take you back. But since you were once my wife, I shall give you some ground in my back garden to cultivate with your husband so that you don't starve."

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As she went out with her husband, people pointed at her and said: "That woman used to be the wife of the new governor."

Then she felt too ashamed to face the world; so when they reached the back garden she threw herself into the river and was drowned.

*Unnatural wife, to leave her husband so,
And spurn a scholar virtuous but poor*

*Had she but known that water spilt is gone,
She would have left him to his books before.*

—Chinese Literature.

Lucknow Murder Case

(By S. Rajagopalan)

It is seldom that high placed personages stand a criminal trial on a grave charge, but it fell to the lot of a Lucknow civilian to face a case of murder and left to be exonerated completely by the Privy Council in London.

Bilasia was a woman servant under Mr. Brij Bushan Singh I.C.S. She was suspected of a liaison with his bearer Samuel and had been warned time and again against it but to no purpose. In fact, on 26-5-'43 she was again found in *flagrante delicto*, in the bungalow at Lucknow and the news was conveyed to Brij Bushan at 7-30 P. M. when he returned from his office. He got furious, and gave Bilasia a heavy beating. It must have been very serious in impact for it reduced the poor girl to the point of death. At about 8-30 P. M. Brij Bushan went out to dinner with a friend and returned at about midnight. By that time Bilasia had been dead. Thereupon, that is after midnight, Brij Bushan with his wife and chauffeur Mahabir drove in his car some sixty miles off to Ramgarh Gularia where his co-son-in-law Bhanwar Singh lived. His maid servant Basanti was a cousin of Bilasia. The dead body of Bilasia was in the boot of the car and it was alleged that the object of the car drive was to dispose of her

body. A mile or two before reaching Ramgarh Gularia, the car had a puncture and had to stop. Certain villagers who happened to pass by just then in a bullock cart, took the car party up to the house of Bhanwar Singh. When the party reached his house, Bhanwar Singh sent his servant and two orderlies along with the chauffeur Mahabir to the car. They, it was alleged, removed the body of Bilasia from the car and concealed it. Subsequently they dismembered it and scattered the bones in the nearby jungle which were later recovered by the police during investigation.

The police came on the scene on 28-5-'43 and visited the house of Bhanwar Singh. Bilasia was not found there, but Bhanwar Singh said that she had gone out to the jungle to answer a call of nature and had not returned. As stated they saw the bones in the jungle.

The police finally charge-sheeted Brij Bushan Singh under Section 302 I.P.C. for murder, and Bhanwar Singh, his servant and two orderlies under Section 201 I.P.C. for concealing it. All were placed on trial before the Session Court of Lucknow.

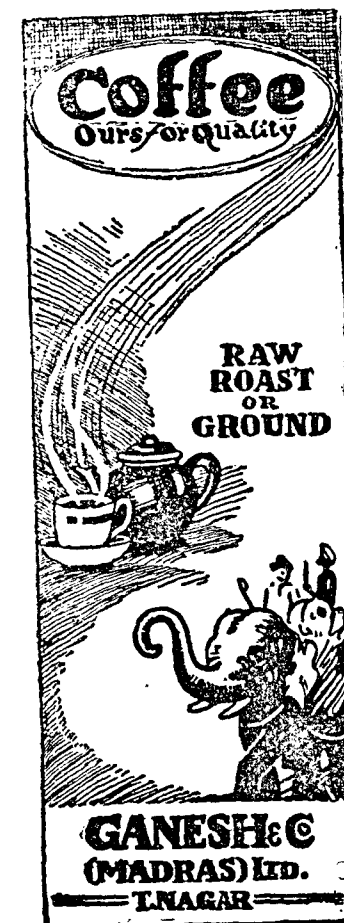
Brij Bhushan denied his guilt and gave a rational explanation of all the circumstances appearing against him. He admitted having given Bilasia a beating

on the evening of the 26th, but pleaded that it was light and mainly on the hand and arms though he gave her one blow on the back as she was running away. He said he was very angry about Bilasia's conduct as she had misbehaved frequently and he had even warned his wife to get rid of her at once. On returning from the dinner party at midnight he was annoyed to find Bilasia still in the house and insisted that his wife and chauffeur should take her at once to the house of Bhanwar Singh and hand her over to the care of her cousin Basanti. He admitted the car puncture a mile or two short of Bhanwar Singh's house and said that he and his wife with Bilasia walked the rest of the way to the house, leaving his chauffeur to repair the puncture. His wife and Bilasia remained at Bhanwar's house, but he returned to Lucknow in his car as soon as the puncture was set right.

At the trial, the jury and the assessors found them not guilty of the offences they were charged with. The Sessions Judge, however, convicted Brij Bushan Singh under Section 304, para 4 I.P.C. for committing a rash act resulting in death, and sentenced him to six years R.I.

The High Court upheld the conviction but reduced the sentence to the period already undergone, which was about four months. Brij Bushan appealed to the Privy Council against his conviction, and was successful.

The case was exhaustively



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reviewed by the (then) supreme tribunal of the Empire. They said that although the circumstances were extremely suspicious, they fell short of proof for a criminal charge. If the accused who was, by the way, an I.C.S. officer, had beaten the girl to the point of death, he would not have gone out for dinner that very night, without taking any steps to ensure medical attention, which was not only not humane but would have even meant a serious charge against him. As for the trip to Ramgarh, the villagers who had taken the party to Bhanwar's house were positive that Bilasia was not there. In fact no one saw the body of Bilasia. In fact, no one could prove that she was beaten severely or saw her in a state of collapse; and it would be true to say that sufficient evidence that Bilasia was dead was not forthcoming. Even the bones had not been definitely proved to have been hers. The prosecution story that the body was removed to Bhanwar Singh's house and was later dismembered, was not credible. On the other hand it would be reasonable to suppose that the dead body, if there was one, was disposed of

Mahabir before the party arrived at Ramgarh without incurring the risk of introducing outside parties who might be inconvenient witnesses later on.

As for the motor journey, Brij Bushan's explanation that he was unwilling to spend the night where Bilasia was, was fantastic. In fact, the circumstance that a long motor car journey was undertaken at dead of night and that a false reason was given in explanation would raise a suspicion that the object of the journey might have been to dispose of the dead body of Bilasia and the suspicion was further strengthened by finding that from the time the motor car left his house, Bilasia was never seen alive by any independent witness and that admittedly she had disappeared the next day. The accused has only himself to blame for much of the course which the case had taken; but suspicion is not proof. And it would be impossible to say that the only legitimate inference of the motor car journey and the disappearance of Bilasia was that Brij Bushan had killed her. In the end, as stated, the Privy Council acquitted him.

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"I represent the Incorporated Woollen Company. Would you be interested in some coarse yarns?"

"Certainly. Let's hear a few."

A half crown and a six pence argued as they lay side by side in a lady's purse.

"You're an insignificant little thing," said the half crown.

"That may be," replied the six pence, "but I go to Church more often than you do."

On Omens & The Evil Eye

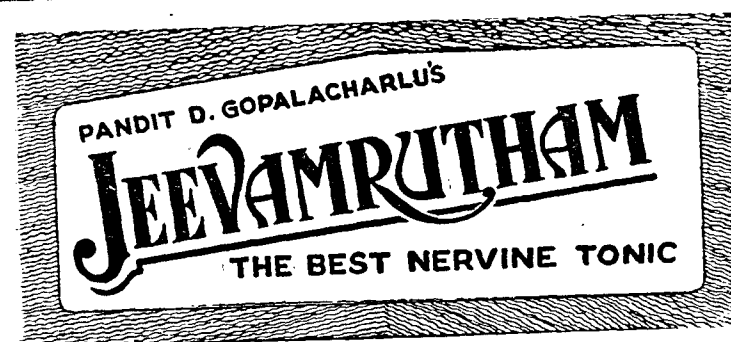
(By M. Karunakara Nambiar, B.A., B.L.)

Nothing exercises a more awe inspiring spell over human imagination than the lingerings of old traditional customs hallowed by the passage of time. There was a time when scientists and thinkers were impaled on stakes for having preferred theories that ran counter to the accepted notions of the day. It is no small wonder therefore in the year 1610 Galileo was so afraid to announce his discoveries regarding the solar system that he made it known by a nonsensical crossword puzzle! A dispassionate view of our present day attitude to time honoured beliefs and traditions reveal that even to this day we are much the same as our ancestors to accept change. His reasoning intellect urges man to conquests anew, in all fields of life, but there lies deep in every human heart a conservative feeling to respect and cling on to old beliefs in smug complais-

ance. The yearning for change is great but the fear these changes may bring about exercises a potent influence on the human mind.

The Hebrews believe that numbers have a profound and intricate relation to life. The numerology of Quaballah is an ancient science which is a practical application of the fundamental laws of mathematics to the material existence of human beings. There is an element of bad luck associated with the number 13. It is not at all surprising therefore that certain hotels in the metropolis of London do not have "Room No. 13". It is number 12 and then 12A followed by 14.

The fear for the unknown, the absolute uncertainty of future events are factors that drive human beings to cling on to tradition. It is popularly believed that coming events cast their shadows. When the



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diamond Maltese cross set on the top of the British crown fell down owing to the jolting of the vehicle carrying the corpse of King George V little did anyone think that it indicated the shape of coming events—the all too short reign of Edward VIII. About this incident the Duke of Windsor writes: "It seemed a strange thing to happen; and although not superstitious, I wondered whether it was a bad omen."

Superstitious beliefs vary from country to country. While the black cat is considered a good omen by Britishers the sight of one would cast a pitchy gloom that makes the heart dilate with inexplicable forebodings in an Indian.

There is a belief that certain words written or uttered at particular moments attain a prophetic force by reason of astral reactions. When the entire British nation heralded with festoons and festivities the birth of King Edward VIII of England scarcely would anyone have imagined that the speech

of the grey haired Scottish Radical, Keil Hardie, "In due course, following the precedent which has been clearly set, he (Edward VIII) will be sent on a tour and probably rumours of a morganatic marriage will follow, and the end of it will be the country will be called upon to pay the bill," in a way prognosticated his destiny.

The prophecy scrawled on his cell wall by the French magician, Cagliostro, that "the Bastille shall be demolished and the people shall dance where it stands" came true to the letter 50 years hence!

The potency of the 'evil eye' is dreaded throughout Malabar. When a house or any building is under construction it is usual to expose in some conspicuous position an image or a pot covered with cabalistic signs or some such other artifice to catch the 'evil eye' of the passersby and divert their attention from the work at hand.

Even to-day a vast number of people cling on with sacrosanct faith that events of their

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daily life are largely influenced by the signs presented to them by various birds and beasts. The sight of birds moving from left to right is supposed to signify good luck while the sight of men deprived of any of their limbs, coir pieces, broken vessels etc. are portends of bad luck.

There is a view that religion has its origin in the fear of death by human beings. Death is a frightening prospect, a stage after which we are oblivious to what happens to us. The problem of life and death have baffled and defied all explanation on a scientific or rational basis.

"Some think creation's meant to show him forth

I say it's meant to hide him all it can."

Animism—the propitiation of evil spirits—is an ancient aboriginal cult that has not entirely lost its hold.

There is a belief among the Nayars of Malabar that persons who were the cause of sorrow and trouble in life continue to do so even after death and they ought to be appeased with gifts which they would have appreciated when alive. We have not progressed very much from the beliefs of the Pharaohs that they sail in their second life across the skies each morning with the sun. However much logic and reason may impell us to discard old beliefs and customs as antiquated remnants of incorrect thinking the tone of solemn and sacred feeling that hallow these customs still exercise an awe inspiring spell that compel reverence.



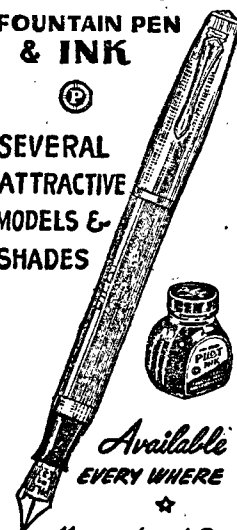
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Norton's Cases

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

We shall now portray to our readers in Mr. Norton's own words from his reminiscences published in *The Liberator* long ago, an exhilarating and extraordinarily interesting account of the Sullivan episode, as revealed in the Bodinayakanur case (briefly outlined in the last issue.)

Mr. Norton put it all thus: "Charles Stuart Crole, Collector and District Magistrate of Madura, claimed descent from the line of kings one member of which rightly forfeited his head at Whitehall. Mr. Crole's mother, so he told us, proud of her skin and complexion, which had not descended to her son, had for fifty years never washed her face in any liquid save milk. Mr. Crole himself was a tall, slim saturnine man, with a long narrow face, iron grey hair, a grizzled moustache and in his way a dandy in dress. He had a quaint Mephistopheline laugh, a sardonic grin, in either eye which whispered of suppressed malice, the long pointed nose, affected amongst others by the royal house of Stuart, and a belief not entirely misplaced in his own merits which enabled him to hold high his royal nasal adornment through the irritating period of his own misfortunes. He was the most brilliant of many able Revenue officials in the twentyone collectorates of the Madras Presi-

dency and had fallen foul of Mr Garstin, Senior Member of the Board of Revenue. Crole was a first class penman. He crushed Garstin on paper from start to finish. Henry Sullivan, Senior Member of Council (there were no knights in those days) had also quarrelled with Crole on his own account over the attempted sale of a coffee estate in the Nilgiri Hills. Garstin and Sullivan were both old friends of my father and I was on the best of terms with both. To Henry Sullivan, one of the old Halleybury civilians, I was particularly attached. Yet fate placed me across the path of both in the law courts and in the end I had to fight both, for myself. It is a quaint chapter in a counsel's career and bears the retelling if only to accentuate the very unusual dangers which attend a non-official Barrister's life in the Southern Presidency.

"Mr. Sullivan had endeavoured to sell his estate to an Indian Zamindar who lived under Mr. Crole's jurisdiction in Madura. Crole, so he said, was the Pater Familias of his district. In that capacity Koteisami Thevar, the Zamindar, consulted him. As Pater Familias Crole advised strongly against the transaction alleging among other things that the price was grossly exorbitant. Sullivan resented a brother civilian's interference which mulcted

Norton's Cases

him of very desirable profits and showed his resentment officially. Sullivan further denied the estate was his and pleaded he had no interest in it other than that of a mortgage from his own son. He finally insisted that a mortgagee's interest was no interest, a view which surprisingly received the assent of high legal official authorities. The matter went before the Government.

"Sir Mount Stuart Elphinstone Grant-Duff invited Mr. Crole to formulate his charges against Mr. Sullivan. Mr. Crole hailing from the canny north was not to be trapped. He said he had no charges to make but begged to indicate certain sources which if tapped would be not unlikely to yield information more or less relevant against the senior member of Council. The Council met, and in Mr. Crole's absence proceeded to suspend him for a year without emoluments. During that period Mr. Crole would have leisure, it was thought, to ruminate over the *Levee magestie* of criticising the conduct of the Supreme Madras Triumvirate.

"Thereupon Mr. Crole of the able pen championed his own cause, in memorials which were distributed among Lieutenant-Governors and other highly placed officials—I have one special Lieutenant-Governor in my mind's eye—as models in the art of subordinate polemical encounter.

"Meantime Mr. Garstin went up on private business to the Travancore Forests. On his



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way back he was dacoited inside the District of Bodinayakanur, within the jurisdiction of Mr. Crole, the late Collector and District Magistrate of Madura, now under suspension without pay. Mr. Garstin had nothing to be robbed of. He was travelling light. But he was poked at with long bamboos while embedded in straw in a country cart, worried very like a rabbit in a warren and treated generally in a fashion incommensurate with the dignity of and the respect due to so superior a person as the Senior Member of the Madras Board of Revenue. Someone wired down the *mot d'ordre*. The Zamindar of Bodinayakanur and twelve of his servants were arrested on a charge of decoity, the ordinary public prosecutor of Madura was displaced, a special pleader was appointed *ad hoc* and as he himself told me, he opened his speech to the District Magistrate who was seated in the place of Mr. Crole at large on nothing a month, with the striking sentence, 'The accused Your Honour are charged with committing dacoity on the person of Mr. Garstin, Senior Member of the Board of Revenue, under the instructions of Mr. Crole, the late District Magistrate of Madura.' Mr. Crole, oddly enough, was not included in the charge. The die was cast. The accused promptly and properly applied to the High Court for a transfer to the High Court sessions at Madras. The Government as promptly and improperly resisted the transfer. At this

stage I intervened as counsel for the Zamindar. The Chief Justice appointed a Full Bench and the case at once became earmarked as a *cause-celebre*. The court was crowded, the excitement intense. The Government pleader, Powell, honoured me with more than ordinary forensic attention and I got my transfer. That in those days was a foregone conclusion. The Zamindar had won the first round. Though Mr. Crole was not an accused person as he should have been if the earliest opening statement to the Madura court had been founded on fact, his name had been so prominently mixed up with the charge against my client that I had to arm myself against all possible developments at the trial. I summoned dear old Whiteside of the Board of Revenue, all the other Members of that Board, and almost all the prominent officials in Madura from the District Superintendent of Police upwards and downward. The District Magistrate of Madura refused my application with the conventional and stereotyped remark that the witnesses were unnecessary and only summoned for the purposes of annoyance, vexation and delay. I might in passing remark that I had read my brief and he had not; I would further take leave to add that I was at the least as competent as himself to understand and abide by the honour and obligations of my profession. I appealed. The

Government sent in Powell again. This time they were content with a Division Bench. On it sat 'Jimmy' Kernan K.C. He made short work of the opposition. Turning to me he said, 'I know you well enough, bedad, to take your word for it. D'ye say now that ye've yourself considered the evidence and advised upon the necessity of all these gentlemen being summoned? I answered in the affirmative. 'Then begorrah,' said the judge, 'ye shall have them and the responsibility thereof.' I was careful to add that I would not pledge myself to calling all or any; that my conduct would depend upon the future phases of the trial and that I should feel free to accommodate myself to those phases. All these gentlemen were summoned and many of them sat at the trial below the Chief Justice in white waist-coats and blue ties. One sat with dyed whiskers and a rouged complexion! Obviously the Zamindar had won the second round.

The third was remarkable. The Chief Justice Sir Arthur Collins sat at sessions. He had but lately arrived from home. He was clean shaved and extremely tall, owned a bald head with an imposing fringe of benevolent white hair, patronised the most approved demeanour of the *haute noblessee* upon the Bench and was absolutely free from the infection of any outside influence. In a letter he wrote to an Oxford friend of mine on his own Western circuit, Sir Arthur



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Collins depicted in pathetic colours the comparative idleness of the junior judges. 'I have however,' wrote the Chief Justice, 'altered that so far as I can. I now insist that the junior on a Bench shall always write the judgment.' Having thus equalised judicial labour, for fifteen years, his Lordship crossed and uncrossed his judicial legs in the public view with commendable judicial dignity and altering all the singular pronouns 'I' in his junior's judgment into the plural 'We', contentedly put his initials to the metamorphosed manuscripts. This done he drew his pension, retired home and sought to practice again at the Bar in London. But he was quickly found out and faded from view.

He was a criminal lawyer himself, though he had failed in his latest defence in the 'Mignonetta' case to persuade the English Bench that there was either law or morality in the trite old saw that if there were two men clinging at sea to a plank capable of supporting only one, the stronger could get rid of the weaker, and if he reached shore, escape a trial for murder. Sir Arthur was always best in criminal cases. They interested him and he loved toying with his notes which we mistook for summing up to the jury. Though not overpowered with wit, he was a straightforward, plain speaking English gentleman, a little over-absorbed in the folds of his legitimate silk gown but always anxious to do right. Not infrequently he succeeded. At the trial the Government sent in the Advocate General, my old artillery commander, Sprung Branson. Always an imposing man physically—at heart the kindest of the kind and in every detail loyal to the best traditions of our profession—he was always most imposing when he had to execute a retreat for tactical reasons of what morally he disapproved. He opened by saying Mr. Crole's name would not be mentioned and with withering semi official glances at me, he hoped learned counsel for the defence would accept his views and follow the example. I smiled and waited. In rising to cross examine Mr. Garstin, I at once asked him if he knew Mr. Crole. Instantly there was a scene. The Advo-

cate-General expressed his pained surprise that after his pledge I should seek to introduce 'irrelevant matter'. He prayed Sir Arthur to rule me out of court. Sir Arthur ruled me in. He remarked he did not know what my defence would be. Supposing I were to ask the jury to say there never could have been a case against my client but for his strange intimacy with Mr. Crole, how was he, the Chief Justice, to stop me? 'Go on,' said Sir Arthur and I went on I think for seven days. I had distributed briefs to other counsel for batches of the minor accused and I appeared for the Zamindar. One of the accused pleaded guilty and was taken out of the dock. He was subsequently called as a witness for the Crown. The turn the case took obviated the necessity of calling any one for the defence except Mr. Crole whom I handed over to be dissected by the Crown. The invitation was neglected. Having pilloried the unfortunate official and having charged him with instigation of dacoity, the Government climbed down at the crucial point and the Governor for once failed to practice his favourite gospel and to support his own authority. As I was entitled to, I made the most of the introduction of Mr. Crole's name. The jury unanimously acquitted all twelve accused. The thirteenth was sentenced on his own plea of guilty to eighteen months rigorous imprisonment and it was a spectacle for the gods and all

honest men, to see this unfortunate suborned into a false confession, shake his fist in the face of the Inspector of Police who was in charge of the case and accuse him to be the fount of all his woes. I had been instructed to defend the man with the others. I visited him in his cell. He rejected my advances with scorn which exists only in the bosom of a tutored penitent. Hence those tears!

