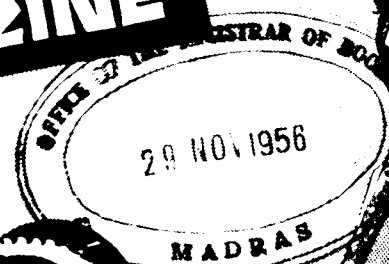


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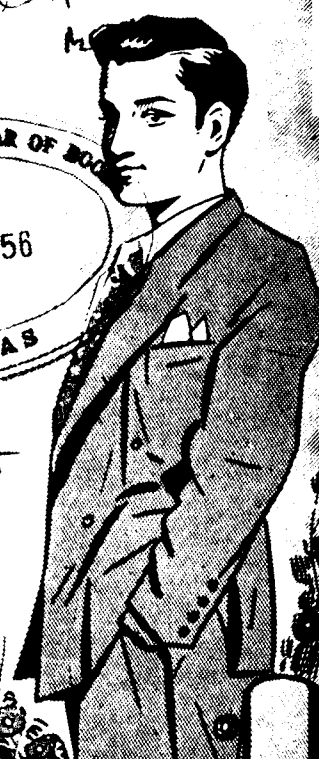
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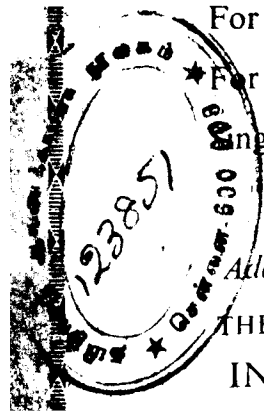
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The names of characters and places appearing in fictional stories are purely imaginary and any reference to living persons is only coincidental.



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Leading National Monthly

VOLUME I

DECEMBER 1956

No. 10

PULLING OUT OF EGYPT

AT the moment of writing, the Secretary-General of the United Nations has asked Britain, France and Israel to account for the delay in withdrawing their forces from Egyptian territory. America has made it clear to Britain that no oil will be available until the U. N. resolution is implemented.

To the two Allies across the Channel this tough-guy attitude on the part of the United States is a shattering blow. When they launched the war in collusion with Israel they counted on the continued support of Uncle Sam despite mild protests. They were waging a war, they said, to stop a possible war by Russia. All that they have done is to open the door wider for the Russians to step into the Middle East. They thought of making the Suez Canal safe for their shipping and trade. The immediate consequence flowing from their action has been disastrous. The Canal has been blocked and is to be cleared by Egypt under U.N. auspices. Normal communication between the two parts of the world has been disrupted and the trade of many countries disorganized.

The two countries went to war to rehabilitate the white man's prestige in West Asia. It is at the lowest ebb today as a result of their campaign. The Arab countries are at one with Egypt in resisting the forces of colonialism and showed their solidarity by blowing up the oil pipe lines. Neither Sir Anthony Eden nor Mr. Mollet ever dreamt of such a dreadful possibility. Britain's present oil stock will last for three months while France has only a few days' supply.

—Please See Page 4

Current Comments

BEGGARS IN TRAINS

The Railway Board has planned for a thorough drive against the beggar nuisance in trains. If past experience is any guide we doubt if it will succeed. More policemen must be posted to keep out beggars from station premises. But beggars have a knack for bypassing them. They may hide their equipment like the bowl, the harmonium and the cymbals, and purchase tickets for the next station. Their object is to enter the train without being questioned and then unfold the tricks of their trade.

How does the Railway Board propose to tackle them? And then there are scores of beggars who plague passengers on station premises. For instance, on the suburban station platforms and the benches thereon we find beggars—particularly diseased ones—usurping bona fide passengers. The Railway Board would do well to examine this aspect of the problem also.

FOR A BRIGHTER CITY

We hold the view that if the capital of a State is neat and attractive, its example is seldom lost on the towns and villages. Lord Attlee who

visited Madras City recently has spoken of its bright and dignified appearance. In his Administration Report of the Corporation of Madras for 1955-56, the Commissioner records the improvements effected. The City, it is noteworthy, has been happily free from the epidemic of cholera. There has also been a slight fall in the death rate. These provide welcome testimony to the rapid strides that the City is making towards progress but in some respects there is much leeway to make up.

Several streets and lanes in the City and the suburbs are dirty and littered with rubbish. And roads are not swept clean. Sanitary Inspectors should be asked to exercise more vigilance. The recent rains showed the need to keep the storm-water drains in a fit condition. They were choked and clogged; encroachments and fallen earth stopped their even flow.

Absence of amenities in the extended areas is, we fear, beginning to affect the health of the citizens there. But in all parts of the City the mosquito nuisance seems to be very much in evidence. Will the Commissioner take some effective measures to check it?

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EISENHOWER BACK

Mr. Eisenhower's re-election as President of the United States has been welcomed by the democratic world. We are all admiration for the splendid way in which he is grappling with the Middle East crisis. The Supremo of World War II has now shown himself to be a man of peace as well. Never have the U.S.A. and India been drawn so close together as now. We hope that the Nehru-Eisenhower meeting will go far towards saving the peace.

—Continued from page 2

Will Britain and France commit aggression again in the face of these cold faces? Already they have sustained serious losses in business and commerce and have antagonised many countries. Their economy is bound to be cripp-

led if they continue this war. The United States is making magnificent efforts to limit the area of the conflict and applying sanctions against her erstwhile Allies to restore peace in the Middle East. She is acting not on her own but through the medium of the United Nations.

But the danger of a third World War is yet to be eliminated. Supposing Russia and New China rush in with their volunteers, the United States may well join Britain and France. In that case, the extinction of civilized world as we know it will be a matter of months. We hope the warring nations will heed the voice of wisdom and caution and pull out of Egypt completely before it is too late. It would be all to the good if Russia, too, acted through the medium of the United Nations.

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INDIA MAGAZINE

Profile :

BANDARANAIKE : PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON

ONE morning last April, an aged car came to a halt before the residence of the Governor-General of Ceylon. Out of it, to the cheers of a crowd, stepped a fragile and bespectacled man in a sarong and a loose, collarless shirt. The man was Solomon West Ridgway Dias Bandaranaike, come to be installed as Prime Minister of that country. The ceremony over, he departed—in a new, gleaming, air-conditioned limousine.

Everything about the scene was as improbable as the name itself. The man in the shiny limousine was an ardent Socialist. Though he wore a sarong, he was a highly polished product of Oxford. And his middle names, West Ridgway, had been borrowed from his godfather, a British governor.

For after only seven months in power Bandaranaike has now joined that small and distinguished band of men who speak for Asia's nationalism.

Until last spring, few outside Ceylon had ever heard of Bandaranaike. He had been Anthony Eden's classmate at Christ college; held an elective office with the Oxford union; and studied law and the classics. On his return to Ceylon, he became a barris-

ter, and settled to a life besitting a member of the English-speaking, propertied upper crust. His father had been knighted for his services to the British crown, and there were few families on the island more illustrious.

Then, in the early 1930's the same nationalist lightning that a little earlier struck Indias's Nehru also hit Bandaranaike. He abandoned his law paractice in favour of politics. He also embraced nationalism as a political faith, Buddhism as a system of ethics, and socialism as an economic philosophy. If the three sometimes clashed, "SWRD" showed no sign of doubt. And to dramatize his divorce from the West he changed from occidental clothes to the sarong and banian (loose shirt) of the Ceylonese.

Unlike Nehru, Bandaranaike did not have to endure jail for his ideas. But still the years of waiting were long, tedious and often bitter. It was not until 1948 that Britain finally granted independence to Ceylon. In 1947-51, "SWRD" served as a cabinet minister. But he remained an obscure figure even when he walked out of the ruling party in 1951 to form his own Sri Lanka, or Ceylon Freedom party.

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After that came the years of a slugging, no-quarter fight between Bandaranaike and Sir John Kotelawala. No two men could be more dissimilar. Bandaranaike was a man accustomed to wealth but living in utter simplicity; a Western intellectual who had turned away from the West to seek verity in the native middle and lower classes. Sir John, on the other hand, was a bluff, portly, gregarious, life-loving man, who depended on the conservative and religious peasantry to keep him in power, and who loved travel. Bandaranaike attacked official corruption, moral looseness and, above all, the Government's pro-Westernism. Sir John countered by calling Bandaranaike's camp (which even includes some Trotskyites) "a barrel of pickles."

In this merciless contest, Asian history was with Bandaranaike. Swarms of young, militant and nationalist monks, in their saffron robes, descended on the countryside to exhort the peasantry to turn Kotelawala out and thus help the renaissance of true Buddhism. When the

price of rice went up from four cents a pound to nearly nine, the housewives, too, went on the warpath. But perhaps nothing hurt Sir John as much as his avowed closeness to the West. He endeared himself to Washington, but he made no friends among Ceylon's peasants and intellectuals. When the election came last April, the monks, the price of rice and Asian nationalism gave Bandaranaike a victory more sweeping than anything he could ever have dreamed of.



Mr. Bandaranaike

Then, on a continent where political symbolism is important, Bandaranaike gave Ceylon all the symbols it wanted. At the first meeting of the cabinet, all the ministers were required to wear the sarong and the banian—though some had to borrow these

By
M. G.

garments for the occasion. The cabinet's first action was to ask the Queen not to confer imperial honours on

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Sinhalese citizens. The next was to ban liquor from state and official functions, and to close the house and senate bars.

That over, the cabinet turned to the problems of cutting the price of rice and sugar, abolishing the death penalty putting all schools under state control, and getting the British out of their air and sea bases on Ceylon. Still ahead was action on Bandaranaike's Socialist programme—the nationalization of the predominantly British rubber and tea plantations, banks and insurance companies, and motor transport. Here he moved with extreme caution, for out of the island's every three rupees of income, two came from tea and rubber.

But far more than his socialism, which is often vague and un-Marxist, it was his politics which disturbed the West. Bandaranaike is a confirmed and vocal neutralist—a new recruit to a band which already includes Nehru (whom he admires), Indonesia's Sukarno and Burma's U Nu. Bandaranaike wants no part of the "cold war," and he sees uncommitted Asia as a great force for peace. The

bitter residue of colonial days is still with him, and he is far more ready to give the benefit of the doubt to Moscow and Peking than to Washington.

Among his campaign promises was a pledge to establish diplomatic relations with the Red bloc. He has gone beyond this point to conclude trade treaties with at least five Communist countries, and join the ranks of those who demand Red China's admission to the United Nations. Bandaranaike has also announced that Ceylon intends to become a republic, possibly still within the Commonwealth.

However distasteful some of this programme might seem to the West, it can hardly afford itself the luxury of irritation. Like Nehru's, Bandaranaike's voice today speaks for an awakening Asia, with its strong anti-Western heritage, its powerful nationalism and its vague Socialist yearnings. This voice must be heard out with respect and understanding. If this is not done, the West may yet see communism gain new friends and results in one of the world's most vital areas. *

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STORIES ARTICLES CARTOONS FILM-FUN

Humorous Story

THE new insurance building had been declared open by film producer Rishinath, and the guests were busy helping themselves to the refreshments served by the over-solicitous hosts. Shantha, M.A., daughter of one of the insurance agents in the city, was sitting in a quiet corner, eating her fill and polishing up plate after plate of sweet and ice-cream. She was one of the special invitees to the function and she had brought her lover, Jairam, with her though he had not been invited. But the hosts were very pleased to receive her and her admirer and did not mind if an extra cover had to be laid. She wrote all the company's leaflets and publicity stuff (all this before nationalisation, you see). They were charmed with her simple language and powerful appeal.

She was of very slight build, and constant reading seemed to have made her thinner still. She wore glasses more for adornment than out of necessity. I couldn't say she was attractive but for all

By
S. BASU

her twenty-eight years she looked graceful enough. She had a few streaks of gray hair but these were carefully hid-

LAST SCENE!

den without the artificial aid of any dye. She was inordinately proud of her looks and accomplishments. So was her lover, Jairam, who worshipped the very ground she walked on, though at times he couldn't help wishing that her mouth had not been so big.

SHE was heatedly discussing the philosophy of Plato with Jairam over a plate of ice-cream when she became aware of two pairs of eyes closely watching her. She stopped and looked up. The chief guest, Mr. Rishinath, owner of Hit-High Studios, and the senior director, Mr. Lal, stood near the table, gazing at Shanta. Luckily, the young woman's table stood behind a huge pillar and was almost hidden from the prying eyes of the other guests. But when she realised that two V.I.P's (very important persons, to be precise) were looking at her without batting their eyelids, she blushed scarlet and felt very embarrassed. Jairam naturally became jealous and almost glared at the two men. But the V.I.P's ignored him.

