

INDIA

MAGAZINE

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HUSBAND (to wife) : " So you, too, accuse me of being a Roadside Romeo, dear? I only gazed at the girl's sari and thought how nice you

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INDIA MAGAZINE

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PAKISTANI DESIGNS

THE nation is perturbed by the increasing number of border incidents. It is crystal clear that Pakistan is engineering them with sinister ulterior motives. She has had an accession of strength through the regular flow of arms supply from the United States. Since the Karachi meeting of the Council of South East Asia Treaty Organization, the Pakistan Government has been displaying a more aggressive attitude. Having egged on the Council to pass a resolution on Kashmir, it is now accusing India of violating Pakistani territory.

What exactly is our neighbour's motive? Are these incidents just rehearsals of a full-scale attack on India at some opportune moment?

Shortly after she proclaimed herself an Islamic Republic, her President, Gen. Iskander Mirza, blew hot and cold at the same time. He said that war between the two countries was suicidal for both and asserted that India was responsible for the border incidents. The whole world knows that India stands for peace on all fronts; she has refused to employ force even against Goa. Does Pakistan expect other nations to take her propaganda at its face value?

In the early stages of the Second World War, Hitler adopted such tactics. While invading Czechoslovakia and Poland he shouted that Germany was in danger and must be saved at all costs. Are we to believe that Pakistan wants a no-war declaration and that India does not, because this nation, according to her, is aggressive? It is a funny move, to say the least. Two years ago, our Prime Minister called upon his counter-part in Karachi to sign a no-war declaration.. Pakistan scoffed at it then. Why? What we want now is not a mere declaration. A change of heart on our neighbour's part is called for. But we see no signs of it.

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The names of characters and places appearing in fictional stories are purely imaginary and any reference to living persons is only coincidental.

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Current Comments

RAILWAY TRAVEL

In New Delhi, last week, Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri talked big about the abolition of class barriers in trains. In his earlier budget speech he had indicated that the third class would go-rather, it would be upgraded to second class. The question is whether third-class passengers will be given second-class amenities and whether the fares will come down to lessen the strain on the common man's purse. Unfortunately, we have bitter experience of what this upgrading implies. What is described as the first class in the suburban electric train was once styled inter class and later on as second class. There has not been a single alteration for the better to merit the new label of "First Class."

Such socialistic fervour as the Railway Minister displays seems out of place. What the traveller wants is speedy and comfortable travel. Why should we scoff at those who are prepared to pay more for amenities?

There is no harm in calling a spade a spade and let third class remain third. But the authorities may turn their attention to the problem of overcrowding and try to solve it forthwith. More trains can be run with advantage. If fans cannot be provided for each compartment, at least water for drinking purpose must be made available as also that for use in the closets. Carriages

must be cleaned with water and disinfectant once a week at least and the bugs residing since the advent of the railways must be dislodged. The beggar nuisance, too, must be ended once and for all.

The Minister's puritanic zeal for a ban on the sale of sex publications on railway platforms is, however, understandable. We hope the ban will apply to all magazines in English and regional languages, that carry misleading sex advertisements.

MADRAS BUSES

In the Madras State Assembly dissatisfaction was voiced by Members with the bus service in the City. The Minister for Transport promised more speed and efficiency in another six months when more vehicles will have been put on the roads. Meanwhile, he said, Government intended to run students' and officers' specials during the peak hours and reduce public inconvenience. As it is, several vehicles are far from road-worthy and as many are on the sick list. And those buses that are sent out of the depot do not render a full day's account. On every route there are two or three breakdowns on an average.

Since the stoppage of the trams, citizens of Madras have been experiencing considerable hardships and Government Transport is yet to rise to the occasion. The fleet has been spread

over a wide area and new routes have been opened but the number of vehicles on each route is far less. There are irritating and vexatious delays because conductors take an unconscionably long time issuing tickets, and more often than not trips are cancelled on some ground or other. The best way to solve the difficulty would be to hand over some of the routes to private operators and withdraw Government buses from the mofussil routes. Clearly, the expectations raised by nationalisation have not been fulfilled even after eight years.

PRESIDENT'S RULE

The fall of the Panampilli Ministry in Travancore-Cochin State has been followed by the proclamation of President's Rule. A columnist has aptly described the southernmost State as "the France of India." The State Legislative Assembly has been dissolved.

The Panampilli Ministry came into power in February, 1955 after ousting the Praja Socialist Party Government, headed by Sri Pattom Thanu Pillai. The latter was a minority Ministry, bolstered up by the Congress Legislature Party. Last month six dissident Members walked out of the Congress Party, precipitating its fall.

This was an unwise move. The cause of democracy was ill served when these Congressmen allowed petty issues to cloud major considerations. If they had grievances against the

Ministry, they had only address themselves to the President and ask for a settlement of their differences. Thanks to their short-sightedness, the party system in T.-C. is in a state of suspended animation.

For a time, however, the Leftist groups were highly jubilant at the turn of events and there was vigorous canvassing. High hopes were entertained of a Leftist coalition. But the Communist Party found itself unable to form the Government when the requisite strength was not forthcoming. The P. S. P. was hesitant and undecided for a time but on his return from Delhi Sri Pattom Thanu Pillai expressed his willingness and ability to form the Government. Despite his strenuous efforts, Sri Pillai discovered that he could command the support of only 61 members in a House of 118.

Stability of the party system is essential for the growth of democracy. Although it is true that the people get what they deserve, a few irresponsible elements have led to this political stalemate and stagnation. Group politics inevitably leads to faction and these must be avoided by the electorate at all costs. It must choose its representatives with care and forethought. It is up to the responsible leaders in the State to educate public opinion and pave the way for the General Elections coming off early next year.

THE NEW STATES

The States Reorganisation Bill unfolds a new map of India with fifteen States and seven Union territories. The States consist of Andhra-Telangana, Assam, Bihar, Gujarat, Kerala, Madhya Pradesh, Madras, Maharashtra, Mysore, Orissa, Punjab, Rajasthan, Uttar Pradesh, West Bengal, and Jammu and Kashmir. The Centrally administered areas are: Bombay, Delhi, Himachal Pradesh, Manipur, Tripura, Andaman and Nicobar and Laccadives, Minicoy and Amindive Islands.

Government have not altered their original decision in respect of Bombay though they have announced their readiness to constitute the City into a separate State if Maharashtra is agreeable. The Andhra-Telangana merger was not dictated by the Union. It is significant that the leaders of the two areas reached complete understanding, of their own accord, and deserve congratulation by the rest of the nation. The new Punjab is to include PEPSU but Himachal Pradesh goes to the Centre, as suggested by Mr. Fazl Ali.

There is no reference in the Bill to the West Bengal-Bihar merger but the way for it is left open and an amendment will be incorporated when the intergation takes place. The idea of Dakshina Pradesh has been put in cold storage. Apparently it has not caught the imagination of the public. Zonal Councils and Regional Committees are to be set up to protect the interests of linguistic minorities. The Prime Minister has already promised

to appoint boundary commissions to enquire into border disputes between States. This must satisfy even those who agitate for complete and separate linguistic units.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

The Editor invites short stories, skits, travel articles and cartoons for consideration. All matter must be typed on one side of the paper and sufficient postage must be enclosed for return of the Mss, if desired.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Roadside Romeos

BY "VISWA"

NINE months ago, the "Times of India" coined a phrase "Roadside Romeos," and it has stuck on ever since. This tribe has increased since Independence. Individual freedom has degenerated into licence. The sight of a pretty face unscrews the head of many a male, and there is not only girl-gazing but girl-chasing as well.

In Bombay, Delhi, Madras and many other cities and towns, Romeos roam about to feast their eyes on female limbs and curves and have a good time if possible. Where there are trams, they will travel from one destination to another to follow a face that catches their fancy. They usually have seasonal passes to enable them to pursue their hobby. It grows to be an obsession with them and they find it hard to cure themselves of it. Lack of discipline in the home and self-control account for this disease of the mind.

In Western countries, they have a different name for this kind of Don Juan. He is called 'wolf' and rightly so. His eyes burn with desire and the whistle he gives for the woman he pursues is known as the wolf-call. There is another kind, dubbed as the Peeping Tom. He stations himself near windows and tries to

have a close look at women in their privacy.

In Madras and Bombay, for instance, Romeos entrench themselves on beaches and parks and watch the parade of girls decked in all their finery, and don't bat an eyelid—rather, even an eye-lash. They instinctively seem to know where an unprotected, unescorted female goes and how they can pounce upon the prey. Where pavements are over-crowded like those on the Esplanade, some Romeos are content with brushing past women, shoulder hitting against shoulder or foot treading upon foot. They derive peculiar satisfaction from this 'assault' and walk on without looking back.

The "Ramayana" tells us that Lakshmana never saw the face of Sita and whenever he spoke to his sister-in-law he would only look at her feet. In the atom age of today things are far different, and equality of the sexes is drawing more and more girls out of their seclusion. Many among these go to school and college, and take to a career to earn their livelihood or support their parents in distress. Nature, intending them for the role of mothers so that the human race must live, has made them soft. But they should guard against the danger of looking too soft

and thereby inviting unwelcome attention. To say that several of them are immodest in dress is hardly an exaggeration. They wear the flimsiest of saris, and jackets that help more to reveal than conceal their curves. As jewels usually enhance the feminine charm, they are best avoided by those girls who go out. The first culprit in giving them wrong ideas about dress and sex appeal is the cinema.

There is yet another craze that gives indirect encouragement to Romeos and whets the edge of their appetite. Parents who have money to throw away engage tutors to teach dancing lessons to their daughters. Nobody would quarrel with them if girls were

taught to dance and become strong and supple. But the parents don't stop there. They take them to the stage and arrange for public performances. It is a new mania that has taken hold of the rich and the upper middle classes—the sex appeal that their daughters display through scanty clothing, flashing diamonds, emphasis on their curves, the name of art, they become the focus of hungry male eyes. Where is the sense in squealing when things get out of control. Let us nip the trouble in the bud. The Romeo nuisance can be minimised if our girls learn to be modest and less provocative in dress and manners.

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WIFE (to husband): "What monkey business is this! You wanted soup five minutes ago and now you don't?"

SCOUTS AND GUIDES, MADRAS-5

BEAUTY AND BRAINS!

BY RAM KUMAR

Story

IN these days, actresses who play minor roles and even extra girls sometimes pass themselves off as stars. But the studio, which featured Akash Vadhani in important roles in two pictures, tried to put her on the shelf and wouldn't recognise her merits. You would say she was short, but are there not short women who are lovely? Her beauty and grace haunted you for days. She had the most winsome smile capable of stopping your heart.

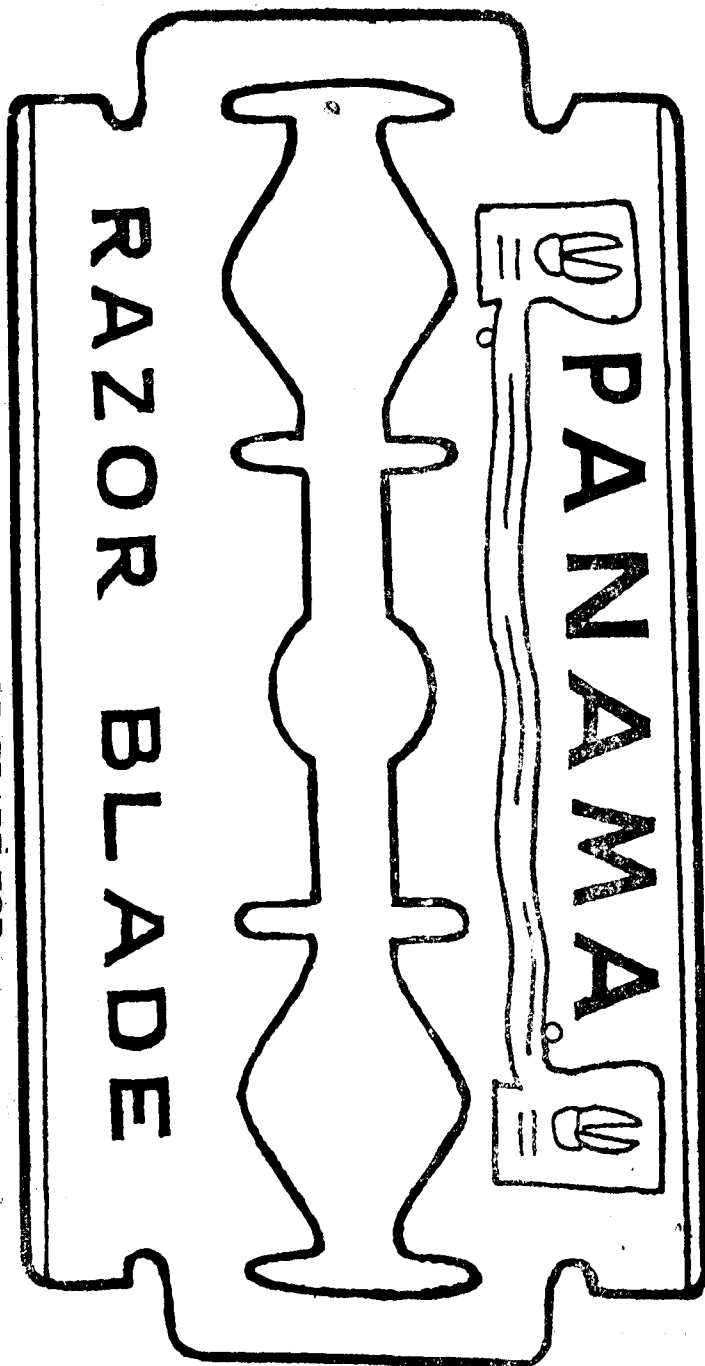
She was as sensitive as she was independent, and having studied in college, she was careful about accepting the parts assigned to her. Director Moresshji was very enthusiastic about this new find and gave her all the encouragement. He was a very shrewd and far-sighted man and saw in his protege possibilities of stardom and big box-office returns. So whenever he talked to her his eyes would sparkle and his right hand would go to his handle-bar moustache.

But Sojjima Devi, the permanent star of the Studio, saw in this move a threat to her own security and future. She had

the ear of the Producer who promised to look into the matter. He called in Director Moresshji and had a heated argument with him. The result was that Sojjima Devi carried the day and the starring honours. The Producer gave Akash Vadhani a stern look, lectured her on the importance of going up the ladder step by step and in his view that education had nothing much to do with success in the film line.

So the Director threw away all the stills of Akash Vadhani that he had intended for publicity, and did not even mention her name in the press hand-out. But he was helpless and when he tried to explain it to the young hopeful she flew into a rage. She repressed her tears and went straight to the bus stand. And there she met Narang who was smiling his welcome.

IT would be impossible to imagine a more uncouth creature than Narang. He had a bald patch on the head and a slight stoop in the back. He was well past thirty-five and perhaps looked older. But he was charming in his manners and drew out others into free and easy conversation. He had the knack of making women talk to him without any shyness or inhibition.



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Akash Vadhani and Narang sat together but restricted their conversation to mere inanities. There were passengers who knew her by her very appearance to be an actress and were not only all eyes but all ears as well.

Back in her little flat, Akash Vadhani asked her guest to take his seat in the outer room and chat with her mother over a cup of tea. The young woman shut herself up in her bedroom and gave free vent to tears of rage. She told herself that she wouldn't set foot in a studio where merit was not recognised. She cooled down after a while and collected her thoughts. She washed her face in ice-cold water and emerged from her room after a dab of talcum powder and scent.

"YOU look very lovely and radiant today," said Narang with undisguised admiration.

"I wish, Narang, that my daughter married and settled down," remarked her mother. "When her father was in the death-bed I gave him a promise that she would be married off before she was twenty-two. You know, she is twenty-four now."

"Your daughter is only twenty. She doesn't look a day older," observed Narang. "And then what happens to her career?"

"Ask her yourself," shouted the mother. "I shall go into the kitchen and bring you refreshments."

Narang turned to Akash Vadhani. "Now that your mother has expressed her wish, you may tell me who is the lucky man, Moreschi, or that handsome actor friend of yours . . ."

The young woman waved her hand to silence him. "Now, Narang, you will be surprised at what I am going to say. It will be a straight and plain question and there will be no sentimental nonsense. Will you marry me?"

Narang was stunned. He passed his right palm over his bald head as if his brain was unable to comprehend the full significance of his question.

"You aren't joking, Vadhani?" he demanded in a husky voice. "I am your silent admirer all right. But I never even dreamt that I would be worthy of you. If you really mean what you say, I shall consider myself the happiest of men, dear, and your most devoted servant."

"I mean it, Narang," said Vadhani, smiling, "and I shall ask Mother to fix the wedding this week?"

Narang wiped his eyes; he couldn't hold back the tears of joy.

AND, true to her word, Narang and Akash Vadhani were married. Of course, love must have crept into their life after marriage. Whether love was blind or no, Vadhani was not blind. She was grooming herself for a life of glory and publicity when she gave her hand to Narang. In brief, he was the chief publicity officer of the Muck and Stink Soap Company and from the day of her marriage her photo appeared in all their advertisements in newspapers. Her stunt had its desired effect. A rival studio grabbed her up for all its pictures and entered into a contract.

(See page 16)

INDIA MAGAZINE

SO it had come to this. The small orphanage of which Brinda was in charge was to close down. The twenty thousand rupees, which she had inherited from her aunt, evaporated in no time. The orphanage started with five children and expanded to fifty in three years. Brinda lavished her care and affection on each little kid, and the little ones loved her as their own mother.

But running an orphanage was no joke especially when there was no state or public aid. Brinda, being an orphan, had made up her mind to spend her aunt's money on the care of unclaimed children. Soon after she left college her aunt died, and with rare courage and initiative she opened the "Shisu Mandir." Nurses were engaged, half a dozen cows were bought to ensure a regular supply of milk for the children, and there were servants, of course, to look after them. Hospitals in the town handed over the children that were left by mothers who died after confinement or who were too poor to look after them.

People in the town slowly began to appreciate the splendid humanitarian service that Brinda was doing. Anonymous donations and gifts were pouring in, and on anniversaries and important days Brinda circularised printed lists of receipts and expenditure. But when the institution opened its door to

Story

ORPHANS TOGETHER!

BY MUKTESHWAR

children from other towns and hospitals, expenditure outstripped income.

The donations, too, became less frequent and more diminished. Brinda became desperate. She confined her

worry to Dev, the young doctor, who came every day to give a free check-up to the children.

"I knew, Brinda, that you were getting beyond your depth but you have committed yourself to this kind of service. And you couldn't retreat."

"At the most," said the young woman, "the institution can run on for a month. It would be foolish to ask for more credit when you are aware you have no means of meeting further obligations."

"That is indeed a sad state of affairs," agreed the doctor,

"I am discharging two servants today and one of the five nurses. I shall have to make do with the rest."

"And then?" queried the doctor as he finished his examination of Kishan, the one-year-old infant. "This fellow, Brinda, needs extra attention if he is to become strong. Feed him on glucose, and give him this powder in honey. See, he is treating me to an inimitable smile and doesn't care whether his temperature is high or normal."

Brinda bent low over the baby and cooed. "He is a darling,

"INDIA MAGAZINE"

doctor, and my latest heart-throb. I am glad you like him, too. When the hospital superintendent brought him in, he said his mother had abandoned him one night and all efforts to trace her were futile. I don't know how she had the heart to leave this little angel, I think Kishan will be mine even if I have to close down the orphanage."

"So you have decided, after all?" asked the doctor, raising his head.

For a time their faces were disturbingly close and each looked into the other's eyes.