"The Zamindar had won the third round. His counsel was to fight and with the fourth and the last on his own account. I told the jury that the case was not a prosecution, but as it was certainly on the evidence, a persecution and the gentlemen in white waist-coats, blue ties and painted cheeks facing me in a row under the Judge, slunk out of court one by one and I asked the jury to take notes of the official clique who had presumably attended the seance in order to terrify and embarrass counsel for the defence. The trial was sometime in May 1887. The Zamindar's counsel I had become possessed of all Mr. Crole's memorials and had a rough grip of the facts of his unmerited punishment by the Government. When the court adjourned for the long vacation I went to Coonoor. I barely knew Mr. Crole. But I was young and ablaze at the tyranny of the Government. I was casting about how to enlist effective public opinion in Mr. Crole's favour when George Allen of *Pioneer* for which paper I had been for some years the special corres-

pondent in Madras, wired and asked me if I would write a series of articles for his paper on the 'Madras Scandals'. Would I write! I jumped at the offer and for three months I exposed in the columns of the *Pioneer* the sickly tragedy which was being enacted in Madras. I began by letting Crole's memorials tell their own tale. After an issue or two George Allen wired to me from Allahabad that Crole had telegraphed to him to stop me. The answer was worthy of the descendant of the beheaded king. He had done so to protect himself against the suggestion he was acting with me. All the time he wanted me to go on and

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knew I would. The facts when published created an enormous sensation throughout India. They did more. They attracted the attention of the Secretary of State at home. There was no possible justification of the treatment meted out to Crole. And to the charges made against poor Henry Sullivan there was no possible answer. All that official influence could do to shield him and to ruin Crole was invoked by the local Government. And in vain. The Secretary of State ordered the Government of Madras to reinstate Mr. Crole with all arrears of pay in a position of equal emolument and dignity as his former post. Crole had always been a Revenue official and the Collector always takes precedence over the District Judge. So the Madras Government bitter and unjust to the end paid up the arrears but disobeyed the remaining instructions from home by making Crole for the first time in his life a District and Sessions Judge. Mr. Henry Sullivan was recalled eighteen months before the expiry of his term of his office and unbeknown to me, the Government were preparing as their last shot in an unrighteous crusade, to have me punished professionally for my speech to the Jury in defending an innocent man in a false case of dacoity.

"During his suspension Crole was an object of derision and contempt to the members of his own service in Madras. Every one admitted he had been infamously treated. Every-

one followed his leader because he was afraid of the Government attitude and Crole was shunned like a leper at the club. When he came in an evening and he made it a point never to be late, faultlessly attired with a quasi-regal scowl under his white hat the men at the Bar would slide away and leave Crole in his glory to swallow his drink.

When he put his name down for the civil service dinner, the Chief Secretary scratched out his name and many civilians followed suit. The only men not afraid of being seen talking in public to the suspended Magistrate were 'chicken' Mcleod, a gunner Colonel in the Gun carriage factory, Johnny Boyson, the head of Bunnyfeo, and myself. The rest of society invoked God in private to forgive them their trespasses even as they forgave (so they said) those that trespassed against them and in public turned the cold shoulder of scorn and the withering eye of contempt upon the aristocratic features of Crole I.C.S. This was the temper of Christian Madras when the storm broke upon me.

"Bodinayakanur trial ended in a defeat for the Government in May, 1886. Immediately after the courts adjourned and I left for Coonoor on terms of pleasant friendship among others with Mr. Justice Brandt, an old Cheltanian who had done well in the schools at Oxford and had kept wicket for his 'varsity. He was a fine muscular athlete with a tendency towards Latin 'Elegiacs' of

which he frequently published charming illustrations in the *Mail*. He had presided at the public school dinner which I had got up at the club. Then came the publication of the Crole scandal in the *Pioneer* and with this a social upheaval in Madras the like whereof I had never seen before and have never seen since. When I returned to Madras, the day before the courts reopened in July 1886, I strolled casually after dinner into one of the brilliant rooms in the club. There I saw Sir

Arthur Collins, our Chief Justice, seated on a bench with Mr. Brandt. I walked upto the two and shook hands with the Chief. When I turned to Brandt whom I knew much earlier, and was somewhat startled when he very ostentatiously put his hands behind his back and looked the other way. At the time I could not read the riddle. Soon after there was no room for doubt. It was a storm signal and almost immediately the hurricane burst." (To be continued. Copyright with the author.)

Joe was not a bad chap, but he got under his friend's skin by continually spouting foreign phrases. This intensified just before his summer holiday.

"If you're going to Italy this year, Joe, I think you ought to know a little Italian," he said provocatively.

"I do know a little Italian," replied his friend indignantly.

"Really? What's her name?"

"Can't ask you to have a drink, George. I've lost my pay packet."

"Never mind, Jim, have one with me—I haven't seen my missus yet."

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Story Of Jadabharata

(By G. Krishnamurthy Iyer, B.A., B.L.)

The Hindus believe in transmigration of the soul and the spiritual benefit which inures to a life beyond life. The power of Gayatri is so great that it acts on the sub-mind and the subtle subconscious state is continued and developed in birth after birth. The ultimate reach of the *Brahmathejas* is the salvation of the soul, here, on this earth itself. The story of Bharata yogi illustrates these concepts of Hindu philosophy.

Bharata was a king. He renounced his kingdom and became an ascetic. A vedic verse refers to Bharata as a king of this holy land of India, and this land is named after him. It is only after the rule of Bharata that India was named Bharata Bhumi. After renouncing his kingdom Bharata went to the banks of Gandaki in Nepal and began to do penance in a hermitage. He would get up early in the morning and after bath in the holy river wherein saligrams are found in plenty and after purifying the body with *pranayama* he would chant Gayatri 1000 times before sunrise. His mind was concentrated on the glory and splendour of the sun-god. An ascetic is qualified to pronounce the fourth pada of Gayatri. While doing so he feels that the power latent in Gayatri is patent in the effulgent ray of the sun-god and the universe is permeated with one soul force. Bharata used to meditate on the form of Vishnu and he felt the cosmic consciousness in his Hiranyagarbha Upasana. Thus by slow degrees and by constant practice he became a royal sage. One day a pregnant deer came to the river to quench its thirst. Suddenly a lion roared

and the deer got frightened and delivered an infant deer. The mother died and the infant deer which had fallen into the water of Gandaki was on the point of being drowned. Bharata was keenly observing this and took pity on the new born baby. Finding that there was no one to save it, he plunged into the river, rescued the new born, and took it to the hermitage.

Bharata yogi thought that he was its saviour and took upon himself the duty of bringing it up. He used to go about gathering grass, feed it, and take it to the river for bath and drink. He would very often carry it on his shoulders and play with it. He would feel delighted when the infant deer played with him and enjoyed it as if it was a royal urchin. His affection for it increased day by day. Then the royal sage fondled, caressed, kissed and holding it in his lap, smothered it with an overdose of parental affection.

But what happened to his penance? Day by day he slowly forgot all his ascetic practices. From 1000 Gayatris he reduced it to 100, then to 10 and at last he found no time to mutter even one Gayatri.

Story of Jadabharata

He grew old and then at the last moment when his soul was about to depart, his pet deer was shedding tears. Bharata's mind concentrated upon this bond of love between him and the deer and at last he shook away his mortal frame. He was reborn as a deer on the banks of the Gandaki. His subtle, sub-conscious mind could not free itself from the contact of deer and at the last moment when Bharata's soul transmigrated into the body of deer, it carried with it its knowledge of the previous birth. Now looking on his body with dots on the skin and tail Bharata repented. Although his body was transformed into a deer his knowledge of his previous birth survived and continued to exist in the new birth as a deer. "Alas!" he said to himself, "I was a royal sage and the contact of deer has made me a deer. I renounced a kingdom to become a hermit and my ambition to realise the soul was frustrated by my contact with deer." So he resolved to pass through the life of the deer as an inevitable calamity brought about by his own conduct. The deer died.

At his third birth he was born as a child in a Vedic Brahmin family of Angirasa Gotram. At the age of seven the parents decided to initiate him into Gayatri mantra and celebrate his upanayanam; but the boy exhibited himself as a deaf and dumb idiot and pretended not to understand anything. The parents thought that after initiation into Gayatri this idiocy

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might be cured and any prenatal sin would be washed away by the power of Gayatri. The upanayanam was performed and Gayatri was also taught with swara to him but Bharata never uttered one syllable. Then the parents died. The brothers who were well versed in Vedic mantras put Bharata in charge of fields. Bharata had a strong well-built body and the brothers directed him to do earth work in the fields for the purpose of cultivation. Bharata went on digging. But instead of throwing the earth dug out into the adjoining field at a lower level he threw it into the land on a higher level and the result was that there was no levelling up of the uneven plots. The low lying plot was scooped out into a valley and the high level plot was raised up into a big hillock by throwing the earth over and over on it. In the evening when the brothers came and inspected the fields.

they got angry with him. They felt that to undo the havoc done in one day by this idiot would take up the life time of 100 labourers. So the brothers despaired of Bharata and were unable to assign any work to him.

One day the brothers hit upon a plan. They erected a platform on the fields and seated him on it so that his corporal frame may serve as a signal of fear to animals and birds that used to destroy the crops. Bharata never demurred to anything. At once he ascended the platform and sat quiet on it. He was always silent. Although he was endowed with wisdom and knew the Vedas and could chant every rik with swara as his brothers did, he advisedly did not open his mouth because he feared that if he uttered one rik his brothers would make him the officiating priest and would delegate to him all the vedic functions in the village. He would look back to his past birth and recollect his spiritual eminence as a royal sage. Then he would think of the contact with the deer as the cause for his birth as deer, get a jerk in his mind and would introspect that wisdom lay only in non-contact with anything in the world. In this mood of introspection he used to sit upon the platform and his big frame was enough to frighten all birds and animals from the field.

It was usual in those days to offer human sacrifice to satisfy gods and appease their anger. One tribal chieftain had sent his servants over the countryside

to find out a fine man without any defect in limbs for offering as a *bali* to goddess. Bhārata's body satisfied this description. He was considered a good man worthy of being offered for sacrifice by the servant of the tribal chieftain. But he knew he could not seize him with force because Bharata's strength was infinitely superior to his own. So he beckoned to him and requested him to come. Bharata like a lamb got down and followed him. He took him to the temple of Kali in the forest. Bharata was given a bath by the tribal chieftain. It was long since Bharata had taken a bath. His holy thread was black with mud and sweat and his body was filled with dirt. He was so unclean. Then the tribal chieftain cleansed his entire body and put a tilak on his forehead, and robed him with a new cloth. Bharata was treated to a sumptuous dinner. Then he was made to stand before Kali and the tribal chieftain with a dagger in his hand was about to chop off his head. Bharata yogi was now Gayatri itself. The realised soul had no fear of death. The inherent power of Gayatri which formed the Brahmathejas of Bharata radiated and reflected on the image or Kali. The image was burnt to ashes.

Kali then came forth from the image in her natural form, wrested the dagger from the hand of the tribal chieftain, slew him, chopped off the heads of all his followers and danced in the blood of these cruel worshippers. Thus any wrongful

act done to a good man never has its effect on him. Only it results in the ruin of the evil doer and recoils on his head. Kali then disappeared. Bharata yogi walked on in the forest without any aim. His mind was filled with bliss.

So far there was nothing in Bharata's conduct to distinguish him as a sage from an idiot. All the characteristics of Bharata were consistent with both an idiot and also a sage. It is the episode of Rahugana that brings out in limelight the innate knowledge of a realised soul. Rahugana was on a pilgrimage to Kapilavastu in search of ultimate truth. He was travelling in a palanquin. The custom then was to engage bearers at every village. Of the four persons one was found wanting and Bharata yogi was requested to fill up the vacancy. He at once accepted and bore the palanquin. The three palanquin bearers walked with an even and steady gait; but Bharata yogi would not keep pace with them. He would walk slowly for a while and then quicken his pace and walk swiftly. He would oftentimes jump over a distance as his practice in the previous birth was to look forward to see that there was no *jeeva* like ant or worm for a distance of six feet and then jump, and cover the distance in one step. The king sitting in the palanquin thus was tossed about and his head dashed against the sides of the palanquin. He rebuked the palanquin bearers. Bharata kept quiet but the other three replied: "We are

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alright; but this new fellow looks ahead and jumps up all at once and would not keep pace with us." The king grew wild at this and got down from the palanquin and rebuked Bharata. "Who are you? Why do you walk with an uneven gait? I will punish you and restore you to your original state of mind. You must know I am your master."

At once Bharata retorted: "You do not know who you are? There is no way at all. The bearer, palanquin and the traveller within are unreal. There is only one reality in this world. I am in my natural state and the whole world is perverse. There is neither master nor servant. I am not aware of any duality on this earth."

When these words of wisdom fell from his lips, Rahugana, the king, introspected and feared lest the palanquin bearer be a

sage whom he had offended. The sage who had remained silent all his life, owing to the luck of Rahugana, had opened his lips. The words were in essence a commentary on the ultimate truth enshrined in our Vedas. The theory of duality which is the cause of misery in the world was negated and the truth in the Advaita was established in a few words. The king pondered over the meaning of his words and found that all the shastras contained only the truth uttered by the fourth palanquin bearer. Then he asked him, "Who are you, sir?"

Bharata said, "I was also a king like you and my name was Bharata in my previous third birth. By my contact with a deer I fell down the spiritual state, transmigrated into the frame of a deer and in this birth I have learned that wisdom lies in silence. I have always

restrained knowledge and severed it from contact with the world. I now enjoy myself. My knowledge is mine. My soul has no limitation. I feel that I am one with the world. The cosmic consciousness that radiates the entire universe is the atma that enlivens as a soul in every jeeva."

The king prostrated and said, "Hereafter I shall bow to all infants, animals, idiots and mad men; for true wisdom and atmic knowledge may be found in this Bharata Bhoomi in any form, anywhere, in any life, in any birth. I prostrate to the Brahmathejas or atma shakti generated by Gayatri."

Let us therefore realise that Gayatri is the empress of mantras and wisdom generates from Gayatri. The entire world is permeated with cosmic consciousness born of Gayatri.

(Copyright with the author.)

HITS OUT

Preaching his first sermon on Christmas day, the new curate was not very pleased to notice that several of the congregation became sleepy before he finished.

He happened to call on one of the offenders next day.

"I suppose you've made quite a few friends in the parish already, sir?" remarked the parishioner.

"Oh, yes, thanks, also a few nodding acquaintances," said the curate, drily.

He : I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months.

Friend : Better think twice. Wives like that are hard to find.

Praise a horse after a month and a woman after a year.
—A Czechoslovakian proverb.

Slander expires at a good woman's door.—A Spanish proverb.

He that wants health, wants everything.—A Dutch proverb.

The Girl's Choice

(By Lotus Eater)

I have always fought shy of discussing two subjects with my wife, viz. jewels and my daughter's marriage. Whenever my wife used to touch on these subjects I usually flew into an ungovernable rage. It was not because I hated either, but because it irritated me to think that it was just idle talk to dwell on these subjects when I had not a pie of savings, and I knew I could not raise even a couple of hundred rupees as loan. But that, however, did not prevent my wife from broaching the subject again and again, choosing well her time when I could not escape her just expostulations, viz. when I was taking my supper and at bed time.

Truth to tell, I had no reason to fall foul on my wife. She was not pleading for jewels or silk sarees for herself but only for our daughter. She was our only daughter and had completed sixteen and the Sharda Act had ceased to afford me the usual excuse for doing nothing.

But my wife's constant reminders and pleadings accompanied sometimes with tears, had the desired effect and I decided to make a move towards bridegroom hunting. Ere long, I had a dozen horoscopes on my table which I began to scrutinise one after another. At last three horoscopes were found to be suitable but the final choice was not easy as I and my wife could not agree even on principles that should

guide us in the choice of a proper bridegroom.

As far as I was concerned I was particular about choosing a son-in-law who was already employed. All other things did not matter to me. My wife, however, had other ideas about her future son-in-law. She insisted that the boy should have some property. To her lack of education did not matter much. She spoke contemptuously of the fate of the educated unemployed. She cited numerous instances of uneducated people who had amassed wealth beyond all imagination and wielded influence and power. I put up a weak fight in defence of education, culture etc. But she laughed at me with ill concealed contempt.

One night we sat down to thrash the matter out and make our final choice. Our daughter had gone to sleep and we felt we could hammer out a compromise regarding our final choice.

We began to weigh the merits of each candidate. The first was a graduate and employed in the Secretariat as a Lower Division clerk on a humble salary. He was not particularly attractive to look at but he was well behaved and bore a good character.

The next was a failed S.S.L.C. He was the son of a Zamindar, an only son who had been spoiled by over pampering and hid, I was told, several vices.

The third was a young and

comely lad, fair and well behaved but he had neither education nor property. He was a mere clerk in a firm of biscuit manufacturers on a modest salary of Rs. 40/- a month which was hardly enough for his expense.

I plumped for the first boy mainly because he was a graduate and he had the opportunity to rise up in government service. My wife, however, plumped for the son of the Zamindar. I reminded her about what people are taking about this boy and that any girl who married him would not be happy. But my wife was not convinced about my arguments. She maintained that it is money alone that mattered. Love and happiness cannot last if life's necessities were denied because the husband cannot afford it on his meagre salary.

Of course, I was not at all convinced by her arguments and told her that I would not give my daughter in marriage to that boy.

My wife was equally adamant and said that she would not agree to her daughter marrying an indigent clerk who could hardly make both ends meet in these abnormal times.

The discussion went on right up to midnight and as the night advanced arguments became heated. Naturally the daughter who was sleeping in the next room woke up and asked what the matter was. We were abashed to tell her the cause. She, however, grasped it quick (I doubt whether she was not hearing our discussion before coming before us) and in a calm voice said:

"Father, mother, have you got anything to say against the character of the third boy?"

"Not that I know of," I replied unable to conceal my surprise.

"Then," my daughter replied, "my choice has fallen upon the third boy." She laid special emphasis on the word "my" and her tone was decisive.

I and my wife looked sheepishly at each other. We did not like the idea of abdicating our parental authority and our responsibility and made a pretence of upholding it. "Go to sleep my dear," I said to her coaxingly. "We shall certainly consider your opinion also when making the final decision."

Needless to say my daughter's choice ultimately prevailed.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

"It was so cold last night I couldn't sleep. I just lay there and shivered."

"Did your teeth chatter?"

"I don't know—we don't sleep together."

Manager: Why did you leave your last job?

Applicant: Illness.

Manager: What sort of illness?

Applicant: My boss said he was sick of me.

Soldier Of Truth

Simha, general-in-chief, was a follower of the Nirgranthas. Having heard good reports about the Buddha, he desired to pay him a visit and learn the truth. But Jnyataputra, the head of the Nirgranthas, dissuaded him twice, saying, "The sramana Gautama denies the result of actions; he teaches the doctrine of non-action, and in this doctrine he trains his disciples." Even docile people, when spurred by the passion for truth, resist such psychological mishandling in due course. When for the third time Simha heard men of distinction exalt the merits of the Buddha, his military mind quite naturally shook off the restricting grip of Jnyataputra. He said to himself, "What are the Nirgranthas to me, whether they give their consent or not? I shall go without taking their permission to visit him."

Standing respectfully before the Buddha, Simha said, without mentioning Jnyataputra, but with the directness typical of a soldier:

"I have heard that the sramana Gautama denies the result of actions, that he teaches non-action...the annihilation and the contemptibleness of all things. Do you teach the doing away of the soul and the burning away of man's being? Do they who speak thus say the truth, or do they bear false witness against the Blessed One, passing off a spurious dharma as your dharma?"

With equal directness the answer came, point by point:

"There is a way in which one who says so is speaking truly of me. On the other hand, Simha, there is a way in which one who says the opposite is speaking truly of me, too...I teach...the not doing of such actions as are unrighteous, whether by deed, or by word, or by thought; I teach the not bringing about of all those conditions of heart which are evil and not good. However, I teach...the doing of such actions as are righteous...the bringing about of all those conditions of heart which are good and not evil. I teach that all those conditions of heart which are evil...unrighteous actions, by deed, by word, and by thought, must be burnt away. ...He who has freed himself from such conditions...so that they cannot grow up again...has accomplished the eradication of self...I proclaim, Simha, the annihilation of egotism, of lust, of ill-will, of delusion. I do not proclaim the annihilation of forbearance, of love, of charity, and of truth...I deem unrighteous actions contemptible...but I deem virtue and righteousness praiseworthy."

The next question and answer must ever remain memorable. Simha said:

"I am a soldier...appointed by the king to enforce his laws and to wage his wars. Does the Tathagata who teaches kindness without end and compassion with all sufferers, permit the punishment of the criminal?...Does the Tathagata declare that it is wrong to go to war for the pro-

tection of our homes, our wives, our children, and our property? Does the Tathagata teach the doctrine of a complete self-surrender, so that I should suffer the evil-doer to do what he pleases and yield submissively to him who threatens to take by violence what is my own?

Buddha replied :

"He was who deserves punishment must be punished, and he who is worthy of favour must be favoured. Yet at the same time he (the Tathagata) teaches to do no injury to any living being but to be full of love and kindness. These injunctions are not contradictory, for whosoever must be punished for the crimes which he has committed, suffers his injury not through the ill-will of the judge but on account of his evil-doing. His own acts have brought upon him the injury that the executor of the law inflicts. When a magistrate punishes, let him not harbour hatred in his breast, yet a murderer, when put to death should consider that is the fruit of his own act. ...The Tathagata teaches that all warfare in which man tries to slay his brother is lamentable, but he does not teach that those who go to war in a righteous cause after having exhausted all means to preserve the peace are blameworthy. He must be blamed who is the cause of war. ...The Tathagata teaches a complete surrender of self, but he does not teach a surrender of anything to those powers that are evil, be they men or gods or

the elements of nature. Struggle must be, for all life is a struggle of some kind. But he that struggles should look to it lest he struggle in the interest of self against truth and righteousness... He who is victorious should remember the instability of earthly things... if he moderates himself and, extinguishing all hatred in his heart, lifts his down-trodden adversary up and says to him, 'Come now and make peace and let us be brothers', he will gain a victory that is not a transient success, for its fruits will remain forever... Great is a successful general... but he who has conquered self is the greater victor. The doctrine of the conquest of self, O Simha, is not taught to destroy the souls of men, but to preserve them. He who has conquered self is more fit to live, to be successful, and to gain victories than he who is the slave of self... Struggle then, O general, courageously and fight your battles vigorously, but be a soldier of truth and the Tathagata will bless you."