"She has just the face we are looking for, Lalji, don't you think so?" asked Rishinath, turning to his partner.

"Yes, Mr. Rishinath, you almost took the words out of my lips. If she is given the part in our current picture, she will make a tremendous appeal. Her face is photogenic, there is no doubt about it. No test is necessary. I say," opined Mr. Lal.

"I AGREE with you," said Mr. Rishinath. "I like the pleasant twist of her mouth, especially. Let her appear with her spectacles on. The effect will be terrific." He now turned to Shanta for the first time. "Young lady, we apologize to you for talking over your head. May I introduce myself as Rishinath, film producer and owner of Hit-High Studios, and this is Mr. Lal, the senior director of the concern and my esteemed partner. My current picture, tentatively titled 'Last Laugh,' is being held up for want of an able actress to breathe life into the last scene. And we two have decided that you alone can complete the picture. Name any figure and we will give you a cheque. Or we will give you cash tomorrow before the five-minute scene is to be shot. And you will have other chances, too, in our subsequent pictures. Here is the admission card to the studio grounds. Your name, please?"

Shanta was gasping for breath. But she was quick to act. She took out her card from her vanity bag and gave it to Mr. Rishinath.

"So you are an M.A.! How delightful. We are fortunate, Lalji, in having this find, don't you think so?" exclaimed Mr. Rishinath.

"We are so glad to have met you, Miss Shanta," said Mr. Lal, bringing the interview to a close. "You bring this note of mine tomorrow when you come to the studio at 3 p.m. and hand it to the man in charge of the green room, Mr. Shambunath. This make-up expert will give a few deft touches to your face. Don't be afraid. There will be lady assistants to attend on you. We two will arrive on the sets at 5 p.m. as we have an outdoor scene to shoot. We will be paying you Rs. 500 when your scene is completed. And, remember, no rehearsal is necessary!"

THE two men swiftly walked back and mingled with the other guests who had been looking for them in all directions.

Jairam was the first to recover from his fit of surprise. "Darling," he gushed, "Fortune and Fame have begun to court you, and tomorrow the papers and the public will be raving about you as the most glamorous, most beautiful star of the silver screen, the most sensational find of the Hit-High Studios. Oh, my honey, there is a doubt creeping into my mind, and I am feeling nervous."

Shanta smiled at him and placed her hand on his shoulder.

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der. "What is it, dear? Don't be reserved. Speak up, please."

"I AM am wondering whether more eligible bachelors will not besiege the heart of my beloved and whether I will not be given the cold shoulder," he stammered.

"Don't be a fool!" she laughed. "You are the only man I will love, you will be my guide, philosopher, friend, and husband. We shall marry when I make a fortune."

"Shouldn't you tell your father about your debut on the screen?" he asked.

"Not now, you fool!" she snapped, with an undue sense of her importance. "You and I alone are to share this secret for the present. We shall spring a surprise upon my parents, friends, old college mates and admirers when the scene is shot and the picture is announced. Father has given me full discretion in all such matters, you know. And, remember, my photograph will be published in all the papers."

"To be sure," echoed Jairam.

"It is time I thought of reaching home and planning for tomorrow's dress and other little items. Jairam, you had better wait for me in front of Hit-High Studios at 5 p. m. I will be going there earlier in a taxi. Before the scene is

to be shot, I will be sending for, or call, you myself. We shall celebrate the occasion in Brindavan Hotel. Don't you think it will be the finest hour in my life?"

"My dearest darling, it is my finest hour, too. I shall wait for you till you send for me," he assured her, squeezing her arm.

They departed after exchanging many more expressions of love and assurances of devotion.

At home, Shanta felt restless. She couldn't sleep a wink that night. She studied herself in the mirror and affected different poses. She put on her sarees, one by one, to find out which one had the most stunning effect. Her room was cluttered up with cosmetics, sarees, blouses and ribbons and she was too excited to make up her mind or put them back in the boxes. Utterly exhausted, she dropped off to sleep at 4. a. m.

WHEN she woke up late in the noon she was far from refreshed. She bathed and spent two hours over her toilet. She became suddenly nervous and giggled to herself. She emerged from her house at 2.30 p. m., swinging a loud-coloured vanity bag, and engaged a taxi at the end of the street. And all the way to her destination she was slyly consulting a small mirror.

At the studio gate, a Gurkha saluted her and a matronly woman respectfully received her. She was straightaway taken to Mr. Shambunath, a middle-aged man, who welcomed her. "Come in, Miss Shanta," beamed the make-up expert. "Please sit in this chair. I will give a few touches to your face and effect some alterations on your head. Then the ladies here will help you change your dress. Want a cup of tea or coffee?"

"NO, thank you," replied Shanta. "You can go ahead. I will sit like a statue."

Mysteriously enough, there was no mirror in front of Shanta who thought the absence of it was rather odd. But she almost closed her eyes and let the make-up man proceed with his work. He painted her face, touched her eye-brows with a liquid, and snipped at them with a pair of sharp scissors and put something like a cap on her head. She suddenly had an impulse. "Well, Mr. Shambunath, will you tell me what role it is that I am to play?"

"Didn't they tell you, lady?" he asked in surprise. "H'm, you are playing the role of a very decrepit old

woman of seventy with a twisted mouth, moaning, groaning and groping half-blinded with a walking stick. Want to look in the mirror? They told me you were chosen because of the twist in your mouth."

The young woman was dismayed. She espied a mirror in the corner of the room and gazed at her reflection. An appalling sight met her eyes. It would be truer to say that Shanta didn't recognise herself—the white, wrinkled face, the wig of false snow-white hair, the thin, pencilled eyebrows, and the slight twist in her mouth made uglier by a scar mark cleverly planted by the make-up man.

THE next moment Shanta tore off the wig, wiped her face with the tail-end of her saree and ran off weeping towards the gate. When Jairam saw her painted face and dishevelled hair he couldn't recognise his sweetheart until she fell into his arms sobbing. "I thought they would be giving me a glamour girl's role, dear. But they had turned me into an ugly hag and were almost ready to drag me before the camera. Thank God, I have run off, and am safe in your arms!"

The Missing Baby!

IF any Sleep-Well Association institutes an award for snoring, I may tell you in advance that my wife will knock off the first prize. She can't sing when awake. She is a rich man's daughter and naturally I married her for her money, though you won't say she is not pretty. But she sings in her sleep, you know, and varied are her notes in her snoring crescendo.

It was about 2 a.m. on a dark stormy night. The rain was pounding on the tiled roof and the wind was whistling through crevices in the

was cuddling him in my arms when I went to sleep. I have even groped for him under your cot. Oh, somebody must have stolen him, and he had many jewels on. O.... oh! O.... oh!"

In her grief she became incoherent and crazy and beat her breast with both her hands. I jumped from my bed in alarm. Our little Kumar was fifty-one-and-a-half weeks old, to be precise. Not even a totterer, as they would say. Quick raced my thoughts. Had any fellow come through the back door or bent the window bars to

A Short Short Story by CHANDRAKANT

windows, when I was suddenly awakened by some terrible noise. It must have been more terrific than my wife's usual song in her sleep. I pricked up my ears and listened for the sound. Lord! my wife was howling and calling to me from her bed.

"Vaidehi, dear, what is it?" I asked with concern. "Was that a loud-pitched snore or were you crying in your dream?"

"To hell with your cynical humour!" she shouted. "Our darling Baby is missing! I

effect his entry and abducted the most precious treasure of my life?

I TURNED on the electric switch but the current had failed. Probably some trees must have fallen during the storm and the supply had been interrupted. Oh, wretched day! Night, I should have said.

"Get me the match-box from the kitchen, Vaidehi," I ordered.

"I had used the last match last evening," she wailed,

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"and forgot to ask the housemaid to buy a new one."

I EXHORTED her to sit awake and opened the door. The wind and rain lashed at me but the ache in the heart drove me on. I knocked at my co-tenant's door. Sridhar is a kindly fellow but even he could not disguise his annoyance at a call at that unearthly hour. When I explained the situation in a few words and requested him to lend his match-box, he readily obliged. Being a voracious reader of newspapers and detective fiction, he recalled the famous Lindbergh Baby Kidnapping case and advised me not to put any jewel or the Baby thereafter.

I got free of his clutches when his wife woke up and enquired what the matter was. I ran back, cursing the wind and the rain and commanding my wife to keep quiet, lighted the hurricane lantern with the thirteenth match (you see, the match-box had got damp). What was my surprise to find that the back door was securely locked and the window bars were intact? I asked my wife how the thief could have entered.

"Kumar, dearest, where are you, my precious eye?" she shrieked aloud as I swung the hurricane round and about the bedroom.

Meanwhile, quite a small crowd of neighbours had collected before my resi-

dence. Sridhar had gone and roused them all up with his story of the missing child. Some of them were armed with stout clubs, one of them had a bright flashlight, and two constables with lathis brought up the rear. The police station being opposite to our residence. Sridhar left nothing to chance.

"Come to the police station, sir; the Sub-Inspector would like to hear your version of the case," one of the constables said.

My wife tore at her hair and was too distraught to notice the visitors or reply to their questions.

I was just putting on my shirt when the electric lights began to burn. (I had turned on the switch already, you may remember). All the men unceremoniously barged into our bedroom and looked about. Sridhar was asking me what I had stocked in the room adjacent to our bedroom.

"It is only the lumber room," I said, irritated at his irrelevant question. "A hinge in that door has given way and it can't be closed completely. It is always ajar, I added."

"Will you please come at once to the police station and lodge your complaint, sir?" insisted one of the constables.

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THOUGH I often quote wrongly I feel sure that Shakespeare wrote that cursed line: "Neither a lender nor a borrower be." Maybe, in his time he was too poor to lend money to anyone. He was a writer, you see, and therefore must have been as poor as a church-mouse. And he must have been very unsuccessful in his attempts to borrow from his neighbour.

BORROWERS

But, thank God, I borrow right and left. This habit I carefully and studiously cultivated from my boyhood days. Some of the prudes and misers may disapprove but you can't call yourself modern if you don't touch your neighbour or friend for a loan. By the way, can you point out to me any Government worth its name which does not borrow? Ten-year and twenty-year loans and certificates are floated and issued, not to speak of dollar grants and other assistance from Uncle Sam.

Probably the United States is the only country that doesn't borrow. But if there are to be debtors there must be a creditor, you see. I am making all these top references to justify my position as an inveterate borrower. You will certainly sympathise with me if you understand my

situation. Six kids and a nagging wife on the debit side. A job which fetches Rs. 125, on the credit side. Of course, I draw this princely salary at 5 p.m. sharp on the 1st of every month. Rent plus lights: Rs. 30; Office Canteen bill: Rs. 15; Cigarettes: Rs. 20; Provision-wallah: Rs. 45; School fees for 3 sons and 2 daughters: Rs. 35; Two Pathans; Rs. 50 (both); Pocket expenses: ? (Heaven help me!)

So I adopt this procedure to juggle my way through. I borrow Rs. 50 from A this month. I touch B for a loan

BEWARE!

of Rs. 50 in the following month, and pay off A with that amount. I have gone way beyond Z; only the letters in the alphabet are not adequate to convey the number of people whom I approach for accommodation.

I MAY even claim to be systematic on the whole. I make out a list of all my well-to-do friends and acquaintances and go to each of them by turns.

By KISHEN

There are some class-mates of mine who are working in other cities and earning fat salaries and with these I maintain regular correspon-

dence. And they oblige me with cheques and drafts when I want them.

IT so happened that my wife wanted very badly to go to Poona to see her ailing mother. Since the latter wished to see all her grandchildren I had to send them as well. She wanted me to get a hundred rupees from somewhere. Where was I to go for such a big sum? As ill luck would have it, two of my friends had let me down that month and I had not yet paid the Pathans.

I was puffing hard at my fag near the bus stop when someone slapped me on the back with a loud chuckle. It was Ramesh whom I had not seen since my college days. Greetings over, he said he was a captain in the army, stationed in Kashmir. I gasped. However had I managed to omit his name from my private list of creditors!

Before I knew what I was doing, I was regaling him with coffee in a hotel and waited to him about my meagre pay, mounting difficulties, dying mother-in-law and the necessity for a trip to Poona. His hand suddenly dug into his trouser pocket. "My dear Kishen," he said, offering me five ten-rupee notes, "take this small amount. I am going to Bombay tonight and will be back here after a month when I will give you a

ring at your office. I am sorry I don't have more to spare. Good-night!" And he was off in a jiffy.

Half a loaf was better than no bread. I was still sitting at the table, staring at the notes when two shadows fell right across the table. I looked up and my blood froze. I saw the two Pathans, their eyes gleaming like those of wild cats. I didn't say a word. I parted with the money Ramesh had given me and staggered out of the hotel.