"What else can a woman in my position do? I have been trying not to think about it. Am I not like the ostrich that buries its head in the sand?" She laughed but could hardly hide the tears that welled up in her eyes.

Dev patted her on the shoulder as if to comfort her, then withdrew his hand suddenly when he knew that it was an unwarranted liberty he was taking. But she ignored it and hastened into the office room to answer a telephone call. The doctor took his suit-case and hurried out.

Next week came Sarvodaya Day Brinda was garlanding the portraits of Mahatma



Gandhi and other national leaders. It was a day sacred to her in more senses than one. Her father had been arrested during the Quit India Movement and contracted a serious illness in jail, which confined him to bed even after his release. And he breathed his last on Sarvodaya Day six years ago.

Since Brinda's mother had predeceased her father, her old aunt who was a rich widow took care of the young girl and sent her to college. Her own plight as an orphan had often caused Brinda to think of the miserable lot of young ones who had neither mother nor father. Therein lay the origin of the orphanage. She had thrown herself heart and soul into this noble work.

But now the young woman was fighting against overwhelming odds. Bitter was her realisation that between ideals and realities there was a vast unbridgeable gulf. She sat down at her table to work on a plan for closing the orphanage step by step. How was she going to part with the precious little ones who had endeared themselves to her? She couldn't bear the very idea and burst into a flood of tears.

She composed herself after a while and began to work out her ideas. First she would draft a circular which she would send round to other orphanages, enquiring whether they would be prepared to absorb the children of "Sishu Mandir." Of course, little Kishan would be hers and not all the power on earth could separate them. She was positive about it. The next stage would consist in disposing of the cows, discharging the nurses and the boys and selling the furniture.

These thoughts were so oppressive that she wanted to escape. Oh, she had almost forgotten! She had promised to attend a dance recital given by Malathi, sister of Dr. Dev. She was a popular artiste. She was a beautiful girl whose body was as supple as it was graceful. To see her move on the stage, reflected Brinda, was itself a pleasure. The public simply raved about her beauty of form, expressive gestures and wonderful rhythm. And thousands attended her performances every time.

She threaded her way with great difficulty to the front row. Malathi, seeing Brinda, stopped for a moment and bowed to her with a smile while Dr. Dev received her and showed her to a vacant chair.

But Brinda found to her mortification that she had come at the fag-end of the performance. How stupid and thoughtless of her to sneak in when it was too late! The District and Sessions Judge, Mr. Bhargava, who presided on the occasion, rose from his chair and addressed a few words. "It would be impertinent of me,

brothers and sisters, to speak in praise of Miss Malathi, the great danseuse of all-India fame. At her specific request, I have pleasure in announcing that the entire proceeds of this evening's performance will be handed over to the "Sishu Mandir" of which Srimathi Brinda is the Superintendent. The collections amount to Rs. 22,000, and here is the cheque which I have the honour to present to Srimathi Brinda."

Brinda looked dazed on hearing these words but the doctor whispered to her to go on the stage and accept the cheque. Mechanically she went up and took the slip of paper, held out by the Judge, to the accompaniment of thunderous applause.

That night when the doctor called at the orphanage, Brinda was radiant and smiled gratefully at Dev. "You and your sister have saved the orphanage and the children," she gushed. "But why didn't you tell me beforehand, Dev?" 463

The young man smiled. "You forget, Brinda, that there is a string attached to this aid. Don't you know, I, too, am an orphan and my sister's wish is that you and I should pull together. Perhaps it is too sudden?"

Brinda threw her arms round his shoulders. "I fell in love with you when I met you for the first time. These orphans need foster parents to look after them, don't you think?" she smiled.

He kissed her on the lips by way of answer. ★

PICKPOCKETS, BEWARE!

In Madras City the Police will soon be exhibiting slides to show the various tricks and stratagems adopted by pickpockets. The following article illustrates some of the methods of the light-fingered gentry in America.

BEWARE of dips, shills, hooks and stalls. Or, translated from the language of the light-fingered folk, beware of pickpockets.

Take New York City, for example. In 1950, when 901 pickpockets were arrested, the average stolen wallet contained between \$5 and \$25. Today it holds from \$50 to \$700. Arrests have dropped about 75 per cent in the last five years, but many of the oldtimers with long records have left to work out-of-town where local police don't know them.

The exodus of these citizens can be ascribed in part to a drive by the 20 men and seven women of the New York Police Department's Pickpocket Squad who know all their haunts and have mastered all their tricks. So proficient have they become, that the squad has been called on for help by police of other cities whenever mass meetings are under way.

When the Chief of the Squad describes the activities of the light-fingered citizenry, he is apt to fall into the swing of their argot.

"There are fewer dips in the racket today, partly because our men are more experienced, and

partly because the judges are handing out stiffer raps. Most of the oldtimers are playing the hayseed towns, and we've got the rest pedalling backwards,"

When a pickpocket mob goes into action, it works with all the co-ordination of a football backfield.

"Sometimes a stall (a shill, setup, or girl) stands in front of the mark (victim, or sucker) while the hook (the wire, or pocketpicker) goes in under the coat. He shades his duke (cover his hand) with his newspaper, and spreads his coat for an umbrella, unbuttons the pocket, and his forefinger slips in.

"If the oakus (poke, pig, or wallet) is lying on the side, he tops it (turns it on end). Thumb and forefinger then grab the pig. The mark doesn't feel a thing."

Pickpockets never take more chances than necessary. The moment the wallet is out it is slipped into the folded newspaper. The pickpocket's assistant comes from behind, takes the paper, tucks it under his arm and walks away. The girl gets out of the victim's way and the pickpocket does a reverse. If the victim should get suspicious, it's

too late—he can only grab the wrong man.

The inside coat pocket is a safer place to keep your wallet than the hip pocket. If it's in the inside pocket the pickpocket has to work "kissing the dog," or facing the victim. But they even manage that.

The first step is unbuttoning the coat. Here another mob member, known as a "stall" helps by bumping into the victim to attract his attention. The pickpocket holds his newspaper so as to cover the unbuttoning. In this play, the man who did the bumping takes the wallet and walks away, leaving the pickpocket clear.

A good pickpocket can rob you without even touching you with his hands. Suppose you are in a subway or trolley car wearing a stickpin. You start reading the car ads. The pickpocket slips his his newspaper under the stickpin and lifts it out. The pin slides down the center crease of the paper right into his partner's hand.

There are five kinds of pickpockets and it's not often one will switch from one branch of the work to another. It takes at least a year of hard work to become a good "hook," while it requires little more than nerve to be a first-rate assistant.

The cleverest pickpocket, is the pants-pocket worker. Usually he talks arenas and subway stations.

"The most pathetic type is the fob-pocket worker. Invariably he's an old-timer with a long

record. Whenever there is a window demonstration and crowds collect to watch, the old-timer standing at the curb, singles out his mark, pulls out his handkerchief and pretends to blow his nose. As he steps next to his victim, he covers his hand with the handkerchief while his fingers slip into the change pocket of the victim's jacket. At most all he can steal is enough for a night's flop on the Bowery.

"The most dangerous type of pickpocket is the lush worker. He usually operates at night on trains, on subways and on side streets where the saloons are. Lush workers usually go in pairs. They carry sharp knives or razor blades to cut the victim's pocket if they can't get the wallet easily, and in this way lots of throats get cut."

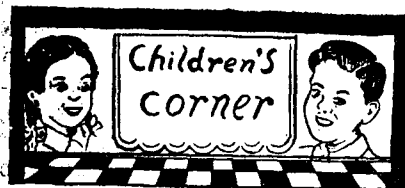
The last two types are the bag opener, usually a woman operating in crowded department stores, and the patch-pocket worker, usually a young lad dipping into women's pockets when they are busy shopping.

IRRELEVANT!

A young lad was up before the judge on a stolen car charge, and the prosecuting attorney had just solemnly read the charge in the indictment to him.

The prosecutor then questioned: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Shifting nervously, the lad demanded, "Well, Sir, isn't that exactly what we're about to find out?"



THE THOUGHTLESS HEN!

THIS is a very amusing tale which teaches its own lesson. A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much. But the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!"

So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so her wings struck an old goose, who stood by. The goose got angry and flew at the duck. While doing so, her foot tore at the fur of a cat dozing nearby. The cat lost her temper and started for the goose but her foot was caught in the woolly coat of a sheep.

The sheep jumped at the cat but her foot hit the foot of a dog who was basking on a garbage heap. But Doggie wouldn't keep quiet. He bounded forward with a loud bark and his leg struck an old cow who stood chewing the cud by the fence. The cow danced about in anger and she happened to graze the skin of a horse.

There was a lot of noise and confusion with the horse flying at the cow, the cow at the dog, etc. etc.

"Hi, hi! What's all this?" cried the old man who was

in charge of that big farm. "You may stay there," he cried to the hen. He drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the bush, the sheep to her fold, the dog to the house, the cow to the shed and the horse to the stable. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.

A little explained

A little endured,

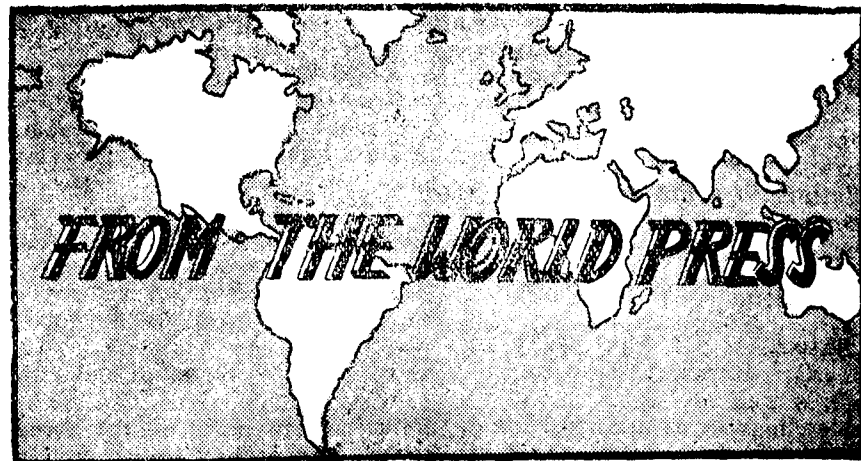
A little forgiven,

The quarrel is cured.

BEAUTY AND BRAINS!

—From page 10

You may say it was mean of that woman to use her husband for such ends but I don't agree. Narang is the happiest among husbands today and very proud of his wife. He runs a different publicity campaign now. His own photo is appearing in advertisements for a hair restorer! ★



SOME MODERN MISERS!

AN old, wily woman shuffled along the line of battered garbage cans in a New York's Hell's Kitchen street. A dingy black dress, caught at the waist line with a length of rope, hung loosely about her gaunt body.

A tattered shawl covered her head. Her feet showed, blue and knotty, through manifold breaks in a pair of shoes designed for male wear. She halted before an overflowing can and poked at its contents with a short stick. Her bony hands lifted a loaf of mildewed bread from the garbage can and tucked it into her frayed reticule. Other stops added to her gleaning. She lifted the hem of her ancient skirt and such prizes as were crowded out of the reticule she dropped into this improvised knapsack, clucking a monotonous comment on the virtues of each one, writes Dugal O'liam in *Man's World*.

Satisfied that her morning's marketing was complete, she tottered off, cackling to herself, her eyes darting back and forth in narrow slits. Often she had found coins by keeping her eyes on the sidewalk.

Into a stairway off Ninth Avenue on 38th Street she turned and made her way grumbling up three flights. On the third landing she proceeded to the rear of the building, opened a rough, moisture-eroded door with a huge, iron key and shuffled in.

Found Dead

The following morning someone heard groaning in her flat. Neighbours broke in and found her in a comatose state. Uneventful policeman arrived and she was dispatched to Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital, a city institution across town. There she was placed in a charity ward.

Twenty-four hours later Johanna Meyer was dead, of malnutrition. What she had

managed to gather from the garbage cans to add to the few pennies' worth of cheap vegetables and second grade meats purchased at Paddy's Market, that odoriferous and noisy cluster of pushcart emporia beneath the Ninth Avenue elevated, had not been sufficient to preserve life in her wasted body.

Big Fortune

She was not yet ready for decent interment before New York's police began the inevitable checking of her life. Someone prowling through her rat-infested flat graced by an almost bare bed and an antique wood-burning stove, came upon a tin box. He pried it open and found, in addition to several thousand dollars in cash, more than two hundred thousand dollars worth of government bonds and \$3,100 in matured coupons in addition to a bank book showing deposits in a checking account of approximately \$10,000.

Not only this, there were deeds and leases for properties in her Hell's Kitchen environs amounting to many thousands of dollars more so that the total wealth of this doddering creature who died rather than touch her hoardings, even for food, amounted to somewhere around \$300,000—more than a quarter of million in gilt-edged property, bonds, coupons and actual cash.

A Will Too!

There was a will, too. It provided \$10,000 each for two nieces and stipulated that the remainder of the estate be divided among a number of charities, the names of which were

listed in a flowing legal hand, among the will's codicils.

They are a clan and breed strangely apart in this complex world, these modern misers. About such idiosyncrasies as theirs, a Dickens might weave a fantasy infinitely more arresting than the tale of the miserable Scrooge. Because of the American social structure, where a man has the privilege of going about his own business (and a woman too) without actual contact with his fellow man, their existence is made simple and their deceptions tremendously encouraged.

Incredible

The number and habitats of these astounding persons are incredible. They have always existed, but since the 1929 depression they seem to have grown in number and avidity. Even the government relief agencies have been duped into extending a helping hand to many of them and the help thus acquired has been added to the hoard already reposing in some gloomy hut or darkened flat waiting only that inevitable day when its owner must depart this mundane life and leave it, amid wretched lamentations, to the mercies of those who will merely spend it.

It is not peculiar to New York, or Toronto, or London, Chicago, or San Francisco, or any of the other great centres of population. This vice of accumulating dormant money. It reaches even to the plains and the serrated mountains in which slightly pixilated prospectors stab the rocks for hidden gold veins. It comes to light in the

lowly hovels of the South's tobacco roads and in the stern forests of Maine and Wisconsin and Canada.

Hidden Treasures

Nor is the art entirely forgotten in Europe and England, where it appears to have originated. Even so recently as November of 1937 a spinster named Jennie Oxley was found dead in a one-room flat in Hutchinson Street, Manchester, a squalid stench-bound hole fit only for swine. When the place was duly searched preparatory to fumigating, the searchers came upon \$400,000, hidden away in cracks beneath the rotting floors. Fifteen relatives with whom the ancient spinster would have absolutely nothing to do, divided it gleefully among them.

Again, in Cleveland, Ohio, in the same year, William C. Martin, a roustabout day labourer in a steel mill, whose gross income never exceeded \$2,000 annually, departed this vale of tears when his oppressed physical being refused to go farther on the meagre sustenance he allowed it. When the usual frisking of his lodgings ensued, sixty-two thousand dollars was unearthed, a discovery which led his superior at the steel mill to observe "Bill was the savin'est man I ever saw."

There is the case of Mrs. Bertha de Meyer of Chicago, who is not to be confused with Mrs. Johanna Meyer of Hell's Kitchen. Mrs. de Meyer lived in Chicago where violence seems always to be a stride or so ahead of the rest of the country.

Two men crept into Mrs. de Meyer's room while she slept, arranged a picture wire around her neck and then told her that at any minute it might tighten up and seriously cripple her respiratory functions if she didn't tell them where to find her money. When she refused, the wire fulfilled all their gloomy prophecies and Mrs. de Meyer expired, croaking defiance. They picked up considerable of her hoarded wealth, but in their haste overlooked \$2,500 which she had judiciously spread beneath her kitchen linoleum to reduce the wear and tear on that property.

Violent Ends

Again in 1927, a year which seemed singularly productive of violent ends for misers, Benjamin Buchlazer, 57, was stabbed to death in his combined ice and coal emporium and studio in a New York basement by persons who knew him to be a hoarder. To their great dismay they discovered that he kept his \$30,000 savings in a bank, an unusual weakness among his kind, and since embarrassing questions might have been asked if they presented claims for the sum at the teller's window, they departed the community.

Out in Iowa a number of years ago lived three brothers. Their names were William, John and Henry Iwers. The frugality of their lives was noted even in a state which places a high premium on financial conservatism. Like all farmers, they kept a number of cows, chickens and pigs.

The brothers worked hard; they carted much produce to market; they got money for it,

but they spent nothing and often, when winter came, the brisk Iowa breezes found ready ingress to the Iwers anatomies by means of increasing clefts in venerable pantaloons handed down by preceding generations of Iwers males.

Ultimately a pneumonia-laden breeze of the severe winter of 1930 found its way through such an orifice in the raiment of William Iwers and he went to his reward. Five years later a similar mishap overtook John, who was said to have been wearing still the selfsame pantaloons that led to William's demise at the time, and he died. A year later Henry passed on so that by May of 1936 the Iwerses were all gone and the weary wardrobe rested.

Farm Dug Up!

Bankers, merchants, neighbours and others, burning with the urge to know what had become of the money these brothers had taken out of Tipton tills, began feverishly to spade up the Iwers property. Within a week they had unearthed \$200,000 in silver and good certificates, uncashed cheques on Iowa Municipal bonds and various other forms of negotiable pulp products.

The Iwers farm thus turned out to be one of the most productive in the history of Iowa, a state renowned for its agrarian miracles.

Ten years ago John R. Keys, a one-time resident of Philadelphia, where he boasted to friends that he lived on \$1.27 a week (you could have a helluva time in Philadelphia on one twenty-seven a week if they didn't

charge twentyfive cents to get into the Zoo) died in Honolulu whence he had made his way by working as supercargo of some sort on a freighter.

When his Honolulu quarters in which he had lived on bread, cheese, milk and an occasional pineapple, were searched, bank notes and other inanimate authorities were discovered to prove that he had \$800,000 in bonds and other securities!

In Old Newspaper

There is reason to believe that a person does not have to spend a great deal of money to live in Vancouver, B.C., but when the facts became known, after her death, there was a feeling that Mrs. Katherine Pike of that solid settlement rather overdid it. It was the year 1934 when she died and mourners, browsing among her effects, uncovered bank credits of \$217,000 in her name. They also found \$23,000 in cash, wrapped in old newspapers and distributed about the premises, probably a precaution taken by Mrs. Pike, who'd once been active in Eastern society, against someone dropping in unexpectedly after the banks had been closed and finding her without the price of an extra chop or two.

Grandma Henrietta Coffin lived on Fulton Street in Brooklyn and there probably isn't an area in America where the known possession of as little as twenty-five cents can get you a fractured skull quicker. All about her cellar abode were the meanest of flop houses and smoke joints and her neighbours were, in the main, the most vicious and depraved to be found anywhere.

Yet this old woman, daughter of a once tremendously wealthy merchant, kept \$200,000 in cash, securities, diamonds, rubies and all manner of precious stones in an old crockery pot in a trap door safe in her squalid apartment for twenty years. Naturally the sum accumulated to a certain extent during the time because she picked the garbage cans as Johanna Meyer did and when she died it was from exposure from shovelling snow from the sidewalk in front of her place, attired chiefly in a tattered black cape with a string around it and a ragged turkish towel which served for a shawl.

ELEPHANT'S REVENGE

ONE of nature's most interesting riddles is being investigated by members of an animal-loving organization in Berlin. They're trying to find the answer to the question: "How long do birds and beasts remember?"

Research has revealed that elephants and monkeys often possess astonishingly good memories. But to say that an elephant never forgets is inaccurate. An expert recently produced evidence proving that the elephant often quickly forgets a harm or a wrong done to him.