The rest of the story is equally instructive. Finding Simha willing to become a disciple forthwith, Buddha warned him to consider well what he was proposing to do. Thereupon his faith became greater and he exclaimed : "Had other teachers, Lord, succeeded in making me their disciple, they would carry around their banners through the whole city of Vaishali, shouting : "Simha, the general, has become our disciple !" Those who think that a religion becomes great

Soldier of Truth

according to the number and status of its converted followers, or who believe in the efficacy of *parading* such converts in howsoever 'modern' a manner, have a valuable lesson to learn from this. Simha's reverence increased still more when Buddha said, "For a long time, Simha, offerings have been given to the Nirgranthas in your house. You should therefore deem it right also in the future to give them food when they come to you on their alms-pilgrimage."

How many religious men—why, leaders of thought in any field—care to make their hearts



so pure, so considerate and so broad!—Subandhu in Vedanta Kesari.

CIGARETTE SMOKING

Nearly 2 litres of smoke are formed from one cigarette. Man inhales this smoke which contains more than 3,000 million particles of soot. A substantial part of it settles and stays in the lungs.

Nearly 1/1000 gram of nicotine gets into the organism of man from a single smoked cigarette. This dose is 40-50 times as small as a lethal dose. The fractional introduction of this dose into the organism results in chronic poisoning, which frequently causes serious complications.

For hours a little girl struggled over some sums her teacher had given her for homework. She had almost despaired of doing them, when her father came in.

"Daddy," appealed the child, "will you help me with this sum?"

"Well, I would dear," smiled Papa, "but I don't think it would be right."

"Your history homework was bad, and I told you to write it out twenty times. You've only done it 17 times," said a teacher to a naughty pupil.

"Yes, sir," agreed the lad. "My arithmetic is not so good either."

If someone betrays you once it's his fault; if he betrays you twice, it's your fault.—A Rumanian proverb.

Lord Krishna Teaches Narada A Lesson

(By Swami Sivananda)

Rishi Narada became proud of his skill in playing the veena. Lord Krishna wanted to remove this defect from Narada.

Once many talented musicians were present in the Durbar of Lord Krishna. Hanuman and Narada also were there. Lord Krishna asked Narada to play on the veena. Narada gave a very delightful performance on the veena. All appreciated the musical talent of the great Rishi. All except the Lord began to shake their heads in ecstasy.

In the end Lord Krishna said to Hanuman, "O Monkey chief, what do you think of the music of Narada?"

The Rishi Narada took this as a great insult and hung his head in shame. Lord Krishna said, "O Rishi! Why are you looking dejected?"

Narada kept silent for a few minutes and then replied, "O adorable Lord! Many talented musicians are present in this Sabha. You have ridiculed me by asking a monkey, who does not know even the alphabets of music, for his opinion on my music. I am indeed very much afflicted at my heart."

Lord Krishna said, "Dear Narada do not be offended. Please give your veena to the monkey-chief. Let us find out definitely whether he knows the art or not."

Narada became still more

annoyed. He was muttering something. Lord Krishna said, "O Rishi, what are you whispering? Explain your thoughts plainly." Narada replied, "This is a very delicate instrument. It is very dear to me. It is dear to me like the life itself. He is a monkey. He will entirely spoil my instrument."

Lord Krishna said, "Do not be afraid, beloved Rishi. Give it to him. I will be held responsible for the same." Narada gave the veena to the monkey-chief reluctantly. Hanuman was not a bit affected by the insulting words of the Rishi. He was a sage of balanced mind and great self-control.

There upon the Lord said, "O monkey-chief! Let us hear your charming music!" Hanuman started singing Ram Nam with intense devotion. He played on the veena. It excelled Narada's music. The hearers were immensely pleased with Hanuman's music. The music of Sri Hanuman even melted the stones. All praised Hanuman. Narada also joined them.

Lord Krishna said, "O Rishi! It is quite good you also praised the music of the monkey-chief. It is indeed astounding." Narada hung his head in shame and at once fell at the feet of the Lord and said: "O Lord! Please forgive me. How can I judge

Lord Krishna Teaches Narada A Lesson

35

the merits of men? Thou art omniscient. Thou art the real judge."

Narada tried to take his veena back but could not raise it from the ground. He said to the Lord, "O Lord! I cannot lift my veena from the ground. The monkey has played a mischief or trick. Let me have the veena." Lord Krishna said, "O Narada, let others try to lift it up."

Everyone there tried but in vain. Then the Lord enquired from other musicians the cause for the sticking of the veena. A high skilful musician remarked: "The stone on which the veena was placed melted by the music of Sri Hanuman and thus it sank a little and when the music stopped it was hardened and the veena stuck in it."

Lord Krishna said, "O Rishi Narada! Sing and melt the stone and take back your veena." Narada sang and sang to his level best, but all his efforts proved futile. Then Lord Krishna asked Sri Hanuman

to play the continuation of the previous song. The stone melted within a few minutes. Narada took back his veena.

Narada found out now that Lord Krishna devised this plan to remove his pride. He came to know that the monkey-chief was no other person than Sri Hanuman. He embraced Sri Hanuman with great affection apologising for his misbehaviour towards him.

Narada's musical pride was quelled and he returned as a better man. At times the Lord makes fun with his devotees.

Pride is the greatest drawback in man. It is a dire evil very difficult to eradicate. Even the best of men fall a prey to pride. It mars one's life's achievement. Even as a beautiful painting of a picture is entirely spoiled and made ugly by a splash of black star or ink, pride completely spoils your life, however great your talents, accomplishments and achievements. Therefore, give up pride through humility, sadhana and vichara.

RETORT

Two of three girls who had grown up together married, and thereafter they continually annoyed their spinster friend with tactless remarks about her unhappy state.

She laughed off their comments until one day they went a bit too far.

"Now tell us truthfully," they laughed, "have you ever really had a chance to marry?"

With a withering glance, she retorted: "Suppose you ask your husbands."

Woman: It's so good of you, doctor, to come this far to see my husband.

Doctor: Not at all. I have a patient next door, so I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone.

How To Become Poor

(By K. Iyar)

I wonder at what stage in the evolutionary ladder man acquired the sense of cleanliness. There must have been a savage who never took a bath for the sake of a bath! But in this present twentieth century man is becoming more and more cleanliness conscious thanks to the many brands of soaps.

Cleanliness, so goes the proverb, is next to godliness. I am a lover of cleanliness and even pride myself as a very clean person (in body I know and in mind I think). But lately I have begun to hate soap and there hangs a tale.

Entering the grocery store one day to purchase a cake of soap (usually it is my servant who does the marketing) I was struck dumb by the different brands of the aforesaid object lined up in a row there. I counted at least thirty-seven varieties, each claiming to have varying degrees of transparency, lather and odour. Some were claimed to be glycerine soaps, (God alone knows what that means though the word is very sweet to pronounce), some were medicinal soaps, a few others were the luxury soaps of the aristocrats, the very wrappers of some of them being enough inducement for one to buy them!

The shop-keeper was very polite to me and when he learned that I wanted a soap his smile became more than a grin. He produced a foreign brand

claiming that it was the best and priced only two rupees!

I had with me then only eight annas, which I had thought in my ignorance to be more than enough for a cake, and so I had to decline it. I told him then that the soap was for my dog, and asked him for a cheap one but alas, I was trapped even there. He produced a long list of dog soaps, every one of them costing above the rupee but on my insisting on a cheap one, he at last showed me one that cost seven and a half annas. In exchange, I gave him the eight anna bit and without waiting for the change I hurried back to the comforting shelter of sweet home.

And there waiting for me was Suku. He said he had come to invite me for a film show. I knew my Suku very well. Such an invitation from him meant that I would have to pay for his ticket as well. I tried to divert his attention to other matters, but there was no good arguing with Suku for he was like the village teacher, who "even though vanquished could argue still". So resigning myself to the inevitable I paid four rupees and eight annas to the pie so as to get two of us admitted into the theatre and was hoping that the film would prove to be a good one when Suku placed his hands on my shoulders and said:

"I have news for you, old man. I have today found a job.

Look here man, I am sales agent of.....soap company." The mention of soap brought back to me my discomfiture a little while ago at the shop and I shouted, "Damn you and your soap". Suku must have felt wounded by my outburst but didn't say anything.

The show began. First a somebody came on the screen, brought out a good song and ended saying that she was able to sing so well because she always used a particular soap. Then another lady, who looked anything but beautiful, informed us from the screen that she maintained her beauty by using another brand of soap. I was beginning to get restless seeing such nonsense when a football player appeared and informed that his ability to score so many goals lay only in the particular type of soap he was using! At this I was so much disgusted that I got up in a hurry and abandoning a show worth two rupees and four annas, made my exit though Suku informed me that his company's advertisement was the next. What is the connection between soap and football, soap and the beautiful curves of a lovely form and soap and the talent of a singer, I couldn't for the life of me make out.

I went back home with depressed spirits and found my

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wife writing the daily account and curiosity made me take a peep at it. It read, "Bath Soap, Washing Soap, Shaving Soap, Baby Soap and Dog Soap," and against each was put a monstrous sum! Suddenly, then and there I coined a riddle, (incidentally, a favourite hobby of mine), and asked her: "Do you know how to become poor?"

She stared at me. "How to become poor?" she faltered.

"Yes," I said. "Go to the soap merchant twice a week for a few years and we will have our house in debtors' hands!"

A group of loafers organized an incongruous contest—a "Tobacco Marathon" in Nice (France) in 1934. The contest was to reveal the man who would smoke the greatest number of cigarettes on end. Two participants of this fancy contest smoked 60 cigarettes each without stopping and died several hours later from heavy nicotine poisoning.

Electronic Music

Some 1,300 scientists from twenty nations met recently at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology to discuss acoustics, which covers a range of topics from the disagreeable noise of a jet aircraft taking off to music.

Special attention was given to scientific reports on the relatively new subject of "musical acoustics." This is a study of music instruments, concert halls, musicians and listeners that has as its goal the enhancement of music.

During the program, writes Robert K. Plumb in *New York Times*, a German scientist, Prof Werner Meyer Eppler of the University of Bonn, gave a tape performance of some new German electronic music.

He introduced several compositions by the experimental German composer, Karlheinz Stockhausen. Herr Stockhausen uses sounds produced by electronic devices to make his music. He is, according to Professor Meyer Eppler, the composer of the only piece of electronic music that has been published in score form.

The score of this composition specifies tape lengths in fractions of inches in place of note duration. In electronic-music scoring, crescendos and diminuendos are indicated in decibels.

As part of a discussion of electronics composition, Professor Meyer Eppler played (on tape) Herr Stockhausen's latest

work, "Song of the Young Man in the Furnace," which had its world debut in Cologne. The work has a boy's voice, eerily altered, running through a general theme of other electronic musical sounds.

Engineers at the session felt that the composition was hard to understand, since it had a lot of musical effects that sound merely like something falling downstairs.

Professor Meyer Eppler agreed that electronic music was difficult for the average listener, but he maintained that people who were familiar with modern music could understand it pretty well. This view was challenged by others in the discussion that followed.

But Professor Meyer Eppler and others maintained that new sound-producing and transforming techniques were going to change music. Eventually, a composer will be able to fix his ideas forever in sound through electronic devices, just as a sculptor fixes his ideas in modelling clay. No interpretation or change will be possible later.

x MATHAMATICAL APTITUDES x

Psychological tests have shown that there are at least three quite different types of mathematical aptitude and that if allowances are made for these types the pupil's introduction to mathematics is facilitated. These are the three

aptitudes: the geometrical, the algebraic-combinational and the purely logical, according to Felix Bernstein of Zurich.

In more than fifty years' experience as a teacher of mathematics, he says, I have had pupils who possessed only one of these aptitudes. I have also had pupils who possessed two and even all three.

In my experience this universal aptitude occurs rather frequently in Italy, especially in Tuscany. Exclusively geometrical aptitude occurs in the coastal population of north Germany. It is not known whether or not there are other types of aptitude. Among Greeks of the classic period a combination of geometrical and logical aptitude was evidently common.

The attempts made to formulate programs of mathematical instruction virtually ignore these fundamental differences in aptitude. Yet it is certain that a pupil who is gifted only geometrically will fail completely if he begins with elementary algebra and will hate mathematics. And vice versa. It follows that pupils ought to be given psychological tests and that instruction in mathematics should be planned with the results of these tests in mind, so far as that is possible.

Special difficulties are encountered when instruction is given in such subjects as analytical geometry, which demand both geometric and algebraic aptitude. But it is also true that even gifted one-sided pupils acquire with puberty the capability of

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mastering such subjects satisfactorily. Evidently with the advent of puberty areas of abstract thinking are encompassed that permit an enlargement of the circumference of learning.

x THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE x

Irrefutable confirmation that our universe is expanding has now been forthcoming from the results of years of study of the remote stars.

The theory that our universe is expanding was first made from the "red-shift" noted in the spectra of the outer nebulae. This shift meant that the outer nebulae are a little redder than they ought to be. This is known as the "Doppler effect." Stars that are rushing toward the earth are bluer than if they were

stationary. If they are rushing away they are a little redder. Light behaves in this way much as sound does. A locomotive whistle seems to howl up as it rushes toward us and to howl down as it rushes away. The light of the outer nebulae is howling down.

Skeptics have argued that this may be an illusion—that light from the outer nebulae may be reddening because it is losing energy on its long journey toward the earth, just as if it were getting tired.

The astronomers of the Mount Wilson-Palomar observatories and of the University of California's Lick Observatory now come forth with new evidence that the universe is indeed expanding. This conclusion was reached after a twenty year study of the red

shifts of more than 800 nebulae far beyond our galaxy.

But the rate of expansion of the universe is not uniform as astronomers once supposed. There is a slight suggestion of a slowing down with time. The speed of light seems to be greater for very distant than for near-by stellar systems.

This slowing down is of scientific importance, but it needs confirmation, which means an intensive study of more outer nebulae. Distances to the outermost nebulae are not measured accurately to the mile, or even to the light-year. This is one factor in considering the apparent slowing down. The distances are of the order of two billion light years, but they may be off as much as 30 per cent. This uncertainty remains to be resolved.

COMMONSENSE

A ferryman was approached by a would be passenger who admitted that he couldn't pay his fare.

"Haven't you any money at all?" asked the ferryman.

"No," replied the down-and-out. "I haven't a paisa."

"Look," said the ferryman, "take it from me, a fellow without a paisa is just as well off on this side of the river as he is on the other."

"You don't look as tired as I thought you would," remarked a little boy to a bride during the wedding reception.

"Really, Richard? Now, why do you think I should be looking tired?"

"Well, I heard someone say you had been running after Mr. Black for months and months."

"And so your daughter is to be married," said the parson to Mrs. Smith. "She's quite young yet. Do you think she is ready for the battle of life?"

"Well, she ought to be," said Mrs. Smith. "She's been in three engagements already."

The Weaver's Daughter

(By K. S. Ramaswamy Sastry)

The Teacher one day was teaching the need for meditation on the problem life and death. But none of those who heard him except one attached any importance to his teachings. That exception was a weaver's daughter who was sixteen years of age. After hearing the Buddha the weaver's daughter did naught else but meditate daily on death.

Three years thus passed and when the Teacher returned to her place she wanted to meet him. But her father would not allow her to go before she had finished weaving the garment which was on the loom. She completed the work and eagerly went to meet the Master.

Buddha was expecting her for he knew that she was to die that day. As she approached him he gazed at her with a compassionate, tender and loving look and asked:

"Whence comest thou?"

She: I know not.

He: Whither goest thou?

She: I know not.

He: Thou knowest not?

She: I know.

He: Thou knowest?

She: I know not.

The people who were near got angry with the weaver's daughter at these apparently contradictory answers which they thought was due to her irreverent attitude. But the teacher was pleased with the girl and in order to prove to the assembled that the girl

really had understood him and answered correctly he further asked, "Why did you reply 'I know not' when I asked you 'Whence comest thou?'"

She: Thou thyself knew that I came from my house. So I took you to mean "When you were reborn, whence came you?" I did not know whence I came.

He: Why did you reply "I know not" when I asked you "Whither goest thou?"

She: You asked me where I will be born after I die. I replied that I did not know.

He: When I asked you "Knowest thou not?" why did you reply "I know?"

She: I meant that I must die.

He: When I asked you "Knowest thou?" why did you reply "I know not?"

She: I meant that I did not know when I would die.

These questions and the replies made the people understand that the girl really spoke with wisdom and their anger gave place to admiration.

The weaver's daughter then returned home after receiving Buddha's blessings. Her father was sitting at the loom half asleep. At the sound of her footsteps he woke up and gave a pull to the shuttle. By an accident the tip of the shuttle struck the maiden in the breast and she fell down dead.

The weaver was full of grief and he went to the Teacher

who consoled him by saying: "Grieve not, for in the round of existences which has no origin you have even thus, over thy daughter's death shed tears more abundant than the water contained in the four great oceans." The weaver's grief was assuaged and he was admitted to the order by the Teacher and soon attained Arhatship.

QUICK THINKING

A wife suddenly walked into the office where her husband sat with his secretary on his lap. Without hesitation the husband dictated:

"Dear Sir,—Shortages or no shortages, I simply cannot conduct the affairs of my office any longer with just one chair."

A Scotsman staying on the twelfth floor of an American skyscraper looked out of the window and saw what he thought was a three penny bit. He ran down to the next floor and it looked like a six pence. On the next floor it seemed to be a shilling and on the next floor a half crown.

He took the lift to the ground floor, ran out and found—a dustbin lid.

A traveller was wandering across the Rockies in search of a man to whom he had been given a letter of introduction. After a long and tedious journey he hailed a wild looking fellow who was smoking outside a shack.

"Does Hard Pete live near here?" asked the traveller.

"No," said the man.

"Then can you tell me where I can find his friend and neighbour, Rough House Joe?"

"I'm Rough House Joe."

"Well, they told me that Hard Pete lived within gun shot of you," said the traveller.

"He did," said the man.

"They're very mean at this hotel, aren't they?" grumbled the new arrival.

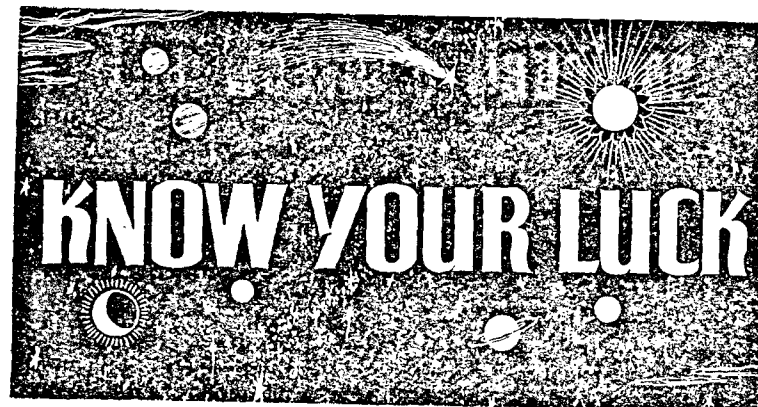
"What do you mean?" asked another guest.

"Well, when I rang down for a newspaper this morning they said they'd send a page up!"

"Why was Adam made first?" asked the inquisitive child.

"To give him a chance to say a word or two, I suppose," replied his father, wearily.

A bank in Georgia (U.S.) lends sheep to farmers who pay interest in lambs, which are in turn lent out to other farmers.



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, Vasudevapuram, Madras-5.)

MESHA RASI or ARIES

The only planet that is favourably working for your good during this month is Guru in the 5th house.

The solar course through the 4th house makes you domestically inclined. You take greater interest than before in improving domestic matters. Your children will make you happy in the family circle. Your ruler, Mangal, entering the 12th house on the 3rd becomes, retrograde on the 10th marching back to the previous house on the 19th. Initially this will enable you to complete some important affairs engaging your attention till the 10th, when your affairs will receive some set back till the end of the month. Meanwhile you will be contacting sympathetic friends and advisers under

whose proper guidance you will cherish new hopes in service or outside. Financially there will be pressure felt with optimism for better conveniences which you will realise from the 21st August. Officially things should look brighter and you should be able to enjoy departmental favour to some extent. Merchants will find it more fortunate and their business turn over will be large yielding good profits.

3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 17, 18, 22, 27, 30, 31 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

This is indeed a lucky month for you, the solar course through the 3rd house coupled with the ruler of the finance in the 4th house from the 2nd August.

‡ Krithika, Rohini & Mrigashira

is an encouraging testimony to improved development of the state of your affairs financially, domestically and socially. This position helps the satisfactory settlement of some of your important matters pending during the month. You will be engaged this month with your elderly relations, important correspondence regarding your profession and a necessary journey to your native place. A house move may be one of the important affairs for implementation in the next month. Financial prospects will prove better in the last week, when either one of your schemes will materialise or one of your children will claim your attention. Officially the month promises encouragement but avoid discussion and friction with higher-ups in service. Wife's health will deteriorate. Merchants will find the month speculatively successful at the end of the month. Partnership will not be encouraging.

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 16, 17, 18, 22, 23, 27, 30 are better days.

x x x
MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary indications do not auger for a better month than the last one. With the exception of planets in the 6th, other planets cause a lot of anxiety, financial pressure, differences with others, disturbed health, eye-trouble, an unexpected journey, heavy expenditure, haste and impatience and last but not least confusion worst confounded in

current matters engaging your attention. Sukra in your rasi coupled with Guru in the 3rd house will cause you anxiety about your children and some concern about your activities and the heavy correspondence that is engaging your attention. Reading and writing will be particularly emphasised. The last quarter of the month will be domestically happy. Financial pressure is indicated but it will not be difficult to meet the demand with the proper resources and help that may come to your rescue. Officially you may not feel encouraged. Second half shows your disturbed career owing to differences of opinion or misunderstanding with the higher-ups. Merchants will not find the month encouraging and easy. Correspondence alone is calculated to bring about the success of the cherished plan.