SO my advice to borrowers is this: "Don't tackle your prospective creditors in public places!"

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—Continued from page 13

We were already out of the room when we heard a gurgle and a soft cry of "Ma, ma!"

Out of the lumber room crawled our little darling and the mother gathered it in one sweep and crushed it to her bosom.

The truth then dawned. Kumar must have crawled out of his mother's arms and taken refuge in the lumber room. Even the little one must have been annoyed at his mother's snoring. Our neighbours were rocked with laughter.

In lighter vein :

WHAT a national mania have both fasts and feasts have now become in our country! It looks as though every day either a fast or a feast or both go on in India at present. We can't see a newspaper without finding the news of either or both of them somewhere or other in its columns.

And what varied causes are given for them!—the fasts, I mean. The personnel undertaking them also are of different classes of society. From Chief Minister to N. G. O's, students to teachers, railwaymen, bank-men, postal-men, industrial workers, and so on and so forth—none is immune to this fasting mania.

To achieve a linguistic state or to get the secession of a particular village from one state to be included in another, to establish communal accord or to quell the disturbances caused by parochial linguistic fanatics—such are the mightier aims of the fasts. Other causes are trivial. You must have read the news of the fast by a fellow under orders of transfer, to get them cancelled. And he succeeded! To get the "detention" system in S. S. L. C. abolished, to protest against

the retrenchment of excess hands, to get the pay-scales increased, to demonstrate resentment against maltreatment by a superior or an inferior, and finally, in sympathy with those who are fasting—oh, some people fast. There is the "self-purification" fast too.

Depending on the persons undertaking it and the aim of the fast, it makes either headline news or occupies a corner somewhere in the newspaper—but, it does get a place in the daily. There are others who do not get publicity—the fasting wife after a quarrel over a necklace or a saree, with

her husband; the fasting widow on Ekadashi day; the fasting child, having received a little thrashing for its mischief; and of course the fasting—or starving?—people, for want of food to break the fast!

DURING the days of rationing "Miss-a-Meal-a-Week" campaign was started aiming to increase the food reserves with the accruing food stuffs. What a meaningless



By
G. KAMESWARA RAO



campaign, when actually people were missing at least two or three meals per week already due to the insufficiency of the quantity given as the week's quota!

YES—as the Vice-Chancellor of a University said recently, fasts have no meaning any more in our country. They started with Bapuji and they must end, now that the main aim of Independence has been achieved.

Having fasted so far, let us feast ourselves now. Yes—fasts too have become too many these days. The head of a foreign Government comes here on a "State Visit" at the invitation of our country. Of course he has a big retinue behind him consisting of so many other officials of the Government. From the moment his train arrives here till they all board the plane for the return journey, they are fed until their digestions get upset—a banquet by the President, a luncheon by the "Indo-X" Friendship Association, a garden party by the civic body of a city, a "counter-party" by the ambassador of that country in India—there is no limit to them. They eat, and



Now, don't you agree that we are becoming maniacal with these fasts and feasts?

Then there are feasts in honour of some business magnate who is going abroad on a study tour of the commercial aspects of different countries, or of some "X" who returned to India from the "States" after obtaining the D. Litt of "Y" University there.

ALL these gastronomical affairs get a place in the newspapers—and is it the editors' sense of humour that brings these paradoxical news items of fasts and feasts to appear side by side on the same page? Of course, there are the feasts during a wedding ceremony, or the celebration of a festival like Pongal, Dassera or Diwali, or the function for the "naming of the new-born," which do not get any publicity. But the feeding of the poor by some "bada babu" once a year in memory of his late, lamented father does find at least a corner in a newspaper to show the benevolent nature of that charity-giver.

Now, don't you agree that we are becoming maniacal with these fasts and feasts?



ROMANCE and ITS SEQUEL

AS the clock struck the mid-night hour Bhushan woke and sat up on the bed. Prema was sleeping peacefully by his side, unaware of the turmoil in his heart. "How beautiful she looks but how mysterious all the same!" thought her husband. He switched on the light and moved over to the table. He took a book from the shelf and tried to read it. But he couldn't concentrate and snapped it shut. He went to the window and looked down at the street. There were just a few stragglers hurrying home with cigarettes glowing between their lips.

He saw a slow-moving rickshaw in which a couple were riding. The street lamp revealed a middle-aged man hugging a young girl who had put her right hand around his shoulders. Probably he alone was watching them. The rickshawallah suddenly 'downed' his ve-

hicle under the lamp and ran back. Bhushan knew that he was going to the bunk shop in the corner for a

By SUDHAMA

cup of tea or a smoke and that his fares would have to wait for at least ten minutes.

THE couple drew back behind the lamp post and stood on the platform right under his window. They were alone with not a soul near about. Two hours ago it had rained and those sleeping on the platform had taken refuge in a ruined house a few blocks off. The man suddenly gathered the girl in his arms and gave her a long, passionate kiss. Then he said, "Come every day to the picture-house and wait for me at 8 p. m., won't you?"

The girl nodded her head, wiping her mouth with a kerchief. "But.... but you must not de-



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tain me as late as this. Mother will begin to suspect me," she replied.

THE puller had returned by this time and the two got into the rick. Bhushan stared after the vehicle until it disappeared into the shadows of the night. He drew a chair close to the window and sat on thinking. Sleep had deserted his eyes, and suspicion darkened his brow as he turned his gaze towards the lovely woman sleeping on the cot.

The young man wondered whether it was all a dream. Events had moved so swiftly and overwhelmed them both. He recalled that it was only a year ago that he had met Prema in a park. Sitting on the bench, she looked the very picture of grace and innocence. He had stood there like one hypnotised and she seemed to smile at him. Then she rose and walked away—with his heart.

He had a desire to sit on the very bench she had occupied but some gleaming object arrested his attention. It was a brooch that she had left behind. He seized it and ran along the main road in the hope of finding her, and what was his surprise when he saw his fairy coming towards him? He made bold to speak. "If you are going in search of the brooch which you dropped on the park bench, here it is. I saw it after you had left and

walked along instinctively in the hope of finding you and restoring it. I am glad I met you."

"How very kind of you!" she replied, giving him one of her inimitable smiles.

They fell to talking as they walked on, as if they had known each other for a long time. He invited her to a cup of tea in the hotel at the western end, and she readily followed him. She left him that day, promising to meet him in the park the next evening.

He was a clerk working in the accounts department of a European company. His salary including allowance was ninety-eight rupees, to be exact. Both his parents were no more, and he was sharing a room with a friend on the top floor of a huge godown. His maternal uncle, an old widower, had brought him up and sent him to school.

BHUSHAN realised on that very first day that he had fallen violently in love with this girl. But he did not know anything about her. How would she react? Were her parents well-to-do? Would they allow him to marry her? He felt that life would not be worth while if she did not become his partner. All the night he dreamt about her. The next day he made many stupid errors in the office and received a good wiggling from

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the Head Clerk. Not until he saw her again in the park that evening did the tumult in his heart subside. She, too, seemed to be in love with him but she did not tell much about herself. Rather, there was very little to tell, to use her own words. It was a month since she and her old aunt (her mother's elder sister) had arrived. She had no father, no mother. She had lost them both in childhood. They came from Cuddalore, she said. She would not tell him why they had come to the city. She had read up to the S.S.L.C. class but had suddenly stopped her studies.

Within a month he declared his love for her and she, too, ardently responded. She said she had liked him from their very first meeting in the park. They threw conventions to the winds and lived together in his room. His friend who shared the room, had gone to his village on two months' leave. When he was away in the office she would go back to her own residence and remain with her aunt.

THEN one day she had suddenly stayed away. Bhushan was dismayed and miserable. He spent the whole night listening for her footsteps and looking out of the window. The next morning he ran to the small block of tenements where she was residing. Someone there said that both the old woman and the young girl had locked the

door and gone out the previous evening without leaving any intimation. He guessed they might return since their vessels and other belongings still remained in their rooms.

THE young man was broken-hearted. He thought of the joyous moments he had spent with her, of her ever-ready smile that had captivated him, of her eagerness to please him. She had said she would never, never falter in her love and devotion to him, that she would follow him like a dog all his life. She might have dropped him a letter from wherever she was now. She was educated enough, he knew. He had seen her reading books and even writing letters and posting them. What prevented her from communicating with him unless she had changed her mind? Had she transferred her affections to some other man?

This very thought appalled him. Would life be the same again if Prema had chosen to discard him? He found it very difficult to stay in his room which reminded him of his sweetheart all the time. So one night he went to his uncle's room and spent the night there. The next morning he returned to his room in a hurry for fear that she might have come there by chance and seeing his door locked, might have gone back. So he kept his room open in the hope of receiving her except when he had to atten-

office. The ache in his heart grew every day. He ate little and slept little. He tried to forget her by going to the pictures but he was more depressed on returning from the cinema. The love scene too strongly reminded him of his dream girl. He thought of taking leave and looking for her in the neighbouring towns.

IT would be a foolish venture, he decided. She had once told him that she was born and brought up in Cuddalore. The next minute she corrected herself. "No, I was brought up in a village fifteen miles from that town." And she had suddenly changed the topic. He was careful not to broach it again.

A month had gone by. One night he passed by the tenements and saw, to his intense surprise, that her door was open. A dim wall lamp was burning; there was more smoke than light from it. He darted in without any hesitation. "Bhushan!" cried her familiar voice. His heart seemed to stop for a second.

"Prema, where are you!" he asked, looking into the inner room.

Then he was able to see things. He saw her lying on a mattress, pale and worn. But she looked more beautiful and her eyes sparkled brighter than ever. And she gave him one of her charming smiles. He knelt down and

took her hand in his. "I thought you had disappeared from the earth. How can I forgive you for running away without notice?" he asked her in a low tone.

She withdrew her hand as an old woman emerged from the inner room.

"Auntie," Prema said, addressing her. "This is the gentleman I told you about?"

The old woman smiled. "How are you? I am very glad to see you. We had to leave town in a hurry to settle an urgent matter. Prema had a severe attack of fever and only last week she recovered. She wanted very much to see you, and we had to hurry back."

BUT Prema had not yet fully recovered. She was taken to a doctor who ordered her not to move from bed for another fortnight. Bhushan came every evening and stayed for a few minutes. The neighbours were watchful and there was little privacy in the tenement. Of course, Prema's aunt was kindly, sympathetic and tolerant. She knew that they were in love and did not stand in their way. She gave him tea every evening.

On his pay day he gave Prema half his salary and this she passed on to her aunt standing by and watching. "Bhushan, and Prema, it is time you two got

married and relieved me. I have a sick daughter to attend to in the village. I shall see you two set up home and take my departure. Otherwise..." She stopped and looked at the two. Prema covered her face with her hands, blushing to the roots of her hair. Bhushan was taken aback by the suddenness of the proposal. "All right, auntie, as you wish," he said, grinning. "I have got a little money in the bank. We can have a simple one-day celebration in Tiruvotriyur temple. But I wonder whether my salary is enough to maintain us."

"THERE are families in the city, living on half your salary. You come over to this tenement after the marriage, and I shall leave Madras after a week," she said.

So the marriage came off. The old aunt attended it on the bride's side, and the uncle represented the bridegroom's relations. A few friends of Bhushan's came on invitation and congratulated him on winning the hand of such a beautiful girl.

The couple were very happy indeed though the two-room tenement and squalid surroundings dampened their spirits to some extent. True to her word, Prema's aunt left for her village after a week, promising to return after three months. Bhushan's uncle was charmed with Prema and

evinced a personal interest in her progress as a housewife and paid regular visits.

AFTER the first month, the young couple found that life was not a bed of roses. They had a hard and bitter struggle, trying to make both ends meet. Bhushan had not only exhausted his savings but also began to borrow heavily. His uncle tried his best to mitigate their hardship but he got only a meagre pension. He chose to absent himself on days when he had nothing to give them. They cut down their expenditure ruthlessly. Only two meals a day, coffee in the morning, no tiffin, no milk in the night, a visit to the beach once a fortnight, and to the pictures once a month. He had to pledge Prema's gold jewels and dispose of his wrist watch.

They began to have tiffs too. He was often unreasonably cross and harsh, and even slapped her for not cooking early. That night he was more wild with her and accused her of being heartless and indifferent. He asked her why she had left him before marriage and why she had failed to obtain his permission and never cared to write.

She turned on him like a tigress roused to her full fury. She was crimson with rage as she retorted, "Have you forgotten I was not your wife then? You can ask me to

account for any action of mine now. You are my master."