Here's a true story of an elephant that did not forget. A foolish boy gave the elephant a coconut shell half filled with lime. The animal swallowed it, suffered agonies as a result—but survived.

After Five Years

Five years passed. Then it chanced that the elephant was brought by its Indian owner into the same village where it had been given the lime. The boy, although now a grown-up lad, was spotted in the crowd by the elephant which ran amok and picked him up by its trunk. The elephant then killed him by dashing him to the ground.

Many dogs have pretty good memories, but a dog can lose its memory. In 1948, a Johannesburg woman's Scottish terrier was run over by a car near Roodepoort and afterwards did not respond to her commands or even seem to know her, says a British weekly.

Horses also remember. Van drivers have commented upon the alacrity with which a horse accomplishes its return journey after a day's work. It seems to know it is going to its stable.

A man who served in the R.A.S.C. (Horse Transport) during the first world war recalls that his unit was encamped in a field outside a small French village early in 1915. Nearly a year later, while trekking from the Somme to Belgium, they passed the old field and every pair of horses in the convoy, remembering the place, attempted to turn into the gate.

PUPPY'S PRANK!

Into the kitchen of the Essex house which is his home trotted three-months-old Peter, an Alsatian puppy. Washing up was in full swing and Peter felt bored.

Poet's Corner

SUCH IS LIFE!

I HAVE lived and I have loved;
I have waked and I have slept;
I have sung and I have danced;
I have smiled and I have wept;
I have won and wasted treasure;
I have had my fill of pleasure;
And all these things were weariness
And some of them were dreariness.
And all these things but two things,
Were emptiness and pain;
And Love—it was the best of them;
And Sleep—worth all the rest
of them.

—From the Editor's Scrapbook.

Then the puppy saw something sparkle. It was a £320 diamond engagement ring belonging to a guest of Peter's mistress. She had taken it off and laid it on a kitchen table before helping with the washing up.

Peter pawed it, liked the look of it and swallowed it. When the ring's owner discovered her loss, Peter was at once suspected. He was taken to an animal clinic, where the ring was recovered with a long pair of stomach forceps. Peter emerged from his anaesthetic without ill effects.

WHEN EAGLE ATTACKS

The terrific power in an eagle's talons was grimly demonstrated recently when a Highland shepherd, bending to look at an eagle which had been shot and wounded, was attacked by the bird. It fixed one set of its talons in the shepherd's neck and would not release its grip until its foot was shorn off.

Hares, wild cats and rabbits die quickly from the constriction of the eagle's talons alone. The grip is a locking one. When the bird bends its legs to take a hold, a ribbon-like muscle at its knee locks its grip, which can only be relaxed by the bird's limbs.

It is unusual for eagles to attack humans unless they are provoked, but in 1937 a farmer in Sassari, Sardinia, was horrified to see an eagle swoop down on his fourteen-month-old son and carry the child away in its talons.

Fortunately the farmer had his rifle and managed to hit the eagle. It fluttered to earth, still holding the child, and a second shot killed the bird.

The talons were embedded in the thick woollen coat the child was wearing, and he was unharmed.

Carried Boy!

In 1924 a boy of fourteen, playing golf at Chatham, Ontario, was lifted six feet in the air when an eagle pounced on him.

The boy's clothing gave way and he dropped to the grass. The bird attacked him again but became enmeshed in a barbed wire fence and was killed.

One of the traits of the eagle is its habit of carrying to its nest odds and ends to decorate it. An electric bulb was found in one nest, a cable in another.

Shells, stones, a picture-frame, a gold watch, an old tyre, have all been found, and almost every nest contains a plant or flower.

Pilots have seen eagles flying at 9,750 feet above the earth. Their marvellous eyes have been known to detect a rabbit three miles from the spot where they were soaring.

Some eagles attain the tremendous wing-spread of seven or eight feet, their main or primary feathers being twenty inches long.

NEW PEAK

Every year United Kingdom tobacco consumption touches a new peak—thanks to the popularity of the cigarette.

Yet it is only just a hundred years ago that the idea of popularizing the cigarette was born.

Some historians date them back to 1799 when Napoleon was besieging Acre and one of Suleiman Bey's artillerymen, with the communal tobacco pipe destroyed, had the idea of rolling some tobacco in the fine India paper used for making gun-powder spills.

Others say that an Egyptian soldier adopted the same expedient during Ibrahim Pasha's campaign against the Turks in 1832. Certainly in the first half of the century the habit spread throughout Europe and the Russian and Turkish dominions.

Englishmen, however, stuck to their pipes and cigars—the cigarette was "foreign" and therefore faintly suspect. But all that began to be changed after 1854 when a young Scot, Robert Peacock Gloag, acting as temporary paymaster to the Turkish forces in the Crimea, saw soldiers rolling cigarettes.

Returning from the war, young Gloag opened a one-room

factory in Deptford, London. With one assistant he rolled the first cigarettes by hand, selling them locally. He had shrewd commercial instincts.

He noted how Englishmen were used to biting their pipe stems and gripping their cigars with their teeth. He, therefore, put hard cane tips on the end of his thick, stumpy "gaspsers," advertising them as "the cigarette you can bite on."

LATEST ADDITION!

It is on record that a man can: Live without sleep for 155 hours; live without water for 22 days; live without food for 75 days; hold his breath for 20 minutes, 5 seconds; stay under water for 6 minutes, 29 seconds; live in a heat of 120 degrees centigrade (248 degrees Fahrenheit); glide for 465 miles; climb without oxygen to 74,000 feet; dive below water to 500 feet; run (in 59 days) 5,625 miles; walk on his hands 16 miles a day for 55 days; hike on stilts 31 miles a day; squat on for 58 days, 14 hours, 34 minutes; parachute jump from 30,800 feet.

And commit suicide at the rate of 100,000 per bomb!

DANGER THERE!

Snoring is now considered justification for divorce in some parts of America, and doctors consider that it is certainly capable of ruining the happiest marriage.

Because it is regarded as something comic, the snorers themselves have difficulty in having their complaint taken seriously, and the sufferers from the snoring have even less chance.

HIMALAYAN MYSTERY!

[Even the successful Everest Expedition has not been able to scotch rumours about the Abominable Snowman.

This article about the great Himalayan mystery will be read with considerable interest.]

THE mystery originated very fittingly with the first Mount Everest expedition, the reconnaissance of 1921. The leader, Col. Howard Bury, came across foot prints on a 21,000-ft. pass north-east of the mountain.

In an article telegraphed to London, he referred to this and to the assertion of the Tibetan porters that they were tracks of the "Wild Men of the Snows." In order to disown such a ridiculous belief Col. Howard Bury added several exclamation marks but such marks are not transmitted by telegraph and the statement was received at its face value by the Press.

Thus the prodigy became widely known and it soon acquired a more appropriate label. On returning to Darjeeling the porters were questioned by a Mr. Henry Newman. They gave him the Tibetan name for the Wild Men—"metch kangmi"—"kangmi" meaning snowmen and the word "metch" filthy, disgusting, or abominable. They described how they preyed on men or yaks according to their size—for there are two kinds, how their feet were turned backwards to enable them to climb easily—just as a car climbs best in reverse and how their hair was long.

Mr. Newman thought these creatures must be outlaw—hiding from justice, but it is not necessary to go to 21,000 ft. for that. Even Tibetan justice is not likely to follow one so far above the snow-line.

In 1930 on the summit of a 17,000-ft. pass in Ladakh, a British officer met a man completely naked except for a loin cloth. It was bitterly cold and snowing gently. When he expressed some natural astonishment he met with the reply given in perfect English: "Good morning, sir, and a happy Christmas to you" The hardy traveller was an M.A. of an English university and was on a pilgrimage. He explained that one soon got used to the cold and that many Hindus did the same thing.

Nevertheless, these ascetics will not be found far from the beaten track or from human habitation, and most of the strange tracks reported have been seen in extremely remote places. Between the two wars, when travellers were active in the Himalayas, many such were seen and sometimes photographed over a wide area, from the upper Salween in the east, through Sikkim and Garhwal,

(See page 73)

Story

ENDLESS BLOSSOM!

BY JASMINE HARPER

TOM married when he was twenty-five, and Jack, who was about the same age, acted as best man—an office which he fulfilled with the unruffled efficiency that characterised him. He kissed the new Mrs. Tom at the correct moment, told himself that she was certainly a peach, but that Tom was an ass, and consumed precisely the amount of inexpensive champagne that could be relied upon not to result distressingly next morning.

Whereupon the couple went to Eastbourne, and Jack departed

Tom was of his youngsters, now with the addition of the latest arrival, four in number.

In writing to announce the happy event, Tom voiced an invitation.

"WHY," he wrote, "don't you take a holiday soon, you beastly Yankee millionaire, come over and stay with us? What we call English summer will have rained itself into office in about four months, and by that time Kitty will have brought the new arrival, and the house,

Jack and Tom were the best of pals and worked in the same firm. Soon, however, they were engaged in a scramble: Jack went to America to earn dollars and the other remained in England to have a home and family happiness. When they met again they were gushing with pity and sympathy for one another—secretly, of course!

for America. For Jack saved carefully, had distinct ideas about a Big Future. He could afford to be enterprising; he was single.

The emigrant prospered. He lived interestingly, happily, and at high pressure for the next ten years, and built up a profitable contracting business. He was proud of this child of his brains and energy—as proud as

back to some kind of discipline. Come over and see what an ass you've been in thinking that scrambling for dollars is more fun than building up happiness on the shoulders of a bunch of kids. I'd like to see your ugly, plutocratic mug again and show you the new gang, who are deeply interested in their rich but fat-headed Uncle Jack away

in the Wild and Woolly West. Tom Junior, by the way, is firmly convinced that you wear hairy trousers and an expression of Cold Purpose. He read that expression on a movie sub-title, and as I don't know what it means, you might come to the assistance of a harassed and untravelled father."

JACK thought: "Dear old simple-minded Tom. Marvellous how a dominating woman can make a simpleton out of a bright, keen chap in a few years. If he's as satisfied as he sounds, he can't have made any money—bragging about his happiness too much."

With which comforting conclusion Jack gave his mind once more to the care of his own healthy business concerns, but in four months' time he set about handing them over to competent assistants. Tom's suggestion had set a seed in his mind, which had grown and flowered as the days passed. It would be rather nice to see the old country again—dear, slow old England, as simple and gentle as Tom himself.

The business was doing solidly well, the private bank-account had grown and multiplied; and a month or two out of harness could not be counted extravagant—especially, as it would be the first "let up" of any extent in ten years.

So in the end, Jack sent a cable, booked a first-class cabin, and shook hands with Tom a fortnight later, feeling thoroughly and warmly contented with himself. And the contentment increased from the first moment of that reunion.

Tom's suit was quite a good one, but it hadn't the style and cut of Jack's. And though Tom's grin was the same as ever, his blue eyes were a shade lighter and his voice quite alarmingly hearty. Tom, indeed, reminded one of a lovable dog somewhat conscious of an unusual brushing—but there was no getting away from it, Tom was still the same good fellow of ten years ago.

Thus pondered Jack as they pledged their meeting at the station buffet, arranged matters of luggage, and took the Underground train to Norbury.

The small house half a mile up the long, unmade road was only distinguished from the other small houses around it by the tremendously-newly-washed curtains at the windows. The six-months' old front garden was as bright as a police-sergeant's buttons, and the little hall within the newly-painted door had the vaguely surprised air which any well-inhabited place has after an intensive tidying.

WHEN Tom and Jack arrived it was early evening, but a total stranger would have known that the children were asleep upstairs. Tom's Kitty welcomed the distinguished guest in the little front dining-room, and blushed when he kissed her and made the obvious kind of hearty joke that seemed to fit the occasion and surroundings. She was exactly as he had imagined she would be—her prettiness washed and remodelled by the years, as her frock had been by the hands which she held behind her.

They gave him dinner, an extremely well-cooked and daintily

served dinner, which Kitty managed to bring from the kitchen without any sort of awkwardness. Then Kitty cleared away, disdaining offers of help, and returned to sip an unaccustomed glass of port before saying "good night" and leaving Tom with injunctions regarding the guest's comfort when he should choose to retire.

"YOU two," she told them, "will have tons to talk about, so I'll leave you to it." And with a final smile to Jack, she departed.

"Has to get up about six," thought Jack as the door shut behind her, "with four kids and no proper maid. Yet I'll bet she's happy. Women always are, if only the man is unenterprising and homely. But I wonder if Tom really is?"

He swung his chair closer to the fire and accepted the glass of whisky Tom held out to him.

"Bet he'll lie about it, anyhow," he told himself, and settled down to be interested. He was, Tom, having heard all his friend's adventures, launched upon his own with obvious willingness. He was still in the same exporting firm in which they had both been clerks, but now he was departmental manager.

"Pay good?" asked Jack, coming to the point that really interested him.

Tom smiled a little self-consciously.

"Six hundred a year," he announced, and leant back in his chair, plainly pleased that America was not the only place where money was to be made.

"I've been taking up interest in the firm gradually," he went on, "and next year there's going to be a reorganization. Blythin has told me that I'm going to get the outside people put under my control, and hinted at £800. In fact—" he leant forward and knocked his pipe out against the grate, "in fact, Jack, my lad, I'll be making a thousand in five years' time, and I've a good idea there's a chance of a junior partnership."

Jack said all that should be said, but mentally he was doing arithmetic. Clothes for six people and education for four, to be squeezed out of £600 a year now, with a prospect of £1000 later on. And he himself was clearing the equivalent of £10,000 at the moment—and knew that it wasn't enough for a fellow who really liked to live decently and didn't want to stay at the grindstone all his life.

WHY, even now that he was going carefully and consolidating his business, he spent more than £1000 on his apartment, club fees, and clothes back in New York. And Tom was living like this—chucking his personality, his life, away in a cheap, economy-hounded scramble for what he called family happiness with a lot of howling kids and a woman who had definitely faded.

"Whilst I," Jack told himself, "I may be all kinds of a fool, but I have built something out of myself. And I'm going to build it bigger yet."

Tom shook hands with him at his bedroom door, then crept into his own room and slipped

—(Continued on page 35)

Lily and The Blackmailer

JASON THORNDYKE bent and kissed his wife, Lily, tenderly. "Why don't you stay in bed today and have a good rest?" he suggested. "Get rid of that cold. I'll be tied up straight through the day. Dinner, probably, too. But I'll get back as soon as I can."

Lily stirred sleepily, and ran her fingers lightly down his freshly shaven cheek. It was

who never caught cold, had managed to pluck one from the train on the journey from New York. The hotel had mixed up their reservations, and could only give them one room instead of the promised two. Lily and Jason were not accustomed to sharing a bedroom. It made Lily nervous. Furthermore, no sooner had she composed herself for slumber than she began to

Young, beautiful Lily came to Chicago with her husband. When alone in her room, things began to happen. A big ape of a man entered her room, gulped her tea and modified his costume! Gone were coat, shirt and tie. Two rough arms clutched Lily in a fervid embrace while a cameraman at the door took a snapshot of the scene. But Lily was as courageous as she was resourceful...

disappointing that he mightn't have dinner with her, but this was the first business trip on which she had ever accompanied him and she was bound to be a good sport or bust.

"Don't give me a thought, darling," she said cheerily. "I'll just take a peek at Chicago. But I'll have a good rest, too."

This trip, in fact, had not progressed auspiciously. Lily,

cough.

NOW, at the hideous hour of 8-15 Jason was off to an early appointment, and Lily was wide awake. She was also, she discovered, ravenous. She raised herself on an elbow, lifted the receiver and asked for room service.

"I'm sorry," the girl on room service said apologetically, when she had taken Lily's order. "it'll

be over an hour. We're terribly rushed this morning."

LILY gave a philosophic snort. One thing she liked, the moment she opened her eyes was her breakfast. The morning sunshine streaming in through a window made her think perhaps a sunbath might be good for her cold. So she rose, dutifully

showered, and adopted a resolutely festive air.

The breakfast table, when it was finally borne in, looked attractive. Lily settled herself, sipped her orange juice slowly and read the newspaper headlines. She poured a cup of coffee, and reached for the buttered toast. Absently she



BY ELLEN GATTI

fumbled with the cover—then gave a sharp exclamation of impatience.

It was a round metal cover with a hole in the middle, and it fitted over an ordinary china plate. It fitted, alas, too well, having apparently riveted itself to the plate with a death grip; no amount of tugging, twisting or prying would budge it.

"But this is simply idiotic," Lily said to herself. "It'll take ages to get a waiter here. And I'll not have my breakfast without toast."

Perhaps she might catch a waiter in the corridor, or a maid who'd know how to grapple. So, extending the plate of toast belligerently before her, she flung open the door and peered out. As if it had been waiting there in ambush, a hand snatched the plate, a large form blocked the doorway, and Lily instinctively stepped back.

WITH incredible swiftness the man was in the room, and had closed the door behind him.

"What's the trouble, Lady?" he asked.

"I can't get the cover off. It's stuck."

The man looked vaguely at the plate in his hand.

"Who are you, anyway?" Lily asked sharply.

"House detective," he answered succinctly.

Lily looked at him curiously. He hadn't the manners of any house detective she'd ever seen. "Take it easy, lady," the man admonished her. "Sit down."

Lily was annoyed. "Please remove the top and leave this room instantly," she said icily.

THE man advanced to the table and put down the plate. "Take it easy, lady," he repeated. Carefully he tilted the pitcher of cream above the coffee cup, added a heaping teaspoon of sugar, and with his eyes fixed on Lily raised the cup to his lips and noisily gulped. There was something studied about his behaviour, as if he were deliberately trying to goad her.

It did not occur to Lily to be frightened. She was merely furious. Haughtily, she marched across the room and opened the door.

On the threshold stood a stocky young man who, like his predecessor, taking advantage of Lily's surprise, instantly insinuated himself into the room.

Lily whirled, and her huge amber eyes widened. In a few seconds when her back had been turned, the big man's costume had been modified! Gone were coat, shirt and tie. Instead, his powerful torso was draped in a rumpled pyjama jacket.

Then several things happened all at once. Two rough arms clutched Lily in a fervid embrace, Lily herself tried frantically to scream—and an atomic bomb seemed to fall on Room 1042.

Lily didn't exactly faint, but when she opened her eyes she found herself seated in a chair without remembering how

she got there. The room was intact—and deserted. She drew a deep breath. The sudden struggle, the unexpected glare, had confused her. Now courage cleared her head.

It was the corniest old game in the world—the photograph in a cheap, sordid hotel room. But this wasn't a cheap, sordid hotel. It was an excellent hotel. There was something queer going on. Lily frowned. They must want the picture for some kind of blackmail.

But why me? thought Lily indignantly. It just didn't make sense.

LILY became aware that she was tense, her hands tightly clenched. "Relax," she advised herself, and opened them. On one palm lay a small china button and a short straight hair.

With a grimace of distaste, she dropped the object in a wastebasket, locked her door, and scrubbed her hands vigorously.

She closed her eyes and tried to recall just how the man looked. He was big, with a large, squarish white face. His nose had a hump on it, as if it had been broken. She couldn't remember the colour of his eyes, but his hair was very black. But—wait—there had been something odd about him; she'd noticed, as he stood by the breakfast table and a ray of sun glinted in on him, a curious stiffness about his face.

"Make-up?" she hazarded. Then "Oh!" and a sharp, triumphant breath.

"I'll teach that big ape to try to blackmail me," she said fiercely and aloud. Gingerly she fished the button and the hair from the basket and sealed them in an envelope.