3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 13, 17, 18, 20, 22, 27, 31 are your better days.

x x x
KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

The only planet that comes to your rescue by reducing your troubles to the minimum is the planet Guru in the second house, the house of protection. The three benefic planets in the 12th, 1st and 2nd are said to be a great defence in favour of your welfare. Financially, though pressure is indicated help is seen forthcoming in time of need. Domestically Mangal's aspect may not help you much, but your exalted

† Punarvasu
Pushya &
Ashlesha

ruler, Budha, is for a happy domestic circle from the 20th. Avoid dissensions, quarrel or dispute over land, house and money. Court cases may be avoided. Panchama Sani with Rahu will make you highly strung and disturbed over affairs of your children and family. You will get unnecessarily excited, spirited and enthusiastic over insignificant affairs, which will cause regrets later. Don't become too credulous and a prey to fraudulent acts of mischief-mongers. Ashtama Mangal will disturb your general health causing chest pain and cold. Officially there may not be much encouragement, yet you may not lose any advantage. Merchants will do better after the 20th of August. Meanwhile their business turnover is dull and their finance in handicap.

3, 5, 6, 7, 10, 12, 16, 17, 18, 22, 23, 26, 28 are better days.

x x x
SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary positions are in no way better this month than in the last. They seem to be better in the last week only. Financially heavier pressure is indicated and sudden depletion will characterise the financial aspect of the month. The last week is better regarding your financial conveniences. Domestically though the planets don't portend well, the position of Sukra coupled with Guru in your rasi will step up all available opportunities for happier domestic life. Sani and Rahu

with Mangal in the 8th are calculated to put forward all possible obstacles in the way of your well-being at home and in your activities outside. Mangal's position brings about quarrels and inharmony at home besides causing mental distractions. Officially there will be no encouragement. You will be more inclined to domestic life than before. Merchants will find unexpected handicaps in the way of their business and no new investment of money is advised. 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 27, 30, 31 are better days.

x x x
KANYA RASI or VIRGO

This is a more favourable month than the last one. Sun in the 11th and Sukra in the 10th are favourably situated

which will permit superiors or seniors to take fancy to you so that they may back your enterprises with influence if you should only get your foot in the right door-way of opportunity. Your professional ambitions will be gratified with new openings for your future welfare. You will feel impelled to do something individualistic which will expand your business enterprise along unexploited lines. You will have favour from elders or seniors by way of patronage. A journey is envisaged in the second half. Between the 3rd and 19th there may be some unexpected set-back or opposition in your business. Your wife's health may be disturbed. You may gain through wife's rela-

‡ Uttara-
phalguna
Hastha and
‡ Chitra

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
‡ Uthara-
phalguna

tions. Financially pressure is felt owing to heavier expenditure than before. But the lord of wealth, Sukra, having been elevated is calculated to render your financial matters easier during this month. Officially you may not have any discouragement. Merchants will find the month favourable enough though some handicap may face them between the 10th and 19th. Avoid misunderstanding through letters.

3, 5, 6, 7, 13, 16, 17, 18, 22, 27, 30 are fruitful days.

x x x
THULA RASI or LIBRA

Planetary position portend predominance of favourable influences. Guru in the 11th and planets near about the meridian are all shedding their bright rays over your affairs financially, socially and professionally. Guru promises favourable opportunities for you giving you an advance purview of your new areas of success. Better finance is registered during this month, although there may be some unexpected delay in the successful manipulation of your financial affairs. Money may come in through higher-ups or elderly relations or through writings etc. Success through court is favoured. Lawyers of this rasi besides journalists and writers will be in the limelight during this month. Officially you will stand to gain much through appreciation and favour of your superiors. New learning may be gained after the

19th. One of your children may claim your special attention. Merchants will do well in foreign business. There will be greater encouragement in businesses like paper, radios and textiles.

3, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 30 are lucky days.

x x x
VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

With the exception of Guru's elevated condition with blessings for general success of your life, all other planets are coursing through trine houses of your monthly map causing you mental unrest, domestic inharmony and disturbed family circle and differences and strife with brothers and other relations. Your mother, if alive, will be the central figure of troubles at home. Mangal in the fifth house from the 3rd August forming trine aspect with Surya and Sani will first cause mental mortification regarding your domestic affairs which claim special attention from you during this month. One of your sons will come up well to your expectation. Financially this is a better month indicating stability and solidarity eventually. Officially you will easily ingratiate yourself into the favour of your master or superiors and gain the expected favour. Malefics will disturb your wife's health during this month. Merchants may try foreign markets through

judicious speculation. Partnership will be encouraging.

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 23, 27, 28, 30 are better days.

x x x
DHANUR RASI or SAGITARIUS

This month is in no way better than the last one. The Poorvashada solar course through the 8th house will not enable you to gain mental peace and courage in the sphere of your activities at home or outside. The positions of the two malefics in the 12th worsens this solar course by delaying financial conveniences, by increasing financial pressure and by causing confusion. The position of Guru alone is favourable conferring the eventual success in your undertakings. You may enjoy favour of your boss although you may feel that you have been denied the same. Sukra in the 7th is helpful to gain financial conveniences. You may feel some opposition from a seemingly inimical person. Socially you may be happy. New friends may be made to your advantage. Domestically you may not have a harmonious surrounding. Your health may be below par. Eye sight in the case of a few may be affected. Anxiety is caused on account of your brother's affairs. The second half will register greater improvement. Officially you may not gain much. Merchants may find the month slightly better than the last. Partnership

may show encouragement. Foreign business in particular will receive greater attention.

3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 15, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27 are your favourable days.

x x x
MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

The planetary set up during this month indicates an admixture of both benefic and malefic influences at work. Saturn in the 11th in trine to Surya in the first half will be more helpful to gain favour and appreciation of work from your boss. The three benefics, Sukra, Budha and Guru, point out a special feature of benefic results at work forming as they are an important yoga called *Adi yoga*, which is calculated to promote your welfare in general. The second half has special advantages over financial matters. It is likely you may gain through relations of your wife or through unexpected sources. Health is the only thing causing you anxiety for some days. A distant journey is envisaged to your advantage. Officially you may not feel disturbed but there will be pin pricks from the higher ups. Merchants will be lucky during this month particularly in the second half when they may bag more profits than expected. Partnership will clamour for better terms and conditions of business.

3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 23, 27, 28, 30, are your better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Planetary configuration reveal that though your affairs in general may be said to be static especially in the 2nd half.

there will be no dislocation or disappointment in your undertakings. The first half shows some fair settlement of some of your important pending affairs. Your health also may not be as good as in the second half. The second half shows a marriage celebration in which you evince great interest. In a few cases it may be the reunion of the husband and wife separated before, while in the case of some others the solar course may threaten disturbed conjugal relationship or misunderstandings resulting in quarrels. A court case is evidenced in the second half with the expected results. Financially the month may prove to be of greater convenience. There may be help from higher-ups or high class friends or through wife's relations. You must avoid impulsiveness and excitement in dealings with others. Officially you will be favoured and encouragement received. Merchants will find the second half lucky. The month is propitious for formation of partnership business.

3, 5, 6, 9, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 26, 27, 31 are better days.

x x x
MEENA RASI or PISCES
Planetary alignment does not

portend good in regard to your affairs in general during this month. They indicate a pensive mind, and troubles through children in the first half. A journey to your native place, if not already undertaken, is envisaged during this month. The course of Mangal through your rasi and backwards does not forbode easy financial conveniences, as they cause unnecessary strain and stress before you realise your objectives. The trines of malefics viz. Mangal, Surya, Sanl and Rahu in the first half will make you highly strung mentally causing great anxiety regarding success of your undertakings requiring financial aid. Your finance in the second half shows greater pressure and timely help received in the last hour of need. Second half shows the necessity of raising a hand loan for your needs. Health may claim your special attention as you may suffer from heated system or windy stomach. Blood impurity also may be evident in a few cases. Officially, you may not gain any favour. Avoid discussion or argument with you superior so that he may not become prejudiced against you. Merchants will find the first half speculatively inclined. They will not do well in their business owing to financial handicaps. Partnership is not found encouraging.

3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 20, 22, 23, 27, 30 are better days.

3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 20, 22, 23, 27, 30 are better days.

Double Decker Trains

Determined to recapture some of the passenger traffic that they have lost to airplanes and highway buses, the railroads are turning to light weight trains, writes *New York Times*. There are several types. One of them is not as comfortable as the standard train, but it rounds curves at high speed and so reduces the schedules. Another provides more comfort, but is only a little lighter than the standard type.

Then there is the revolutionary two-storey train recently tried out by the Santa Fe, which is to run next month between Chicago and Los Angeles. Because two floors are provided there is more room and because the cars are four feet higher than usual there is less noise on the second floor. The two-storey train will not only carry more passengers than its standard counterpart, but carry them more cheaply than an airplane.

MARRIED BUT DIDN'T SPEAK

In a recent divorce case in Britain it was said that a husband and wife had not spoken a word to each other for five years. And their son and daughter never spoke to the father.

The sixty-year-old father lived alone in one room in the "House of Silence"; his forty-nine-year-old wife had the rest of the house with her grown up children.

"Each side is isolated from the other," said the judge in granting the husband a decree nisi. "They have been living completely separate existences."

LOVE STRUCK YOUTH

On the day he first saw the lovely little blonde nurse who worked at a big hospital in Germany, a nineteen-year-old German youth fell in love with her. But she walked daintily past him in her neat blue uniform without even glancing at him.

It took him three days to find out her name. Then he wrote to her: "We've never really met, but I'm in love with you and I know the real thing. Please meet me anywhere any time. I am longing to hear from you and to be with you. You look indescribably sweet."

The girl ignored his letter. He sent her flowers. He wrote a dozen letters to her and every one was unanswered. His thirteenth letter was more impassioned than ever. She sent it back to him — unopened.

But he was now so wildly infatuated that he was desperate. He deliberately fired a revolver at his left leg, causing a bad flesh wound. Then he said he had accidentally wounded himself while

firing at a rat—and was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, just as he had planned.

His gamble came off for he was given a bed in the very ward where the girl he loved was doing night duty. She had a shock when she saw his name on the admission card—the name of her unknown correspondent.

And she was so touched by his devotion that she agreed to meet him after his discharge from hospital. She kept her word and were married.

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THE ART OF DETECTION

A single hair can trap a murderer, for no two persons have exactly the same, writes *Tit-Bits*.

A hair can indicate the race, sex, age, physical condition, and sometimes the occupation of the person to whom it belongs.

The hair of a white man differs in shape and structure from that of a Negro or Chinese. By its diameter, length and coarseness it indicates whether it belonged to man or woman, old or young.

If the root is still adhering it will show whether it fell out or was torn out. The hair, rapidly shows whether the person to whom it belonged had taken a poison like arsenic.

Finally, hair will absorb liquids and gases with which it comes into contact and will retain the smell of fire, smoke from coal, wood or leaf fires, and even fog. It will retain fine sawdust, metal dust, salt, soot and other substances which will show the occupation of the person from whom it came.

Sidney Fox, who was executed at Maidstone in April, 1929, killed his mother to gain the insurance and set fire to her room to cover his crime. He then raised the alarm and swore that he had never entered the room. He had a thick shock of hair and suspicion was first attracted to him when a woman, seeking to console him, remarked, "That boy's hair is full of smoke!"

A classic case was the hold up of the Southern Pacific Express at Siskiyou Tunnel in October, 1923, when the engine driver and guard and two other men were killed by three brothers.

A suit of overalls was found and after examining them an expert said, "The man who wore these overalls was left handed, a brown-haired lumberjack not more than twenty-five years old, about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, thick-set. He was clean shaven and had been working recently in North West Oregon or Western Washington among pine trees."

A hair or two on the overalls, some chips of wood in the right-hand pocket, and stains of wood pitch were the clues from which this description was deduced. Its absolute accuracy trapped the killers.

THE MYSTERY STATUES

In the south-east Pacific, between South America and Australia, lies a rocky islet of volcanic origin.

This island was discovered on Easter Day, April 6, 1722, by the Dutch Admiral Jacob Roggeveen, who named it "Easter Island." However, notwithstanding its insignificant area and meagre population, it has a rich history, and science has tried in vain to probe its secrets for two hundred years and more.

To this day, remnants of wall fortifications stretch along the south coast of the island. These walls were evidently built by the inhabitants, who lived many centuries ago, to protect their ancestral tombs from the destructive effect of the tides. Groups of burial mounds are to be found among these ancient cemeteries, and huge statues raise their heads from levelled sites paved with white flagstones. All these statues are hewed out of volcanic stone. Their torsos, many feet high, of almost rough stone material, are like huge pillars, but their hands and particularly their features have been carved with great skill and are amazing for their finish and expression. The figures are crowned with fantastically tall hats fashioned out of red volcanic stone.

Even more wonderful are the statues on the slopes of the extinct volcano Rano-Raraku. Over 65 feet high, and facing exactly north, they still retain tattoo marks, while the flat backs of many of them are carved with pictures of human beings and birds.

There are in all about five hundred statues of various sizes on this island.

How many questions have been evoked by the sight of these colossal statues! Who erected them and when were they erected? And considering the low state of civilization, how many thousand labourers were needed to put them up? For it took 300 British sailors and 200 natives of the island, equipped with winches, blocks, jacks and cables, to move, raise and load only one statue on board the ship which transported it to the British Museum.

Evidently, these colossal stone statues with their 22 feet-long faces and six-feet-high foreheads, were erected at a period when the population of the island was numerous and powerful. But could this scrap of dry, barren earth, devoid of trees, accommodate and feed such a numerous population?

Were these unknown, sculptors the forefathers of the present inhabitants of this island? Is it their bones and skeletons that are preserved by the stone-covered tombs? The natives of this island are unable to answer these questions—all the monuments on this island are just as puzzling and mysterious for them, as for the scientists who ask questions about them.

Was the ancient population of this island a victim of one of those devastating floods which accompany submarine volcanic

eruptions, so frequent in these latitudes? Or is Easter Island the last vestige of a vast continent which, like Atlantis, was swallowed up by the sea after volcanic eruptions and earthquakes?

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ARE ANIMALS COLOUR BLIND?

Are most animals colour blind, or blind to certain colours? To find the answer to this question, scientists plan to conduct a series of harmless experiments in the United States next summer.

It is already known that few dogs have a sense of colour. House dogs show no preference for a red carpet or rug over a blue or vari-coloured one and seem to express no curiosity whether their owners wear bright-coloured or dark clothes. Cats seldom seem to distinguish colours and show no partiality for bright hues.

Monkeys are believed to see practically the same colours as people. At the University of Wisconsin a few years ago, Dr. B. Weinstein experimented with Corry, a monkey, to find out if he could sort out objects by colour.

Corry had to look at an assortment of red and blue flower pots, glass ashtrays, skeins of wool, feathers, cuts thimbles, and blocks. Then he had to try to separate the blues when given a cue in the form of an uncoloured, elliptical block, and the reds when the cue was an uncoloured, triangular block.

Once he was given the proper cue, the monkey unhesitatingly picked out blues from reds and reds from blues. Dr Weinstein also tried to get him to respond to the spoken word "red" or "blue" but Corry failed in this test.

Another scientist proved by an ingenious test that chickens hardly notice violet, indigo and blue. In a dark room with seven colours projected on the floor, he found that the fowls at once picked up grains of rice lying in the red, yellow, orange and green rays, but paid no attention to the food that was coloured violet.

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WHIPPED BY INVISIBLE WHIP

When Francesco Santoni, a burly, twenty-year old Saridinian, was visiting friends he suddenly doubled up in agony on the divan, and all those in the room clearly heard the sound of a whip. Regularly, in time with the noise of the blows, Santoni's body contorted in pain, and blood seeped through his shirt. Then, as his hostess fainted, the noise of whipping stopped and deep wounds opened on Santoni's palms, while he trembled violently.

Soon, however, all the wounds and the blood disappeared, as if the whole incident had never happened.

Later, while he was being examined by experts, blood began to pour from Santoni's forehead and from between his ribs. After he had been put to bed, under close medical observation,

these and similar incidents continued at half-hour intervals throughout the night.

Santoni, the illiterate son of a very poor family, used to be known as "Nerone, the Big Black One," because of his wild "cosh boy" life and unusual strength, says *Tit Bits*.

All was changed, Santoni maintains, when he had his first vision of Christ. He went to the church to testify to his vision, but because of his previous wild life the priest refused to believe him. Santoni had actually raised his hand to strike the priest, when, he says, he felt a mysterious force, restraining his arm. A few days later, working in the fields, he had another vision.

"Francesco," Christ asked him, "would you suffer what I have suffered?"

Without hesitation, Santoni answered, "If you have suffered it, then why not I?" At that moment he felt a hard blow on the head, and fainted. When he came to his senses, the ground in front of him was red with blood. "Eat it," said the voice.

After a moment's hesitation, the youth obeyed, scooping up the soaked earth in his hands. But as he put it to his mouth, there was no taste of earth at all and after he had finished, he saw that the earth in his hands had resumed its normal colour.

The strange incidents have continued since then, and Santoni's character has immensely changed. No longer is he roistering and self-assertive. Instead, he is as docile as a lamb, almost meek. He claims that the devil tried to tempt him and beat him unconscious for his resisting.

Santoni says he gets pleasure from his suffering, and bears it willingly.

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GONDOLAS OF VENICE

The romantic gondolas of Venice in which countless couples have pledged their love as they glided along the canal streets on moonlit nights, are being mechanized.

Once there were 10,000 gondolas plying the Grand Canal; today there are fewer than 500. But the canal is still lined with marble and stone palaces, still one of the most romantic places in the world.

The gondola is the most luxurious craft in the world. You lie in it almost at full length on soft black cushions with the gondolier out of sight behind you. As the long slow strokes of his oar carry you silently along on a warm summer night, faintly over the still water comes the sound of violins, guitars and flutes playing dreamy melodies.

Will the chug-chug of its engine kill the romance of the gondola? Some people say it will, but others believe the gondola—petrol-driven or otherwise—will always remain a popular part of the lovely, theatrical Venetian scene.

Venice holds a great gondola festival every September when

colourfully draped gondolas stream down the Grand Canal watched by great crowds lining the banks. The most attractive gondolas receive prices from the hands of "the fairest lady present."

LUMINOUS SPURS FOR PEDESTRIANS

Reflector spurs to protect pedestrians at night will soon be worn in Westetn Germany according to Dr. Gerhard Lippmann, chief of the Frankfurt police. He says the spurs will consist of three small glass beads fixed on the heel of each shoe and he believes they will prevent many pedestrians from being knocked down while crossing busy roads after dark.

It has been found that the red glow from the reflector is caught by a motorist's headlights seventy yards away.

A GRAVE MISPRINT

Misprints can have serious effect. What should have been one girl's happiest day, her wedding day, was clouded recently by a congratulatory telegram she received from a parson friend.

Opening it at the reception, the best man read aloud: "See John 4.15." Someone produced a Bible and read the text. "For thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband."

Consternation followed as the bride almost fainted and the best man hurried to 'phone the local post office and ask for the message to be checked. Sure enough a vital figure had been omitted. The proper message was: "See 1, John 4.18" meaning the first epistle general of John, fourth chapter, eighteenth verse, which runs: "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear."

FORGOTTEN CAVES

One of the world's biggest and most impressive caves has been discovered by intrepid explorers in Kentucky, U.S.A.

The explorers are spending many hours daily crawling and stumbling through the cave. They have already mapped out more than thirty miles of its passage ways, but they believe they may extend nearly three times as far.

They believe, too, that the newly found cave may yield not only important geological and archaeological secrets but also treasure. An old legend says that in one of the extensive network of caverns underlying Kentucky is a vast cache of gold hidden centuries ago by pirates fleeing from justice.

America has many great caves, but not since the discovery of Kentucky's fantastically long Mammoth Cave in 1800 has there been such excitement among the country's cave experts. The

Mammoth has subterranean rooms and passages on five different levels.

Arizona's Colossal Cave, the only completely dry cave in the world, has an all-the-year-round temperature of seventy-two degrees and is a crystal wonderland. All the rock is crystallized.

PLAIN SPEAKING

"Darling," he asked, as he drew his fiance closer to him, "am I the first man you have ever kissed?"

"Sam," replied the American girl, somewhat testily, "you are aware that my father is a millionaire something like ten times over, aren't you?"

"Yes."
"You understand that when he dies, I'll inherit everything?"

"Yes."
"You know that I have half a million in my name at the bank?"

"Y-Yes."
"Then, for goodness sake talk sense! What difference would it make to you if I had been kissed by a thousand men before I met you?"

QUITE NATURAL

Doctor: Your recovery is largely due to your own powers of resistance.

Scot: Then you won't be charging me your full fee?

A bishop was being patronized by a millionaire.

"I never go to church bishop," the millionaire said. "Perhaps you've noticed that?"

"Yes, I have noticed it," said the bishop, gravely.

"Well, the reason I don't go to church is that there are so many hypocrites there."

"Oh, don't let that keep you away," said the bishop smiling. "There's always room for one more, you know."

The lecturer was giving an informal talk on physiology. "Also," he remarked, "it has been found that the human body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur!" exclaimed a bright-eyed girl. "And how much sulphur is there in a girl's body?"

"Oh, the amount varies."
"Ah!" replied the girl. "That explains why some girls make better matches than others."

Some Proverbs

A woman's tongue is three inches long, but it can kill a man six feet high.—*A Japanese proverb.*

Who answers suddenly, knows little.—*A French proverb.*

Love is like a diamond with a flaw in it: it is precious, but imperfect.—*A Persian proverb.*

In the desert all men are enemies until they prove to be friends.—*An Arabian proverb.*

Put your hand quickly to your hat and slowly to your purse.—*A Danish proverb.*

Select your wife with your ears rather than with your eyes.—*A Russian proverb.*

Love your neighbour, but don't pull down the fence.—*A German proverb.*

Don't play with eggs on a rock.—*A Nigerian proverb.*

We can't help the birds of sorrow flying over our heads, but we needn't let them nest in our hair.