HE raised his hand to strike her but someone knocked at the door. The couple had the surprise of their lives. There were two men who apologized for their intrusion at that late hour. One of them was an advocate, Jagannath by name, and the other was his clerk who said he had known Prema and her parents. The young woman smiled at the latter and spoke a word of welcome to him, "How are you, Devanna? Are your people doing well?"

Bhushan requested them to be seated. Advocate Jagannath was brief and precise. "I want to go back to Cuddalore to-night by car, Mr. Bhushan. I have a pleasant duty to perform and I have brought Devanna, my clerk, for purposes of identification. One of my clients, Gopala Gunaratna, died last month. He was a very rich man. He was a widower and had no issue. You will excuse my inability to go into details. This young lady's mother, Pramila, was known to my client and in return for certain services that she had rendered to him, my client left to her fifty thousand rupees in hard cash. The lady is no more and Prema is her only daughter and heiress. All that your wife has to do is to sign a document that I have brought, and I have to hand

her a cheque for that amount right now. Devanna, for formality's sake, I am asking you. Is this young lady Prema, daughter of Pramila Devi, who once served my client, Gopala Gunaratna?"

"Yes, sir," affirmed Devanna.

The advocate opened his suit-case, took out a cheque that he had already made out for Rs. 50,000 and invited Prema to sign the document in his other hand.

Bhushan recovered from his surprise and asked his wife to do as the advocate instructed. The two men then departed with a bow.

THEY had thus become rich overnight. They had forgotten their quarrels and embraced and kissed each other. In a week Bhushan had rented a fine flat in a respectable locality. Himself and Prema went shopping and purchased gold jewels, silver and bronze vessels and costly furniture. Bhushan's uncle, Lakshman, was invited to live with them and he was very happy at this turn. A servant, a housemaid, and a cook were engaged on very liberal pay.

Bhushan wanted to resign forthwith but on second thoughts he applied for sick leave for two months. Prema suggested that her money in the bank might as well be transferred to her husband's account and when Bhushan

formally consulted his uncle he advised him not to effect any change. He said that in the fitness of things Prema must operate the account.

BUT in less than a month Bhushan and Prema had quarrelled again. In keeping with her new status, Prema, of course with her husband's consent, joined the local ladies' club. She had now quite a number of friends with whom she chatted merrily for hours in the evening. Some of them took her to their homes, and she went back to her flat as late as nine o'clock. This irritated Bhushan to the point of asking her to clear out of the house.

She stood at the doorway in tears, hiding her face in her hands. Then he realised the absurdity of his position. "All right, young woman," he said in an acid tone, "you are paying for this flat and feeding me, too, aren't you? Well, have your own way. You can join ten more clubs and spend all the night there. Do you remember that you are married to me and that you owe me a duty and some obedience. I tell you, we can't get on together, and I am walking out."

He put on his coat, grabbed some of his clothes and pressed them into a small trunk, ready to start. "Is it fair, dear, to treat me so? I promise you I won't go to the club," she assured him. The tears were racing down her cheeks. She even fell at

his feet but he jumped over her and slammed the door behind him.

When old Lakshman came home two hours after this scene, he found the young woman weeping. She told him about his quarrel amidst her sobs. "Take your food, and go to bed, my daughter," he said. "He has the nasty manners and temperament of his father. But he will come back, I assure you. When I was bringing him up he would sulk like this and shut himself up in his room. It is up to you to teach his some sense."

On the evening of the third day he came back but looked more morose than ever. He ignored her smiles and entreaties, went out to a hotel to take his food and returned at 10 p.m. She had not eaten her meal and retired to bed. Aware of this continuing cold war, Lakshman struck up a neutral attitude and shut himself up in his room. . .

A SUDDEN suspicion flashed across Bhushan's mind. He could not help comparing his wife to the flirtatious girl in the rickshaw, whom he had just seen. He recalled Prema's pliant and seductive ways before their marriage.

He got up and walked towards his uncle's room. He was surprised to see the old man sitting on his cot and staring vacantly before him.

"Uncle," he said without ceremony, in a low tone, "I

want to talk with you about a very vital matter."

"I am listening," he replied in a dry voice.

"**I** is this. I can't live with this girl any longer," Bhushan informed him. "I had a suspicion about her new heritage. So I went to Cuddalore and contacted Devanna, the advocate's clerk. A present of ten rupees helped me pump from him all the information about her. The advocate got my original address from the girl's aunt and came to the tenement with the cheque. But Devanna's story made my flesh creep. Prema and her mother were almost starving ten years ago. The girl's father had died, leaving them penniless. This Gopala Gunaratna was a rich widower and he engaged Prema's mother as his cook. She somehow managed to send the girl to school."

"It appeared, so Devanna told me, that the widow, in order to ensure a bright future and fortune for her daughter, consented to become Gunaratna's mistress. For fear that no young man who knew her real position would care to marry her daughter, she sent her with her sister to the city. And you know how I fell for her. Her mother suddenly died while Prema and her aunt were residing in the city. And they went back to attend the funeral."

"The old rake would not

help Prema in his lifetime. Probably he wanted her to take her mother's place and she ran back here. But I am ashamed of this sordid, shady relationship, uncle. I feel tainted. I shall leave her and go somewhere. I am determined, you know."

Lakshman glared at his nephew. "So you have decided to desert this angel, you blackguard?" he shouted almost. "Come closer, I will tell you the truth about your mother. You were born to her two years after she had lost her husband. The whole society was up in arms against her and I dared to give her shelter and defied the world. I am letting you into the secret today."

"**Y**OU have married that innocent, brave and charming girl, and you are unworthy of her, I tell you. You haven't married her mother, have you? Ask for her forgiveness and consider yourself fortunate in having such a girl for your wife. And don't you ever quarrel with her, I warn you. I will not only leave you but I will proclaim the truth about you as well. Promise me you won't quarrel."

Bhushan gave a promise and went back eagerly to his bed. Prema tried hard to pretend that she was asleep. She had heard every word of the darling old uncle and smiled in gratitude.

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GRANDPA'S

GIFT

OLD Jairam was very rich.

People said he had pots and pots of gold coins and precious stones. But he was far from happy. His wife had died very young, leaving a son. Laxman, the son, had a very high sense of duty and tried his best to please his father. But Jairam would not give him any money, and the young man had to earn his livelihood as a carpenter. The estrangement between the two was complete when the son married a very poor farmer's daughter, Ramani, by name.

When Laxman came with his bride to his father's house for the first time, the old man scowled at them and slammed the door in their face. The young man felt miserable and his wife was very sad and uncomfortable. They, however, went to a neighbouring town and settled down in a very small house. Laxman soon made a mark as an able carpenter. He was busy from morning till night, turning out all sorts of finished articles, like benches, chairs, stools, wooden racks and tables. He became very hap-

py when his wife gave birth to a daughter whom he named after his deceased mother, Rukmini.

But the young carpenter was not destined to live long. After a few years, he was laid low by a wasting disease and the *vaid* who was treating him gave up hope. Laxman sank into a coma and breathed his last. The whole town was shocked at this tragedy and Ramani was grief-stricken and disconsolate. Old Jairam attended the funeral of his son and he was convulsed with sobs. But he did not speak one word of comfort to his son's widow. He ignored her and returned to his house.

SIX months rolled by. Ramani had spent the little sum of money that her husband had left her. She found it very difficult to feed herself and her five-year-old daughter, Rukmini. She had sold all her jewels to pay off her creditors. To add to her difficulties, the owner of the house, a *bania*, was demanding a higher rent.

It was at this time that old Jairam sent a message to Ramani through an old lady who was known to Ramani, also expressing his eagerness to see his grand-daughter who, he had been told, was the very image of his wife. The widow could not refuse

this request and sent her daughter with the old friend on the express understanding that Rukmini should be brought back home before nightfall.

WHEN little Rukmini returned to her mother that night, she brought some sweets and wore a new frock. The little girl carried in her arms a big doll of a pot-bellied *bania*, made of fine white clay. The head was always nodding and the face seemed to grin at everybody. Little Rukmini dumped the doll on a small wooden stool and clapped her hands in glee as she contemplated it.

But Ramani was furious. "Is this all that the old miser gave you?" she asked her daughter in vexation.

The little girl did not heed her question and went on hugging the doll.

Early next morning the landlord knocked at the door and demanded that Ramani should vacate the house immediately in view of her inability to pay the higher rent. The young widow tearfully begged of the owner to permit her to stay for another month. But he would not listen. So Ramani gathered up her few belongings and came out of the house. She thought of building a small hut on the outskirts of the town and living there.

Ramani looked round and called for her little daughter. But Rukmini would not come. She was playing with the new doll that her grandfather had presented to her. The sight of the doll and its grinning face irritated Ramani beyond expression. "So this wretched doll, given by that miser of a grandfather, is making you so absent-minded, eh?" she snarled. She then took up a big wooden club and gave a good knock on the head of the doll. The head broke off and the truncated doll rolled down from the stool on which it had been perched. The mother was amazed and stood rooted to the spot when she saw diamonds, rubies and gold coins pouring out of the doll's big tummy. Ramani knew that her father-in-law had willingly given all this treasure to his grand-daughter and that she had become suddenly rich.

SHE immediately went with her daughter to her father-in-law's house to thank him for the gift. Jairam expressed his genuine pleasure on seeing them both and welcomed them. He then requested Ramani to forget the past and live under his roof. And when Ramani saw how Rukmini flew into the arms of her grandfather, she knew they wouldn't be parted. She was left with no choice but to stay on for the sake of the little one. †

A Story for Junior by SUNDAR

STRANGER *in the* CAPITAL

I WAS satisfied with the progress I was making in the journey. I had made three friends before our train had reached Bezvada. The close confinement of a few people inside a small compartment in a long-distance train like the Grand Trunk Express can do a lot for those who want to make friends. My solid conviction from my last journey from Madras to Delhi was that a great deal of good can be done by asking two sworn enemies to travel by the same G. T. Express. for at the end they will alight as the greatest living friends on earth.

Well, one of the friends I made was Mr. Krishna-swamy. He had seen Delhi before, and could even boast of some knowledge of Hindi. He promised to help me in going to my place on reaching Delhi. I diplomatically did not tell him that I expected by a reception committee at Delhi. My father had written to his brother-in-law's cousin's aunt's son that I was coming to Delhi in connection with

an interview; and he had replied that I was always welcome to his house in Delhi, but since he could not possibly come to the station to receive me, he would send Laxmi instead. A new problem now cropped up. My father had not seen this Laxmi (for that matter I strongly suspect that he had not seen even Uncle Chinnu, the aforesaid distant relative) and what was worse, he had not even heard of the existence of this Laxmi. So he had asked me to be on the look-out for an eager expectant sort of South Indian face. "That should be easy, my boy," my father had said, "there would not be many South Indians at the station-yard you know."

COME to think of it, it must have been my desire to have the cake and blessed well eat it too, that made me not to disclose this material information to my friend Mr. Krishna-swamy. I had not much faith in my identifying powers and unless some girl came and asked me point-blank, "Are you so and so from Palavangudi?" I would

PAT O' BIRAM

not dream of venturing to ask any South Indian girl (or woman), "Are you Miss Laxmi sent by Uncle Chinnu to collect me?" I have never been shy, but this would be the limit of bravery. And wise man that I am, I never resort to extremes.

MY diplomacy, in fact, paid me dividends. The station yard was full of people and many of them were Madrasis. I stood before my compartment and obligingly waited for Miss (or is it Mrs?) Laxmi to come and greet me. No: nobody who could by the longest chalk be described as Laxmi was there. Plenty of people crossed me and only a stout gentleman in a loudish red sweater crossed me some four or five times with what I could reasonably make out as an 'expectant look'. But actually he did not talk to me and so I did not bother to trouble him either.

Meanwhile, Mr. Krishna-swamy, who had gone to have a cup of coffee, had returned. I asked him what we were doing in the station and why we should not think of pushing off. 'Acha!' cried my friend, "he knew Hindi, you see." "We shall start now. By the way, where do your relatives live?"

"Karolbagh," I said after making a careful check of the address from my pocket-diary.

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It so happened that he was also going to Karolbagh. As a matter of fact, all South Indians go to Karolbagh as soon as they set foot in Delhi. It is inevitable, I tell you.

We slowly waded out of the thronging crowd and with my friend in the lead, we approached a tall broad-shouldered Sikh, in a pale blue turban standing near a tent on wheels. My friend told me that the Phut-phutee (the aforesaid tent on wheels,) was the cheapest conveyance at Delhi. The Sikh saw us at a distance and with a hop came near us and asked, "Hai hang hing kahang ho hong?" Of course, this might not be a strictly verbatim reproduction of what he said, but to my Hindless brain it appeared very much like what I have given you above.