"Fingerprints," she muttered. There'd be the handle of the cup and the cream pitcher—but the toast plate would be best. There'd be a clear thumb-print on the side of the cover, and the fingers on the bottom of the china plate. Carefully she wrapped the unwieldy object in a napkin and, selecting her largest handbag, forced it in. Lily was on the war-path. She began to dress quickly.

When she reached the lobby, she found a crowd of irate room-seekers three deep around the desk. Lily hesitated.

The harassed, hysterical voice of one of the clerks pierced her consciousness: "I'm sorry, sir. But we haven't had one check-out today. Not one!"

The little breeze of a hunch blew upon Lily. Of course this might be just the clerk's stock excuse, but it could be literally true. It was still early.

And wouldn't the big ape have had to have a room in the hotel? She didn't believe he could get in, together with his partner and a camera, without being questioned. This was a strict hotel. And if no guest had left so far, then the ape might still be there.

LOOKING around, she selected a chair, inconspicuously crouched behind a drooping palm but commanding a view of elevators and desk, and began her vigil.

The hours seeped slowly by. The mob around the desk seemed always the same, but none remotely resembled the big ape.

Between the hours of 12 and 2, when everybody flocked into the dining-rooms, Lily felt she had reached the bottom of the pit. At 3 she decided she was so stiff she's never be able to move again. She might have tried a short walk to ease her aching muscles, but if she did so she'd risk losing her perch. So, when the big hands of the clock reached 4.30, Lily gave up.

Stiffly she rose and entered an elevator. Dumbly she fished in her bag for the key outside the door of 1042. "Why in heaven's name do they keep a hotel lobby so hot?" she wondered, and tootered across the sill. There she froze, her eyes blinking.

"It can't be done even with mirrors," she cried wildly. "Even with mirrors I wouldn't wear a magenta dress!"

The woman seated by the window took this statement in her stride. She raised her head, and huge eyes regarded Lily.

At first look, the resemblance between them was striking. At second, one saw the subtle differences. The woman's golden hair was not the pale, fresh, untouched gold of Lily's. The woman's face, though beautiful, was drawn by a blunter crayon than Lily's exquisitely chiselled features. And the woman's huge amber eyes held a hardness that did not lurk in Lily's gaze.

"What are you doing in my room?" Lily demanded, when she had caught her breath.

"It isn't your room," the woman answered. "You've made a mistake, I always have 1042. Have for twent.....It's a superstition," she added good-humouredly.

"But it is mine. See, I have the key. And where are all our things?"

"I don't know, honey. You'd better ask the manager."

"I'll ask him all right," said Lily grimly. Her temper was at the cracking point. She snatched up the phone and said heatedly: "This is room 1042. I want the manager up here immediately."

SHE slammed down the receiver with a satisfying bang and looked around. The woman's possessions were all over the place. Lily's eye was caught by a vase of gorgeous red roses.

"Pretty, aren't they?" said the woman.

Lily nodded. A sad little pain tugged at her heart. Jason was always so thoughtful about sending her flowers. And this was the first business trip she'd ever come on with him. She wished he had thought to send her red roses. Red roses from a husband were so--sort of reassuring.

Presently came a tap at the door. Lily opened it prudently, having had her fill of that door. But this time it was the manager who stepped in, figuratively wringing his hands. There had been a deplorable mix-up in the reservations--a new clerk--he had tried his best to contact Mr. or Mrs. Thorndyke and failed--he had never, but never

in his career taken such a liberty, and he regretted a thousand times that he'd been obliged to move them--though he had given them two wonderful rooms overlooking the lake. "You see," he concluded, and his voice dropped to a hushed reverence as he named a name well known in Hollywood circles, "Miss Clarice Farraday always has this room."

"That's right," Miss Farraday agreed. "Been stopping here for twent...."

The manager turned to her, looked back at Lily and his jaw dropped. "We do look alike, don't we, honey?" Miss Farraday opined.

"Wait a minute," said Lily. She was busily adding two and two.

"Were you supposed to be in this room this morning?"

"I was due last night. My plane was held up."

"THEN it was you--not me--that big ape was after. Is there anybody," Lily inquired politely, "who might want to blackmail you?"

The woman laughed. "Is there anybody who wouldn't, you mean?"

"Are you married?" Lily persisted.

The woman gave a gusty sigh. "Sure," she said. "Worse luck. Say, what is this?"

Lily said, "I've got something to explain to you both."

The manager had left the door ajar. Lily, with a conspiratorial air, went to close it. Sauntering

down the corridor came a big man, his hat in hand. The overhead light drew gleams from his sleek red hair.

Lily stared at him with all her power of concentration. Then she plunged. She had to be right. If she weren't--don't think about it.

SHE darted out, seized the man by the arm, whirled him around and pushed him inside before he knew what was happening. Once again the fatal door was closed, and this time Lily, prudently, turned the key.

"It's the blackmailer!" she announced triumphantly. "Only he wore a black wig and had a false hump on his nose. I saw that stiff, pastel-looking line when the sun hit it. And then of course, I found the red hair."

She paused for breath. "Only you got the wrong woman, my lad," she cried with pardonable relish. "That's the one you were after--over there."

The big man turned, and for an instant a startled look crossed his face. It was not very obvious, but obvious enough for the manager to observe it. "Suppose you tell us the whole story, Madame," he said to Lily. "Perhaps a bit more--er--coherently."

Lily was coherent. At the end, the big man began to bluster.

"But I have proof," said Lily eagerly. She searched her handbag, extracted an envelope and handed it to the manager.

"There's the button from his pyjamas, and there's the hair.

I found them in my hand when I came to, as I just told you."

The man laughed. It was not an amusing sound. "This dame's dopey," he said. "I never even saw her before. As for those things"—he indicated the hair and the button, "they ain't evidence. She could have got them anywhere. And why, if I'd done what she claims, would I be sticking around here? Brother, I'd be miles away by this time."

"YOU thought you were safe," Lily interposed. "You thought I wouldn't recognize you without your disguise—that hump on your nose."

The manager looked doubtful. False arrest was just not a hotel manager's favourite dish.

"Oh, but I have other proof!" Lily tugged the bag open and flourished the plate of buttered toast. "Fingerprints!" she cried. "That's the plate I told you about."

This time the big man did not laugh. He moved swiftly towards the door.

But the manager was too quick for him. And, astonishingly, the indolent-looking Miss Farraday was across the room and had grabbed him by a wrist. She twisted it viciously.

"Did a neat little job for my husband, didn't you?" she jibed.

Lily tapped happily across to the phone and rang for a house detective.

In minutes, the manager had expressed a million regrets, pro-

mised to get the incriminating film and was gone with his prisoner.

"Wait 'til H. T. hears about this," said Miss Farraday gloatingly. "That's my husband," she explained, "the dirty swine."

Lily felt weak with relief. She had not doubted that the big ape, once he discovered his mistake, would try to put the picture to some use. And even if he hadn't, the mere thought of a picture of herself like that in anyone's possession was unendurable.

She picked up her handbag. All the weariness she had sloughed off during the excitement returned with interest. "I'll be running along," she said lamely and inaccurately.

"Look, honey," said Miss Farraday generously. "You take these. You've been looking at them ever since you came in." She pressed the vase of roses into Lily's hands.

"No.....no....." Lily protested.

"Glad for you to have them. Anyway, I've got the notion they're bad for my sinuses," Miss Farraday added graciously.

Lily didn't want to get on the elevator with a large vase of roses grasped in her hands. But she was too tired to protest further. She wanted food.....tons of food.

IT was after 11 when Jason returned. "How is your cold?" he asked, as he kissed her fondly.

"Oh!" Lily had quite forgotten the cold.

"I can see you've had a good quiet day. You look rested." Jason turned and glanced at the roses. "Flowers all right?" he asked in an offhand way.

LILY had been semi-recumbent in a large overstuffed chair, her little feet propped on a hassock. She sat bolt upright. "Do you mean you sent me those roses?" she exclaimed.

"Well, who else would be sending my girl red roses, I'd like to know?" Jason responded.



Irate Wife (to juggler husband)
"Your son has stolen the mango which I bought this morning in the bazaar. You had better juggle and produce one now before you leave for your shows!"

Lily choked. That woman! Giving her her own roses with a grand air! And after all she, Lily, had done to trap the woman's own blackmailer!

THEN a second thought, hard on the heels of the first, smote her—a warm, lovely thought. Jason had sent her red roses.

"Darling," she cried, "it's simply heavenly to be with you in Chicago!"

—(Copyright)

ENDLESS BLOSSOM!—(Continued from page 27)

into bed. Kitty stirred slightly and blinked up into the dark, but said nothing as Tom settled down with a contented little grunt. She was not asleep, but had been lying thinking while the two men had talked down.

SHE was thinking that Jack had not improved. He was clever—you could see that—but he lacked balance, somehow. The balance of—well, of Tom, who saw life as a garden that grew under one's hands and blossomed, to blossom again and give its fresh blooming in an endless chain to the long years of the future.

She thought of her four children, four new, fresh characters that had grown out of the strange miracle of their love,

four creatures who would go into the world with something of the sweetness of Tom's eyes blooming in their own, who would—she prayed—find love and plant fresh seeds in that infinite garden that she and Tom had started.

She sighed a little and turned over. "Poor Jack," she mused, "he'll find all the success and money he ever wants, but he's blind to the greatest beauty of all in the world. He'll never know what real happiness is."

BUT Jack, turning into bed less than ten feet away beyond the wall, grinned to himself in the darkness. "Poor Tom!" he muttered. "Poor old Tom! Still, I suppose he's happy." —(Copyright)

DREAMING OVER THE YEARS!

BY DAVIS FITZHUGH

HOT nights in New York when the air is limp and all freshness gone out of it, the door of the Mohawk hotel stands open like a mouth of stone—a soiled, gasping mouth sucking in air off Sixth Ave.

This night is hot, it's August, and the girl coming down the avenue is walking slowly. She turns through the doorway and moves down a long corridor that is like a subterranean passage

except for the night clerk, out of sight somewhere behind the desk, tapping on his typewriter. She stops, listens for a moment to the sound. Keys echoing in an empty lobby. Someone pecking in a tomb. Pecking and pecking, trying to get out.

When she steps across the tile floor towards the counter the typing stops abruptly. The head of the clerk is thrust up. It is a young face and his hair is dark

Life in New York is exciting to many but to Boots, the young woman, it is rather drab and dull. She compares her hotel room to a rat trap; her sleep is disturbed by dreams of a giant who lifts the roof and laughs at her. The young hotel clerk stops pounding his typewriter to listen to her story of a gay and glittering past. When he reveals his plans for a brighter future elsewhere, the woman begins to admire him. ...

with its tile walls and bright lights burning in the ceiling. Her high heels echo and the sound races ahead through the corridor.

Entering the lobby, she pauses a moment face to face with a familiar sign. It is a placard drawn into squares listing the names of doctors, dentists, barber shops, an all-night movie. The narrow lobby is deserted

and close-cut. His collar is open and the knot of his tie swings limply on his shirt front.

"Hello, Boots," he says. "What's up? You're back early."

THE girl stands before the counter fumbling at the back of her head for the ribbon that holds her small flowered hat in place. She tosses the hat on the counter. "I'm fed up, Eddie.

I took a night off. When I got to 47th Street I didn't even turn, I just kept walking."

SHE runs the fingers of both hands through her long blonde hair, lifting it up from the back of her neck and letting it fall. With lip extended she blows a jet of air upward at a strand that sags over one eye.

"Know what I've been doing, Eddie? I been all the way up to Central park sitting on a bench. Maybe two hours in the dark just sitting and looking up at the lights on the Essex House. Sitting in the quiet....."

"That's good for you," the boy says. "Everybody ought to sit on a bench once in a while."

She watches him as he tilts his chair back and sits there looking up at her. "Joey called," the boy informs her. "Three times while you were out. He said if you didn't show up tonight he was going to get a new girl."

"Let him!" she says with sudden irritation. "Let him get two. I hope I never see that tavern again. I'm fed up, Eddie. I tell you, I'm through."

She shifts her eyes and gazes abstractly at the large clock over the mail rack. Her mouth, which a moment before was round and full, is now a thin slash of red as she bites one lip between her teeth.

"Give me my key, will you?" she says. "Guess I might as well turn in."

"Sure, Boots." He places the key on the

counter. "Take it easy," says. "I'll tell Joey you're not feeling so good."

The girl looks at the clock without replying. "One-twenty," she says. Her voice is low and has a throaty quality. "One-twenty a.m. What's today, Eddie? Thursday or Friday?"

"Right now it's Friday morning, to be exact?"

"One-twenty," the girl repeats. "Friday morning, 1955. Yes, sir. The year of Our Lord, 1955."

"That's right!" Eddie says. "What about it?" "Nothing. Just keeping track of time, that's all, You know, Eddie, was just thinking. What am I doing in this gyp hotel on Sixth Ave. in New York City at 1-20 a.m., Friday, August something—or—other, 1955? I got no idea why I'm standing here. Do you ever do that, Eddie? Stop dead in your tracks and wonder what happened?"

"**O**NCE in a while," the boy says. "I guess everybody stops to wonder once in a while. It's circumstance, Boots. You're all tangled up in a long chain of circumstance. If things had been different—even little things—you wouldn't be here. Maybe you'd be in some joint in Memphis, Tennessee. Or, sound asleep in Kansas. Or, stretched out on a slab of the morgue in Los Angeles, California. But you're not. You're right here in the lobby of the Mohawk talking to a guy. Suddenly you look



tip and it's 1-20 a. m. No need to get excited about it. It happens to everyone."

"No, it doesn't. Not like this. This ain't what I ordered. Not a bit of it. Something's gone wrong, Eddie. I don't know what, but it's like being caught in a trap?"

"How do you mean, a trap?"

"OH, I don't know the words, but all the time I feel it. Maybe it's the hotel. Don't you ever notice it, Eddie? You're caught the same as me. We're both in it, like living in a rat trap. Look—I got key in my hand. You know what's going to happen next? I'll tell you. I walk up to the third floor. I unlock my door. I walk into that little room that ain't much bigger than a grave and stretch out on the bed. I listen. Nothing—I don't hear a thing. Okay, so I turn out the light. Pretty soon I hear him moving around."

"Who?" the clerk says.

"Him. The big guy. He's like a giant or something, only bigger. He's outside my window. If I lie still long enough I can hear him chuckling to himself. Next thing I hear his hand on the roof. I hear his fingers reaching around the chimney and under the eaves. Then, little, by little, he edges the roof up and looks in. I can see his head against the night sky. He tips the roof up and peeps in. Then he laughs. 'Look how many,' he says. 'All kinds. Look at 'em! Big ones, little ones, fat ones, skinny ones.'

"I quit breathing, Eddie. I don't move a muscle. After a while he sets the roof down and starts laughing again—loud this time, and slapping his hand on his thigh. I hear him when he moves off, stepping over cars parked in the dark. Going to some other trap to look in. Eddie, it's awful! I got to get out of here. 'Way away. I can't stand it any more, this trap and the big guy who peeks in on you."

She hesitates a moment, glancing instinctively around the empty lobby to make sure she is not being overheard. She turns back to the boy: "Eddie, what's the matter with me? What's wrong?"

"There's nothing," the clerk says. "You're all in, that's the trouble. Here—sit down."

He pushes a high stool around to the end of the counter. The girl climbs up. She kicks off her high-heel shoes and begins rubbing her insteps against the rounds of the stool. Eddie sits down once more by the typewriter, tilting his chair back on two legs. He is looking up at the girl critically, one eyebrow cocked a little higher than the other.

"BOOTS and her dreams," he says slowly. "Boots McCarthy and her bad dreams."

"That was silly, wasn't it?" the girl says. There is a slight tic at the corner of her lip as she forces a red smile. "I don't know why I think of things like that. Some years ago it was different, I say. I used to be somebody then. Know what I mean? The town was different too. Jam' full of soldiers, Every-

body going overseas. Remember how it was, Eddie?"

"I remember all right," the boy says. "I sailed from here."

"Well, then, you know. Those big buses used to unload on 41st, pull up to a parking lot and all those big-footed chaps would come piling out, stumbling all over each other. There was one fellow I remember. Freckle-faced kid. When he jumped off the bus he yelled, 'Hey, you mugs, this is our night, to howl. And he stood right there in the middle of 41st and howled like a coyote or a wolf or something. Gee, he was a crazy kid."

"Lots of them were like that," Eddie says, "when they hit New York and saw the boats."

THE girl leans back on the stool, stiff-armed, and continues her story. "Well," she says, "this guy took me out. No place was too good. I even been in the Waldorf. you know that, Eddie? I used to go everywhere and feel proud to be walking with a soldier good as anybody in New York. I was strong for the army, see? And the army, well, there were pretty strong for Boots, too. We had good times, Eddie, really good. I figured I was helping out. You know, helping the boys. Aw, I don't know how to explain it."

"I know what you mean," the boy says. "I understand."

"No, you don't. I know what you are thinking. But it wasn't like that. I don't know how to tell you. Maybe I loved 'em. I guess that's it. The whole bunch—all those guys waiting for boats."

Eddie stands up and shifts his chair restlessly. "You miss it, don't you, Boots? The soldiers and the excitement?"

"I can't help it, Eddie. I had a job to do then. Something that made me feel important to someone besides myself. It's awful to wake up some morning and realize, well, you're nothing but a nothing—like kids in school used to say."

Eddie is watching her carefully. "You're a strange one," he says. "Sometimes I try to figure you out, nights when I'm sitting around with nothing much to do."

"What's so strange?"

"Oh—things you say. The way you think. Lots of little things. Take your eyelashes, for instance; almost like blonde bristles. Why do they always stand up so straight? Are you surprised at every thing you see?"

"Course not. Not any more."

"What's your first name, Boots? Did you ever tell me that?"

"No, I didn't. It's such a silly name. It really is, don't you think?"

"What is it anyway? I'd like to hear it."

"Sara Lee, if you must know. Sara Lee McCarthy. You see?"

"WHY, that's not silly. That's a fine name. Sounds real American—Like R. F. D., Route 2, U. S. A."

The girl laughs. "Route 1," she says. "That's what it used to be. Out of Preston. Iowa."

own it. We're going to be married."

Boots sits a moment immobile. She turns her eyes to the small flowered hat that lies on the counter and picks it up. She sits quickly running her dark red nails under the artificial petals.

She moistens her lips before she speaks.

"It sounds like a good deal, Eddie. Best of luck."

She slips from the stool, picks up her shoes and stands holding them in her hand. She looks much smaller in her stocking feet, scarcely up to the boy's shoulder. She reaches for the key on the counter and glances at the clock.

"One-forty. Well-I guess I better turn in. Good-night, Eddie."

THE boy speaks to her impulsively. "Boots, I'll split the cheque with you. Maybe that would be the fair thing to do."

"No, thanks," she says. "It was your story, I'll get along."

She crosses the lobby soundlessly in her stocking feet, walking towards the worn red carpet on the stairway. The boy follows her to the railing.

"Boots," he says, "I hate to run out on you. Maybe it's like you say, this place is a trap. I don't want to leave you here, but what can I do?"

"Nothing. Not a thing, Eddie."

She starts up the stairway in her stocking feet carrying a flowered hat in one hand and a pair of high-heel shoes in the other. At the landing she turns to look down at Eddie.

"**S**OME day," she says, "I'm going to get out of here. Some day I'm going to pack my old beat-up suitcase and catch the train for Iowa. And when I get off at Preston I'm going to start walking down a road I know. And through lane. And across a wide open field. And I'm never going to speak to another man as long as I live."

She turns and climbs slowly up the darkened stairway towards the third floor.