Patience is the key to joy.—*A Turkish proverb.*

He that is content with his poverty is wonderfully rich.—*A Korean proverb.*

Misfortune does not always come to injure.—*An Italian proverb.*

He that rides a tiger can never dismount.—*A Chinese proverb.*

"Smith bores me. He's always living in the past."

"Why not? It's cheaper!"

A dentist is a man who pulls out other people's teeth to find work for his own.

Lots of people would do anything for money. Lots more people want money without doing anything for it.

A philosopher is a man who always knows what to do—until it happens to him.

Bookseller: This book will do half your work for you.

School Boy: Right, I will take two.

"What is a bankrupt?"

"A man who gives everything to a lawyer to keep his creditors getting it."

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THE ONE TO LOVE

There were two girls in his life and he was not quite decided as to whom he should marry. It was a difficult problem but he solved it by a simple expedient.

Mahan stood before the large mirror on his dressing table and adjusted his tie for the third time. And then apparently satisfied he surveyed himself turning to the right and to the left and seemed pleased with the result. Within a few minutes, he mused within himself, he would be seated in the plane and reach Bombay in the afternoon and before darkness set in he would be making his choice of his future bride who would become his partner in life. Who would it be—Vijaya or Shanti?

Mohan lit a cigarette and got into the car and drove to the aerodrome. The plane was ready to depart. There was the tremendous roar of the engines as

it started moving and within a few minutes it had cleared the runaway and was flying smoothly in the air.

Sitting in the soft cushioned seat his mind travelled back to the day he first met Vijaya.

It was at a party. He was getting bored with the party when Vijaya had walked in with her charming smile. Someone had introduced her to him and they soon had become fast friends. And friendship had slowly ripened into love.

He had gone to Bombay, owing to a misunderstanding with his father. His father had wanted him to take over and run their farm. But he had just finished college and the farm was the last thing he had

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The One To Love

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wanted to start life with. So he had gone to Bombay and had found employment in a bank.

Then Vijaya had walked into his life. It was all such a wonderful and romantic start for him.

He had a rapid rise. Vijaya's father had put his weight and pulled some strings. He was soon promoted to the manager's post. He did his work well and was happy spending his evenings in Vijaya's company.

It was at this time, that Shanti walked into his life. She was his private secretary in the bank. At first Mohan had taken little interest in this girl. But gradually he was attracted towards her by the sweet coolness with which she went about her work. She wasn't like the other girls who worked in the bank. The other girls had always put themselves out, with such artificial endeavours, to look smart, efficient and charming. But with Shanti everything came so naturally.

As days passed Mohan was impressed more and more by Shanti. Her cool efficiency fascinated him. And without knowing why, he had tried to learn more about Shanti. The other men in the bank called her a strictly 'Mama's Girl'. After her father's death she had taken over the responsibility of caring for her mother and kid brother.

That was why she had come to work in the bank. And she wasn't going to let any man come into her future.

One day Mohan had dropped in at Shanti's house. Since then he had been touched by her mother's simplicity and friendliness. There was something about her which reminded him of his own mother who had died a few years ago.

He had never felt any attachment in Vijaya's house. It was too modern, artificial and lonely. The silence of that house and its cold marble splendour had frightened him. He didn't get that family atmosphere there. Vijaya, her father and mother were too individualistic, detached and non-interfering. They only met at the dining table and discussed trivial things in a rather affected way. They were just like clocks ticking away from different walls.

But in Shanti's house everything was so different. Everywhere he saw commonplace ordinary things. He felt the pulse of life in this house. Everybody was interested in the well-being of the other. All were contented and happy with the little things they possessed.

Junior was always raising a riot and always quick to help his mother tidy up the house.

No sooner had Mohan fallen in love with Mama and junior, he had invited Shanti to have

dinner with him. He was in love with her too! And what a surprise he had got!

"Mr. Mohan I'm old fashioned when it comes to my daughter having dinner with her boss at any other place except my house," Shanti's mother had said with such friendly authority. "I gladly invite you to have dinner with us instead."

And though Mohan had been disappointed he had really enjoyed the food. And from that time he found himself in a romantic mess. His heart tortured him with one question. Vijaya or Shanti? Vijaya or Shanti? Which girl did he really love? It was at that time he had received the greatest shock of his life.

His father suddenly died.

Without a word to anyone Mohan left for his place. His father's death had been a terrible blow and, the shock had been too great to bear.

During that week he had sent in his resignation to the bank and had informed Vijaya that he had decided to spend the rest of his days on the farm to which his father was much devoted during his life time.

"Come back," Vijaya had telegraphed. "The bank job is still yours."

"I'm a farmer now," Mohan had wired back.

And after that Vijaya had gone silent. May be he had

hurt her more than he had wanted to.

Shanti and her mother had expressed their grief as if his father's death had been a personal loss to them.

For nearly a year Mohan had lost himself in the farm. There was so much work to do. But all the while he hadn't escaped that torturing question. Vijaya or Shanti? Vijaya or Shanti?

And so he had decided to go to Bombay and make up his mind. Vijaya or Shanti? Whichever it was going to be was going to make the farm her future home.

Mohan stretched himself in the cushioned chair. In a few hours he would be in Bombay.

* * *

It was five o'clock the same evening when Mohan walked into Vijaya's home. He had put on a torn pant and a shabby coat. This was going to be a test to the girl he had first loved. Just then Vijaya came bounding down the steps from her bedroom. She looked so excited and happy. But when she said, "Darling!" near the foot of the stairs, the word seemed to stick to her throat.

"What's happened to you, Mohan? What's all this make up for?" She sounded genuinely alarmed.

"I'm a gentleman-farmer now darling," he said. "I lost

everything when my father died."

Vijaya sank into a sofa. She looked suddenly lost and old; so pathetic and miserable.

"Vijaya, darling," Mohan said softly, trying to give each word a deeper meaning. "I love you, and I want you to marry me."

For a long time Vijaya sat in silence. His words seemed to stir a new life into her. She began to smile and look at him. But there was no charm in her eyes. She suddenly began to laugh aloud. It sounded so hollow and guttural.

"Marry you! Now!" There was a touch of surprised madness in her voice. "You poor fool. You lost everything. Even what I tried to give you. And now you want to marry me. What kind of a love do you call this? It's worthless and you ask me to marry you!"

Some cold arrogance had taken hold of Vijaya.

"You are the biggest fool I got mixed up with," she said in a flat and ugly voice.

So this was the true Vijaya, Mohan had tried to find out.

In some corner of his heart, he had stopped loving her since a long time back. And now he felt completely relieved that she was never more going to bother him.

"I can't say much, except goodbye, Vijaya," he said and walked out sadly.



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He knew he was leaving an empty woman behind him.

From there Mohan went straight to the bank. He was just in time. Shanti was just coming out. His heart began to thump so badly that he had to stop. He was now right behind her and her proximity began to burst his heart.

He quickly overtook her, slyly hoping to be recognised immediately.

But she didn't. His feet began to suddenly get shaky. Was he anticipating too much? He stopped to make sure Shanti was still behind him. when he nearly bumped into her.

"I'm sorry," he said, his voice choked with emotion.

"I recognised you long ago, Mr. Mohan," Shanti said sweetly. "You should be sorry for trying to walk away from an old friend!"

"Oh Shanti! I thought you were never going to recognise me," he said with a happiness visible all over his smile.

"I really shouldn't," said Shanti. "My mother and I haven't forgiven you for your silence for one whole year."

"I'm going to make up for everything as soon as I get you home," he said and called a taxi.

Sitting beside Shanti, Mohan felt that a new future had already begun for him.

"You look so changed, Mr. Mohan. Your clothes, your looks, everything. What happened?" Shanti enquired with genuine interest in her sweet voice.

"I'm a gentleman-farmer now," he said and laughed. He was thinking of Vijaya and the shock he had caused her.

"You know, Mr. Mohan, I used to be scared of you because you were rich. It was a childish fear. But now I feel as if you had always been my friend."

His pretence of poverty had really worked its magic on Vijaya and Shanti. It had helped him discover the true

worth of both the girls. Vijaya had cared more for wealth than for love. And Shanti had just taken him closer to her heart because he wasn't rich.

He was glad his disguise had also helped to cloak the truth of his wealth. His father had left him wealthier than ever.

"It must be wonderful to live on a farm," said Shanti. And Mohan became suddenly serious.

"It gives us our daily bread," he said. "It made by father rich. Then he went to Madras, forgot the farm and became a business man. In his old age he went back and gave his life for it. He died where he wanted his heart to be. And my heart is there too!"

"My mother is a farmer's daughter," said Shanti. "She would love to hear all about your farm, Mr. Mohan."

"That's wonderful. And stop mistering me. I'm not your boss. I'm.....I'm....."

Mohan hesitated before saying those precious words he had wanted so long to say.

"I love you, Shanti. I want you to marry me," he said.

"We're home now. You better ask my mother," said Shanti giving him her hand and heart.

"I know she'll agree," smiled Mohan. "Marriage and your mother are both old fashioned things."—H.M.P.

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

ASHANTI MURDER CASE

By S. RAJAGOPALAN.

Dr. Benjamin Knowles and his wife, a music hall artiste, were living in Bekwai in Ashanti. The couple were generally on good and even affectionate terms, although occasionally, they used to quarrel in consequence of heavy drinking and drug addiction. Not unoften both were discovered in a drunken and dazed condition.

On 21-10-1928, they took there luncheon and were alone in their room. There had also been guests a short while ago but they had all departed shortly after 2 p.m. Then loud noises, suggestive of quarrelling were heard from their room. Soon afterwards, somewhere between 4 p.m. & 5 p.m. the servants heard a shot and a cry. They were frightened; and one of them ran off to the District Commissioner, who had also been one of the guests at the luncheon and informed him of it.

The officer took his car and proceeded to the house and enquired of Knowles whether there had been an accident. He replied that there was nothing wrong. The Commissioner then went away. The servants, however, were restless and again went back to him.

Two hours later, the Commissioner wrote to Knowles that the servants were very excited and asked him whether he could be of any service. To this letter, however, no reply was sent. Immediately afterwards, one of the servants was called by Knowles into the room and told off to clean up a pool of blood.

Knowles then said to his wife that he would like to send her to the hospital. He then said that he would go himself and went. When he was gone, the cook was desired by Mrs. Knowles to pick a revolver which was in the bed, and he put it into a box, locked it and gave her the key. Whilst cleaning up the blood, he picked up something which he did not recognise but which was a revolver bullet.

That evening Knowles got a sleeping draught, containing morphia from the hospital dispensary. Next day he got a repetition of the medicine and a hypodermic syringe with two ampules of morphia. About 3 o'clock that day, Dr. Gush met Knowles, who looked much dazed, and bearing signs of the results of alcohol. Knowles volunteered the information that there had been a

domestic fracas and showed his left leg covered with bruises which he said had been inflicted by his wife with an Indian club. He also said that she had been nagging him; and he in turn had threatened her that if she did not stop, he would put a bullet into her.

Dr. Gush then asked to see Mrs. Knowles and heard her say that she would like to see him. He then went into the room with her husband and saw the wounds. They had been treated with iodine by Knowles himself, which was a proper though not a sufficient treatment. The wound appeared to be one which would be inflicted by a revolver bullet. It was in a peculiar direction. The bullet had entered the left buttock and proceeded in an upward direction, making its exit at the lower side of the abdomen on the right side, having pierced the intestine, the bladder and the uterus. Some blood was also coming out.

Dr. Gush asked Mrs. Knowles how it all came about. She gave a story. She had been examining her husband's revolver which had been recently cleaned by the police, that she had put the revolver down on a chair and shortly after sat upon it. She tried to remove it from underneath, but the open work sleeve of her dress caught in the trigger

and the revolver went off.

Dr. Gush advised her removal to a hospital. Knowles was then at the fire, sitting quite dazed. The doctor then asked for the revolver and examined it in detail. There were five cartridges and one empty shell. He also noticed a hole in the mosquito net, which covered the two beds.

Mrs. Knowles died the next day, but before she died she had made a dying declaration. This was more or less identical with her testimony before Dr. Gush except that she said that the accident occurred after the servant boy had brought in the tea. On the following day, viz. on 22-10-1928, the police went to the residence and found Knowles in bed in blood-stained sheets and wearing blood-stained pyjamas. He was very ill and weak, though he spoke rationally. They told him that they were going to detain him on a charge of causing grievous bodily harm and that a dying declaration had been taken from his wife. He then made several remarks. "I think she had rolled up. That is bad business. I may go to prison. If she rolls up, I am afraid I am for it." He was taken to the Commissioner's bungalow, and while a warrant was being procured, he said, "I don't care what happens to me. I am worried about my wife. If

my wife rolls up it means a murder case and I will be hung by the neck till I be dead."

Knowles was charge sheeted for murder and was tried without a jury. The judge could not bring himself to believe that Mr. Knowles had given a true version of the incident and found him guilty and sentenced him to death.

The case however presented many dubious features. It could by no means be suggested that it was a suicide because the position and direction of the wounds excluded all ideas of deliberate self infliction. Nor could an inference of murder be made out. Because if Mrs. Knowles' story had to be disbelieved the only alternative would not be cold blooded killing. It was possible that it would have been manslaughter or a rash act causing death. Knowles might not have meant to kill her, but had probably in a fit of temper aimed the pistol at her rashly and negligently, bringing about the injuries which had resulted in her death. But he was not charged with this specific offence.

In the ultimate analysis, there could be no legal proof of murder and the Privy Council which gave anxious thought

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to the case, found it prudent to acquit him completely, a result brought up about wholly by Mrs. Knowles, who had deliberately lied to save her husband in a spirit of wifely devotion which is as old as human nature, and prevails in all ages and climes and in all strata of society.

(Copyright with the author.)

"George, do you realize it's nearly a year since our honeymoon and that glorious day we spent on the beach? I wonder how we'll spend it this year."

"On the rocks!"

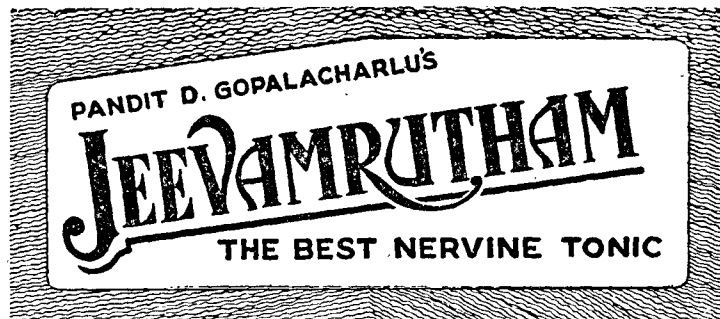
Why does the wind behave so differently in the four different seasons? Here is a fine Chinese tale explaining the seasons. It is by Yen Wen-Ching, editor of the Chinese monthly 'People's Literature.'

AS THE WIND BLOWS

Many, many years ago, there lived a poor little boy, all by himself. His father and mother were both dead—they had died while he was still almost a baby—and he lived alone in a little hut in a wild and lonely place. For months on end no human soul came to talk to him, or play with him. Only one friend was ever kind to him:.....a strange friend, the Wind. The Wind was very fond of him and whenever she passed by his hut she would drop in, and have a chat, or play a while with him. It was the Wind who always brought him food. That was the only way this poor child could sustain life in such a desolate place.

One spring day the little boy fell ill. He waited in his lonely hut for ten days before the Wind came to see him. She was sorry to find him ill, and sat down by his bed-side to keep him company. As she talked, she caressed his hair fondly. The Wind loved travel, of course. She had just returned from a long journey, and she told the ailing child all about the curious things she had seen, and said she could tell that spring had come.

"Oh, has it?" asked the little boy eagerly. "How lovely. I remember once, when spring came before, that I liked being out then. I do want to go out now. It's so dark here, all by



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As the Wind Blows

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myself, and I don't have any fun."

"Of course you want to go out," said the Wind, gently. "But you aren't well. You can't run out and play now."

The little boy shook his head sadly. "No, I can't walk, even. My legs don't hold me up, or else I would have gone out long ago." He sighed, then asked the Wind, "Are the flowers blossoming yet?"

"Yes, they are all in bloom. I can see them as I go. I have heard the birds singing, too."

The poor little invalid said faintly, "Oh, I do long to hear the birds singing. What I like to do is to lie on the new green grass and listen to them, particularly the golden oriole. It's horrid, not being able to go out....." His voice began to tremble, because he was nearly in tears. The Wind comforted him, and said, "My dear child, don't get upset. Just wait a minute, and I'll see what I can do. You'll see, I'll bring spring right into your room for you!"

The wind swirled out with a rustle. In a few minutes back she came, bringing with her all the things the sick child was longing for. The scent of the spring flowers, the sweet smell of growing grass, and the voices of the birds.

"Oh, lovely," said the little invalid. "Spring is really here." He happily fell asleep,

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and the Wind tiptoed out of the little hut, without making the smallest murmuring breeze.

It came to be full summer time, but the little boy was still ill. His friend the Wind came in to see him.

"It must be wonderful, outside," he said wistfully to her.

"Yes, it is," said the Wind. "The summer is here."

"How can you tell that it's summer?" he asked.

"I've shaken ripe fruit off the trees, so I know that it must be summer time."

When she said that the fruit was ripe, the little boy said, "I *should* like some fruit. Oh, if only I had a fresh peach to eat, I'm sure I should get well again."

"Very well," said the Wind. "Be patient, and I'll bring you a lovely one."

"Dear Wind, get me one quickly. I'm dying for one!" Away the Wind flew. She flew to an orchard, but there was a watchman there. No sooner did she shake a peach off a tree than it was picked up by the watchman. She couldn't take the peach out of his hands, so she flew away to look elsewhere.

There was a man on guard at the next orchard, too, and the Wind could get no fruit there either. She flew from orchard to orchard, but everywhere the watchmen were too

sharp for her. She failed to get any fruit at all.

Now she began to worry. She felt she had been away a long time, and that the little boy would get worse, worrying. In the end she begged a wild apricot tree to let her have just one little apricot. She was nearly back at the hut by then. The apricot tree grew quite close.

When she came back, she found the little boy was worse, and could hardly speak. She caressed him gently, and he half woke up. He looked wearily at the little wild apricot, but shook his head and closed his eyes again. He was too ill really, to eat anything at all.

The poor Wind! She was so unhappy. She felt that he would have been better if she could have brought him a fresh peach at once. But now she was too late. Her heart ached for the poor child, and when she rustled gently away, she could not help crying bitter tears.

It was autumn. The little boy was no better—in fact he was weaker than ever. The Wind came to see him again.

"Oh Wind, dear friend," he sighed. "I've been in bed so long. Oh, how I want to go out for a little while."

"I'm sure you do," said the Wind, sympathetically, "but

you are not strong enough. How can you go out?"

Tears rolled out of the little boy's eyes. Indeed, he was so weak that he couldn't sit up. How could he possibly go out?

"Don't cry," whispered the Wind. "We'll have something for you right here, in front of your bed. Look, I'll show you a whirling dance." And she swirled and blew round his bed.

"Let's all join in!" said the scarlet leaves just outside the door.

They jumped in to the room and danced with the Wind. The Wind sang a stirring, exciting song as she twirled around. The little boy couldn't help clapping his hands in time with the dance. Finally his head drooped and he fell asleep happily. The Wind drifted away without a sound.

Winter came, but the child was worse than ever, as the Wind found when she came to see him one day. His stove was bare of charcoal, and he had no cotton-padded clothes or quilt. He was shivering with cold when the Wind came, and had no voice left. He could only whisper, faintly, "I am so cold."

The Wind could see how he felt, and said, "Try and hold on. I'll go and get something to make you warmer. I'll be back as soon as possible."

She rushed off, and went



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first to a rich family's house. There she knew she would find a huge stove. There were several fat men sitting around: sweating in the intense heat. The Wind said, most politely: "Gentlemen, could I beg the favour of a little charcoal for a sick little boy who is near freezing to death?"

One of the great louts jumped up peevishly and shouted, "What's this? A little sick boy? We don't know him, nor care. It's nothing to do with us whether he lives or dies."

They chased the Wind out, and closed the window tight against her. The Wind went to several other households, but everywhere met with the same unkind refusal.

And then, when she was turned out yet again from a great house, she met a little girl who worked in the household as a maid, who said, "Good lady, I heard what you said to the master. I don't think he should be left to die of cold. I would like to do what I can to help."

She hadn't anything much herself, and had to rack her brains for a moment. Then she pulled out some cotton-padding from her own torn jacket...it was all she had in the world that she could give, and said to the Wind, "See if this cotton will help to keep him warm, and tell him I hope he'll get well soon."

"Thank you, my child," said the Wind gratefully, caressing the girl's hair. "You are a very kind little girl."

Clasping the cotton-padding, the Wind flew back, as fast as she could go, to the lonely hut. But she was too late. Her little friend was sleeping his eternal sleep. No more would he awaken to the hardships and loneliness of life again. The Wind sprinkled the cotton-padding over him, kissed and caressed him for the last time, and wept bitterly.

Then she could bear it no longer. She swirled up in a rage, and howled angrily.

"You selfish people have no compassion in your heart. I'll sweep away your world! I'll cause you to suffer cold as you allowed the little boy to suffer!"

In a fury, she tore out of the room, spreading bitter cold air in all directions.

This is the story of how the wind comes to be so different in the four seasons of the year. It changes for the sake of the little lonely boy. In the spring, we enjoy the balmy sweet breeze, which first came to make the little boy happy, and bring him the scent of the flowers and the songs of the birds. Summer wind always brings rain...the Wind's tears as she laments over the sadness of the little boy who was too ill to eat the wild apricot. In

As the Wind Blows

In the autumn we see the wild dance of the leaves with the Wind, singing shrilly as they fly. And the furious gales in winter bring the child's bitterness and cold to all selfish people, as the Wind swore it would. We still see the kind little maid's only gift, as flakes of cotton-padding blow down from the wind's grasp. The reason why you cannot use them to make a cotton-padded jacket is because the Wind will not let anyone else use it, as her little friend could not. When we catch it, it changes into water; we call it snow.