MY friend gave him to understand that Karolbagh was our destination.

The phut-phutee-man then delivered another short speech at the speed of two hundred words per minute. My friend should have found it very difficult to translate the speech to me. He simply said, "The fellow demands one-eight per head."

I did not have the time to wonder at the exorbitant rate charged for the simplest conveyance, for, the Sikh started talking, this time in Eng-

lish. "No sir, not one-eight per head. Eight annas per admi; Luggage eight annas—total one-eight. See?"

I SAW. In fact, I more than saw that my friend Mr. Krishnaswamy's Hindi vocabulary could not and did not stand the test of Sardarji's express rate of talk. I used the one word I had learnt in the meanwhile, "Acha," and

motioned to the porter to dump the luggage in the vehicle.

OUR driver soon understood that neither of us knew where to get down. Gurudwara Road, where we were to go, is a pretty long one. We cruised along the left side of the road once, and at still lower speed, cruised along the right side once again. The



Scene at the Station....

driver soon got tired of the job and asked me for something which I took to be the address where we wanted to go. I handed him the paper on which I had noted down my relative's address. He stroked his beard, fingered the front portion of his turban, and mumbled something to himself, only a part of which I could catch. As far I could make out, there were at least three 'Are Babure's' in that half-muttered aside.

AS far as I could judge, we were now in the middle of the long road. The driver stopped and getting down from the vehicle, went to enquire from some householder. I was also on the look-out for some South Indian face from whom I could ask for directions. I was rewarded in my pursuit at once, for whom do you think I saw coming round the corner? You are right; it was the same old stout man in the loud red sweater. I remembered the face distinctly and the sweater more so; you and I won't dare step out of the bedroom in such a sweater. I thought of hugging him then and there and effusively ask him whether he could direct me to 152X/265Z (it was my relative's address.) But I was a bit too late for the moment he saw me, he made straight to me and asked "Excuse me, do you know where 152X/265Z is?"

Coincidences do happen in this world. Here we were, twin souls, apparently deserted in a long unwinding Gurudwara Road, both bent to the same mysterious 152X/265Z. I wanted to give him a long lecture on all the difficulties we had so far incurred in not being able to find the house, but what I actually told him was a mere "I don't know." He was about to turn and go away, when, seeing the phut-phutee, he changed his mind and approached the driver. Strangely enough, this new man talked fluent Hindi, and after a long conversation between them the stout sweated man got into the phut-phutee. I now got a hang of his game. He must have concluded that a phut-phutee-wala ought to be aware of all addresses. Poor man! He did not know that the driver also had been in search of the same house for the past half an hour!

MEANWHILE, the driver resumed his seat and started going slowly once again. I saw grim determination in his face, and could gather that he was feeling that he was doing much more than he had bargained for. I made a mental note to add eight annas to the fare and thus reward him for the extra trouble.

Turning to the newcomer, I asked gently; "Are you also new to Delhi?"

"No," he said, "but I am new to this part of Delhi. In fact, I wouldn't have dared to stir out in this beastly cold weather, but a distant relative of mine was to arrive at the station today. I must have missed her. Don't you remember seeing me at the Station?"

"I do remember," said I curtly.

"The trouble is, my old man will get terribly wild with me for not being able to find her out. By the way, do you remember having seen a girl, South Indian I mean, left at the Station alone?"

"I do not, Mister, but if you are after people stranded at the New Delhi Station today, you can have me. It looks funny, but I was expecting a distant relative of mine at the Station. For that matter, can you enlighten me as to whether you saw any girl (or woman) looking for somebody at the station? Her name alone I know; she is called Laxmi."

The man jumped in his seat. I thought it was due to the natural movement of the vehicle we were travelling in,

but the stark amazement on his face ruled out that possibility.

"Laxmi?... It is no woman's name. I am Laxmi. Laxminarayan in full. I was in search of one Meenakshi who is the offspring of Ramaswamy Iyer of Palvanguudi. Didn't she come?"

She! Oh God! He had mistaken my name!

"MEENAKSHI is not a she. I am Meenakshi. Meenakshisundaram in full. Pleased to meet you. Mr. Laxminarayan—I felt we should have been related..... Let us all look for the house now"

**



Fire In The Zoo!

INDIA MAGAZINE

TIT for TAT

By Constance Wills

THE Maitlands were only a few months married, and when on August Bank Holiday George Maitland announced to his wife that he would require to go for a couple of hours that day to business, her lips slightly pouted.

"I thought, George, dear, we should at least get Bank Holidays together."

"It's the American mail, Helen; I must just go in and open the letters. Now tell me you don't mind!"

"I'm trying not to, only—" again the wistful expression came.

"I understand. But there's bread and cheese to be earned. And if you really want a new winter coat—"

Her face brightened. He had tackled her successfully.

"Of course you must go, George. It was horribly selfish of me." She righted the matter in a way eminently satisfactory to them both. He had gone down the steps of their small suburban villa, when a thought struck him, and he turned back.

"Look after the house well

this morning, Helen. There are a lot of rough characters about on these holidays."

She assured him with a parting wave of her hand that he need have no fear. Their little home—next to him her greatest source of pride—would be jealously guarded.

She had finished her household duties when a knock came at the front door. Helen went to answer it.

ON the doorstep stood a young man, little more than a boy, irreproachably dressed. He raised a new hat.

"Mrs. Maitland, I presume?"

Helen nodded.

"My name is Parton. I'm from the office." She evidently did not understand, so he added: "Your husband's office, Maitland & Co."

"Oh, I see!" A fear struck her; one did hear of such dreadful things. "He's not ill?"

"Perfectly well. He's only sent me with a message."

"Won't you come inside?"

He thanked her politely and walked in, carefully wiping

was certainly a most gentlemanly youth, and spoke without any Cockney accent.

"ONE of our clients has called today for a matter of fifteen pounds owing to him. The money's not due yet, but he's rather pressed for ready money, and Mr. Maitland's anxious to oblige him. Unfortunately the banks are all closed today, and Mr. Maitland has only ten shillings in the petty cash box, so he'd like me to come round and get the money from you."

At first Helen felt slightly suspicious. But the youth's blue eyes had such an honest and transparent expression, and his next remark set her doubts at rest.

"I told Mr. Maitland you'd probably take me for an impostor."

"Oh, no, I assure you, Mr. Parton."

"So to put matters quite right I got him to sign this. It seemed only business-like."

He unfolded a memorandum which he had taken from his pocket, and handed it across. She recognised it at once as the official note paper of her husband's firm.

"I made it out, you see, and Mr. Maitland signed it."

The note simply said:

"Please give bearer £15. He will explain the circumstances." And then followed

ing signature.

"If you haven't got quite so much, I might make up the balance," the young man said.

"I don't think there will be any occasion for that," she said, and went to a bureau, unlocked it, and drew out a cash-box.

"There, I've sufficient," she said, counting out the money into his hand and giving back the memorandum.

"No, please keep that. That's the authority for the money."

AS he went out, Helen thought of his charming manners and the truly business-like fashion of his proceedings. Maitland & Co., possessed at any rate one clerk capable of advancing the firm's highest interests.

George arrived home in time for mid-day dinner with an unusually pleased air.

"Very glad I went to town this morning, dear. Two good indents in by the mail. We must go and have a bit of a spree somewhere this afternoon on the strength of them. What do you say?"

Helen nodded. Indents, whatever they might be, seemed rather nice things.

"It's lovely to have you home again so soon. You got the money all right?"



He stood without speaking....

George dropped his serviette.

"You never mentioned a word about wanting any money."

"No! I meant the fifteen pounds I sent you by your clerk."

"Fifteen pounds by my clerk! Helen, what on earth do you mean?"

Her face went white.

"YOU sent for it, George, didn't you? You said you wanted fifteen pounds for a man, and the banks were shut, so I gave them to him."

George jumped up excitedly.

"To whom did you give the money?"

"To—er—a young man who said his name was Parton."

"That confounded scamp! I dismissed him last week from the office for stealing. Oh, how could you have been taken in!"

He began to pace the room. Helen set down knife and fork and watched him with anxious eyes.

"But he had your written authority."

"My authority?"

"Yes! He left it here. It's on the mantelpiece behind the big ornament."

George seized roughly the memorandum, nearly dislodg-

ing at the same time the ornament. When he read the paper, he fairly danced with anger.

"It's a forgery!"

"Oh, George!"

"Yes, a deliberate forgery!"

"But the heading of the paper!"

"It was easy enough to steal that. I wonder how many more sheets he's got in his possession. How in the name of fortune were you taken in by such a bare-faced little rascal?"

"He was so well dressed and looked so nice."

"Bah! Women look only at clothes, and never detect the scamp beneath. Fifteen pounds—it's a heavy loss. Didn't my last words to you this morning warn you against bad characters?"

"I never thought of this kind."

"JUST the very kind! I'm most disappointed in you, Helen. You didn't guard my interests at all."

"How could I?" The voice was tearful.

"Perfectly well! I found out before he'd been a fortnight in my employ. Five minutes should have shown you—"

"Oh, George, I'm so sorry."

"Being sorry doesn't bring that fifteen pounds back."

They finished the meal in silence. At the conclusion, George said:

"I shall go and have a good read in the garden this afternoon. I'm far too much upset to dream of going anywhere. How you didn't discover the fraud and set the fellow packing I can't imagine."

HELEN went to her room. From the window she saw her lord and master arranging a deck chair in a corner of the garden where two could not possibly sit together.

It was the first time since her marriage that she indulged in a good secret cry.

Relations between the Maitlands were strained. Though Helen with much magnanimity had offered to forego her "next new things" until that matter of fifteen pounds was made up, her husband was not appeased. He omitted to wave adieux in the mornings from the garden gate, and he returned home in the evenings with a forced smile that cut her to the quick.

He doled out housekeeping money in a most irritating way, and daily reminded her of things that they could not really afford. In a word, he was a changed man.

At first Helen (who had been much in love) was distinctly depressed, and more than once she wished herself dead. Presently, her sense of

humour returning, she saw how ridiculous it was that a man should make a mountain of such a molehill.

Tearful appeals, passionate expostulations had failed! Was there any other weapon she could try? Were she able by some means to convince George of his own fallibility, forgiveness might be hers and the old smiling condition of things reign once more. Her wits set themselves to work.

One Saturday afternoon Helen came into the dining-room in out-door clothes.

"George, do you mind keeping the house by yourself for a little?"

He hardly raised his eyes from his newspaper.

"Why?"

"Because the maid's out for the afternoon and I find I must go and do some shopping for tomorrow."

"ALL right! I don't mind—only you'll be home to give me my tea at the usual time?"

"Certainly!" Helen replied curtly. What a lot men—particularly disagreeable men—think of their precious meals.

News in the paper was conspicuous only by its absence, and after half an hour or so George grew tired of his solitary condition. He would take a turn in the garden.

As he was crossing the hall, the street bell rang. He went to the door, and opened it. There was a young woman on the steps with a parcel in her hand.

"Mr. Maitland?"

"Yes!"

SHE gave him the parcel. "There's five pounds to pay, please."

"Who's it from?"

"Howell's, the drapers. It's a new dress Mrs. Maitland has been and ordered this afternoon, and said that you would pay when I brought it round."

He felt rather annoyed with Helen. He paid for his own clothes three months after date, and wished that she would go to places where the same convenient system was adopted. But, of course, it was all right. Not only was Howell's label on the parcel, but it stated in red ink that the five pounds had to be paid on delivery. He took out his note-case and handed the money to the girl.

A quarter of an hour later Helen returned.

"I had to go further than I expected. Hope you haven't missed me very much?"

"No! But make tea as soon as possible!"

She noticed the parcel lying on the table.

"What's that, George?"

"Your dress from Howell's. Seems rather extravagant of you."

"Whatever do you mean? They can't have sent any dress here."

"I've paid five pounds on it, anyhow."

"There's something wrong. It must be intended for somebody else. Have you a knife?"

He produced the implement with rather a scared face, and cut the cord.

"Whatever is it? Why, it isn't a dress at all. It's—oh, George, look!"

He looked, and a cold shiver ran down his back. There was laid bare nothing but an empty sack of the kind used for the importation of wheat flour.

HELEN fell into a chair and hid her face with her handkerchief.

"I'm awfully sorry. But the girl looked so respectable. How could I possibly know?"

"You should have known. The idea of not opening the parcel to see what was inside. Fancy giving up the money without even a bill being presented! Anyone could have stolen that label and stuck it on."

He stood without speaking.

Not a single excuse could his lips frame.