Eddie goes back to his desk. He sits a long time watching the empty stairway where the girl had stood who hated men and the things they did to her. Finally he inserts a sheet of paper in the typewriter and begins to type, slowly at first, then rapidly. The keys echo through the empty lobby.

Hot nights in New York, he writes, when the air is limp and all the freshness gone out of it, the door of the Mohawk hotel stands open like a mouth of stone—a soiled, gasping mouth sucking air in off Sixth Ave. Tonight is hot—it's August—and the girl coming down the avenue is walking slowly. She turns through the doorway...

—(Copyright)



OFT-MARRIED John Barrymore found it difficult to keep track of his countless female admirers. Once, in a restaurant, as he was making his way to a table, he was stopped by a young woman.

"Hello, John," she purred, placing her hand on his arm.

Barrymore, not recognizing her, did not acknowledge the greeting. "That's a fine way to behave," she snapped; "and to think that you once asked me to marry you!"

"Really?" murmured Barrymore. "And did you?"

* * *

SAGE ADVICE!

Teen-aged Jean asked her grandfather for some advice. "Tell me, grandpa," she said, "what kind of husband should I marry?"

"Take my advice," answered grandpa, "leave the husbands alone and find yourself a single feller."

* * *

ROCKING HORSE

Worry is like a rocking horse: it keeps on going, but it gets nowhere!

AT long last a notorious and dangerous burglar had been caught while on one of his jobs. His captor was a middle-aged woman, alone at the time, who felled him with a dining-room chair as he crept through the house. Her comment on the incident was printed in the following day's paper:

"It was 2 o'clock in the morning when I saw this sneaky creature make his way through the back garden. I had locked all the doors so I knew just what he was going to do, come through the kitchen window which had a broken lock. I was all prepared for him. I hid in the dining-room and waited until he went by me, then I picked up a chair and hit him with all my might. Naturally, of course, I thought it was my husband."

* * *

WRONG SHIPMENT

"Miss Jones," said the office manager to his secretary, "I would suggest that you do not write letters to your young man during office hours. Harris and Jones report that you have sent them a shipment of love and kisses instead of the tar and axle grease they ordered."

A PRETTY young girl returned from a date one evening in a state of delirious excitement. "Mother," she exclaimed, "I know that Ben is the man for me! Every time he takes me in his arms, I can hear his heart pounding."

The mother gave her daughter a long, searching look. "You'd better be careful," she warned. "Your father fooled me that way for almost a year with a pocket watch!"

* * *

NICE PROCLAMATION!

In a small country town in America the man who was the general storekeeper was also postmaster.

The loss of a sale was a heart-rending calamity to him. He had no helper, and when he had to go to meet the mail train he was tormented by thoughts of tourists stopping for supplies, soft drinks, etc., and finding him gone.

Finally he hit upon a solution. He hand-lettered a sign which proclaimed, during his absences: "Back in 15 minutes—already been gone 10."

* * *

NOTHING LIKE IT!

The boss had just returned from his annual two weeks' holiday with pay. He looked unusually gay.

"How was your holiday?" asked one of his office workers.

"Fine, just fine," the boss replied, "but there's nothing like the feel of of a good desk under your heels again."

ASERGEANT took his recruits out on a twenty-five mile march. After ten miles some of the men protested that they were too weary to carry on.

"Three paces forward any man who thinks he can't march any farther," roared the N.C.O. The whole platoon stepped forward, except one little man. The sergeant looked at him.

"Well, Brown, you're a credit to the company—the only man ready to march on."

"March on!" cried Brown. "I hadn't the strength to take the three paces forward!"

* * *

MADE IT WORSE!

A sportsman's wife strongly objected to her husband gambling on horses, but he continued to back them secretly.

One evening an old friend, unaware of the prohibition, dropped in and said to the punter: "Well, did you have any luck with Sue the Second yesterday?"

Instantly the wife shot her husband an ugly look and went out of the room.

"You've torn it," groaned the husband. "My wife thinks I don't bet now. You'll have to square with her."

In a few moments, when the wife returned, the friend said, breezily: "I say," Mrs. Brown, I'm awfully sorry if I misled you just now. Sue the Second isn't a horse, you know, she's a barmaid."

AFTER a group of specialists who had been called in to examine a wealthy patient finished, they retired to another room for consultation. The patient was curious and sent his small son to listen at the door.

When he returned, he said: "I listened awfully hard, Daddy, but I couldn't get the big words."

"But didn't your hear anything?"

"Only 'Oh, well, we'll find out at the post-mortem.'"

* * *

EXPLAINED

"I don't understand how a good-looking girl like Mary can marry that fat old man."

"When you want currency notes, you don't care how old they are!"

* * *

BIRD & BLOOM

"Has the new florist any children?" asked one woman of another in a queue.

"Yes," was the reply. "She has a girl who is a budding genius, and a boy who is a blooming nuisance."

* * *

BEGINNING!

"How is your son getting on with his medical studies?"

"Very well, thank you," replied the proud mother. "He can already cure very small children."

THE following dialogue is said to have occurred during a Bible lesson. A clergyman, who wanted to impress his pupils and bring to them a feeling of repentance, told them the story of the prophet Elijah.

"Elijah," he said "before going into the desert, crossed a village—and there the children mocked him! A shameful thing."

His young audience having listened in silence, the clergyman continued: "Yes, the children mocked him....At the same instant two bears came out of the desert. They rushed upon the children and devoured 42 of them!"

There was a long silence, finally broken by the pastor, who asked: "And what does that prove?"

Another spell of silence—even meditation—then a little girl volunteered; "This proves how many children the stomachs of two bears can hold."

* * *

GOOD HEAVENS!

A young man whose knowledge of cards was very vague was roped in to complete a bridge four. He committed his first mistake by throwing away a king on a trick already taken by his opponent's ace.

"Good Heavens!" bellowed the young man's partner, sarcastically, "a king doesn't usually beat an ace."

"I know," stammered the beginner, "but I thought I'd let him have a try."

A reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, turned in the following:—

"There was a shooting last night. Sir Reginald Dumphling, a guest at Lady Smallchild's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a cocktail, his hat, his coat, his pistol from his pocket, and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets, etc."

HIGH OPES!

"Has any lady or gentleman in the bus dropped a bundle of five-pound notes with a rubber band round them?" called out a conductor.

"Yes!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Well, I've found the rubber band!"

NOT TO BLAME

"I was a fool when I married you," grumbled a wife.

Her husband flushed with anger: "Well, don't blame me. I didn't know at the time!"

SLIGHT OFFENCE

The officer in charge asked the the Navy to recruit whether or not he had been in service prior to his present enlistment.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"I was on submarine duty until they kicked me out."

"Kicked you out! What for?"

"Well, you see, sir, I was used to sleeping with the windows open!"

A man had a violin with one string and used to play on it for hours on end, always holding his finger in the same place. For months and months his wife had to listen to his excruciating noises. Finally, in desperation she said: "You know, I've noticed that other 'cellos have four strings, and the players move their fingers about all the time."

The man stopped his playing for a moment and said, impatiently: "Of course the others have four strings and move their fingers about all the time. They are looking for the place. I've found it!"

CLEVER PRIEST

A priest was addressing a Sunday school class. After several minutes he asked: "And now is there any boy or girl who would like to ask me a question?"

"Please, sir," piped one little voice, "why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

"Ah, I see," said the priest "Now would anyone like to answer that question?"

LITTLE PROTEST

After his bath a seven-year-old boy was being dried by his mother rather vigorously.

"Don't rub so hard, please," said the sufferer. "Just blot me."

HE was, to put it mildly, a trifle conceited. "I'll bet you have been out with fellows who were worse looking than me," he suggested to his girl friend.

There was no reply.

"I said," he repeated, "I'll bet you've been out with worse looking fellows than me."

"All right—I heard you the first time," she snapped. "I'm just trying to remember!"

PLUS THE CENT!

One of Milton Berle's chief assets as a night club comedian was the artful way he could pounce on a heckler. One night a drunk threw a penny on the stage. Berle picked it up, bowed low to the man who threw it and said, "Thank you. This week I will make exactly \$10,000 and one cent."

UNTIL THAT MOMENT!

British statesman David Lloyd George had little difficulty in squelching hecklers who dared to cross verbal swords with him.

One night, when he was delivering a speech at a political rally, one of the listeners jumped up and cried:

"Who are you to be lecturing us? Your grandfather was nothing but a peddler who hawked his wares from a donkey cart."

"That is quite true," calmly replied Lloyd George. "As a matter of fact, I still have the cart. But until this moment. I never knew what became of the

THE owner of a cheap watch brought it to a jeweller to see what could be done with it. "The mistake I made," he admitted, "was dropping it."

"I don't suppose you could help that," replied the jeweller. "The mistake you made was picking it up!"

BOASTING

It was at a dinner party and the subject of discussion was the way that the women have taken a much larger place in the affairs of the world than they used to. Finally one man spoke up.

"I agree with letting women do as they please," he said. "In fact, I maintain that man and woman are equal in every way."

"Oh," smiled a woman sitting next to him, "now you're boasting!"

RUDE BUT...

Soldier: "Going my way, Babe?"

Girl: "Listen, my dear sir, I'll have you know that a public street is no place to speak to a strange girl who lives at 215 Central Park, phone 34009."

WHAT SHELLS!

The army cook had just whipped up orders of scrambled eggs for a hungry mob of soldiers. Wearied by his herculean efforts, he sat in a shady spot under a nearby elm tree, yawned, lit a black cigar, and wrote a note to his sweetheart. "Darling", he began, "for the past three hours shells have been bursting all around

FRENCH playwright **Luis Verneuil** wrote one of Sarah Bernhardt's earliest plays. At his first meeting with The Divine Sarah (who had lost a leg) she suggested a walk in the garden. Verneuil offered the limping woman his arm and asked: "Can I help you?"

"Don't be silly," she giggled. "Playwrights don't help Bernhardt. Bernhardt helps playwrights!"

RELIEVED!

Mrs. Murphy: "What did you hear from your boy, Mike, in Australia, Mrs. Clancy?"

Mrs. Clancy: "Faith and it's bad naws. He writes that be's running around with a jeep."

Mrs. Murphy: "Don't worry, Mrs. Clancy, that's what they call those little army automobiles."

Mrs. Clancy: "Saints be praised. I thought a Jeep was a female Jap."

MINORITY!

Stepping out between the acts at the first production of one of his plays, Bernard Shaw said to the audience:

"What do you think of it?"

This startled everybody for the time being, but presently a man in the pit assembled his scattered wits and cried:

"Rotten!"

Shaw made a courtesy and melted the house with one of his Irish smiles.

"My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders and indicating the crowd in front, "I quite agree with you but what are we two against so many?"

A woman once took Dr. Johnson to task for putting improper words in his dictionary.

"Madam," said the distinguished lexicographer, "You have been looking for them."

EVIDENCE

"You say you met the defendant on a street car, and that he had been drinking and gambling?" said the attorney for the defence during the cross examination.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Did you see him gambling?"

"No."

"Then how did you know," demanded the attorney, "that the defendant had been drinking and gambling?"

"Well," explained the witness, "He gave the conductor a red chip for his carfare and told him to keep the change!"

SUCH A LONG TIME!

A man had worked eight years for the same firm and was a model loyal employee. He was never absent, never late—until one morning when he came in an hour and a half late. His clothes were torn, his face and hands scratched and bloody.

Asked the boss, "Why are you late?"

"I leaned out of the window and fell three storeys!"

"And that took you an hour and a half?"



INSURANCE BILL

While initiating discussion on the Life Insurance (Emergency Provisions) Bill in the Lok Sabha Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh ably defended the Government's prompt action in taking over life insurance business by means of a presidential fiat. Critics of the Government's 'hasty' action argued that if the Government's intention was to set a wrong right, they could have done so by punishing the wrongdoers, including auditors who unscrupulously certify. They pointed out that the idea of insurance nationalisation originated from the statistical laboratory of the Mahalanobian planners who were on a treasure-hunt.

They charged the Government with trying to find scapegoats to justify their 'undemocratic' action. It is significant that

Mr. Deshmukh studiously refrained from stating the advantages of nationalisation in the context of financing the Second Five-Year Plan. Now that the arguments for and against nationalisation have been debated sufficiently long,

Newspapers can well be described as the eyes and ears of the public. The average reader is often eager to know what they say. Many have written to us, welcoming this unique 'digest' feature. —Ed. I. M.

it appears that any further debate would be futile as it is proved beyond doubt that any delay in nationalisation would only have meant further exploitation of the policy-holders. What the public and the policy-holders now expect is a smooth change-over, with the minimum of dislocation.

—Deccan Herald.

OFFICIAL LANGUAGES

Many Indian languages, with their numerous characters in the indigenous scripts, may be likened to trees with rich foliage, or forests. Yet it cannot be

expected that like a tree or forest, say casuarina or cashew, a language will reach maturity in 10 or 15 years. But the Parliamentary Secretary to the Union Education Ministry, Dr. D. K. Shrimali, seems to think that Hindi is such a quick-growing plant. In the Lok Sabha he said that by 1960 the Ministry would be able to introduce Hindi for administrative purposes along with English so that within five years thereafter Hindi might be sufficiently developed to serve as the official language. His remark sounds like speculation as the Official Language Commission is yet to complete its inquiries and make its recommendations about Hindi.

It is extremely doubtful whether, within the next nine years as Dr. Shrimali forecasts, Hindi equivalents can be coined for English terms now employed in the proceedings of courts and public offices, and in official correspondence. After such equivalents are compiled, further time will be needed for people to be familiar with them.

A linguistic State may, of course, avoid duplication of the medium of official correspondence. If the Union Government is to employ Hindi and English at the same time at least for five years as Dr. Shrimali suggests, the cost of stationery will inevitably be very high. It will be more economical and more useful, to continue to employ English as the official language until Hindi grows and spreads, is understood by people in non-Hindi speaking areas, and, attains majority, linguistically, to take over.

—The Mail.

HOU TEAR !

Although, in a sense, Mr. Nehru was bearding the capitalist lions in their own den, it was a very persuasive plea for socialism which he made in his address to the 29th annual session of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry.

Socialism, as Mr. Nehru conceives it, has nothing bookish or doctrinaire about it. The progress of science and technology has made nonsense of the theories of capitalism, socialism and communism, which were current fifty years ago.

Not class struggle, which is the favourite theme of dialecticians, but humanism is the motive spring of Mr. Nehru. His accents are different, but his approach to social and economic changes is essentially Gandhian. He believes in synthesis, not liquidation.

That is why he has no patience with text-book revolutionaries. They, too, often become static and even reactionary because they are generally wedded to certain dogmas, which have little relevance in the modern world.

The age in which we live is qualitatively different from the past. The progress of science has brought us to a stage where the atom has introduced a new element not only in international politics but in our very way of thinking. It has verily created a new dimension in social philosophy.

Peace is imperative now not only between nations but among the various strata of a nation.

It is not only a political but economic necessity. It is a condition precedent to the survival of the race. Glaring inequality or lack of opportunity always acts as a threat to peace.

—Sunday Standard.

THE TWO-PENNY IDEA

"If you have two pennies left, with one buy a bread, with the other a flower; the bread will give you life, the flower a reason for living."

It was the Chinese, not Dr. Keskar, who gave the world that priceless bit of two-penny wisdom. But in more pedestrian phrases, the Information Minister subscribed to the same idea during a Bombay speech "If life is worth living," he said, "it is because of the joy and pleasure one derives from aesthetic sense, from music, art and drama." And so, as we all want life to be worth living, Dr. Keskar wants the people of India to derive joy and pleasure, from as many radios as will not switch Ceylon on.

—Bharat Jyoti.

THOSE GIRL-CHASERS

No country is free from hoodlums. Stray "wolves" are to be found the world over whistling or what is known as making a "pass" at unchaperoned girls. There are recognised methods for curbing such "exuberances" In any case, the shameful behaviour of a few indiscipline young men should not be avidly seized as a salacious topic for pillorying the youth of the country. But when complaints about the molestation of girls become common the authorities and the student

community would do well to take stock of the task of stamping out the evil. Reports have been received of late from more than one State spotlighting a distressing situation. In Raipur in Madhya Pradesh, girl students had to take out a procession protesting against the indignities to which they were being subjected by wolf packs. To call them "Roadside Romeos" is to invest them with glamour. They are plain hoodlums and lecherous bullies who ought to be denounced as such and treated not with amused tolerance but with open contempt. As far as possible, rough justice should be meted out to them, for very few girls would care to go to a court of law to testify against these so-called gallants of the road. Maybe it is immunity from punishment, corporal or otherwise, that has encouraged this tribe to extend the sphere of its activities.

—The Pioneer.

EMPLOYMENT

The draft Plan proposes a Youth Employment Service whose functions would be (1) to advise young persons out of school regarding possible employment openings to suit their education and abilities, (2) to advise on the selection of subjects for future study in the light of employment opportunities, (3) to provide information regarding facilities for further education in the vocation chosen by the young people, (4) to place them in suitable employment where necessary and possible and (5) to give personal advice generally regarding problems of young persons as related to employment and training.

These tasks may suitably be taken in hand by Employment Exchanges which would have to be considerably expanded. To start with, every important district headquarters should have such an institution. Industrial centres should have as many employment exchanges as possible. Even for the purpose of adjusting the supply to the demand it is necessary that there should be collection of various types of information covering the employment market. At present the Employment Exchanges are provided with no such facilities. As we have suggested, the matter cannot be left to the discretion of employers in private and public sectors. Both legislative and executive actions are necessary to give effect to the various schemes for the expansion of employment service activities as contemplated in the draft plan. There is no doubt that employment opportunities will have to be created.

—A. B. Patrika.

MIDDLE CLASSES

A fair deal for the middle classes would be for the good of the nation. Many of the Government's so-called reforms in the various fields have been tending to exterminate the middle classes by robbing them of economic competence, appropriating their property and passing it on to diverse categories of pampered citizens so appropriately described by C. R. as "coddled voters." And all this is being done in the name of *equality*! We do not expect any increase of wealth to accrue when the traditional guidance of intellectual leaders with a social conscience

is sought to be replaced by a rabble ever bent on extracting for themselves as much as they can, giving in return effort and labour as little as possible. The drift is towards an inexorable necessity to make up for impending laxities with new rigours and imposed commands. India is tending to be a paradise for bureaucrats, with patriots imbued with the spirit of freedom ousted.

—Swatantra.

BUDGET LEAKAGE

Public opinion in the country has been concerned to know that the budget proposals announced by the Union Finance Minister in the Lok Sabha on February 29 had leaked out. The matter was raised in Parliament by two Opposition members who tabled adjournment motions on the subject on March 3. Both of them alleged that cyclostyled copies of the proposals were on sale in Bombay before the budget speech had been in the Lok Sabha. It is evident that the leakage occurred since the actual proposals are reported to have been the same, word for word, as those made by the Finance Minister. The Prime Minister admitted that the matter was serious, although he sought to reduce the severity of the lapse on the part of the offender or offenders by pointing out that the leakage of the proposals could not have benefited anyone this year. With all respect to the Prime Minister, we should like to point out that the submission is hardly relevant, even though one can safely infer that those who betrayed the trust reposed in them must have done it for a consideration.

What is serious is that there is present a very weak link in the Finance Ministry chain and, unless it is spotted out and removed, it may snap a second time, as it has very nearly done once.

—Tribune.