EXPERIENCED

A witness was about to give testimony in court, and as he did not appear to be too bright, the judge thought it best to impress on him the solemnity of the proceedings.

"Do you know what it means when you take that oath?" he inquired.

"I certainly do," replied the witness with the assurance of someone who had obviously been in court many times before. "It means that if I swear to a lie I've got to stick to it, no matter what."

"My wife's so sure of having her own way she writes up her diary a week ahead."

"My dear, you haven't spent all the afternoon at the Smiths?"

"Yes, Auntie. They said such awful things about everyone who left that I didn't dare come away."

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The Teacher at Takshasila

(By K. S. RAMASWAMY SASTRY)

Once upon a time the Bodhisatva was born in the world of men and became a famous teacher at Takshasila. Many princes were there as his disciples. One of them was the Prince of Benares. The Bodhisatva realised in his meditation that the prince after he became king would have his life threatened by his own son. He therefore told the prince just before his departure to his kingdom: "I shall teach you four verses. On the sixteenth birthday of your son repeat the first stanza before you eat your food. Repeat the second stanza at the time of your levee. Repeat the third when you are at the top of the staircase and the fourth when you just enter your bed-chamber." The prince agreed to do so and after saluting the teacher went away.

In due course the prince married and ascended the throne. He had a son. This son when he was sixteen years old had an irrepressible evil desire to usurp the throne from his father and rule the kingdom. His evil-minded companions prompted him that the easiest way to get rid of the king would be to put poison in his food.

On the sixteenth birthday

when food was served the king remembered the parting advice of his teacher and loudly repeated the first stanza:

*"The rats find out both husk and grain,
To cheat them is an attempt in vain."*

The prince when he heard it thought that he had been discovered and rose and went away. The king also got up without partaking of the food which had been poisoned and thus his life was saved.

The prince's advisers then prompted him to attend the king's levee and there kill him when he is off guard. The prince who had set his heart on ascending the throne took the advice and attended the levee with a sword.

Just before the ceremony the king uttered the second stanza:

*"However secret be the evil plot
I know the sin now to be wrought."*

The prince who heard it got cold feet thinking that the king had divined his evil purpose and did not dare to strike.

Foiled in this second attempt the evil advisers of the prince told him to attack him when he came to the top of the stairs. But the king remembering the advice of the teacher

The Teacher at Takshasila

repeated the third stanza:

*"The monkey old is shrewd and wise,
Though foolish in his children's eyes."*

The prince was aghast to hear it and thinking that he had been discovered again went away quickly.

The advisers of the prince, however, wouldn't accept defeat, and they put courage into the prince and made him hide under the bed of the king.

In the night when the king entered the bed-chamber he uttered the fourth and the last stanza:

"We think our deeds are all unknown;

But God doth see them from his throne."

The prince hearing this was seized with fear and trembling from head to foot came out from his hiding place and fell at his father's feet and begged his pardon. The king who was so far unaware of the plot was astonished at his son's confession and silently thanked his teacher who foreseeing this danger had taught him the four stanzas, the repetition of which had saved his life. He then put his son in prison to teach him a lesson and released him afterwards when he was sure that the prince had repented fully and reformed. He lived for many years more and died meditating on the Bodhisatva and the prince ascended the throne.



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THE PORTRAIT

By SAILEN RAY.

Navarun was a real artist, a lover of natural beauty and scenery. More than once had he journeyed to the snow-capped Himalayas and other places of natural grandeur. After returning from such trips, he would shut himself up in his studio and remain absorbed in painting pictures, developed from the numerous rough sketches he had made on the spot.

With the intention of making some sketches, he arrived one day at the old famous city of Vishnupur, in Bengal.

During the reign of the Hindus, this town was very prosperous; and its king, a devotee of Sri Krishna, built

enormous temples of superb architecture. He dug dozens of artificial lakes known as 'bandhs'.

The big temples are now all in ruins, though their main structures still stand, defying the ravages of Time.

During the first few days Navarun could not do any drawing. He wandered aimlessly through the dense undergrowth which had engulfed the old city. Then one day he found the ideal place, the grassy bank of the vast Krishnabandh with the huge temple standing on the edge of the water.

In the silence of the wood, far away from the noise of the towns, these mighty ruins

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The Portrait

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speak in inaudible voices to those who know how to listen in the silence of their own hearts.

Navarun not only saw the temple, but he heard it speaking. And in his drawing which was a perfect reproduction, he seemed to have caught the vibrations of unspoken words, and instilled them into his work. He was carried back to those times when this temple was not standing lonely and in ruins but as when thousands of devotees used to come and adore the deity within. He heard the joyous chants and ardent prayers that rose from human souls towards the Supreme.

Navarun worked happily, and hummed in his melodious voice:

"In the blue of the sky, in the green of the forest,

Whose is the hand that has painted the glow."

Amidst his absorption he was startled by a sudden rustling noise. Looking aside he was amazed to see a young girl peeping at him from behind some branches of wild bushes.

He fixed his gaze upon her and before he could recover from his surprise somebody called out from somewhere far behind:

"Swetu, where are you?"

"Here, daddy, coming."

And she had vanished.

Quickly he took up a piece

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of paper, and he went on drawing some lines that gradually gave shape to a graceful form of an exquisitely beautiful girl, framed in green bushes.

At the same time Navarun whispered to himself:

"O my vanishing beauty, O ephemeral eluding love, you cannot escape from me altogether, I shall catch you yet."

How the time passed he never felt. But he was disturbed again. A sweet voice spoke just behind him:

"O! it is wonderful!"

He looked up and saw the girl. She exclaimed:

"How could you draw my picture so perfectly? You saw me only for a few seconds."

Navarun looked up at her and then at the sketch, and he was much pleased. He smiled and said: "If you go and stand there for a few minutes more, I would be able to give some more important touches necessary for completing this picture."

Swetu instantly obeyed and stood where she had been standing a little while ago, saying:

"I can remain till daddy calls me again."

"Where is he?"

"There, sitting comfortably under a tree, absorbed in his book. We came from the town for an outing."

What a face! What a complexion! Navarun had never seen so much beauty in any Bengali girl. He asked:

"Your name is Swetu?"

"Yes, Swetabarani. You are a stranger here?"

"I am a Bohemian. The gigantic ancient temples in the midst of the forest are enticing. I hope to fill up a whole sketch book before I leave for Calcutta. But please let us not waste time; if you stand there quietly for some moments more, I shall offer you a boxful of cream chocolates I always carry wherever I go."

The girl giggled.

"Do not tempt me with bribes, sir! But will you let me have that portrait? I shall show it to daddy."

Navarun answered with a long drawn face:

"I do not give away my works; these are part of my existence; especially from this one I shall never be able to be separated. But if you can come here daily I shall make another portrait of you which you could keep. Will you come Swetu?"

"I'll try my best."

They remained quiet for a long time. At last Navarun called her:

"Thanks for your patience Swetu; now come and see the result of my humble effort."

Swetu looked at the picture and exclaimed:

"Am I really as beautiful as you have made me here?"

"There is no comparison; mine is a poor imitation, but you are a marvellous creation of the Supreme Artist whom I adore and try to come in contact with through His creation. I cannot look at anything in this universe without admiring its Creator."

"When will you paint another picture for me?"

"I would like to, but you will have to come here for some days together."

"I will come, but I must go now, my father may call any minute."

"What is your father's name?"

"Himbaran Ghoshal; he is a lawyer; but you have not told me your name."

"Navarun Ray; good-bye till to-morrow."

"Good-bye," she said and vanished.

According to their mutual understanding Swetu came regularly to the temple and posed for her portrait.

Swetu wanted to spring a surprise on her dear old father with the portrait. When it was completed, she had it framed and placed it in her study.

"Daddy, dear, come to the study, there is something I would like to show you," she said.

With a happy expectation Himbaran Babu entered the room. Swetu slowly unveiled the portrait. He looked at it dumbfounded and exclaimed:

"What a lively portrait! Whoever has done it is a master of the art."

"He is stranger, father, from Calcutta. I met him on the bank of Krishnabandh."

"It is alive; the picture is throbbing with life. Where is the artist? I must see him."

"He may be there, father, near that temple. He sits there every day drawing pictures."

Father and daughter went to the place, but Navarun was nowhere to be found. For

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several days Himbaran continued the search for him; all in vain. Evidently he had left for Calcutta without informing Swetu.

The puzzled girl proposed:

"If we go to Calcutta, father, we may find him. But I do not know his address."

Himbaran looked with tenderness at his daughter and replied:

"It will not be at all easy to find him. Yet we may one day know him. He is a genius

and a gifted artist. I must know more about him. But darling, you should not have kept him a stranger from me. You ought to have introduced me to him long ago, the very day of your first meeting."

Navarun was now a changed man. He shut himself in his studio and worked incessantly.

Only his mother was allowed to enter the studio. One day she could no longer control her curiosity and questioned:

"Who is this girl, Navu? She is extremely beautiful, and there is something in her beauty which can be called supernal."

Navarun was overjoyed. "You have detected it, mother, because you have the insight of things."

The mother was very pleased to hear this. For a long time she had been searching for a suitable companion for her beloved son. Now he himself had found her. She would do everything to bring that crimson-coloured girl into her family.

One day she ventured to propose:

"I am very eager to see that girl, Navu; let us go to her place."

At first he refused. "I came away from that place without even saying goodbye to her. I don't know what she thinks of me."

"Perhaps she is puzzled and pained by your abrupt departure. At least you owe her an explanation."

He remained adamant at first. But day by day he became more and more silent and morose. One day he felt himself quite incapable of going on with his paintings. He confessed to his mother about his longing for the girl.

"We must see her, mother, otherwise I cannot live."

The mother had been waiting for this moment. She wrote a letter to Himbaran, informing her intention and announcing their day of arrival.

Navarun went with his mother to Vishnupur, and a few days later on an auspicious day Swetu was married to him.

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ILLUMINATING TALES

STORY OF INDRADYUMNA

(By SWAMI SIVANANDA)

Markandeya narrated many stories to the Pandavas when they were in exile in the forest. Once they asked Markandeya, "Do you know of any one who has lived longer than you?"

Markandeya replied: Yes, there is a royal sage named Indradyumna. His virtue being diminished, he fell from heaven crying "my achievements are lost, my good work had ceased to be spoken about in this world." He came to me and asked, "Do you, sir, recognise me?"

I replied: "From my eager desire to acquire virtue I do not stay at one place. I live for one night only in one village or in one town. A man like me, therefore, cannot possibly know who you are. The fasts

and vows that I have to observe make me weak in body. Therefore, I am unable to follow worldly pursuits to earn wealth."

He said to me, "Is there any one who possesses a longer life than you?" I replied, "There lives an owl named Prava Karna on the Himalayas. He is older than me. He may know you. That part of the Himalayas where he lives is far from this place."

He became a horse and carried me to the place, where that owl lived. Then he asked the owl, "Do you, sir, remember me?" It reflected for some time and then said, "No, I do not remember you." The royal sage Indradyumna asked the owl: "Is there any one who

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possesses a longer life than you?" The owl replied, "Yes; there is a lake called Indradyumna. In it lives a crane named Nadijangha. He is older than I am. He may know you."

Indradyumna carried me and the owl to that lake. We asked the crane respectfully: "Do you know this king Indradyumna?" It thought for a while and said it did not. Thereupon we asked him, "Is there any one more long-lived than you?" He said, "Yes. There lives in this lake a tortoise named Akupara. He is older than me. He might know this king. Therefore ask Akupara."

The crane told the tortoise, "Men have come here to ask you about something, sir. Please come out of the lake." The tortoise came out of the lake to the bank where we all were. We asked him, "Do you know this king Indradyumna?" The tortoise reflected for a moment. His eyes were filled with tears. Then with joined hands he said, "How can I fail to know about him? It was at this very place that he set up sacrificial posts a thousand times for a thou-

sand sacrifices. This lake itself was made by the walking about of the numberless cows given by him as Dakshina to the Brahmins. From that time I have been living in this lake."

When we were hearing all this from the tortoise, a celestial car came there from the celestial region and a voice was heard which said, "Indradyumna come and go to any celestial world that you like to go." This voice redeclared the ancient saying, "As long as the meritorious work done by a man is remembered and spoken about in heaven and earth, so long he lives in heaven. As long as a man's report of evil deeds is talked about, so long he lives in the lower region. Therefore, a man should be virtuous if he desires to obtain heaven. He should always avoid sinful ways and lead a virtuous life."

Hearing this, king Indradyumna expressed his gratitude to the tortoise, the crane and the owl, conveyed me and Pravara Karna to our respective abodes and then proceeded in the celestial car to the celestial region. These three have lived longer than I have done.

SPORTING

"You can," murmured the girl, "take me to the dance to night if you like—unless," she added coyly, "you meet somebody more attractive in the meantime."

"I say!" exclaimed the man. "That's sporting of you. We'll leave it like that, then, shall we?"

TIPS OF A BRIDEGROOM HUNTER

(By LOTUS EATER)

Counting is said to be a very different thing from being exhilarated. The man with the thickest skin, the longest nerves that are not unscathed in this kind of human hunt. And yet, every man who has a daughter—or what is worse, a number of daughters—whether he can stand the trial or not, has nevertheless to undergo the ordeal and somehow manage to wrest some kind of success in this strange hunt.

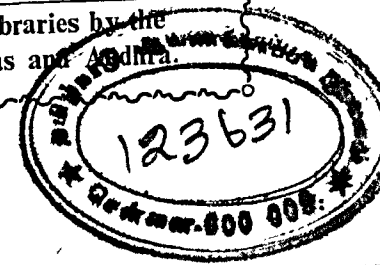
There is an old proverb which says that if a man has five daughters, even if he is a king, he would become a pauper. If this should have been true even in ancient times, when the dowry was not so exorbitant, how true should it be in these days

when bridegrooms are selling so hot in the matrimonial shandy? And just as we have to be wary in the shandy lest we should be inveigled into a deceitful bargain, even so in the matrimonial market we have to keep our eyes and ears always open—and this applies to parents of brides as well as bridegrooms. The snag is parents cannot afford to commit mistakes. If they do they cannot thereafter remedy it but will have to suffer in silence. (I recognise the State has now passed a law by which divorce can be obtained but divorce cases happily are still rare.) It is heart-breaking to a parent to see that the alliance he has fixed for his daughter or son has proved to be unhappy but it is not wise for him to abdicate his responsibility in this regard and leave the choice to their children. It would per-

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haps make matters worse. The young adolescents are so moved by first impulses that they rarely have either the prudence or the wisdom to consider the pros and cons of the question in all its aspects and young men and women when allowed the freedom to choose their mates, behave just as a moth which loves to hover about the flame. So the parents have no other alternative than to face the responsibility and find suitable partners for their offsprings.

To illustrate how brain-racking this bridegroom hunting can be to parents of daughters—not to speak of much daughtered parents—I give below some of the bitter experience of a parent belonging to the latter variety.

-I thank God for my not coming within the pale of the old proverb in as much as I have only four daughters, though I cannot but tremble at the prospect of begetting one more daughter. By a strange irony of fate, they come in such quick succession and in so doing they push the male offsprings far behind. Even prenatally daughters manage to elbow out sons in coming into the world first!

I had bled myself white in the case of my first daughter's marriage. All the silver vessels and jewels in the house were sold, the ancestral house was

deeply mortgaged, clothes and jewels were bought on credit and loans raised on the insurance policies. I had nothing left after this marriage except debts—secured and unsecured.

It was in this state of finance I had to begin again my hunt for a bridegroom for my second daughter. I had only my monthly income to fall back upon and being a lawyer, this was unpredictable. And what I was able to gather every day had to be spent the same day. Very little remained over. The prospect was distressing enough. And I began my hunt with a heavy heart.

I had with me a number of horoscopes which had been found unsuitable in the case of my first daughter. I determined first to knock at the doors of such of those parents whose sons' horoscopes agreed with my daughter's. I was able to pick out a dozen such and I started on my first lap of bridegroom hunting with them.

The first gentleman I contacted was a retired government servant with a decent pension. He was a gazetted officer and when I announced myself he looked somewhat severely at me through his spectacles and showed me to a seat. Then taking his spectacles and placing them on a stool nearby he asked in a tone which was none too encourag-

ing, "May I know your business with me?"

I attempted to smile and reminded him that he had sent me his son's horoscope a year back.

He: Well?

I: That was in connection with the marriage of my first daughter.

He (Interrupting me): How many daughters have you?

I: Four by the grace of God!

He: By the grace of God! That is a fine sentiment. You seem to be a fond parent. How many daughters are there yet to be married?

I: Three.

He: How much did you spend on your first daughter?

I: Four thousand.

He: How much do you propose to spend on your second daughter?

I: That depends.

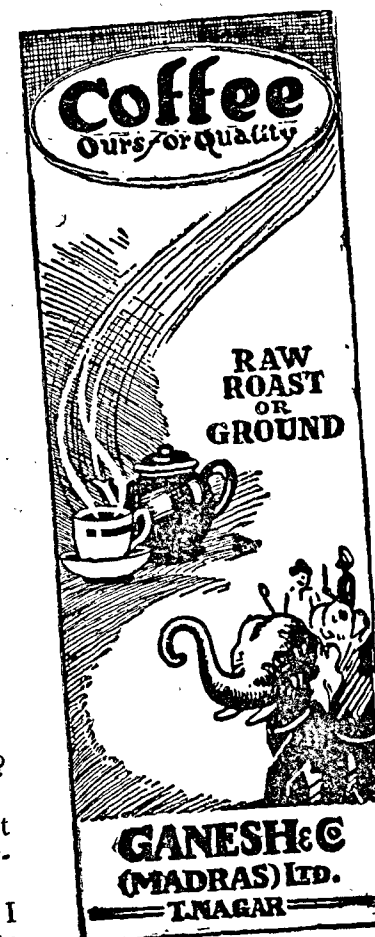
He: What are your means? I want to know that.

I: About two thousand at the most. I have already incurred debts.

He: If that is your limit I would advise you not to waste your time here. Your means are far below my expectations.

I felt abashed and took leave of him.

The next gentleman I called upon was very sympathetic but was unable to be of any use to me. He was a poor school master with a marriageable



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daughter and he expected a handsome dowry for his son so that he could with that money perform his daughter's marriage.

The third gentleman on whom I called was an orthodox person and pretended to be taken aback at the mention of my daughter's age.

"I would prefer a girl who is just sixteen. Personally I hate post-puberty marriages but the Sharda Act has made marriages before sixteen years of age an offence. My son is an M.A. and he is looking for a job. I don't mind a girl who is a little more advanced in age provided her father can get my son fixed up in some job. I will consider your proposal if you can manage to get my son a job first."

I was sick of this man's talk and soon I left him to resume my hunt. I later on learnt that this orthodox Brahmin had a daughter aged 21 and unmarried still!

The next gentleman I had the misfortune to contact was a first class sophister. He received me with every outward form of extreme cordiality and plied me with a hundred and odd questions. I hardly knew what he was driving at. He pretended to be quite indifferent to the monetary aspect of matrimonial negotiations.

"Money will come today

and disappear tomorrow," he said. "Neither its coming nor its going is within our hands. What is important is the happiness of the couple which is determined by the good nature of the girl and her upbringing."

I was much impressed and mentally decided to fix this alliance and after some talk departed saying that I would call the next day to fix up the details. But I did not pursue the matter further for I was told by friends whom I had consulted about the suitability of the match that the boy was suffering from leprosy!

From that day onwards I was doubly on my guard. But before concluding the narration of my experiences let me mention one more experience. I was recommended to contact a particular gentleman who I was told was not at all avaricious.

I duly went to him and broached the subject. He was very patient and then called his wife who stood behind the wooden screen showing only a portion of her face.

"What did that Srirangam gentleman promise to do for his daughter?" he asked her.

"He promised to present a pair of diamond thodus, a necklace, four pairs of bangles and a golden waist band," she replied.

The gentleman then addressing me said, "See, that's all we want and of course a thousand rupees for our expenses. I do not want any dowry for my boy. But I insist on these minimum jewels to keep up with our prestige."

I could hardly speak, for the demand of so many jewels had taken my breath away.

Let me conclude with one more observation. Apart from these monetary difficulties the father of a girl has other difficulties also to contend with. One such is the necessity of scrutinising the horoscopes of the bridal pair. We have not the courage to brush aside these horoscopes even when we have an otherwise ideal bridal pair and we have to reject such an alliance if the horoscopes do not agree. And yet we know that horoscopes do not help us to any extent for in that case there shouldn't be so many unhappy marriages!

The difficulty of finding bridegrooms is the main cause of late marriages. And instead of allowing their

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daughters to stay idle at home the parents now a days send them to schools and colleges. This is good so far as it goes. But I would appeal to the girls not to rub shoulders with men competing with them in what are generally known as men's avocations. There are any number of avocations which men cannot take up and in which women can earn a decent livelihood. This will help to preserve their feminine graces till they should get married and make ideal housewives.

"Blushing always makes a plain girl look pretty and a pretty girl look prettier," says a doctor after studying the blushes of a number of girls.

"Blushing is often a sign of a refined and modest disposition. Some girls can't blush," he says.

"The steady gaze of a man will make the average girl blush and when a girl hears herself sincerely praised she will usually blush deeply. Napoleon used to make the women of his court blush because he said it always made them look lovelier and more modest."

More About Norton

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

Mr. Eardley Norton continuing his reminiscences in *The Liberator* said:—

“Shortly after the scene in the billiard room Mr. Henry Sullivan moved by counsel before Muthusamy Iyer J and Brandt J for a rule on me under clause 10 of the Letters Patent calling upon me ‘to explain under what circumstances I had applied for and obtained a subpoena against him’ and to justify the statements I had made against him in such application. I was further to be directed to explain my conduct in making charges against Mr. Sullivan during the trial of the case of a grossly defamatory character in the absence of any evidence on the record to justify the same. Mr. Sullivan prayed the court to pass such orders in his petition as the court might seem fit. He was careful to ask that I should pay his costs. The Bench issued the rule *ex parte* giving me three week’s time to answer.