"You made a nice fuss, George, when I was taken in last month, but this is far worse. Parton at least presented an order, but you gave away five pounds at the mere sight of an old label."

"I'll go round to the police-station and—"

"What's the good of that? She's miles away by this time. How could you have been so stupid?"

"We're all of us liable to make mistakes."

"SOME of us didn't think we were. Do you expect to be forgiven when you haven't forgiven me that other thing? Fancy your being taken in by a well-dressed girl! It's men, I think, who look only at clothes and don't find out the thief beneath."

George looked the picture of contrition. All his hard words were coming home to roost. He felt for the first time thoroughly ashamed of his behaviour to his wife.

"I can only repeat, Helen, that I'm terribly sorry, and if I can make amends—"

He was interrupted by a peal of laughter, which at first he mistook for hysteria.

"Don't take on so, please, Helen!"

"Oh, you silly boy! Don't you see?"

"See what?"

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"Why, that this was only a little scheme of mine to convince you of your injustice, and win you back." She fumbled in her bag. "There's your five pounds safe and sound."

He looked at it amazed.

"I don't-er-understand."

"That supposed girl from Howell's was cook's sister, a confederate of mine in this innocent conspiracy. It was I who did up that sack in some old brown paper from Howell's. It was I who waited at the corner of the road and relieved her of the money she had extracted from you. Ha-ha-ha!"

The lines of perplexity vanished from his face. He laughed heartily also.

"Helen, you're a wonder. I behaved like a brute to you."

"Hush! Don't call yourself names!"

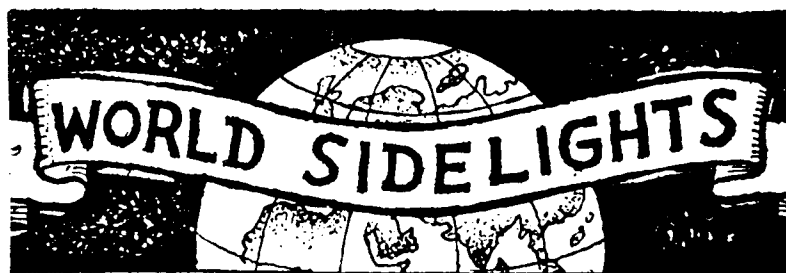
"But I did—there's no doubt about it."

"Bygones shall be bygones, George."

"They shall, dear. Now, what do you say to our going out this evening, and by way of celebration, buying a real, actual new dress for you at Howell's?"

HELEN'S face shone with loving pleasure, as she put her arm about him.

"George, you're just one of the dearest old fellows in the whole wide world." (Copyright)



HUMOUR IN LAW COURTS!

"IF you want sensation and drama look to the Old Bailey. But if you want human comedy look to the little local courts." Fifty years have passed since a lawyer wrote those words, but they are just as true to-day.

Especially were they true in a London court the other day when a magistrate asked a wife why her husband refused to attend to answer a charge.

"Because," she explained, "he says all you do here is talk, talk."

Stolen Birds As Fine!

And there is the case of the County Mayo labourer who found a novel way of paying a £5 fine for poaching. He asked the magistrate if he could pay in goods as he never had money.

The magistrate agreed; and next day the labourer delivered twenty poached pheasants to the court as his fine!

One of the funniest court incidents occurred when I was a junior courts reporter.

A motor-cyclist had been summoned because his motor-cycle combination was too noisy and disturbed the peace. So he wheeled the combination the last few hundred yards to the court, then asked the magistrate if he had heard him arrive, writes Arthur Kent in a British weekly.

The magistrate said he had not and dismissed the charge; the man left, but a minute later there came an infernal racket outside.

The magistrate yelled: "Bring that man back!" But nobody moved from the court. The noise of the starting cycle was so deafening that nobody could catch the magistrate's words!

Secret Whisper

A few days later the magistrate had occasion to shout again. A grocer appeared before him on black market charges, and asked if he might whisper to the bench on a very personal matter.

The magistrate agreed, bent forward, and the grocer whis-

pered in his ear. Then the magistrate's face crimsoned, and he yelled: "No! I don't want five pounds worth of black market butter. Pay a hundred pounds for trying to bribe the court!"

Magistrates and judges are always willing to help those who appear before them. A South African judge told a Negro charged with stealing that he could be tried by the judge or, if he wished, by a jury of his peers.

"Peers?" queried the Negro.

"Peers," the judge explained, "are your equals. Men from your own walk of life."

"You try me, judge," the Negro blurted out. "I don't want to be tried by no thieves!"

A judge in Chicago asked a slow-witted hoodlum last year why he had stolen £1000,000 in bonds. The hoodlum thought a moment, then, "Why, because I was hungry, judge," he smiled.

Mother's Claim!

A Texas mother refused at Houston to pay her doctor's bill after her son had had measles. Asked to explain, she told the court:

"My son had measles first and passed it to all the kids in the district. The doctor made a fortune out of it. Since my boy started it, I think the doc-

owes me a few thousand dollars by way of a commission."

A Dublin lawyer recently told a court that his client had been forced to take home a cow which was not his property because the animal had fallen on him and became entangled in his clothing. Needless to say, he lost that case.

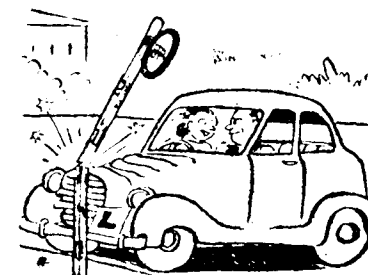
Lively Exchange

Humour in court is often provided by a clash between lawyers, judges and even witnesses and jurors.

A Kansas lawyer yelled across the courtroom to his rival recently, "You're a liar and cheat!"

The rival answered: "And you're a grafter and bootlegger!"

The judge interrupted dryly: "Now these two attorneys have accurately described



WIFE (to husband): "I shall go home by the next bus, dear. You had better take care of the car or have it towed to a repair shop!"

each other we will get on with the court's business."

A New York lawyer, having been reprimanded by the judge, was looking for an opportunity to get his own back. It came sooner than he expected when he asked a witness to repeat the words the accused had used.

"I would rather not," said the witness. "The words are not fit to repeat before gentlemen."

"In that case," smirked the lawyer, "you can whisper them to the judge."

A Winnipeg lawyer took a knocking from an apparently dim-witted witness, when he asked how far the man had been from the scene of a crime.

"Eighteen feet four inches," came the quick reply.

Smiling, the lawyer pounced in for the kill. "How can you be so specific?" he thundered.

"I thought some darned fool would ask me that," snapped back the witness, "so I measured the distance."

Wife's Confession!

A Brooklyn lawyer asked a housewife for further amplification after she stated that her husband was very good to her.

"He sure is good to me," she said. "He only beats me

when he's drunk, and everything he steals he gives me half."

The lawyer regretted asking the question. The husband was his client, and the answer lost him his case.

Equally down to earth was the explanation given by a Scot last year who appeared in court to face a breach of promise action.

Why did he refuse to marry the girl?

"Because," he said, "I thought it would be cheaper to pay breach of promise damages than marry and pay the high prices demanded for furnished flats."

A man in a Missouri court sued a hotel keeper who had asked him to make his own bed. The hotel keeper, the man said, had pointed out there was a staff shortage and asked him if he would be kind enough to help out.

He had readily agreed to make his bed, he said, until he got to the room which was in a newly opened wing. In the room he found nails, wood, and a spring. He told the court that he did not think he could be expected to build his bed!

Jewels Of Wisdom

The smaller courts of the world have heard at first hand many jewels of wisdom—as well as humour.

A magistrate in South Africa told a young man "that the only place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm."

An American judge told another youth: "A man who claims he can drive safely while kissing a girl, isn't giving the kiss the attention it deserves."

Summoned in London for making noise, a man told the magistrate; "People who are always quiet generally have something shady to be quiet about."

So Many Laws

It was an Australian divorce judge who said: "A good marriage is like a good handshake—there is no upper hand."

A staggering drunk told a New York night court that the rich are alcoholics—only the poor are drunks.

An American judge went on record with the following: "There have been more than 40,000,000 laws passed—but no improvement has ever been made on the Ten Commandments."

TRIBAL LIFE & LOVE

When the Bedouin tribes of Syria raid and fight each other, the prettiest girl rides in a litter on a camel in the forefront of the battle, with her hair in disorder, shrieking encouragement to the young

warriors, slanging any who seem half-hearted.

The tribesman has none of that exaggerated courage which makes a man sacrifice himself uselessly for a cause or from pride. When he's defeated he admits it gracefully and asks for quarter, usually getting off with the loss of his camel and weapons and living to fight another day.

But on no account must he allow the litter to be captured. If defeat is imminent, the girl rides to her tent, taking sanctuary with the litter in the women's quarters where she is out of bounds and may not be molested.

Proud Of It

The Ru'alla tribe are very proud of their litter—a graceful structure with curved wings each side, and gorgeous red trappings and struts covered with ostrich skin and feathers, which stays in the Emir's tent. They claim to be the only tribe entitled to such a litter because they have never known defeat, though they have fought many pitched battles, notably against Ottoman troops in the past.

Edwyn Hole, who has made a close study of these Bedouin, says in "Syrian Harvest" that raiding is their only sport and exercise. Women do all the manual labour; a man's personal dignity doesn't even allow him to

walk fast. A successful raid enables him to balance his budget and relieves desert monotony.

Generally the objective is loot, camels or a prisoner to ransom. Casualties are deplored as leading to subsequent friction, so they do not shoot to kill but direct an intense fire towards the enemy to give an impression of overwhelming forces and induce him to retire, leaving his camels behind.

Single Combats

There are often single combats, the ring being kept scrupulously by both sides until one combatant is put to flight, when his party open their ranks to receive him and beat off the pursuer.

When camels are being driven off after a successful raid a woman may recover one by following the raiders so far that to return on foot would expose her to danger of death. The raid leader must then give her a mount.

If a raider is caught he is held to ransom, great care being taken to prevent his escape. He is bound, put in a trench dug in the tent floor and underfed to sap his vitality, care being exercised to prevent his becoming *dakhil* (that is, entitled to a guest's privileges) by touching anyone or even reaching him with his spittle!

Hope Of Rescue!

His only hope of rescue is that his wife or mother may discover where he is confined and gain admittance on some pretext. She then steals in during the night with a long thread, puts one end in his mouth or ties his toe, and awakes some sheikh in another tent by touching him with the other end. He must follow up the thread, and the captive thus becomes his *dakhil* and is at once released.

Mr. Hole says that raiding has such a hold on them that they are ready to carry it into the other world. Hating the thought of separation from his camel, one brave tribesman on the point of death asked for her to be slaughtered and sent into eternity with him, so she was buried with him.

How They Woo!

The sexes are not segregated, as in the towns, so the Bedouin can choose and court a wife. He does this by helping her with her work, in a tent tactfully vacated by a sympathetic acquaintance, telling her that she is his heart's desire, his food and drink, the sleep of his eyes and his religion. If he can he will woo her in verse.

But the course of young love may not be smooth, for social taboos are strong. The couple must belong to tribes of equal standing.

Marrying a slave means death at the hands of the outraged family. A girl must give "first refusal" to her nearest relation outside the tables of affinity, usually a cousin on the father's side. If she's unwilling, he has the right to kill her.

Where this law is flouted, the only remedy is for the couple to elope and seek the protection of a powerful chieftain, but they must always live away from their own tribe and under the shadow of death. Usually, however, the cousin gives his permission.

Simple Divorce

Divorce is simple. The husband pronounces it, the wife collects her belongings and retires to her father's tent. She can, however, put her husband in an awkward position by leaving his tent and returning to her father of her own free will.

Her husband inevitably then becomes something of a joke, for his dignity doesn't allow him to beg her to return. He must rely on friends to intervene for him, or pronounce divorce and return her trousseau consisting of five articles, her personal property. In any case he maintains her and her children, who remain with her until the boys are seven, the girls nine, reviews a London periodical.

In a divorce there is no washing of dirty linen or

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public squabbling. A woman mustn't give her husband away, and even while she's being thrashed it's a point of honour not to make an outcry, but to sink her teeth in the cushion so that no one hears. To call for help would be such a breach of good breeding that any man within hearing would be drawn to assist the husband!

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A Short Story

IF you had seen him walking up the hill to the high school, you might almost have thought he was a man. If you had seen him from the back, for instance, with his broad shoulders and his long, muscular legs, and the height of him, taller than many men....

Yet even from the back, you could have told, really. There was something about

things—never look ahead to the absurdity of a child's nickname tacked on to a six-footer.