SERIOUS AFFAIR

Every sensible person will be very sorry for the leakage of the Budget for 1956-57 of the Government of India. The leakage is undoubtedly a serious affair. The Government has admitted the fact and has instituted inquiries into the matter. We are confident that the culprit or culprits will be given condign punishment. About the strict probity of the Finance Minister there is not the ghost of a doubt even among the Opposition members. It seems probable that the leakage must have occurred in the Department of the Press. Those who will be found responsible for the mischief—miscreants of a deep dye—those who secured the first copy of the Budget and those who sold cyclostyled copies of it afterwards of course deserve the severest censure.

But there is more to this also. The newspapers that published a summary of the Budget previous to its submission to the Parliament, are equally guilty from the moral point of view. It would have been more honourable on their part and more in keeping with the etiquette of the Press not to have made a scoop by publishing it but to have returned the copy back to the Finance Minister himself for action. There are at least two

where it behaved with high and true journalistic good manners and in accord with a rigid code of moral conduct. The Press at least should know better.

—Maharatta.

GANDHIJI'S PHILOSOPHY

The political developments in India in the crucial years 1944-1947 are the least part of Mr. Pyarelal's *Mahatma Gandhi—the last Phase*, though they are recorded elaborately with all the inside knowledge at his command and a meticulous study of all available sources. If his declared purpose in writing the book was to dwell on Gandhiji's great experiment to discover and apply the law of love, it is to the chapters dealing with it that the reader will devote particular attention. Satyagraha as a way of life may be traced to the ancient scriptures, but if it was Gandhiji who came to practise it in modern times not only as an individual experiment but as a mass movement the lesson has a continuing validity for us today. Satyagraha, under Gandhiji's direction, was marked by changes in method and procedure from time to time to suit special circumstances, be it the issues he tackled or the human material he had to employ. But if it was a flexible course he adopted, the fundamental principle remained unchanged, and in winning over opponents by Ahimsa and Truth the victory of satyagraha left no rancour behind. The Champaran satyagraha was a telling illustration of it. In the Quit India movement Gandhiji was still experimenting with satyagraha. The supreme test of satyagraha came in the

Noakhali and Bihar missions of Gandhiji which Mr. Pyarelal records with vivid grace.

Readers of Pyarelal's book will find in it a detailed and fascinating exposition of the Gandhian philosophy of life with its perennial message to all mankind.

—*Hindustan Times*.

INDIA ENCIRCLED

India's apprehension that she is being encircled, which was first given expression to by Mr. Krishna Menon from the floor of the United Nations a couple of months ago, has been reinforced and confirmed by the recent statements of Mr. Dulles. No wonder, therefore, that people in this country are once again preoccupied with the problem of India's military defence. It is this national concern that was reflected in the many references to the subject during the general discussion of the budget in the Rajya Sabha and that prompted the Defence Minister, Dr. Katju, to intervene so early in the debate.

A thorough re-examination of the Government of India's plans for the defence of the country is called for in the context of the latest political and military developments across the border. Such a review might impel a shift in priorities in the country's defence plans. Indeed, the requirements of long-term development projects may have to give way to short-term, immediate defence needs. Since the accent in Pakistan's military plans is on land forces, this country may have to devote a commensurate attention and

money to equipping and modernising the Indian Army.

—*Times of India*.

CENTRAL BUDGET

Mr. Deshmukh has rightly emphasised that the building up of the nation's economy calls for sacrifices. "The burdens that the Plan imposes upon the people", he said, "are by no means light nor can their weight be mitigated by any assurance that they are temporary". But if burdens have to be borne over a long period, the people must have the assurance that they will be spread equitably. The danger in inflationary finance is that it may impose burdens on those least able to bear them and operate insidiously but nonetheless effectively. Mr. Deshmukh is not unaware of these hazards. "The road to inflation is easy enough but it would later be impossible to close. We are, in fact, taking a measure of risk with deficit financing proposed in 1956-57 and we shall have to watch its effects carefully and adjust subsequent programmes in the light of these effects".

A great responsibility rests on the Government and the Planning Commission to see that the heavy deficit financing which is envisaged for the coming year does not start a runaway inflation and undermine the public's confidence in the currency. The Government should be ready to take restrictive action long before the danger point is reached. Not only should a constant vigil be kept on how public moneys are spent—at a time of heavy expenditure, there is a great

temptation to indulge in extravagance—but on the consequences of large-scale public spending unaccompanied by a commensurate increase in the national wealth.

—*The Hindu*.

REWRITING HISTORY

The lack of a fascinating, "really balanced and interpretative history" of India has repeatedly been deplored before, and Dr. K. G. Saiyidain, Educational Adviser to the Union Government, told a recent meeting of the Indian Historical Records Commission that such a history had yet to be written.

This is extremely odd and depressing in view of the considerable progress made in collecting, tabulating and preserving historical records in the last few years.

The main obstacles to the writing of an unbiased and objective history in pre-independence days were the absence of necessary facilities and lack of access to many historical records.

But now things have changed markedly, and Mr. R.R. Diwakar, Governor of Bihar, refers to the Commission's "immense valuable work of various kinds" in general and to its activity, in particular, in salvaging manuscripts from private custody to make them available for study.

Mr. Saiyidain also refers to the work of the National Archives and the Government's ability to implement or initiate the implementation of most of the Commission's recommendations.

Even if it is suggested that available historical records in India are insufficient and scholars should have access to those abroad, the realisation of even such an object is not altogether impossible because of the progress in modern techniques.

It will certainly seem extraordinary if, in a country where all kinds of skill and craftsmanship are found for different jobs, the capacity for writing history, consistent with new standards, is lacking.

The difficulties inherent in such an undertaking are scarcely denied, because new historical writing means more than a dry, insipid collection of facts and dates, or a register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind.

The new interpretative history, Mr. Saiyidain says, should eschew both the old sense of national inferiority and the new, rather dangerous, tendency to be either parochial or too complacently nationalist in approach, and though compliance with such standards involves consummate ability it is not entirely incapable of being achieved.

—*Bombay Chronicle*.

THE SUDAN TRAGEDY

The horrible tragedy enacted at Kosti in the Sudan which claimed the lives of about 190 farm workers has naturally aroused country-wide indignation. The facts of the case as reported strike one with horror. About 300 farm workers were arrested after an agrarian disturbance, not involving any violence on the part of the peo-

ple, and were thrown into a tiny lock-up in stifling heat. By the next morning, 194 of them had been suffocated to death. It is also reported that when the inmates of the black hole tried to break a window to let in fresh air they were shot at by the guard outside.

A political storm of severe intensity has been sweeping through the country since people came to know of the tragedy. Some people have been so shaken by this mass murder as to think that nothing short of the Ministry's resignation will expiate for it. The barbaric cruelty and inhuman violence of which a section of the Sudan police has shown itself to be capable is no asset for the newlyborn Republic.

—The Pakistan Times.

DULLES IN DELHI

The diplomatic cold shoulder received by the Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, in New Delhi was in sharp contrast with the wild welcome given the Soviet leaders on their visit last year. But that was to have been expected. His visit need not be fruitless.

"But the frigid greetings he received stems from something even more serious than Mr. Dulles's past indiscretions and American policy which seems to favour Pakistan in its dispute with India over Kashmir. India now regards the activities of the non-Asian Powers in the Orient as the Americans of a century and quarter ago looked on the operations of the European nations in the Western hemisphere. That is something for Americans

to consider. We cannot carry out a successful foreign policy if we allow ourselves to fall into the assumption that all who are not for us are against us.

—Boston Globe.

FREE FROM TAX!

At present it passes for a witticism in business centres to ask "What have they nationalized today?" to which remark may soon be added "What have they taxed now?" Preliminary discussion of financial proposals is democratic, but it also needs restraint lest people's will to work, save and invest be weakened. Some verbal onslaughts on the private sector have gone beyond the bounds of prudence. There is often talk of curing the country's ills by raising a voluntary army for this or that purpose or in other ways putting things "on a war footing." One of the greatest evils in war is careless talk; and some of the talk on the Companies Bill and other far-reaching projects has been not merely careless but has also suggested alarming ignorance of serious practical consequences.

In coming weeks there will be much economic controversy, not all, it may be hoped, too solemn. A bad proposal can usually be shown to have absurdity as well as disincentives and other ponderosities. No one took arms against a sea of taxes more effectively than witty Sydney Smith in 1820!

"The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring



HOLLYWOOD'S TOUGH GIRLS!

Calling June Allyson "tough" sounds slightly crazy. "In *Tiger In the Sky*," she is about as tough as the rose sentimentally kept from yesteryear—bringing a tear to the eye by sweetness and

tenderness. . . . But onions bring tears to the eye, too. And June Allyson is really as tough as onion skin. I'd rate her as one of Hollywood's Eight Toughest Girls.

From previous page

medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death."

People in many countries could bring that quotation up to date. Even ceilings on income, annual taxes on wealth and the rest of it are susceptible to caustic treatment—especially at a season when the heart normally rises above heavy thoughts. After all, "they" cannot nationalize or tax Spring, bird's song and colour in trees.

—Statesman.

In fact, I give her priority in toughness over Joan Crawford, Judy Garland, Susan Hayward, Betty Hutton, Debbie Reynolds, Lana Turner and Shelley Winters—my other choices. For there are all kinds of toughness in Hollywood—and I'm not talking about film roles, says Michael Sheridan in "Picture-goer."

The definition of the toughness I'm working on ranges from the sheer physical grit that enables a pint-sized youngster to lose fifteen pounds through sweating over a dance routine to the determination that survives all turndowns and heartaches.

Haunted By Spectre

June Allyson has shown a tenacity that's the tops. The theme of her life has been terror

—a fear of being alone, of doing the wrong thing. She has been haunted by the spectre of a childhood without money or love.

With a background of poverty-stricken tenements, it would have been easy to become a fighter, a hard-boiled showgirl. But June licked her odds by developing a sweet and innocent personality.

"She may not have known which fork to use," comments a producer, "but she knows exactly how to use people. When June wants something, she is so cutely persistent in a little-girl way that you can't turn her down—not even when she's wrong."

Joan's Motto

Now let's examine the case of Joan Crawford. "Joan's toughness," says a friend, "lies in her ability to sacrifice a private happiness in order to attain a professional contentment."

"It isn't easy to reach the top," Joan told a stage-struck girl not so long ago. "You have to be willing to give up everything for your career. And you have to spend all your time learning things... and that needs more stamina than sweetness."

Both Shelley Winters and Susan Hayward are devastatingly honest—with themselves, as well as the outside world. Two little girls from Brooklyn, both Shelley and Susan favour the direct approach to life and its problems.

Says Shelley; "Even as a young girl I realized you can't just let life happen to you. There is some planning you have to do.

Some people," she goes on, "say it's not ladylike to pursue your man. But I think that if you like someone, you should plan and even fight to get his interest and attention."

Susan's Honesty

Both Shelley and Susan were discouraged by their early film roles. Susan didn't leave Hollywood, but Shelley did. "But I," says Susan, setting her jaw firmly, "am **TENACIOUS**." That's a good word for Susan Hayward. Unhappy about her slow progress starwards, her tough honesty led her to ask an inconvenient public question on the subject.

At a film convention, she was invited to say a few words. "I've been asked why I'm not in more Paramount pictures," Susan told the audience, "and I have never been asked a more interesting question. I wish to pass it on, however, to the gentlemen who run Paramount. Why haven't I been in more of this studio's pictures?"

Susan was loaned out to other studios, but her toughness paid off in the end. She got bigger and better roles while on loan-out, until Paramount was only too glad to bring her home again and make her a star.

Shelley Winters, on the other hand, has quit—or nearly quit—Hollywood several times. She was so sure she was a flop in "A Double Life" that she simply packed up and went home—"I decided I'd get some more experience on the stage and come back again later."



FAMOUS STAR Vyjayantimala, posing by the side of Shri Nataraja, the Lord of Dance.

Judy's right

One mistake she made was to cover her toughness with a glamour routine. She almost over-reached herself. When she wanted the role of Alice in "A Place In The Sun," she had to fight twice as hard to get it.

Shelley didn't give up when director George Stevens wouldn't talk on the telephone, wouldn't make appointments, wouldn't answer letters and wires. She finally cornered the director in a restaurant and convinced him that she could do a good job.

A different kind of toughness lies behind Judy Garland's successful comeback. She, too, has learned to use yesterday's heartaches to develop better tomorrows. Toughness brought her to the top once and has done it again. Judy's winning fight against unhappiness and sickness is an old story now.

And do you think it was easy for Judy to face live audiences in different parts of the country on opening nights? But....

"I'M HAPPIER THAN I'VE EVER BEEN." SHE SAYS TODAY.... "JUST BEING MYSELF."

Debbie Reynolds too knows the price she must pay for stardom. You don't think Debbie is tough? Listen. "I lose fifteen pounds in every new movie I make," she confesses. "How? Learning—and doing my best."

Not content with what she has already achieved, she spends the major share of her precious free time in lessons, endeavour-

ing constantly to improve her technique as an actress.

Debbie is her own sternest critic. "My ambition is to learn to dance very well, which might take years. When I'm not making a picture, I take lessons in dancing, singing and dramatics." She adds: "Someday I'll do good musical comedies."

Broken Marriages

A different kind of toughness exists in Betty Hutton and Lana Turner. Both have endured unhappy broken marriages. Both desperately want successful marriages, not only for themselves, but for their children.

"What I didn't have, I want for my children," says Betty, who has been fighting her own battles since she was fourteen. "I want them to have roots and traditions."

One night I sat in Lucy's restaurant in Hollywood with Lana's ex-husband, Steve Crane. "No one will ever know the real Lana as I know her," he said. "She is a girl who can't use a make-up kit sparingly and dabs the stuff on thickly."

Clear Fact

"She does it professionally and she does it privately. Lana thinks that a veneer in Hollywood is like armour—that it's fully protective and that any softness that lies underneath will go unscathed."

He went on: "All that Lana has to learn is to recognise which is the veneer and which is her true self. When that happens, she will find happiness."

Well, there you have Hollywood's Eight Toughest Girls and what made them that way. And studying their stories reveals one very clear fact: toughness doesn't mean shallowness or cattiness.

FILM ON BUDDHA

The 2500th birthday of Lord Buddha is to be celebrated on a grand scale. Apart from the many religious activities being arranged by the authorities concerned, the brighter side of the celebrations is rather interesting. Bimal Roy is making a documentary based on the life story of Buddha. His documentary unit having completed work in Calcutta is on tour through important Buddhist centres for picturisation. The other arrangements are in the making. The preliminary work on the project will have to be shot with locations in Ceylon and Burma.

Nimmi To Act

In Bombay is Dr. Madhusudan Ganju, Indian Press attache in Bangkok, Thailand, who has come here to make arrangements for filming a movie on Buddha. Thailand is a place where the people are a deeply religious lot. Because of Dr. Ganju's extensive study of Buddha's history, his services have been loaned for the filming of Buddha's episode. The picture will be directed by Hemen Gupta and the chief female character is Nimmi. Mangala, a new find from Bengal, is also playing a major role, writes the Bombay correspondent of the Hindustan Standard.

The film which will be made by Thai Information Services will be in Hindi and dubbed in Siamese, Ceylonese, Burmese, Cantonese, Japanese and English. Every country in South-East Asia where Buddhism has spread will be depicted in it. It will be in colour, made for the international market and through this picture Dr. Ganju proposes to show the cultural affinity between the various South-East Asian countries and the part India has played in bringing about that cultural unity.

With this, two shorts on Buddha are to be seen during the celebrations. The birthday celebrations will come off on the Baisakhi Purnima day in May this year at Bodh Gaya where Lord Buddha attained enlightenment. The celebrations will continue till November or December.

SNAKES STEAL SHOW!

Right now the South Indian film industry seems to be gripped with the "snake cult." Snakes keep on running, reel after reel, sometimes ferociously and sometimes fascinatingly. Even in the "socials" they sneak around!

The tremendous success of "Nagin" which ran in Madras to jubilee weeks seems to have induced the producers to realize the potentialities of charm that snakes are capable of. Soon after "Nagin" came "Kanavane Kankanda Deivam" with snakes linking up the diverse ends of the mythical story. It was one of the great box-office smashers of the year, writes the Madras

correspondent of the "Hindustan Times."

Currently another snake picture is being screened. It seems to be heading for great popularity. The picture is "Nag Devatai" which has been produced by A.V.M. The story has been adapted from a Hindi mythological. Earlier, this picture was produced in Kannada under the title of "Adarsha Sathi," which is said to be having a successful run in Kannada region. Its Telugu version, "Nagul Chavathi," is also scheduled for an early release. It has a dazzling cast. For the first time Jamuna and Janaki have been teamed together, but the snakes steal the show.

SHANTARAM TO ACT!

In the wake of all the laurels that he has earned both at home and abroad for making "Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baaje," Producer-Director V. Shantaram is working on his next picture in which he will stage a come-back as an actor by playing the male lead five years after his last appearance in "Parchhain."

The story of this new Shantaram film is written by the noted Maharashtrian author G. D. Madgulkar and it deals with some of the facts of life which are seldom, if ever, tackled in Indian films, reports "Bharat Jyoti."

With the script almost complete, Shantaram is expected to commence the shooting of this "experimental" picture, to be shot mostly outdoors, in the very near future.

Meanwhile, Prabhat Kumar, Shantaram's son, who makes his directorial debut in Rajkamal's next social "Toofan Aur Diya," is said to be giving finishing touches to his maiden venture.

A STAR IS BORN!

Fame in a night! Unknown actress steps into leading part. A new star is born!

It still happens. But usually there is a difference between the discoveries of to-day and those of twenty years ago.

To-day, a girl may be "spotted" by a director or scout in the most unlikely place—serving as a waitress in a restaurant, at a society party—but before she faces the public she's put through a concentrated course of training. Unless, of course, she has already studied acting, as many of them have when "discovered."

Turning Point.

Turning point in the career of Jill Ireland was a haircut. Shopping one day in London, she noticed her reflection in a shop window and suddenly thought how dull and ordinary her blonde bob looked. Into the next barber's shop she went and had it all cut off, except a sleek, boyish cap of gleaming gold.

A few weeks later, in the same barber's shop, agent Bill Watts happened to look up at the blonde boy sitting next to him, waiting his turn—and realized that it wasn't a boy at all, despite black slacks, sweater and short cropped hair. He talked to her and learned she was an acrobatic dancer.

'Rave' Notices

As a result of that meeting, Jill got a solo dancing spot in "Oh, Rosalinda!," a part in "Simon and Laura" and now, at nineteen, has a contract with the Rank Organization, writes Alison Barnes in *Tit-Bits*.

Betsy Palmer, who can be seen in a tragic role in "Queen Bee," and a gay one in "Mr. Roberts," graduated with honours from her university—and only took up acting because an aptitude test pointed clearly to drama as the career for her.

Then consider the exciting case of Anna Massey, seventeen-year-old daughter of Adrienne Allan and Raymond Massey, whose very first appearance on any stage was in the West End production of "The Reluctant Debutante" in which she got rave notices.

Instant Hit

Anna had had no formal theatrical training at all when she went with her mother to the annual matinee of R. A. D. A. which playwright William Douglas Home was attending in the hope of finding a girl to star in his play. When the performance was over, Anna was talking to Robert Morley. "Who is the redhaired girl talking to Morley?" asked Douglas Home and so began a career on the West End stage which has led to a contract with London Films.