“There was no one in Madras at the Bar to whom I could appeal for help and no one is prepared to assist whose intelligence or ability I preferred to my own. The Madras Bar dropped me to a man. Not a soul proffered me his help.”

We cannot but intervene at

this stage of Mr. Norton’s reminiscences and express our sorrow that the rest of the Madras Bar in those times felt so benumbed and chicken-hearted. Madras should have felt doubly honoured at having such a colossus as Mr. Norton, leading them. And when he was in trouble, it was their duty to have espoused his cause and doubly so because it involved a question of the privileges of the Bar. If Mr. Sullivan felt that he was too big a man to be characterised by counsel even in just circumstances for purposes of supplying the real motive for a false case against the Zamindar of Bodinayakannur, the legal profession in Madras should have seen that if Mr. Sullivan were to have his say, then no accused could be safe and prove his case if a false prosecution was engineered by a man of high status. And what was Mr. Sullivan to the Madras Bar? He might have been the top gent of the Board of Revenue next to the Governor. But was this so terrifying to the Bar so as to make them desert Mr. Norton?

The position to day is not much better than what it was in those days. We know of instances both in the High

More About Norton

Court and Districts when some judges have unduly chastised or fell foul with a junior on matters trivial and where often the erring party was not counsel. And yet the Bar had kept quiet and swallowed the insults. And if counsel braved it and combatted the erring judge the rest of the Bar mostly would let him down. The writer prays that the profession would rise up and regain its proper place in society and in court life. If the writer’s remarks are too severe and unmerited, he would welcome its disproof, and none would be gladder than the writer, if what he had said above stands condemned on proper proof. The writer invites readers to peruse the pages of his book *The Law of Contempt of Court*—an M.L.J. publication—wherein he had adequately adverted to the rights and duties of the Bar vis a vis the judge, the public and the profession. In the modern socialistic set up of our nation, it behoves lawyers to play their full role buoyantly, cheerfully and boldly. Chicken-hearts never survive. The Bar lives if it is bold. It dies if it is servile or cowardly.

Enough of our digression while narrating Eardley Norton’s reminiscences. Norton continues: “The Madras Bar dropped me to a man. Not a soul proffered me his help. The law was clear, the facts

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simple, my conscience clean. I felt certain the rule should never have been issued anywhere in India outside Madras. But I wanted the moral backing of my own profession. So I printed a short case of my position which I sent to Sir Charles Paul, the Advocate General of Bengal, and Griffith Evans at Calcutta, and to Latham, Advocate General, and Macpherson at Bombay. I hold their opinions still. They were and still are comforting reading. From the strictly legal point of view there were no lawyers in India or off the Bench whose erudition surpassed that of the four Barristers to whom I appealed. They were moreover old and tried practioners at the Bar.

versed through long years in the traditions of our common profession and not likely to tolerate any deliberate and intended abuse of legal privilege in one of their own fraternity. I thought then, as I think now, that the opinions for which I asked came from the four strongest and ablest lawyers of the day. All the four agreed that the rule should never have been issued at all, that the affidavit uncontradicted established no case. I prefer that ruling of my own cloth to any pronouncement of a mixed tribunal of what the Privy Council calls professional and nonprofessional judges, a pronouncement echoed by civilian judges who whatever their merits have never held a brief in their lives and whose acquaintance with the storm and stress of a counsel's life, with the difficulties he has to face, with the grave responsibilities which press upon him, is necessarily limited to the perusal of biographies and the tittle-tattle of after-dinner gossip. So I was adjudged honourable by my peers and I faced the coming enmity not merely with confidence but with pride. For I felt that I was fighting not only a battle for myself, my position at the Bar, and my future but that I was embarked on the protection of that larger question, the right of free speech by counsel on behalf of

his clients when appearing to defend an accused person in court. I never doubted the issue any more than doubt the issue of the present war. The morning I appeared to argue my own case—and the Advocate General of Bengal was strong on the point that I should not entrust the defence of my honour to other lips than my own—dear old Sir Charles telegraphed to me from Calcutta of his warm sympathy and wishing me God speed.

"I never saw any court so crowded as was the Appeal Court in the old High Court buildings. Men had travelled from Tuticorin and Malabar to witness the fight. I asked for and obtained a full court. I had an inkling that I would be likely to encounter bias and I claimed and was awarded the right of audience before some judges at least of my own cloth. All the five judges sat—Collins J, Kernan J, Muthuswamy Iyer J, Parker J and Brandt J. There round me I saw the counsel to whom I had thrown briefs during the Bodinayakanur trial sitting waiting for the hour when according to their expectations I should be suspended and my practice would be distributed amongst themselves."

We may here pause and reflect a little on the sad spectacle of the rest of the Bar wishing their erstwhile friend,

helper and leader, all ruin. Mr. Norton who was so well known to be generous in helping many other lawyers with briefs—if such a gentleman was the object of evil eyes from his own beneficiaries, indeed hardly could there be much of a chance for lesser fry to survive the meaningless envy of the rest of the profession. The writer (author of *The Law of Contempt of Court*) happened once to face a charge of contempt from a judge. The latter interfered too much in cross examination of counsel and was anything but polite to counsel, always showing a wry face and biting sarcasm. This was so often repeated to many a counsel that it irritated them almost daily. The writer could not brook it and one day he protested vehemently on the rights of unfettered cross-examination by counsel and that certain questions should not be deemed irrelevant. The episode became a little noisy wrangle as between counsel and judge. It soon came to an end. But the sequel was ugly. On the next day counsel was issued notice to show cause why he should not be hauled up for contempt for questioning the rulings of court etc. Counsel submitted his answer that there was no such questioning of a ruling as such, that all the vehement submissions were made before the ruling, that it

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was within the right of forceful advocacy and that at any rate the court had no jurisdiction (it being a subordinate court) to issue the rule on the next day for an happening which was not questioned then and there by the court under Sec. 228 I.P.C. read with Sec. 480 Criminal Procedure Code. It was here that counsel expected the co-operation of the rest of the Bar. Except one or two who to some extent appreciated counsel's stand as championing the cause of the Bar as a whole, the rest of the Bar was either lukewarm or was only too glad that counsel got into hot waters with a judge who according to their expectations would finish the future career of the counsel. Some inwardly

felt happy of the entire episode and one so called stalwart member of the Bar, who was an eye witness to the episode, went so far as to say that he had fallen asleep when the incident happened. So the writer could not be sure of corroboratory testimony by affidavits from his brother members of the Bar. So he had to rely on his own efforts and it ended well. Learned judge obviously felt that he had no jurisdiction and the proceedings were dropped. This was after all a tiny incident but it is sufficient to show that professional jealousy and needless envy often make members of the Bar indifferent in their attitude to a brother member of the Bar when he is faced with charges of contempt. Even the great Norton fell a victim to this indifference from gens whom he had helped. To continue Norton's memoirs:

"When I rose to show cause, the Advocate General claimed the right to begin on the curious ground that I should be surprised at the case he intended to make. That case was in the affidavits and could not be altered. The Chief asked me whether I should be taken by surprise which gave me the chance of getting in first blood. Nothing, I said, the learned Advocate General of Madras might do or say would take me by surprise. The Chief, knowing of our strained rela-

tions, smiled and I began. On the law Mr. Sullivan was out of court on the then recent case of *Munster vs Lamb*, a decision of the court of appeal where it was held that a solicitor could not be sued for defamatory statements made in court even when he made them of malice pretense knowing them to be false. My case was much stronger. The petition did not venture to charge me with malice or to suggest I made statement which I knew to be untrue. All that Mr. Sullivan said was that so far as he was concerned they were untrue. And the four best lawyers in India agreed with me that Mr. Sullivan's denial of the truth was irrelevant. I relied on *Munster vs Lamb*. My defence was short. I told the judges that though I accepted the entire responsibility of all I had said, what I had said was the result of a policy arrived at after consultations with the various learned counsel who had appeared with me who were now sitting near me awaiting my expected funeral.

"That was another blow. I enjoyed the faces of my encircling friends who are with me to day. They had deserted me. They were not ashamed of the betrayal! But they had committed the unforgivable sin of being found out and blushed. 'If ye say,' rejoined Jimmy

Kernan, 'that ye spoke under instructions, then as far as I am concerned I want to hear nothing further.' And that was the truth. We had had many consultations. We had dissected the line of defence down to the last comma. Though my language was my own, the line of defence was communal. Attached to Mr. Sullivan's petition and affidavit was a pamphlet which purported to be a reproduction of the evidence and my speech. It was very imperfect, very ungrammatical; but it contained the substance of my defence at sessions and I accepted it. Mr. Sullivan's name was not mentioned once. But the Advocate General pressed it that I meant Mr. Sullivan and added that I never denied the imputation. I said I was not called upon to deny or admit anything. Then I was invited to express some regret and to outline some apology. I declined. I had prepared an affidavit in reply which I offered to file. The Chief Justice intervened at once and said there was no need for counsel to put in any affidavit. He would hear me from the Bartable and accept my personal statement. I reminded His Lordship that not once during the five hours of my summing up had he indicated by look or voice that I was saying or doing anything inconsistent with the rights

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T'Nagar, Madras-17

and responsibilities of counsel. I submitted therefore that though I was the culprit ostensibly aimed at, the proceedings surreptitiously impeaches His Lordship. The Chief was nettled and showed it. But the sting had gone home and it was true. 'You must remember Mr. Norton that I always permit counsel considerable latitude.' 'That is so My Lord,' I responded, 'but it is now suggested that Your Lordship countenanced not latitude but license.' Then the Advocate General opened. The surprise he had in store for me turned out to be the argument that counsel in India could not claim the privilege of counsel in England, that theirs were regulated by the penal code and

that the onus of proving good faith under the sections relating to defamation lay heavily upon them when challenged. Even if the contentions were sound and the contrary was held to be the law, there was the conclusive rejoinder that there could be no stronger evidence of good faith than counsel's brief, his instructions and the discussions at frequent consultations. By their judgment the court affirmed the view that in the interests of the clients the counsel here as at home must be permitted the shelter of free speech. Defence would be impossible if before every sentence framed, counsel were called upon to pause and consider what effect upon his own professional status his unuttered speech might have. The rule was discharged and my practice leapt with a bound to thrice its original side. The Government did not intend it. But they gave me the most

valuable gift a struggling Barrister could desire. And from Calcutta came the Advocate General's gracious message of congratulations which I shall consider as the considered judgment of my own professional kith and kin, transmitted by one whose death closed that long and brilliant succession of the great official leaders of the Bengal Bar. The result of the case was that I became stupidly marked down, without any effort, and without any wish as 'against all Government'.

Such is the episode entitled *Sullivan vs Norton*. Pride went down and truth and the noble calling of Mr. Eardley Norton succeeded. The bureaucracy of those days learned to their cost that pen is mightier than sword and that a man of learning and culture was superior to a proud peacock of the aristocracy in power.

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VILLAGE WHERE ONLY BOYS ARE BORN

Something rather odd has been happening for the past thirteen years in a tiny village in Sweden, it is stated. In that time there have been a good many births but not a single one of the new babies has been a girl.

Recently the whole village was agog when it was known that the mother of a family of nineteen children was about to give birth to yet another baby.

The great day came. The villagers found work impossible as they waited for the news. Then, late in the afternoon, the news travelled by word of mouth throughout the village. The new arrival was—another boy!

Doctors and health experts are mystified, but the succession of bonnie boy babies continues.

RUKMINI KALYANAM

By G. KRISHNAMURTHY AIYAR, B.A., B.L.

The marriage of Rukmini Devi with Sri Krishna is a romantic episode narrated by Sri Suka to the king, Parikshit, in the 10th skanda of *Srimad Bhagavatham*. She refused the hand of mortal, took a vow to marry God and her marriage was a dedication of all the qualities and virtue of her noble soul to the divine power. Marriage was a sacrament and today it has become a problem for both the girl and the parents.

Dharma is subtle and the law of marriage as conceived by our *Srutis* is subtler. It envisages not only the material welfare but its chief object is to confer spiritual benefit on the couple, parents and the progeny. The asrama of the householder is based on marriage. The happiness and the prosperity of the couple depend upon the choice made before the eventful hour of marriage. It qualifies the couple to perform all religious duties. One becomes a partner of the other in life. In *Vishnu Purana* it is stated that when the Lord took the avatar of Rama, Lakshmi transformed herself into Sita and during the birth of Krishna she became Rukmini and in all avatars she is an inseparable partner of God. Devotion to husband is en-

joined by *Srutis* as an inviolable rule of law. The married woman may not love God or do puja; but if she serves the household with sincerity and she is unconditionally devoted to her husband she earns all the material and spiritual merit both here and in the other world. There had been ideal women in the past. Sita, Draupadi, Anusuya, Mandodari, Meera Bai, Damayanti, Savitri, Nalayani are some instances in point. It is chastity that constitutes the precious jewel of women.

Rukmini dedicated her life to Sri Krishna even before the marriage and took a vow not to marry any other till her desire was fulfilled by God himself. Rukmini was the daughter of king Bhishmaka. She had a brother named Rukmi. As a girl she was fond of stories and songs. Bards and minstrels used to sing before her the lovely qualities of Lord Krishna, the beauty of his form, the prowess of his acts and magnanimity of his soul. Such songs and stories induced in her a natural love for his qualities. She resolved to marry Krishna alone and none other, but her brother Rukmi was quite against this alliance and wanted to give her in marriage to his friend

Sisupala. Although the palace was guarded by sentinels and special precautions were taken to prevent her from marrying Krishna and in spite of Rukmi's resolve to give her hand in marriage only to Sisupala, the mind of Rukmini was so firm and determined and so pure and chaste that she alone triumphed in the end and succeeded in marrying Krishna.

Valmiki describes the marriage of Sita with Rama. In a sloka he states that the mutual love of the divine couple increased day by day by the mutual appreciation of their respective forms and qualities. Likewise Krishna's beautiful form and his lila captured the mind of Rukmini and she thought that in point of intellect, beauty, shape and magnanimous qualities Krishna was the only suitable husband for her. She realised the truth of the statement of Tiruvalluvar that the basis of a happy alliance can only be true love and inborn good nature in both. The artificial make up of modern days will not conduce to the permanent happiness of the pair. Krishna also had heard of the qualities of Rukmini. He felt that she was the only suitable partner for his life. The minds of both agreed and this consensus of the mental make up formed the foundation of this alliance.

But the atmosphere at home

was not congenial towards Rukmini's aspirations. One day she hit upon a plan. There was an old Brahman in the palace. She wrote a letter and requested the Brahman to convey her message to Sri Krishna at Dwaraka. She discussed in her own mind the propriety or otherwise of a bride-elect writing a letter to her prospective husband. If she desisted from doing so at that moment the only chance of her life would be lost for ever. She rightly felt that a girl has a right to determine the choice herself provided the selection is not only good to her state but also acceptable from all points of view and high moral standards. It must also be one which should be approved by parents and elders and it must be consistent with kulachara. Bearing these principles in mind Rukmini wrote the letter to Sri Krishna.

The Brahman handed over the letter to Krishna. Krishna opened it and the Brahman messenger read the contents with Krishna's permission. "Oh, Lord! You are the most beautiful of all men in the world. I have heard of your qualities described by poets and devotees. It is the virtue in you that has attracted me. I have been over-powered by your form and the innate virtue. It is not my fault that I have loved you. My ears caught the music of the inner

soul in you. My mind and ears have been captured by your beauty and goodness.

"The chief points to be considered in an alliance are lineage, good conduct, form, education, age, wealth and status, and other general factors regarding the rank and status. If both agree on all these points, then it must be deemed to be a suitable match. In our case since you are ideal man to whom there can be no equal, I cannot be considered to be an equal for you. You can be matched only by your own self and the next best choice would be myself. Please give your hand to me. I suggest to you a method by which you can marry me. This is a secret plan which you must adopt. You know our sastras approve of the Rakshasa form of marriage. It is the custom in the royal family that the bride should be taken to the temple of Gowri with a vow of silence and I would silently walk with an escort for worship to the temple. That will be the right moment for you to release me from the palace and lift me up in your chariot. No lion would brook the sight of his share being carried away by a fox. Sisupala cannot touch me. Your valour will be the bride price (Veera-sulka). You will be the hero of the hour. If you fail to take me up as hinted by me, I assure you that



I will not marry any other but be born and reborn again in this world a hundred times and I will dedicate my life to you and by continuous vow and penance, ultimately I will win your hand and soul at least in my last birth.—Yours in love, Rukmini."

On listening to the letter read by the Brahman, Krishna exclaimed, "Oh! my mind also is exactly of that tune and is filled with intense love for her. As is her mind so is mine." The Brahman was honoured and sumptuously fed by Krishna and after dinner they both got into the chariot, left Dwaraka and drove to the palace of Bhishmaka in the territory of Vidarbha.

In the palace of Bhishmaka all preliminary arrangements had been made for celebrating the marriage of Rukmini. Sisupala was given a reception and

he was lodged in a beautiful residence. All the vedic purvanga was finished. The sutram was tied in his hand and vrata was being performed. The Brahman returned and told Rukmini that Krishna had come in response to her letter. Her joy knew no bounds. She slowly walked to the temple of Bhavani protected on either side by a strong guard of honour. Goddess Gowri was specially decorated and was in her splendour and glory. Just when she had a glimpse of the Goddess, Krishna came down, took her by force and had her seated in his chariot and carried her away. All the princes and sentinels that had gathered there on the occasion were deprived of their senses and were stupefied by the ravishing and rapturous beauty of the damsel Rukmini. Sisupala lost his bride-elect and he was consoled by his friends. He felt as if he had already married her and she was lost by him. Rukmini and Sisupala gave chase. There was a skirmish but in the battle Krishna came out successful, and tied Rukmini to the chariot wheel. On persuasion by his sister he released him. Then the marriage was celebrated in Dwaraka with great eclat. Bhishmaka and others attended and the whole city of Dwaraka was overwhelmed with joy.

After marriage, Krishna and

Rukmini were in a happy mood and while conversing he taunted Rukmini by pointing out that she had made a bad choice in him. He said, "I am poor; look here! only poor fellows and beggars praise me. For fear of enemies I have taken refuge in an island. Your hand was sought for by eminent princes. Why did you marry me?" At these words Rukmini's mind was filled with sorrow and she hung down her head in tears during the bridal night. Krishna said, "You now seem to realise your fault. Even now you are at liberty to marry another. Sometimes girls make a wrong choice. They have a right to reverse their opinion at any time." Rukmini fell down and was struck with fear of abandonment by her husband. She sobbed aloud. Krishna embraced her with four arms and then exclaimed, "Oh! I only wanted to test your mind. Why do you make such a hubbub over it? Then Rukmini replied, "My choice was right. Your qualities are praised by Vedas and Pundits. Bards and minstrels only echo the tune of the Vedas. None can describe your qualities fully. Your wealth consists only in the poor and the poor alone can praise you. Poverty and divinity go together. The minds of all saints are rich with your qualities and saturated with

your greatness. So all saints are poor. You fear no one. But all those that fear death are released by you. You give Abhayam. Samsara is the ocean; Dwaraka is the fortress of moksha and you typify salvation. I chose you wisely and rightly selected you as my husband. The prince may be darling to his wife but the cowherd that I have selected is the darling of humanity."

Such was the esoteric significance of the ethics of the married life of the divine couple. Their talk is divine and instructive and it is a valuable lesson both to the

householder and the ascetic.

The seven slokas of the epistle of Rukmini constitute the *sapthapadhi* of their marriage. It forms the message for the whole world. If the institution of marriage is to be preserved as a sacrament, kulachara and the culture of the bride-elect have to be preserved in its pristine purity and freedom of choice must be in accordance with the well established custom of our ancients well versed in sastras. It is only the right choice that would make a happy home.

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NOVEL SCHOOL

A novel "school for wives" has been opened in U.S.A. The school is a specialised one and teaches the wives how to handle hubby's boss when he comes home to dinner, what to say to him and generally how to shine socially.

The school claims that wives can help husbands to get executive jobs. The wife learns what to do and say when her husband's boss brings her roses, how to sit down gracefully and how to walk and talk with poise and charm.

Though the course stresses that conversation is most important when a wife is trying to help forward her husband's promotion, it also teaches her when to keep her mouth shut. And she is taught how important it is for her to wear the right make-up, the right dresses when she attends social functions at which her husband's boss is present.

* * * * *

"As the second sponged the badly battered features of the would-be world champion, he murmured disgustedly: "It's all right, Bill. I've sent for a private detective."

"What do I want a detective for?" asked the fighter.

"He'll help you find the chap you've been trying to hit for the last ten rounds," was the reply.

* * * * *

Marriage is like the telephone. You don't always get the party you want.

ELECTRONIC TRAFFIC COPS

More and more traffic police men are being replaced by electronic automatic signals in U. S. cities. These electronic "traffic cops" are being manufactured in large quantities and it has now become a big industry. These signals work on the volume of traffic rather than any fixed time pattern for red and green lights. Under the system when too many cars pile up at a red light they emit an electronic impulse that automatically turns on the green light.

Each car as it approaches an intersection trips a rubber-topped treadle set flush in the street. The instantaneous contact relays a "request" for a green light to a robot "brain."

EFFECT OF ISOLATION

The effect of isolation on small groups, and how to keep explorers mentally healthy, will be studied by University of Illinois psychologists and others during Antarctic expeditions of the 1957 International Geophysical Year.

EFFECT OF HEAT

What is the effect of heat on the human body? How do people living in intensely hot regions react to the excessive heat?

The answers to these ques-

tions are now being sought by United States scientists who have started an intensive study in the largest and hottest military reservation, the Yuma Test Station, Arizona, where nuclear weapons are tested.

Everybody on every test team gets hot, writes an observer. Some actually bivouac in the desert. Whether they do or not, they encounter not only the ambient (surrounding air) temperatures of 115 or so but:

Ground-surface temperatures of 125-145 degrees.

Truck cab temperatures of 150-160.

Tank-turret temperatures of 160-180.

Sun so hot that a hand tool left exposed will burn a man who picks it up carelessly.