He stopped to light a cigarette, puffing at it elaborately as three girls passed him. Girls, he thought. Kids. He couldn't understand, now, how he could have wasted his time with any of them. They were all right for the other fellows, who thought life was nothing but dancing and kissing, but he was different—he was more mature—he understood things and felt things

The Girl He Adored

By Gertrude Schweitzer

the way his hair grew, and the smooth look of his neck, with the little hollow below the hair line. And then if he glanced around, you would have been sure.

"Hello, Billy," someone said.

He turned and nodded curtly, with the impatient disdain of a senior for a sophomore. The "Billy" rankled, but nothing he could do would make anyone remember to call him "Bill." Parents, he thought bitterly, never consider such

of which the others had no notion.

ANDY Brodie caught up with him just outside the school grounds, as he was ostentatiously stamping out the slightly burnt cigarette. "Say, the new English teacher," Andy said. "She's some dreamboat."

Billy frowned. Andy was his best friend, and he had always valued his approval of a girl; but now he felt affronted that Andy should find obvious a thing that seemed to

Billy so subtle—something only a mature, understanding intelligence would discern.

It was in the middle of English class that the idea came to him. He was watching her, noticing the way she walked to the blackboard, moving without any of the jerky, awkward mannerisms of young high school girls. He was looking at the clear contours of her face, the gray eyes calm and direct under straight black brows, and thinking that she could not be so very much older than he was—maybe five years—and that she was so little he could probably lift her up with one hand.

He made some flimsy excuse to Andy, and stayed after

class. She was gathering papers together, and did not immediately notice that he was there. Then she looked up and saw him and smiled.

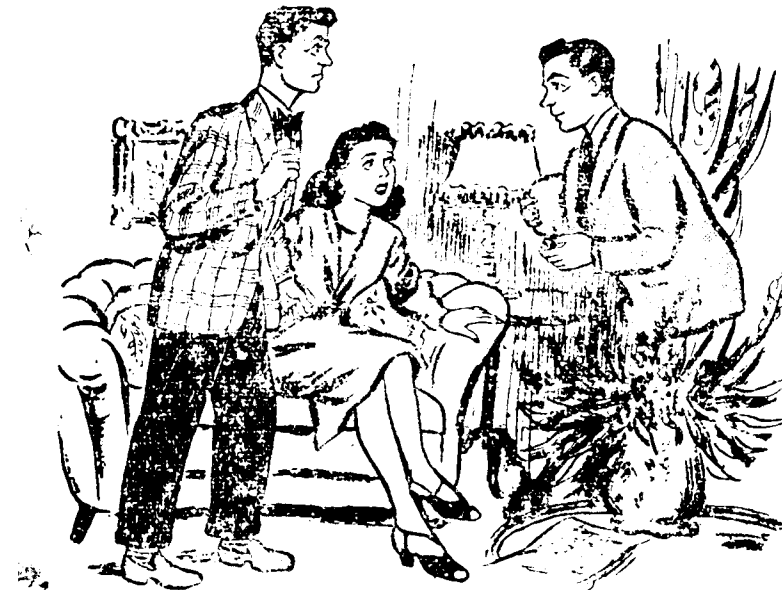
His throat felt suddenly dry and thick, so that he could scarcely speak. "I'm Bill Treanor," he said. "I—I wanted to—"

"Sit down, Bill," she said.

HE felt more at ease sitting down. She waited quietly, with a look of interest, for what he wanted to say, and confidence began to flow back into him.

"It's about the poem," he began.

"'Richard Cory'? You liked it?"



The two men stared at each other...

"Oh, yes." He told her what he thought of it, groping for the words, and he saw her eyes light with pleasure, so that he was prompted to confide: "I never cared much for poetry before."

"Well, this is a man's poem, Bill. I'll tell you where to find others, if you like."

A man's poem, he thought, glowing.

"I'm glad to see you showing such interest," she told him as he was leaving. "Come in any time at all, Bill. I'll always be delighted to talk over the work with you."

He walked home with glow all around him.

HE thought no further than that—not yet. He did not even think about what it was he felt for her. Little things gave him great pleasure—such as seeing her first name on a book and calling her by it in his mind.... Good-morning, Lydia, you look a little



"This is my last day for smoking. I am giving it up on doctor's advice from tomorrow!"

tired today, Lydia.... and having her eyes rest on him for a moment, when she discussed in class a poem they had talked about alone together.

When he went into her class after school next day, he walked in with a man's purposeful stride. "Let's not talk poetry today," he said firmly.

She turned in her chair, her back to the window. "All right, Bill. What would you like to talk about?"

"Love!" His voice, which had been settled to a man's deep bass for several years, cracked on the word, but she did not seem to notice. She smiled—not with amusement, but with a gentleness that hurried the already mad pace of his heart. "I'm an English teacher," she said. "Still, I suppose I know a little about love, too."

All his carefully prepared phrases flew out of his head. "Maybe you'll think I'm crazy," he said hoarsely.

"Why shouldn't you talk to me, Bill, if you think I can help you? A teacher ought to be more than just a classroom figure, limited to the prospectus of her particular course."

HER eyes were lit with something that he thought he understood, and he took a step towards her and said, almost without his own volition. "Lydia!"

Then he was filled with the most awful panic.

"I don't think that's wise," she said quickly. "It might slip out in class some time and embarrass both of us. But that, after all, is a very unimportant token of friendship, isn't it?" She sat back, smiling up at him, and his panic was washed away in warm waves of gratitude.

"Now tell me about the girl."

"The girl?"

"You said you wanted to talk about love. That means there's a girl, doesn't it?"

He wondered if maybe she didn't understand after all, or if she was just trying to feel him out, trying to make sure.

"I haven't known her long," he said, "but since I've known her, I can't bother with anybody else. I don't care about the dances, or any of that stuff that I used to think was swell. All I care about is seeing her."

"Doesn't she go to the dances?"

"No. Only high school kids go."

She said nothing for a moment. Then she asked him, "What is she like, Bill?"

"She's swell. Not always talking and giggling, like

these kids around here. She's quiet, but isn't the dumb kind of quiet. It isn't because she doesn't know what to say, but because that's how she is—inside, I mean. Like—like the river, when you go down there at night, feeling all mad about something, or scared, or mixed up. And then you look at the water a while, and it's so quiet you begin to feel quiet, too—" He stopped, listening with uneasy astonishment to the words he had said.

Presently she said: "That's a beautiful way to feel about a girl, Bill. Have you told her?"

"Yes. I've told her."

"And doesn't she care for you?"

He wanted to look into her level gray eyes and say, "Do you?" But he couldn't tear his glance away from the blue and yellow pattern of his socks. "I don't know," he muttered.

"SURELY you can find out, Bill. That's the great thing about being a man. You needn't sit home and wonder. You needn't wait for the telephone to ring, for the word to be spoken." She stopped for so long that finally he looked at her. She was staring out of the window, her face so still it might almost have been carved. "You're lucky, Bill," she said.

He began walking home, and now he felt wonderful, as though he could do anything....

HE stumbled on the top step to the porch, and his mother came to the door, a paring knife in her hand. "Billy Treanor, how can you keep tripping over that step as if it hadn't been there since before you were born?" she inquired, good-humouredly. "Well, come on in and help me with supper."

He followed her into the kitchen and began peeling potatoes, looking up at her thoughtfully every now and then.

"Ma," he said slowly. "I guess you were kind of—sharp when you were young, eh?"

"Well, I think your dad would tell you that there were no flies on me. He had to step pretty lively to get me.

"You mean, somebody else almost—"

"Well I always preferred your dad, but if he hadn't been quick to tell me he felt the same, who knows? A woman can't speak her mind—she has to wait—and I was never good at waiting." She turned to him briskly. "And I'm still not, so don't be all night with those potatoes."

He finished peeling, his depression gone. A man didn't have to wait or wonder—he'd heard that twice today.

A man could tell a woman how he felt; in fact, it was expected of him, and sometimes if he made the woman unhappy, or lost her.

He put the bowl of skinned potatoes down on the table with a thump, grabbed his mother around the waist and gave her a hearty kiss, then strode out of the kitchen with the long, firm strides of a determined man. She started to call him back—and then she stopped, staring out after him, her eyes misty above a small, wise smile...

He stood outside of her house for 10 minutes before he could go up the steps and ring the bell. Maybe this was the wrong way—maybe he should have phoned first.

SHE opened the door herself, and stood looking at him for a moment as though she didn't recognize him. Then she said. "Why, Bill, how nice! Come in."

"I hope—" he began, and then he had to clear his throat. "I hope I'm not disturbing you, or—"

"I'm very glad to see you," she said. She sat down and looked at him, waiting.

He'd just sat down, too, but he stood up again and said hoarsely, "Miss Vinton—no, Lydia. I have to call you Lydia for this, Gosh, it's such a pretty name. Lydia, listen—" He was breathing hard,

his hands taut inside the pockets of his slacks. "Listen, when I was talking about a girl this afternoon—the one you said you thought that was a beautiful way to feel about a girl—"

"Yes, Bill. I remember."

"Well, it wasn't a girl. I mean, it wasn't somebody else. What I was saying was—"

THE doorbell rang at that moment, and she went to answer it. When she returned, a man was with her, a dark, good-looking man in a well-cut brown suit and burnished brown shoes. For the first time in his life, Bill was uncomfortable in his clothes. He was wearing what all the other fellows wore—he wouldn't have been seen dead in anything but unpressed slacks, bright sports jacket and worn loafers. But now he was suddenly conscious of his wrinkled sleeves, and of the socks falling around his ankles.

The man kept looking at him while she introduced them. He had sharp, amused eyes.

They all sat down, and the man, whose name was Hunter lit a pipe, still looking at Bill with his amused eyes.

"Nice night," Hunter said finally.

In Bill's circle, nobody ever used the weather to make

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conversation. He said, "Yeah," and felt for a cigarette, then remembered that he had no more.

"WHAT do you think, Lydia?" Hunter turned to her slowly. He did everything slowly, as though he had plenty of time. "Do you think it's a nice night?"

She smiled and turned to Bill. "We know a poem about that, don't we, Bill? 'The stilly night—'"

"Not now," Hunter said, with an expression of pain. "I had thought of a little ride down by the river—" He paused, looking at Bill. "Of course I have only a two-seater."



"Come in and have a cup of tea. I have a scandal to whisper to you about!"

Bill got up, feeling enormous and unkempt, and with a dull ache in his chest.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll be going along."

"NO, don't go, Bill." Her voice was very low, and she was staring at Hunter, her eyes still wide and her face pale. "Don't go," she said, "why, you just came."

"I think he wants to go," Hunter said. "Don't you, kid?" When Bill just stood, not answering, he added in an oddly soft voice. "A two-seater and a quiet spot by the river—" He dropped an eyelid over one amused eye. "You know how it is, kid."

Something in the softness of the voice, something in the wink, made Bill's blood churn with sudden, unexpected anger.

He took a step towards Hunter. "Listen," he said. "Listen, she's not anybody like that—she's not anybody you can—"

"All right, Sir Galahad," Hunter's voice was a lash of laughter. "You can go now. My patience has run out."

Lydia spoke quietly, her cheeks no longer pale. "Bill is my guest, Jerry. I've asked him to stay."

"That's your privilege, of course," Hunter stood up and reached for his hat. "I've had enough anyway. Calf-eyed

little boys nauseate me, and I should have found out weeks ago that school teachers aren't in my line." He looked at Lydia and made a small bow. "Not that you aren't a very charming woman." Then he was gone.

Bill fumbled for the door-knob, and could not find it. When Lydia put her hand on his arm he wrenched it away.

"Wait a minute, Bill. You can't go like this. The things Jerry said to you—"

He stood with his back to her, his hand on the knob now. "I don't care what he said. I don't care about that. It's you. He's the one you—" He swallowed something hard and painful in his throat, and began again, "I saw your face—the way you looked when he left—and it's all my fault."

"No, Bill. I'm glad he went."

SHE put her hand on his arm again, and it looked so small there. He clutched it, covering it with his own big hand, then he leaned his head against the door and groaned: "Oh, I love you so. I love you so."

"Bill, please turn around," she said. "Please look at me."

He turned, slowly, but couldn't look at her. "I guess you think I'm a crazy fool."

"Why, Bill," she said softly, "no woman thinks a man's a fool for loving her."

"BUT I'm just a kid. I don't know how I could have thought—how I ever—"

"You needn't be ashamed of it," she said. "I've been waiting for weeks to hear Jerry Hunter say he loved me, but now I'm glad it was you instead. I can see now that I couldn't have been proud of his love. But I'll always be proud of yours." He looked at her then, and she smiled. "That's why I hope you'll never be ashamed of it."

He said in a choked voice, "I won't be. I'll never love anybody else. I'll never—"

"Yes, you will, Bill. You'll find the girl you see in me."