Twenty-two-year-old Mary Ure, another London Films contract actress, had, on the other hand, put in two years' stage training before she won a contract with Tennents. She was touring in Scotland in a tiny part in the stage play of "Simon

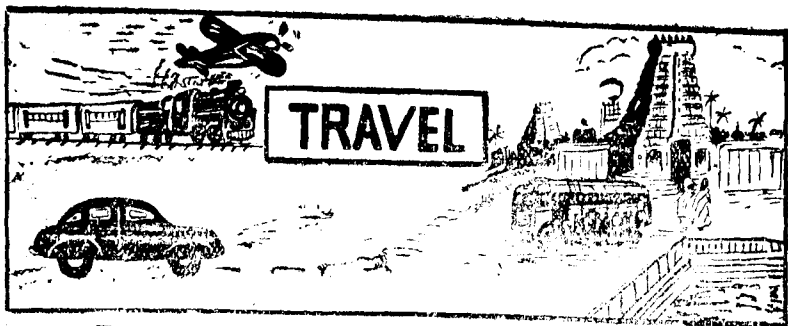
and Laura," when she was recalled to London and auditioned for the role of Amanda in "Time Remembered," in which she made an instant hit. So followed the film contract, the lead in "Storm Over The Nile," and her recent appearance in Moscow as Ophelia.

Secret of Success

The secret of success, said someone, is being in the right place at the right moment. That certainly applies to show business, where someone—producer, director, playwright or talent scout—is invariably looking for some particular kind of person. The great thing is to be on hand when it's your sort of person they're looking for.

The exciting new Italian actress with dark hair and eyes and beautiful figure, twenty-year-old Anna Maria Sandri, had that sort of luck. She happened to be in a group of thirty Italian actresses seen by Brian Desmond Hurst when he flew out to Rome in search of a girl to play a Bedouin in "The Black Tent." She looked just right and was brought back to co-star with Anthony Steel and Donald Sinden.

In "Count Three and Pray" there is a dynamic newcomer Joanne Woodward, who has a pixie personality, a voice like a foghorn and charms you completely despite untidy urchin hair, a total absence of make-up and old jeans. Specifications for the actress needed were exact; they stated, "great physical beauty plus an inner spiritual appeal." Joanne Woodward was found doing TV and Broadway stage work.



THIS IS HOLY BANARAS

ABOUT 400 miles from Calcutta, stands Banaras, the most ancient city of India and the centre of Hinduism. It stands on the banks of the Ganga, the holy river to which millions of pilgrimages are made yearly, and where, in the shadow of innumerable temples live more than 30,000 mendicants for despite differences of creed and manifold misdeeds, those who pass beyond this life in the

compass of what is known as the Panch Khosi, go straight to Heaven.

From dawn till dusk the bells of the temples proclaim that the priests are busy; funeral pyres burn day and night and the ashes of the dead are brought from all over India to be thrown into the waters of the Ganga.

The origins of the city are lost in antiquity, but it is known to

have been a centre of religious activity in days before records were kept, and it is to Banaras that Buddha journeyed from Gaya to preach his first sermon in what was then a deer park.

After the decline of Buddhism in India the religious heart of Banaras moved from its old site in the deer park to the place it now occupies, along a crescent sweep of the sacred life-giving Ganga.

Of the many temples in the City, perhaps the most famous is the one dedicated to Siva, Lord of the Universe. Owing to the closeness of the narrow streets around it, the full magnificence of this Temple, with its three towers two of which are covered with intricate designs of copper and gold, cannot be fully appreciated. In the Temple quadrangle stands the celebrated Well of Knowledge, the Gyan Kup, a draught of water from whose depths is said to induce the very

highest spiritual enlightenment.

An Englishwoman, whose name was Margaret Noble, and who adopted the name of Sister Nivedita when she became a Hindu nun, has left this picture of Banaras:

"Benares is an epitome of the whole Indian synthesis of Nationality... we can buy in Benares besides her own delicate webs, the saris of Madras and the Deccan alike. Or we may go to the Viswanath bazaar for the carpentry of the Punjab. We may find in the same city the brass work of Nasik, of Trichinopoly and of the Nepalese frontier. It is there, better than anywhere else in India, that we may buy the stone vessels of Gaya, of Jubbulpore, and of Agra or the Shivas of the Nerbudda and the Salagrams of the Gumti and Nepal. And the food of every province may be bought in these streets, the language of every race in India heard within these walls."



A View of Manikarnika Ghat.

5

GOOD REASONS
WHY YOU SHOULD
BUY OUR TYPES

- ★ LASTS LONGER THAN OTHERS
- ★ CONTAINS MORE TIN & ANTIMONY
- ★ DEEP CUT, LEGIBLE AND PERFECT
- ★ NO CLOGGING OR SMEARING OF INK
- ★ GIVES SATISFACTION AND PROFIT

UNIVERSAL TYPE FOUNDRY

19, THACKERS STREET
PURASAWALKAM ★ MADRAS - 7

SIMPLE HINTS ON HEALTH

VITAMINS BUILD YOUR HEALTH

VITAMINS are substances present in fresh, natural foodstuffs, which are essential for health and well-being. They are present in food materials in very minute quantities, and the body also needs them only in very minute quantities. For example, cod liver oil, although one of the richest natural sources of Vitamin D, contains only one part in 4,00,000 of that vitamin. But the body cannot afford to go without vitamins in spite of the fact that it only needs infinitesimal quantities of them.

The discovery of vitamins is a story of international co-operation in medical research. By the middle of the 19th century, scientists had proved the presence of three principles, proteins, fats, and carbohydrates, in food. But there was a missing link, the nature and composition of which had eluded research workers for a considerable period of time. In 1847, James Lind, a ship's doctor, proved experimentally that the disease known as scurvy could be cured by giving lemon juice or juice of other citrus fruits to the sufferers. In the early eighties, Admiral Takaki of the Japanese Navy had proved the effectiveness of unmilled legumes in the prevention of

Beriberi. In 1897, Eijkman, a prison doctor in Java, discovered that fowls which had been fed on milled rice developed symptoms resembling Beriberi. Later on, a Polish biochemist, produced in 1911 an extract of rice polishings supposed to be preventive against Beriberi. To Sir Frederic Gowland Hopkins goes the credit of establishing the separate identity of vitamins and of their need for the proper functioning of the human organism.

Most Essential

The number of different vitamins recently proved to be essential to growth is so great that only doctors can remember their names. But the most important of them are vitamins A, C, D, and the B group, writes a medical man.

Vitamin A deficiency is one of the factors responsible for a large number of cases of deficiency diseases in India. It is present in butter and ghee, whole milk, curds, egg yolk, liver, fish etc. Prolonged heating of ghee in an open pan destroys the vitamin. Vanaspati and vegetable oils do not contain it. The richest known natural source of vitamin A is the liver oil of certain fish like cod, halibut, shark and some Indian fish. Animal foods rich in vitamin A are, however, expensive. The easiest and cheapest way of ensuring a sufficiency of vitamin A is to increase the intake of green leafy vegetables. Three ounces a day of the common leafy vegetables will furnish an adult's requirements. Mango, papaya, tomato, carrots, green and yellow fruits and vegetables are rich sources of carotene which is transformed into vitamin A in the body.

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Take Groundnuts

The B group includes several vitamins. The lack of one of them, called thiamina, causes Beriberi, in which there is partial or complete paralysis of the limbs due to degeneration of the nerves, often accompanied by weakness of the heart. The richest sources of thiamine among ordinary foods are unmilled cereals, pulses and nuts, particularly groundnut. Diets based on whole wheat, any of the millets, raw home-pounded rice, usually supply to thiamine in sufficient amount. Even if the diet is based on highly milled rice, the danger of Beriberi can be removed if two ounces of pulses are taken daily. The lack of the other vitamins of B group causes such diseases as soreness of the angles of the mouth and the tongue, eye diseases, etc. In general, whole cereals, pulses and nuts are fairly good sources of most vitamins in this group, while the richest sources are yeast, milk products, liver and eggs.

Leafy Vegetables

Vitamin C deficiency leads to bleeding gums and retarded

wound healing, while prolonged deficiency ends up in the disease known as scurvy, the symptoms of which are sore gums, painful joints and haemorrhages. The vitamin is usually found in fresh fruits and vegetables, particularly the green leafy varieties which contain this vitamin in abundance. But stale vegetables rapidly lose their vitamin C content. Pulses and cereals in the dry state do not contain the vitamin, but it is formed when they are allowed to sprout. Sprouting is a simple process where the grains after a preliminary soaking in water for about 24 hours, are spread out on damp earth or a damp blanket and covered over with a moist cloth. The grains will have germinated in two or three days and should be consumed either raw or after cooking for a minimum period. Sprouted mung or green gram is a very good source of vitamin C.

So Cheap

There is one very cheap and common fruit, namely *amla* or *Nellikai* which is one of the richest natural sources of vitamin C. The fresh juice contains nearly twenty times as much vitamin C as orange juice and a single fruit is equivalent in vitamin C content to one or two oranges. Though the heating or drying of fresh fruits or vegetables usually leads to the destruction of their vitamin C content, *Amla* is exceptional in that it has certain substances which protect vitamin. Hence, it is possible to have *amla* preparations with a high vitamin C content. Guava

is another rich source. Mangoes are fairly rich in it.

Vitamin D deficiency causes rickets and deformities of the bones. It is found in liver and liver oils, egg yolk and in milk and ghee obtained from animals fed on green pastures and exposed to sunlight.

VICIOUS MOUTH

HABITS

Most people grind their teeth while sleeping. Many others clench them, rock them or have one or more of 36 "vicious" mouth habits that can damage gums, other mouth tissues and the teeth themselves.

The tooth grinding during sleep chips and loosens teeth and causes considerable erosion and sensitiveness of the gums.

The 36 "vicious" mouth habits were listed by Dr. John S. McKenzie of Miami at a meeting of the American Dental Association. Among them are: Lip-biting, toothpick-biting, fingernail-biting, biting on straws or matches or hairpins or pencils or pens or the ear part of eyeglasses, biting on thread, holding nails or pins between the teeth, thumb-sucking, smoking, chewing of cigars or tobacco, cracking nuts with teeth, clenching a cigarette holder, opening bottles of drinks with the teeth and pressure on the teeth that results from resting the chin on the hand.

NERVES AND GOLDEN RULES

Do you want to prevent a nervous breakdown? Dr. Louis Bisch in "Your Nerves" gives us these golden rules:

1. Don't repress your emotions. Let off emotional steam. Laugh, sing, shout.

2. Remove all feelings of guilt that you may have over past and present happenings.

3. Don't punish yourself needlessly.

4. Reduce your degree of oversensitiveness by getting tough. Be outspoken, stick to your opinions, ask questions.

5. Add variety to your routine regularly.

6. Try to get eight hours of sleep every night.

7. Conserve your energy. Learn how to work to make the most of your time. Don't waste time in wishful thinking and idle gossip.

DON'T HOARD!

Make your medicine-chest safe for everyone—including the absent-minded ones—by marking every bottle with the name of its contents. Don't keep any bottle or box of pills of which the contents are uncertain. Don't hoard old drugs, throw them away. Don't forget that what was originally a life-saving drug may have deteriorated into a deadly poison through standing too long.

INJURY WITHOUT PAIN

It's a mistaken notion that people always have pain when they're injured, says Dr. Robert Elman in a book, "Surgical Care." Detailed examination and interviews with 225 severely wounded soldiers showed that only one-fourth complained of pain, which is a very small percentage compared to their wounds.

TO LIVE TO 100

One of America's best known doctors, who has studied life histories of 20 persons who lived to be 100, is convinced that longevity depends on:

1. Serenity and a sense of humour.

2. Temperate habits in eating and drinking.

3. Proper weight and adequate rest.

4. Economic security.

5. Keeping active.

The doctor, Seal Harris of Birmingham, Alabama, himself 80, believes anyone given a fair break on heredity can live to this age if he observes good rules of health.

PSYCHOLOGY—&

RHEUMATISM!

There is no easy road with rheumatic diseases, for the same symptom may have different causes in different people. There is a definite psychological variety. A persistent backache may defy X-ray, physiotherapy, sur-

geons, aspirin, and prove to be due to a repressed resentment: having to work hard while a lazy husband malingers. A stiff neck may be due to nothing more than an inferiority complex.

Drugs are still the great standby. They are not injurious to the heart, but may cause dyspepsia, so tablets should always be crushed.

Things to rub in are legion, many containing oil of wintergreen or mustard. A recent introduction is an ointment containing 5 per cent. adrenalin, which appears to have pain-relieving properties.

Physical treatment really boils down to some form of heat and some form of rubbing, though there is, of course, considerable know-how in applying these successfully. In rheumatic fever and the acute stages of rheumatoid arthritis rest is essential, but otherwise rest generally causes stiffness, and it is better to exercise stiff muscles freely, even though they creak protestingly.

GO TO SLEEP!

"I can't get a good night's sleep," a young lady said to me the other day. "I keep waking up," she added.

A good many people are like Miss X—don't get proper sleep because they keep waking up. From this, insomnia is only a step.

Most of the so-called cures for insomnia are cures in name only. Counting sheep is an example.

Sheep move about so much that you wear yourself out. Also, you have to stay awake to count sheep, according to a British writer.

A hot bath will put you to sleep. But who wants to sleep in the bath? The last time I tried that, I nearly drowned.

One of the secrets of good sound sleep may be learned from infants. It's a shame they can't talk.

Plain Truth

Another secret, according to psychologists, is not to care a hang. If you can't go to sleep, just snap your fingers, say "Pooh!" and get up and do a bit of work. We stay awake, they say, because we worry. I presume, about not being able to go to sleep.

Peculiar positions sometimes induce restful slumber. When I find myself awake thinking about Schedule E, I move the bed over towards the window and sleep with my head and shoulders outdoors. This gives me a keen sense of being one with Nature and enables me to know instantly when it starts to rain.

However, the truth about sleep is this: you don't really need as much as you think you do. As the years go by, you need less. By the time you're a hundred and ten, you won't need any. Take my word for it. Stop worrying and go to sleep!

* SEVEN RAGES OF MAN! *

"NOW where the thundering heck has that stud gone?"

"Hang it all, can't a married man look at another woman without his wife going into hysterics?"

"Who the blazes has been messing about with this newspaper?"

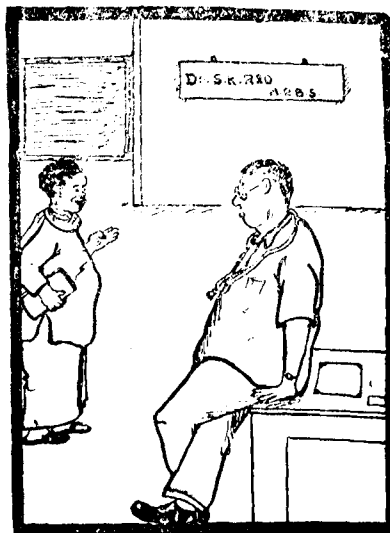
"But good heavens above, you had a new hat only a couple of months ago."

"If he's all you make out, why didn't you marry him instead of me?"

"Who's going bald?"

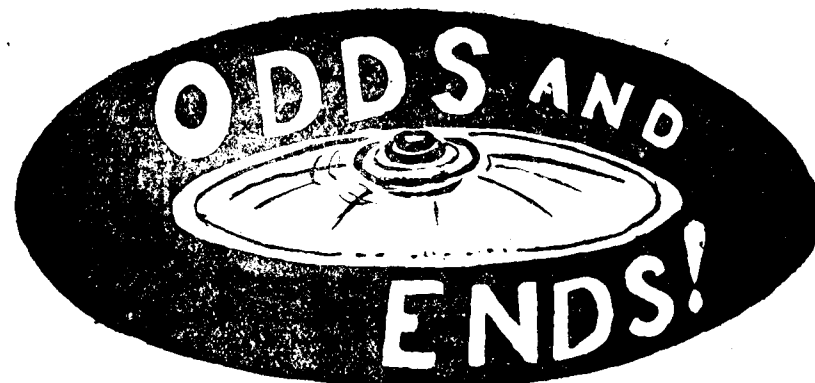
"Have you been peeling the potatoes with my razor again?"

—Christopher Brett,



DOCTOR'S BILL COLLECTOR:

"Not one bill was paid to-day. But the bill-book printer sent in his bill to-day!"



In India's Lok Sabha there was peal upon peal of laughter when an indignant Member asked Government why in respect of a particular issue no action was taken on 30th February and why it chose to mark time until 1st March. When he realised that February had only 29 days and not 30 he himself joined in the chorus of laughter!

fine, but both the dogs died promptly thereafter.

Peter Wishnitz of New York city won a ten-dollar bet by swimming—fully clothed—in the ocean. He was arrested for disorderly conduct—and fined ten dollars!

When the temperature shot up to 116 degrees in an Indian zoo four years ago, six animals were overcome by the intense heat and died. So worried officials decided to take prompt action. The zoo was equipped with electric fans which ran night and day directly the weather began to get really hot. And animals such as monkeys, lions, tigers and panthers could keep cool by making use of continuous supplies of cold water.

An American recently drank three bottles of brandy in thirty minutes for a bet, but within another thirty minutes he was dead!

Back in the 1920s Bill Williams, of Hondo, Texas, pushed a peanut up a mountain, 14,110 feet high, with his nose. It took him a month to do, and he won £100.

When Marshall Walter Baker of Tempe, Arizona, was bitten by two dogs, he hastened to have the bites cauterized. Baker is

A tightrope walker balanced for ten minutes on a piece of rope stretched between two skyscrapers. A Canadian stood on his head at the top of a hundred-

foot flagpole. Then there was the man who climbed to the top of a church steeple and remained perched there for three days. A month later he fell downstairs at home and broke his neck!

* * *

A few years ago a man rowed across the Thames on a butcher's tray. About the same time a strange competition was held in Kent. Fifteen women and twenty men started rolling down a hill to see who could roll farthest. The winner was a girl, who rolled just over half a mile.

* * *

In 1938 six Australians entered a Billiards ball contest for a £10 prize. The test course was a three and a half mile stretch of road just outside Sydney, and the billiards balls had to be cued along this distance. Two dropped out with cramp.

The winner covered the course in forty minutes, but he frequently had to crawl on hands and knees to drive his ball from beneath parked cars. And all for £10!

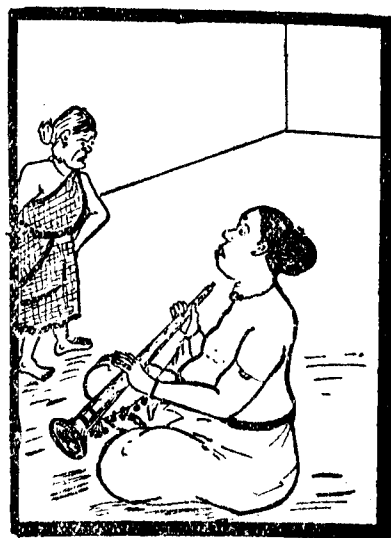
* * *

One of the craziest contests of all time took place a couple of years ago. It was surely one of the queerest hare and tortoise races ever invented. Larry Hughes, of America, was attempting to fly round the world in

five days, using only the commercial air lines. He hoped to reach Los Angeles City Hall before his opponent, Carol Fieldhouse, who was hopping along the road from Santa Monica on a pongo-stick. The prize was a thousand dollars. And still it goes on!

* * *

It has been reported recently that an Egyptian is trying to walk up the whole length of the Nile on his hands, and a Frenchman is to make a second attempt to reach the North Pole on a bicycle equipped with special tyres!



MOTHER (to piper son): "You lay aside your pipe for a moment, and buy your little son a toy whistle for which he has been howling since morning!"

HIMALAYAN MYSTERY!—(Continued from page 24)

to the Karakoram in the west—a range of more than 1,500 miles.