Dead calms that are stifling and strong winds that seem to parch the skin as they pass.

Dust that permeates everything, annoys the nose and disgusts the palate.

All of these have some effect on weapons, machines and instruments and are carefully studied.

FUSION ENERGY

Atomic energy could be got either by fission of atoms as in the case of splitting of uranium or by fusion as in the

case of hydrogen bomb. The energy created by the latter process is considerably more than in the former.

Scientists have been for sometime doing research on how to control and make use of this thermonuclear fusion energy and the report of the work done so far is not entirely disappointing.

If deuterium, or double-weight hydrogen, could be used in a power reactor the world would not have to worry about fuel. The ocean is full of hydrogen, and some of it is deuterium. Moreover, there would be no radioactive fission products. This is important because the disposal of the radioactive wastes of a fission reactor is an expensive nuisance. Also important is the possibility of generating electricity directly, that is, without first boiling water, raising steam, feeding the steam to a turbine which drives an electric generator.

Physicists find it difficult to control the energy produced by fusion. Atoms stripped of their electrons are called ions. Because they are similarly charged they repel each other. To drive two hydrogen atoms together so that they will fuse requires tremendous energy. That energy is applied in the form of terrific heat. The temperatures are of the order of 100,000,000 degrees. No

material on this earth can withstand such heat.

The particles that fuse when heated to the proper enormous degrees fly about in all directions. They collide with one another; they strike the confining container many times before fusion occurs. The container is, therefore, also heated and vaporized. In fact, the interior of the sun is no hotter.

If power is to be produced by fusion the particles (ions) must be in some way controlled. Ions are influenced by magnetic forces. Hence an electromagnetic field is created in attempts to keep the ions away from the walls of the container. The magnetic field is a kind of insulator. There are still random collisions, but the magnetic field controls them, in a sense.

In a popular paper which he read at the Denver Conference of the Atomic Industrial Forum Dr. Amasa S. Bishop, chief of controlled thermonuclear research of the Atomic Energy Commission, U.S.A., made this abundantly clear, writes Waldemar Kaempffert in *New York Times*.

"In the case of the sun," said Dr. Bishop, "forces of gravitation prevent the plasma [the name given to the wholly stripped atoms of the ionized gas, which are then called ions] from escap-

ing from the hot region." These gravitational forces are too weak to control a thermonuclear reaction. Hence physicists are thinking "in terms of using electric or magnetic fields for confining the plasma and preventing it from vaporizing the walls of the reaction chamber."

One objection to a magnetic field for insulation against heat is the enormous amount of power required. Even if a magnetic field is used the temperatures of the ionized particles would still be 100,000,000 degrees. Years of research will be required

before physicists develop a prototype of a thermonuclear power reactor that yields more energy than it consumes. Physicists derive some encouragement from the fact that a controlled thermonuclear reactor would contain a very small amount of "fuel" in the reaction chamber.

Though research along these lines will be on a long-term basis, the report states confidently that "success will be achieved eventually" in all probability. It is admitted that some approach as yet unrecognized may yield success.

MAN'S ORIGIN

Man has been in existence on the earth for about 100,000 years. The most ancient animals, ancestors of the octopus and cuttlefish, sponges, starfish and molluscs, appeared on the earth more than 500 million years ago, while the Northern reindeer, the "youngest" animal—only 350,000 years ago.

Tapirs, the ancestors of the dog and pig we know, have been in existence about 20 million years, and the ancestors of the cat, horse, sheep and camel—7 to 8 million years.

One of the most ancient birds is the eagle whose immediate ancestors existed 55 million years ago. Ducks, pelicans, shrikes and wagtails have been in existence 25 million years, while storks and Sittidae—for a few million years only.

* * * *

NOT HIS FAULT

A scream came from the next room where her two children were playing. Mother rushed in and found the younger of the two bitterly crying.

"Prasad," admonished the mother to her eldest boy, "why did you kick your brother on the stomach?"

"It was his own fault, mummy," replied the unrepentant Prasad. "He shouldn't have turned round."

* * * *

Sympathy is what you usually give to another when you don't want to lend him any money.

MIRACULOUS VISION OF SAINTS

The high and pure souls often answer the very questions that a person thinks in his heart even before he utters a word, writes Swami Sadasivanda in *Vedanta Kesari* giving his reminiscences of Swami Vivekananda and relates the following incident: Once in London before he delivered his lecture, the Swami, suddenly facing the audience, said, "Each of you may write any question on a slip of paper and keep it in your pocket. There is no need of passing them to me and I shall answer each of them." When they did so, the Swami turned to the right and told: "Your question is this." Then seeing that a gentleman on his left waited eagerly to hear him say about his question too, the Swami turned to the left and did the same and then went on giving the details of his house, its contents, inmates and of what they were doing at that moment and so on. The person in question, as well as everybody else, were astounded at this miraculous vision and the Swami thus

demonstrated on about the questions of six or eight men and their houses etc.

Jesus had this extraordinary power. Here was a man from India who could do the same. Everyone thought with awe, fear and reverence who was this person and how could he know the facts of their private lives. The subject was Raja-Yoga for that night and Swamiji explained when the mind was sublimated above the normal material consciousness, the ordinary space and distance and flesh and solids before us could not obstruct the vision—and that the mind could then reflect any scene, the ears could hear and the eyes see in spite of miles separating the subject and the object of concentration. The eight Siddhis do really come to the aspirant when practising this high order of Yoga, but he should not try to utilize them for his benefit, else the still higher progress shall be barred. One must be detached to the Siddhis.

During 1955-56, 13.63 lakh tons of iron ore, valued at Rs. 6-27 crores, was exported from India.

Export cess on tea collected in 1955-56 amounted to about Rs. 1,58,75,976 compared with Rs. 1,28,52,580 in the previous year. This excludes cost of collection.

Never Look at the Faults Of Others

Never commit the error of looking at others' faults. If you do so, you will grow proud of your virtue and the result will be that even that virtue will prove to be instrumental in multiplying your faults.

Remember: if you look at others' faults, you will get habituated to it. You will develop a censorious eye and then you will discover faults and faults alone everywhere and at every time, even where they do not exist; for your eyes will be predisposed to discover faults.

Remember: the more you look at others' faults the more you dwell on the dark side of things. That which you repeatedly dwell upon ceases to repel you as something reprehensible and it gradually finds its way into your being and settles there. The idea is that the more you look at others' faults the more they will find their way into your being.

Remember: the faults that have existed in you for a long time will get rejuvenated, reinvigorated and nourished and will increase their strength by attracting newer and newer faults.

Remember: when you discover faults in all, you will no longer abhor those existing in

you. Far from pricking you, their presence will begin to appear welcome to you. Later on you will begin to take pride in them.

Remember: when you discover faults in all, you will begin to feel convinced that the faults in question exist in all, and that they are not capable of being eliminated, so that any attempt to eradicate them is futile. In this way, when all attempt at their eradication begins to appear futile, you will no more feel inclined to drive them out. A peculiar kind of despondency and lassitude will set in. Acknowledging defeat in its struggle with the faults your mind will allow them a permanent abode.

Remember: when you develop the habit of looking at others' faults and discover faults and faults alone—whether actual or imaginary—in others, who is going to judge whether the fault you have discovered in anybody actually exists in that individual or not? You will begin to expose others' faults without investigating their reality or otherwise. Man does not like to hear his own faults even if they are real and resents their being exposed. And if anyone levels baseless charges against him and gives them publicity, he often finds

Never Look at the faults of others

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it impossible to tolerate such false imputation and begins to nurse a grudge against the scandal-monger. Nay, he often gives vent to his anger and sometimes goes the length of using violence against the calumniator. Hence people will enter into conflict with you, have quarrels with you and foster animosity and hatred against you with the result that your life will grow to be a hotbed of newer and newer troubles and unrest.

Remember: if you continue to look at others' faults and remain beset with troubles following in the wake of such censoriousness, not only will your spiritual practice cease but you will lose your peace of mind even in the worldly sense; and there is no other loss so serious as the discontinuance of one's spiritual practice. You will burn day and night and, remaining a slave of demoniac and devilish propensities, will continue in a state of constant dread. You will not find goodness anywhere in the world; you will detect flaws even in saints and

holy men, nay, in the Lord Himself. The result will be that the standard of your life will be much lowered.

Remember: this constitutes an ignominious failure of human life—the greatest loss one can suffer. Therefore, make it a point not to look at the faults of others. Pry into your own faults and, instead of crying over them and giving way to despair, fight them like a hero and banish them from your heart.

Remember: your potency is infinite. You are the conscious Spirit endowed with unlimited energy. You are a ray of the Supreme Spirit. The mind as well as the senses are your servants: if you realize your essential character, which is purely spiritual, and exercise your sway over them, they will immediately submit to your control. Therefore, diligently fix your mind exclusively on God and dwell on Him alone; and devote your mind to wordly objects where necessary, only with a view to pleasing God and rendering service to Him. —KALYAN

The little girl whose parents always used to quarrel was asked by her teacher to write a fairy story. She wrote it and ended with the words "... and they got married and lived happily even afterwards."

One hundred and fifty-nine graduate engineers have so far been selected for training abroad as steel technicians. Seventy-nine of these have already left for West Germany.

whom you are much attached. Financially this month is fairly encouraging. There will be more income in the second half. General health may be slightly disturbed owing to stomach complaint in case of a few. Officially the month is favourable for departmental favour. Avoid friction where family matters are concerned. Merchants will have a luckier time of it during this month. Correspondence will be emphasised during the month more than ever before. Happy news will be heard. Journalists, writers and publishers will find this month very lucky.

1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 14, 16, 19, 23, 26, 28, 30 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI OR CANCER

With Sukra the gain lord in your rasi coupled with Surya in his own house representing income, the month seems to be coursing through a luckier time of it for you in all your affairs. These two planets are calculated to improve the source of your income and open a new vista of financial life. You may have to help members of your family unexpectedly. There may be financial pressure also felt, owing to increased demand on your purse especially during this month. Money may come through papers, writings and

from a distant relation. A journey is sure to occur in the second half. Second half is better for completing the pending affairs. Avoid court cases. The second half shows some trouble through a near relation also. Domestically the month is fairly good. A friend of yours, male or female according to your sex, will play you false this month. Keep a strict watch in this connection. Your general health may be good, perhaps better, but for the two lingering malefics disturbing you chronically. Officially you may not gain much. Merchants will find the second half more profitable. Correspondence should be the nucleus of their future happy course of business particularly in the second half.

1, 4, 9, 10, 14, 16, 19, 20, 23, 25, 28, 30 are your lucky days.

SIMHA RASI OR LEO

Till the 6th of this month planetary combination holds you in difficulties both at home and outside. Thereafter a sudden lifting up of the hindrances which have been keeping you depressed is envisaged so as to allow you to settle the most important affairs fairly well. The second half indicates that your financial conditions will be doubtlessly better and you can expect greater relief through

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
Uthara
phalguna

your relations and friends. New knowledge and experience will be gained by you to your advantage in the course of the month. A rift or misunderstanding may occur in financial dealings on account of which you will be unnecessarily worried. Your eye-sight may require greater attention paid to it. Domestically you may be better in the second half only as some slight improvement is registered in the planetary positions. A near relation of yours will cause you great anxiety. Officially the month does not indicate much encouragement nor any discouragement or service trouble. Your desire will take time for fulfilment. Conjugal relationship will be disturbed during this month owing to malefic aspects to your rasi from Sani and Kuja. Court cases had better be postponed to a later month. Merchants will not find this month profitable in the first half. Though financially better hindrances are still evident for some more time.

1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 14, 16, 18, 19, 23, 25, 26, 29 are better days.

KANYA RASI OR VIRGO

The first half of this month envisages unnecessary worries. You have secret enemies working behind your back along with your near relations who have temporarily become dis-

satisfied with you. Financially speaking the second half shows decidedly greater conveniences. You may gain through friends who will be specially favourable to you this month. Your social success is greatly emphasised. In the second half, gains through law, banks, companies or associations is seen. Avoid court procedure in the first half because your enemies are much stronger here. Merchants will find this month profitable all through particularly in the second half. Heavy expenditure and a slight loss will be the trend in the first half. Partnership will be very much emphasised during this month in spite of disgruntling members seeking better terms or a newer lease of partnership with more favourable conditions.

1, 2, 9, 14, 16, 18, 21, 24, 26, 30 are your lucky days.

THULA RASI OR LIBRA

Your ruler, Sukra, being elevated in the 10th house offers a good testimony to your reaching the zenith by way of cherished aspirations. This will also enable you to move in high circles. The solar course through the 11th house in the first half favours financial conveniences and a windfall as well in some cases. Chance games may not be viewed favourably always during this

Chitra
Swathi and
Vishaka

Uttara-
phalguna
Hastha and
Chitra

period. Friends and friendship will appeal to you. A larger circle of friends will be rallying round you in the first half though some of them may not prove quite worthy of your friendship. The second half shows heavy expenditure beyond your control besides inconveniences caused through your friends in financial dealings. You may notice also the hand of secret enemies against you. Officially the month may not prove gainful as expected on account of certain prejudices against you. You will be unnecessarily worried regarding your children, your family and your finance in the second half. Merchants will be speculatively inclined but financial hindrances have to be got over by careful arrangements. Partnership will not be at ease.

1, 4, 5, 9, 10, 14, 15, 19, 23, 25, 29, 30 are your lucky days.

VRISCHIKA RASI OR SCORPIO

The first half is a trying period with its dull and static situation of the planetary configuration. More things than necessary are aspired for. The major planets are stiff enough without sympathetic consideration for you in your activities in the first half. You will be consequently philosophically inclined doing

‡ Vrischika,
Anuradha,
& Jeshta

righteous deeds in the spiritual path. You will have to be more humble and obedient to your elders. Mother is an important factor in this direction. Financially though pressure is indicated in the first half you will be able to meet all your obligations duly. Second half is a distinct gain financially. There will be greater income earned besides increased source of income explored. Friends will be a great factor in the month's picture. Though everything points well in respect of your friendships to start with, there may be occasions for you to differ from some of them to your detriment. Avoid quarrels as far as possible with them. There will be pain in the system as a result of extra heat and gastric trouble. Officially there may be slight improvement in a few cases only. Merchants will find the month profitably attractive. Foreign business may be attempted more successfully. Iron merchants will gain more than usual profits.

1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 16, 21, 22, 23, 25, 29, 30 are your favourable days.

DHANUR RASI or SAGITARIUS

Planetary positions seem to be favourable to you during this month, though malefics in the 12th house

Mooola,
Poorvashada
Uttarashada‡

continue with their malefic influences against you as before. The solar course in the 9th house favours your moving in high circle and advantages through companies, court and publications, particularly in the first half. A distant journey is indicated in a few cases. Marriage, if any, will be successfully negotiated. Avoid unpleasantness with elders. Journalists will particularly do well in this month. Gain is indicated through in-laws. Second half is more favoured by the planetary cycle officially and socially. Service will be found encouraging. Domestic life will not be so harmonious as expected. Sukra in the 8th and Mangal's aspect to the 7th lord are to be reckoned with for this disappointment. Merchants will find this month lucky enough. New business centre may be tried with advantage. First half favours foreign business.

1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 14, 18, 21, 23, 25, 29, 30 are favourable days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

The solar course in the 8th house aspected by malefics will cause anxiety and create disturbance in your surroundings during the first half. You may incur the displeasure of elders or officers. General health will

‡ Uttarashada
Sravana
Dhanista‡

not be good in the first half. Your diet is responsible for this ill-health. Avoid friction at home. Difference between you and your brother is indicated. You may hear bad news from a relation of yours. Avoid correspondence in an important matter involving your name and fame. Financially there may be high pressure and sudden relief. Second half shows financial relief from higher-ups or your relations or from a distant place. You gain more from people afar than from your nearest circle. More friends are gained in this month. Court procedure will be found lucky. Domestically you may not find a happy home. Socially, perhaps, you will be happier. Service will have more attraction and encouragement than before. But your close association with your seniors will be regretted eventually. Merchants will be lucky during this month. Business turnover will be fairly encouraging.

1, 5, 14, 15, 21, 23, 25, 29, 30 are lucky days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

The planetary configuration discloses malefic and benefic influences predominating alternately during this month. The first half offers hindrances

‡ Dhanista,
Sathabhisha
& ‡ Poorva-
bhadra

to your realisation of cherished hopes. There may be open oppositions to you. New contacts either through marriage as a partner in life or through business as a partner thereof may be established. Financially heavier expenditure beyond the budgetted amount is incurred. Second half shows worries through family and children. Your own health will not be encouraging owing to biliousness and impurity of blood. A distant journey is envisaged in the second half. You may be blamed by your own relations for no good reasons. One of your sons will cause you much mental anguish. Your wife's health will be affected in the second half of the month. Domestic happiness is below par. Officially you may not gain any encouragement. Things will continue static. Your boss may be displeased with you in the second half. First half is lucky for merchants. Partnership will be found encouraging. Distant business will pay well.

1, 4, 9, 14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23, 29, 30 are your lucky days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

The first half of this month remains as before

‡ Poorvabhadra as to results,
Uttarabhadra causing anxiety
& Revathi and creating unnecessary troubles, financial and domestic,

and also your physical health. Second half is more encouraging than the first. Budha in the 7th exalted coupled with Surya therein will bring you forward in the sphere of your activities. You will also take interest in some marriage function and help its cause as far as you can. Financially the month doesn't seem to be favourable in the beginning on account of heavy expenditure on your part and your obligation to others. You may move in high circles and forward your cause by bringing it to the notice of higher-ups or sympathetic relations. You will prove often aggressive, impatient and excited unnecessarily.

A near relation of yours will befriend you to your advantage in all matters concerning your family interests, financial welfare etc. Your general health may be disturbed.

Your wife or husband as the case may be will cause you great concern. Domestically you will be happier from the second half. A marriage may be celebrated in a few cases since 7th lord is exalted. You may gain officially also. Merchants will find second half more favourable than the first. New partnership may be formed.

1, 4, 8, 9, 14, 16, 19, 23, 25, 29, 30 are your lucky days.

GAMA THE CHAMPION WRESTLER

The Soviet sports journal, *Fizkulture i Sports*, recently published an article by Chesnokov, in which the veteran journalist describes an interesting episode of sport history. In his article Chesnokov gave the contents of his conversation with the famous Polish wrestler, Zbysko-Cyganiewicz, Sr., about his fight with Gama. Here is what the Polish grappler told Chesnokov:

I lived in London in September, 1910, when I prepared for my match with the American wrestler, Frank Hotch. It was approximately at this time England was visited by a group of Indian wrestlers, headed by Gama, the "Lion of the Punjab". Gama issued a challenge to all European matmen to free-style wrestling matches.

The circumstances at the time were such that I could not help accepting the challenge. We began to get ready for a difficult bout: no time limit was set for the bout, and the one who took two out of three falls would be acclaimed the winner.

I trained with John Lemm and my brother, Vladislav. Gama, as much as I could learn, spent as much as two hours on the mat daily with his wrestling partners. He hardly ever left his hotel, or

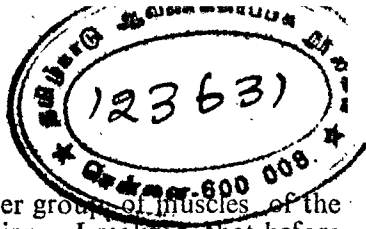
took a trip out of town.

Our match took place at a new London stadium and attracted a record crowd of more than 15,000 spectators.

Stepping out into the ring I noticed all the Indian wrestlers sitting right on the ground around the mat. Here also were Japanese grapplers who had just arrived in London.

For some reason or other, both parties greeted me with grins. I thought that they believed my fate was sealed and anticipated a disgraceful defeat on my part. I felt ill at ease.

Then Gama came out onto the mat. He neither resembled the "terrible Turk" type of wrestler nor the towering Russian giants with their crushing strength. However, in the whole figure of my Indian adversary, in the captivating softness and fullness of his muscles one could sense hidden strength. I was hardly ever frightened by the strength of my rivals. For example, the measurement of my shoulder (biceps) was equal to the hip measurement of an ordinary person. Gama did not possess such colossal measurements, but the whole upper part of his arm was so round and even as if of solid strength. The same could be said of any



Kahaniya Sept., 1956

other group of muscles of the Indian. I realized that before me stood a man of enormous strength and capable of grappling for hours

During the preliminary warm-up, I noticed that Gama did not cast his eyes in my direction even once. I did not know whether this was an example of wilful self-control, or a show of self-confidence or merely posing.

The referee's whistle brought us together in the centre of the mat. I did not feel the strength of my rival's handshake, but I was amazed by the weight of his arm.

A tense struggle began from the outset. Neither previous to nor after this bout did I encounter an opponent who could get me down in kneeling position if I didn't seek it myself. But here I met with a phenomenon. Gama put me down three times in that position. And how! Some imperceptible movement, a hardly-felt jerk or a heave of the full weight of the body to the side, the arms did something, and I, losing my balance, as if the support had been wrenched out from beneath one leg of mine, found myself forced into a fall. After the third time I decided not to make any attempts at rising. I was willing to have the Indian work on top. It was a lively bout. Gama,

taking full advantage of his weight and the strength of his body (I felt that at once!) put in a stellar performance. I grabbed every chance to come out on top in parterre position, but was unable to hold the Indian under me. He was like rubber. It seemed as if his arms and legs were boneless; they simply folded underneath my clasps in most unusual positions and my efforts proved in vain. The spectators laughed. I was furious and not stopping to think whether it was wise or foolish, to spite the public I went over to the defensive, allowing my opponent to grapple on top. But I remained cautious and broke up Gama's holds at the start, because it was taking too much of a risk if I allowed him to get a stronger hold.

After an hour of wrestling I caught Gama off guard with a side body hold which he did not anticipate and I threw him on the mat. I thought it was a clean fall, but the judge thought differently. The bout then continued without any more holds and was stopped because of darkness. The bout lasted for nearly three hours.

This was my most difficult bout, as regards physical tension, in the whole of my professional career. I realized that Gama indeed deserved his title as 'Lion of the Punjab.'

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