The late F. S. Smythe took careful photographs of tracks seen on a snow-covered glacier (c. 16,500 ft.) in Garhwal, which his Sherpa porters declared were those of a "mirka" or "yeti," two sherpa names for the Abominable Snowman. Experts diagnosed these photographs as those of bear tracks, whereupon it was generally assumed that the same explanation held good, hitherto and thereafter, for all tracks seen in the Himalayan snows.

"As pointed out at the time, this was, of course, a complete non sequitur, for in the same year (1937) I myself had seen tracks at 19,000 ft. on the Snow Lake at the head of the Biafo Glacier in the Karakoram which were roughly circular and about a foot in diameter. They were certainly not bear tracks, for we had the opportunity to study plenty of these a few days later at a much lower altitude. My sherpas said they were tracks of the smaller men-eating variety of "yeti" and were accordingly frightened. Nor were they much comforted by my remarking that he must be devilish hungry since no man had been in those parts for thirty years."

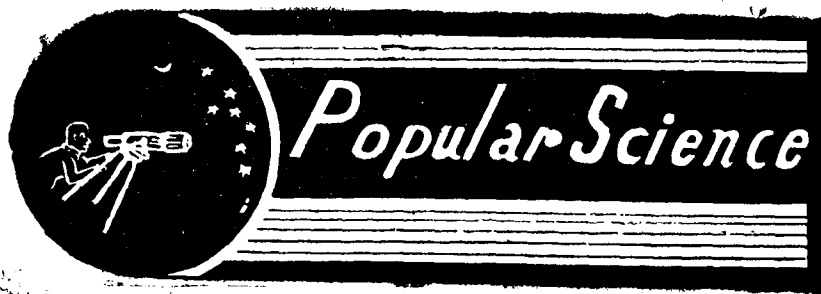
It is perhaps significant that it was not far from the Zemu Gap, but in lower and easier country, that Mr. A. N. Tombazi claims to have seen an Abominable Snowman. Such important evidence deserves to be quoted verbatim.

Having been called from his

tent by his porters, Mr. Tombazi says: "Intense glare prevented me seeing anything for the first few seconds, but I soon spotted the object referred to two or three hundred yards away down the valley. Unquestionably the figure in outline was exactly like a human being, walking upright and stooping occasionally to uproot some dwarf rhododendrons. It showed dark against the snow and wore no clothing. Within the next minute or so it had moved into some thick scrub and disappeared. I examined the footprints, which were similar in shape to those of a man, but only six or seven inches long. Marks of five toes and instep were clear, but trace of heel indistinct.

"The prints were undoubtedly those of a biped. From inquiries I gathered that no man had gone in this direction since the beginning of the year. The coolies naturally trotted out fantastic legends of demons, snowmen. Without in the least believing these delicious fairytales, notwithstanding the plausible yarns told by the people, I am at a loss to express any definite opinion. I can only reiterate with certainty that the silhouette of the mysterious being was identical with the outline of a human figure."

Mr. Tombazi, with his "fantastic legends" and "delicious fairytales," is evidently a hostile witness and his testimony is all the more valuable. One cannot but regret that these tracks were not followed up. Perhaps the rhododendron scrub was too thick or the porters too scared.—E. W.



EARTH IS WARMING UP!

THE earth is warming up again, and that, an American scientist says, could mean:

A "dark ages" decline for the United States and Europe.

A chance for Russia to become the leading nation, with temperatures that favour bustling, energetic life.

Smaller adults in the United States.

The opening of Antarctica's storehouse of resources.

The now-frozen reaches of northern Siberia and Canada supporting the earth's most energetic populations.

These possibilities are discussed in the magazine *Science* by Dr. Clarence A. Mills, of the laboratory for experimental medicine, University of Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Changes In Growth

The reason they may come is the tremendous effect that temperature has on human life, Dr Mills explains. The human body in burning food-stuffs for energy, produces a lot of waste heat, and must get rid of it.

Ease of heat loss "means a fast-growing, early maturing, highly fertile individual, with a keen mentality, and good ability to fight infectious disease."

If climate makes it hard to lose heat, people slow down. There are changes in growth, rate of development, resistance to disease, and thought capacity, he said.

"Physical and mental characteristics thus change, from the dynamic and pushing, to a more passive type. Personal initiative gives way to a desire for security."

North Turned Cold

In the last 10,000 years there have been five cycles of relative warmth and cold each lasting about 2,000 years, Dr. Mills says.

We are now in a period of rising temperatures, and "temperatures in 1930 reached about the levels of 1,000 years earlier.

"All records available indicate that earth temperatures have been rising for a full century, bringing definitely milder winters and the long summers of depressive heat that sap human

energy and change the course of nations.

"The next-to-last cold millennium fell in the days of early Greek and Roman glory, and was followed by the 1,000 years of dark ages warmth, when cereal grains could be ripened in Iceland."

The peak of dark ages warmth came about 850 A.D., he writes.

Greater warmth in Scandinavia brought temperatures favouring human activity, and stimulated the Vikings in their explorations.

Then, he says, a cool millennium came, the north turned cold, and Europe entered the Renaissance.

Lethargy Creeping!

Now, "the same semi-tropical lethargy which earlier engulfed the Mediterranean countries of Europe is today creeping northward over the United States and central Europe."

Already, Dr Mills said, there is a trend for later maturity in girls and smaller adult stature in American college youth, reversing "the trend of recent centuries towards earlier maturity and ever-better physiques. In the Carolinas the reversal came with children born in 1918, at Cincinnati (Ohio) latitudes a little later, and in Wisconsin it still remains only an indefinite hint."

Russia was retarded by centuries of cold, Dr Mills says, but "much of Russia today enjoys temperatures which are near the optimal (best) for human endeavour... hers is now the early American frontier reaction of bubbling enthusiasm and high

irresistible impetuosity. In the warm centuries ahead she may gain the sought-for place in the sun, along with the lesser northern nations of Scandinavia and Canada."

Man, says Dr Mills, "is in reality a pawn of the environmental forces encompassing him, being pushed forward to a vantage point at one time, or held in lethargic bondage at another. Here is a challenge of the first magnitude—can human intelligence find an effective answer?"

Possible Defences

He mentions two possible defences against being unduly affected by temperature changes.

Animal studies show that some depressive effects of heat can be overcome by extra amounts of B vitamins and foods richer in protein. Air-conditioning could maintain temperatures best suited for human activity.

A study by Ellsworth Huntington showed that 64deg seemed best for physical performance, with the mind working best at 38deg to 40deg.

The cool, energising climates aren't free from hazards, Dr. Mills adds.

"Evidences of mental and physical breakdown are today most alarming in those regions of the earth where temperatures are most energising. Hardening of the arteries, heart failure, diabetes, cancer, and many other breakdown diseases claim more victims in those climates than in tropical warmth, where infectious diseases run rampant."

complaining that he had been debited 300 dollars against a cheque he had never made out he would have been surprised to know the remarkable developments.

He had detected an unfortunate loophole in the arrangements not only of his own bank but of many thousands of others: once cancelled cheques had been returned to the client who drew them there was little further proof of payment.

It was this that set thinking a thirty-six-year-old clerk, George McCarthy, whose inspiration was not only to solve a very serious banking problem but to aid thousands of other commercial concerns.

After weeks of unsuccessful pondering, McCarthy's inspiration came to him in a cinema where a slow-motion picture of a baseball pitcher appeared on the screen. Why not, he suddenly thought, a cinematic camera which operated fast enough to photograph cheques passing continuously in front of it on a conveyor belt?

Fraction Of Space

To-day this is what thousands of banks all over Britain use for keeping a record of cheques before they return them to the client who made them out, but now camera and conveyor belt are all in one machine. The most modern of these are so fast that they can "snap" up to 500 cheques a minute and photograph both sides simultaneously, writes a London weekly.

Once microfilm cameras had been developed on these lines so

successfully, they were used for hundreds of other purposes. Filing firms suddenly realized that with their aid copies of thousands of all sorts of documents could be stored away in only a fraction of the space it took to file the genuine article.

Recently a firm built a strong-room 100 feet underground with hundreds of special fire-resistant locker safes designed to take microfilm. This, it is claimed, is proof even against an atom bomb, and firms of all sorts are invited to hire the lockers to keep microfilm records of important and valuable documents.

TEST YOURSELF!

This test is designed to give you some idea of the amount of control you have over yourself. Answer each question with a definite "yes" or "no"!

1.—Are you habitually punctual for work and appointments?

2.—Do you restrain yourself from making hasty remarks which you regret afterwards?

3.—Do you often read books which need concentration?

4.—Have you ever deliberately gone without luxuries to save money for something worthwhile?

5.—Do you avoid panicking when you meet obstacles or difficulties?

6.—Can you force yourself to stick at things until they are finished?

7.—Do you stick firmly to principles you believe in, even when it means making yourself a little unpopular?

8.—Can you take responsibility in your stride?

9.—Can you bring yourself to apologise openly when you are wrong?

10.—In a puzzle or intelligence test do you refuse to look at the answers until you have worked right through yourself? asks *The Psychologist*.

Total Marks

Key:—Score ten marks for each "yes" answer. A total of over seventy shows exceptional will-power and self-control. It suggests reliability and high value as a citizen. But there are dangers in being too strong-willed and stern with yourself.

From sixty to seventy is good. It suggests a fair capacity for leadership and a balanced personality. But it is worth reflecting on your "no" answers to see if you can find a fault which it is worthwhile to try and correct.

A score of forty to sixty is fair. The person who scores less than thirty is fair. The person who scores less than thirty may have plenty of charm but he lacks character.

SHAKY TOWER!

Straighten the Leaning Tower of Pisa? The folk of Pisa in Northern Italy are outraged at such a suggestion! They're not even put off by the engineers who forecast the tower's collapse by 2255. "Think what it would do to the tourist trade," they say.

When Bonnanus built the tower in 1174 as a belfry for the near-by church he intended it to

stand like any normal tower. It was only when the fourth gallery was added and the weight of stone proved too much for the marshy ground in which the foundations were laid that the structure began to tilt.

Architectural engineers who recently measured the incline of the tower with high-precision instruments discovered that the tower had moved 1.2 mm. in the last twelve months and just over one and a half inches in the past thirty-five years. This means that the top of the tower now overhangs the base by nearly fourteen feet, states a British press report.

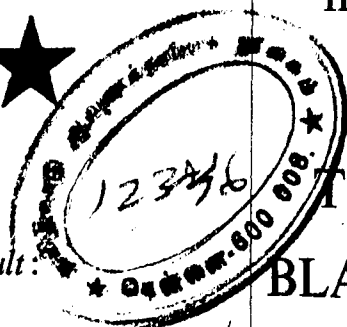
Stone By Stone

And, say the engineers, if the tower continues to subside at its present rate then in the year 2255 it will collapse. Even now there is the danger that a violent explosion or a severe earthquake shock in the neighbourhood of Pisa would bring the tower toppling down.

The only solution is to dismantle the tower stone by stone and rebuild it on the same site after the ground has been made secure with a platform of reinforced concrete. And that would cost a lot of money.

Besides, as the mayor and towns-people point out, thousands of European and American tourists come every year to Pisa especially to see the famous tower. And who would come to see the leaning tower if it no longer leans?

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For the first time she is smiling broadly. One stocking-clad foot is swinging gaily as she sits atop the high stool. "Aw, Eddie, it's fun to talk to you. You're a good tonic for me, you know that? You're friendly and so...so casual like."

"You like being casual with a guy?"

"For a change, it's pretty nice. But I don't see how you keep in such good humour all the time. You like being night clerk in a dump like this?"

"Well," says Eddie, "the work's not too hard. Plenty of time on my hands and a free typewriter."

"You and that typewriter. Is that what keeps you going?"

"THIS is just a temporary job. I've got some news for you, Boots. I was sort of waiting for you to come in."

"What?"

"I'm leaving, Boots. Tomorrow."

"Quit it, Eddie. You're kidding me. You're stuck here the same as me."

The swinging foot suddenly comes to rest on the stool. "You're fooling, aren't you, Eddie?"

"I'm leaving, Boots," he repeats. "I've found a way out of this trap you're talking about."

She watches his face, trying to read the answer in the steady eyes and set chin.

"Tomorrow," he says.

SHE feels a sudden panic. "How?" she says, but the word hardly comes out. There is a quick rush of terror like something racing inside her. "Tell me, Eddie."

The boy turns to the drawer of the desk and brings out a slip of paper, a cheque printed on green paper. "Here," he says. "take a look at this."

She glances at it quickly. "Three hundred dollars!" she exclaims. "Edward L. Mallory."

Is that you, Eddie?"

"That's me."

"Oh, Eddie, what happened? Where'd it come from?"

Eddie points to the typewriter. "Nearly a year now I've been sitting here pounding the keyboard and beating my brains out. About a month ago I took an armload of stuff around to a fellow I know, an agent. He picked out three or four stories."

"You mean he bought them?"

"No, but he sold a story for me. Only one so far. It's to be published in a few weeks."

"Eddie.....Oh, that's swell! That's fine! Hey—you're a writer, you know that? It's wonderful, Eddie. What's the story about?"

"That's the part I wanted to explain. I thought maybe I'd better talk to you about it. You remember how you used to sit around here and tell me about your grandfather's place in Iowa? And the big red barn?"

"Yeah, I remember."

"And you told me about the fat boy on the next farm—the fat boy with the sweaty hands?"

"What about him?"

"The one who used to tell everything he knew—sitting in the back of the school bus whispering to the other boys?"

"I know. Get to the point."

"Well, I wrote a story about you and him. It's called The First stone."

"I don't get it."

"It's a quotation, Boots. From the Bible. 'Let him among you who is without—'"

"I know, skip it."

THE girl on the stool looks out across the empty lobby, her eyes following the worn red carpet that leads up the stairway to the first landing. Her eyes are unblinking and the blonde lashes stand up as straight as ever.

"Are you mad?" the boy asks.

"No," she says turning back to him. "Why should I be mad?"

"Well, for one thing, you might think I had exploited you."

"How do you mean, exploited?"

"Used you."

Oh, well, what's the dif?"

Suddenly she leans forward with her elbows on her knees. "Gee, Eddie, I can't get over it. Me in a story. Boots McCarthy. Do you think people will want to read it?"

"Why not? It's a human sort of drama."

"Is it?"

"Of course. It happens to everyone. Maybe not that way, Maybe it turns out different, but it happens."

"Yeah, it happens all right. But who'd ever figure I'd end up in print. That's the part I can't get over. It's wonderful, Eddie. Say, what are you going to do now, write some more?"

"Yes. But first I'm going to get out of here."

"Where you going?"

"To a place in Maryland. It's sort of a cottage on a river where a few fellows can write and mess around in the garden."

"Eddie—that sounds like heaven! A house on a river and a place to dig. That's perfect! That's the way to live. I bet you could write plenty of stories in a place like that. Couldn't you, Eddie, if you had someone willing to help?"

"There's always plenty to write about, Boots, for a fellow who looks around. People you run into here and there."

"Listen, Eddie. I got a swell idea. You know what I was thinking? Maybe we could sort of team up. I'd tell you about things that happened and then you could, you know, write 'em up."

EDDIE interrupts her. "Wait a minute, Boots. You haven't heard all about this place yet. It's on the Severn river. There's a girl in Baltimore whose folks

own it. We're going to be married."

Boots sits a moment immobile. She turns her eyes to the small flowered hat that lies on the counter and picks it up. She sits quickly running her dark red nails under the artificial petals.

She moistens her lips before she speaks.

"It sounds like a good deal, Eddie. Best of luck."

She slips from the stool, picks up her shoes and stands holding them in her hand. She looks much smaller in her stocking feet, scarcely up to to the boy's ulder. She reaches for the on the counter and glances the clock.

"One-forty. Well-I guess I better turn in. Good-night, Eddie."

THE boy speaks to her impulsively. "Boots, I'll split the cheque with you. Maybe that would be the fair thing to do."

"No, thanks," she says. "It was your story, I'll get along."

She crosses the lobby soundlessly in her stocking feet, walking towards the worn red carpet on the stairway. The boy follows her to the railing.

"Boots," he says, "I hate to run out on you. Maybe it's like you say, this place is a trap. I don't want to leave you here, but what can I do?"

"Nothing. Not a thing, Eddie."

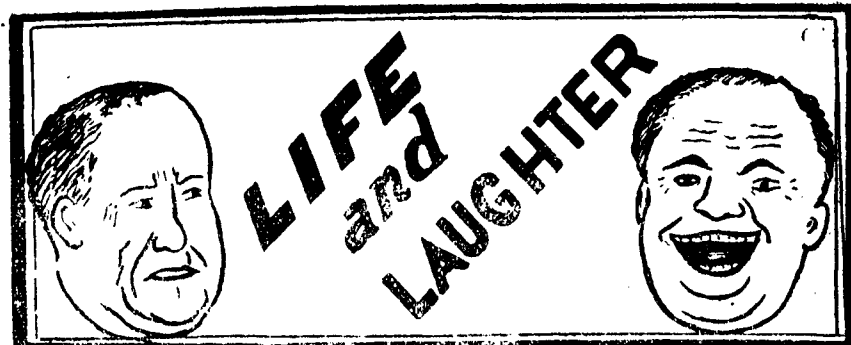
She starts up the stairway in her stocking feet carrying a flowered hat in one hand and a pair of high-heel shoes in the other. At the landing she turns to look down at Eddie.

"**S**OME day," she says, "I'm going to get out of here. Some day I'm going to pack my old beat-up suitcase and catch the train for Iowa. And when I get off at Preston I'm going to start walking down a road I know. And through lane. And across a wide open field. And I'm never going to speak to another man as long as I live."

She turns and climbs slowly up the darkened stairway towards the third floor.

Eddie goes back to his desk. He sits a long time watching the empty stairway where the girl had stood who hated men and the things they did to her. Finally he inserts a sheet of paper in the typewriter and begins to type, slowly at first, then rapidly. The keys echo through the empty lobby.

Hot nights in New York, he writes, when the air is limp and all the freshness gone out of it, the door of the Mohawk hotel stands open like a mouth of stone—a soiled, gasping mouth sucking air in off Sixth Ave. Tonight is hot—it's August—and the girl coming down the avenue is walking slowly. She turns through the doorway...



OFT-MARRIED John Barrymore found it difficult to keep track of his countless female admirers. Once, in a restaurant, as he was making his way to a table, he was stopped by a young woman.

"Hello, 'John,'" she purred, placing her hand on his arm.

Barrymore, not recognizing her, did not acknowledge the greeting. "That's a fine way to behave," she snapped; "and to think that you once asked me to marry you!"

"Really?" murmured Barrymore. "And did you?"

* * * SAGE ADVICE!

Teen-aged Jean asked her grandfather for some advice. "Tell me, grandpa," she said, "what kind of husband should I marry?"

"Take my advice," answered grandpa, "leave the husbands alone and find yourself a single feller."

* * * ROCKING HORSE

Worry is like a rocking horse: it keeps on going, but it gets nowhere!

AT long last a notorious and dangerous burglar had been caught while on one of his jobs. His captor was a middle-aged woman, alone at the time, who felled him with a dining-room chair as he crept through the house. Her comment on the incident was printed in the following day's paper:

"It was 2 o'clock in the morning when I saw this sneaky creature make his way through the back garden. I had locked all the doors so I knew just what he was going to do, come through the kitchen window which had a broken lock. I was all prepared for him. I hid in the dining-room and waited until he went by me, then I picked up a chair and hit him with all my might. Naturally, of course, I thought it was my husband."

* * * WRONG SHIPMENT

"Miss Jones," said the office manager to his secretary, "I would suggest that you do not write letters to your young man during office hours. Harris and Jones report that you have sent them a shipment of love and kisses instead of the tar and axle grease they ordered."