"Girls!" The word trembled on his lips. "How can I ever look at any dumb girl again?"

He went out and walked blindly for blocks. "He didn't know he was heading for the river until he saw it before him, cool and quiet in the darkness. Then he sat down, staring at it for a long time...

A girl came by, walking with her father. She had an awkward, uncertain gait and kept pulling at her oversized sweater. As they passed Bill, she looked up at the sky and said to her father, "Oh, it's a beautiful night, isn't it?" Just for a moment her voice was rich, deep, soft and her face, outlined by moonlight, was clear and sweet. Then she was gone into the darkness.

BILL's anguish began to flow slowly out of him. He had thought that everything was ended, but now he knew—now he understood. Nothing was ended. It was all just beginning.—(Copyright.) † †

MUSIC FOR PLANTS

HEARING that two students at Annamalai University in Madras claimed to have stimulated the growth of a plant called *Mimosa pudica* (the "Sensitive Plant")—a kind of mimosa—by playing the violin to it, I asked a distinguished biologist what he thought. He was sceptical at first, but later rang me and said that the experiment was reported in a paper read to the last International Botanical Congress in Paris.

An Indian tune, called "Maya-Malva-Gaula Ranga", was played to the plants for twenty-five minutes a day. A control group was kept in similar conditions, but without music. The musical seedlings developed 35% more prickles, and their branches grew 50% longer than the control seedlings. One explanation offered at Paris was that music might stimulate the streaming of the protoplasm in the plants' cells.—Observer.

The Murder Mystery

IT was while Inspector Balan was battling with his two-day beard that the telephone rang, and he quickly responded. "Heaven help us", muttered Balan to himself, "another murder to take the life out of us." A woman was found dead in Grand Old Restaurant, Mylapore. Giving instructions to lock up the room, and block the main entrance immediately, he rang up the S. I. and directed him to rush to the spot with a posse of men and keep guard over the place.

Balan was a tough guy to his criminals. Originally working in the mofussil, he made his debut in the famous 'Murder of Miss Mardini' and his good work in that case earned him a secure place in the city.

In half an hour he drove to the Hotel. The victim was an exceptionally good-looking young woman; she was lying on her back on the bed, her eyes staring up at the ceiling. There were no visible injuries on her delicate body, nor any blood-stains anywhere. But the swelling on the neck indicated throttling.

Two fairly big-sized suitcases with locks intact, and a number of costly clothes on the stand undisturbed, were

prominent. An attractive plastic handbag on top of a few film-magazines, and a Rolex wrist-watch adorned the table. But what caught the attention of the Inspector was a bottle of whisky—empty, but still smelling of liquor.

GUIDED by the Inspector, the S.I. got through the routine. Finger-print experts were rung up, photographing the body was arranged, an inquest was held, and finally the body was sent for post-mortem examination.

A Detective Story By 'C. H.'

Exactly twenty-six days ago, one morning, it was gathered, the young woman had turned up alone in a taxi, and took up Room No. 19. Nobody visited her but, now and then, she went out in the morning, and returned in the evening. The 'boy' who attended on her, was all tears. He spoke to her extreme good nature, and revealed that she was always unhappy as if she had recently lost somebody near and dear to her. The hotel-register showed that she was Snehalata from Sreekakulam, and she had come to join the films.

A minute search of the room disclosed nothing useful except a money-order coupon, which showed that five days ago she had received a sum of Rs. 50/- from one S. Krishnamoorthy, Vijayawada, towards house-rent. Balan carefully put it in his pocket.

THAT evening the Inspector and his assistant were dis-

cussing the case, and they were none too happy. The finger-print experts drew blank, and the enquiries at the hotel and in film-circles took them no further.

THE autopsy revealed that death was due to throttling, and there were no signs of any struggle. "Therefore," argued Balan, "she must have been killed in her sleep; and



The lovers met for the first time

this, coupled with the fact of the culprit carrying liquor, and consuming it in the room, leads to the conclusion that she must have been acquainted with her. That is all that we know about him. With regard to the woman, except that she came from Sreekakulam or Vijayawada, there is no clue. As for the motive, we are absolutely in the dark, though it does not look like 'money'. Thus this is one of the toughest jobs I have come across, and there is nothing to work upon except the money-order coupon to which we have to cling like a dying man clinging to a log of wood."

To Sub-Inspector Sankar this analytical deduction was a sort of revelation. A tyro at his job, he was fired with zeal and enthusiasm and thanked his stars he had Balan as his boss.

The same night they left for Vijayawada, and reached the place the next morning. It was not difficult to locate the number of the house, stated in the coupon, but to their surprise it turned out to be the local Block Development Office and not a residential house. Sankar started sweating but Balan counselled patience. And when a peon was seen pacing out of the office, he stealthily followed him. They entered a nearby hotel. Balan sat opposite to him, and engaged him in conversation over cups of coffee. He gathered that the office

was very recently opened, and the building was in charge of one Rama Rao residing on the right-hand side. Balan heaved a sigh of relief; he was one of those who believed that, where there was life, there was hope.

To Rama Rao, Balan introduced himself as a friend of Krishnamoorthy, having come to see him about some orders for stationery in which he was doing business at Madras. This had an electric effect, and the next moment they were sitting in his drawing room, sipping tea.

Middle-aged, and well-groomed, and with a constant smile playing upon his lips, Rama Rao struck anybody as good-mannered as well as good-natured.

During the tete-a-tete that followed, Balan got from him all he wanted. Krishnamoorthy, who was a Deputy Inspector of Schools, left the place recently on transfer. The house originally belonged to a school-teacher, a boyhood friend, who died leaving behind his wife and daughter. After some time the wife followed suit, and the daughter let out the house, and took up a job in the Municipal High School, Tenali, as a teacher. The house was left in his charge, and the rent was regularly sent to her. But the previous month she had written to the tenant to send up the money to Madras where she was stopping for

some time. She was unmarried, and her name was Snehalata.

BALAN'S face brightened.

There was no more need to hide his identity, and therefore he revealed himself, and told him all about the outrage. The news of Lata's murder so upset Rama Rao that he started crying like a child, and would have created a scene and collected the whole locality at his door but for Balan's warning that it might spoil the case. However, he could not say anything about the murderer or the motive as he was cut away from her for a long time. But he assured the Inspector that to his knowledge her character was spotless.

Next day they left Vijayawada and pitched camp at Tenali. Rama Rao also followed them. The address where Lata resided was easily spotted, and the landlord gave them all the necessary facts. About six months ago she had turned up in a car with a young man, and took up residence in the house. The young man visited her frequently, and also took her out in his car now and then. Gossip had it that they were going to marry. But suddenly one evening about a month back, she left the house, and he heard nothing more about her, nor was the young man seen anymore. He was from Ponnur, and his name was Raju.

Yet another place! Sankar wondered when this globe-trotting would end, and they would reach the goal.

The camp was quickly shifted to Ponnur and they were saved the trouble of further enquiries. For, Raju was a highbrow of the place, and they spotted him without any difficulty. They straightaway called on him, and Raju received them in his drawing room.

Dashing and debonair, Raju was the only son of his father, who left him lots of lands, and he married very recently. An active member of the local club, he idled away his time in tennis and cards, and had also the reputation of a Don Juan.

BALAN introduced himself and told him all about the tragedy. Raju felt shocked. He could not even speak for some time, and gave vent to his feelings, burying his face in his hands. Grief-stricken, he revealed how he had met Lata at her school-day celebrations; and attracted by her beauty and bloom he made her resign the job and live with him separately. His love for her was so intense that he wanted to marry her, but being of a different community altogether, and a bit orthodox at that, she did not agree. In the meantime his people pressed him about his marriage, and he could not help marrying a girl of their choice. This, however, made

no difference to Lata, and they continued to be as good to each other as before. But a few days afterwards she suddenly disappeared, and he looked up all possible places for her without any success. Little did he suspect that she would have gone to Madras; otherwise, he would have run up there, and perhaps succeeded in locating her and averting the tragedy. So saying he again began to sob and Balan consoled him and pointed out the urgency of the job in their hands. This had effect, Raju was himself again, and disclosed that Lata had a lot of jewels on her person and she might have been murdered for them.

BALAN was far from impressed. If money was the motive, how could the untampered trunks and the wrist be explained? That was his argument.

They were put up in the fashionable guest-house of the palatial residence. Raju proved to be a wonderful host, and they felt as if they were stopping in a high-class hotel.

But Balan was sore. The case was fast developing into a Chinese puzzle. He did expect something useful from Raju, but he was disappointed. Raju was no help to him at all; on the other hand, he held quite a different view altogether. During the past he had to reckon with cases more serious and complicated.

but he had come out in flying colours through everyone of them.

Was this to be a wash-out and prove his Waterloo?

"**W**H Y not we return?" suggested Sankar. "And do something more at Madras. The film-people may have something to say about the murder."

Balan could not appreciate it. But, knowing the sincerity of Sankar, he did not like to discourage him.

"Right, my lad," replied Balan as if he agreed with him. "A day or two more, and we are back at our place."

That evening Raju took them out for a drive in his Hudson. The vehicle stopped on the road, and Raju entered his wayside garden to instruct the gardener about watering the plants. Sankar accompanied him out of curiosity, but Balan stayed behind in the car. Not having anything to do, he casually flung open the dash-board box and his hand came upon two packs of playing cards and a piece of paper underneath them. Balan examined the paper and felt like getting back his life, but seeing the others coming, he quickly thrust it into his pocket.

Early next morning, the neighbours got up from their beds and could not believe their eyes. The residence of Raju was surrounded by the

police. He was scared stiff. But he made no attempts to escape. Maybe, he thought it was no use, and he was promptly arrested.

"You don't know you are playing with fire," shouted Raju in rage. "You will lose your job."

To Inspector Balan this was nothing new. It was the burden of song of every rich man he had arrested.

BUT at Madras he was quite different. Confronted by Balan with the evidence he had against him, he broke down, and made a clean breast of the matter with an air of repentance. It would appear that he had promised to marry Lata, and it was only in that hope that she resigned her job, and came away to live with him. But after the first flush of happiness was over, Raju changed his mind, and took a rich heiress as his wife, and Lata had only to be his mistress thenceforward.

When she came to know about it, she felt her heart catching fire; for, she least expected him to turn out a villain. She could not help crying at her plight, and cry she did till her eyes burnt with pain. Suicide quickly suggested itself to her as the best way of ending her mis-

ery, but after second thoughts, she gave it up for the time being, and abruptly left the place for Madras to join the films.

BUT Raju did not leave her in peace. He succeeded in tracking her down to the Hotel, and sneaked into her room, and tried every trick to induce her to go with him. But Lata was adamant, and gave an emphatic 'no' to all his machinations. Raju became furious and jealousy got the better of him. In his pride, his purse brought him to his own ruin, he forgot his treachery to the innocent woman, and remembered only her refusal. Liquor made him worse, and in this state he decided to murder her.

Of course, she allowed him to share her room. He waited till she was asleep, and at about midnight he got up and pressed her neck against the bed with all his strength till she was dead.

With the satisfaction of accomplishing the job as neatly as any expert criminal would, he disappeared from the place as stealthily as he had come. But on that fateful night before leaving the city, he filled his car with petrol and carelessly left the cash bill in the dash-board box. Later on, it fell into the hands of the Inspector and gave the show away.

In lighter vein:

Tell-Tale Letters!

By C. VENKATA SUBBANNA

IT is but natural that friends are desirous of writing letters to one another out of friendship and affection. For most of them it is an enthusiastic and pleasing pastime. They promise one another at the departing minute to write letters without any long intervals. But, in most of the cases, so far as I have observed, it is with the greatest pleasure that correspondence is carried on in the beginning and later on the letters become scarce.

But mere letter-writing is not a symbol of true friendship. Most naturally, neglect takes place amongst friends in the case of writing letters. I myself promise pals to write letters, but these friends know how poor a correspondent I am.

Further, letters received from various persons differ in contents and style since the writing of letters depends on the mentality of the writer concerned. Tastes and moods vary from man to man. A friend, therefore, generally likes to express in his communication what he is greatly interested in. One writes about his personal affair, the second about his practical ex-

periences, the third deals with general problems, the fourth on his mental worries and the fifth on studies, and so on. So far as my past life flashes before my eyes, I cannot say definitely that all associates write with full heart and express exactly what they think. Some think of one thing and write quite another thing. On the whole, we can say that such persons do not have self-confidence.

IF one reads the writings of such a person, he is bound to believe that that particular person is noble and kind-hearted—the very embodiment of virtue. But if actually observation is made for a long duration all these high expectations would be falsified. The same person may turn out to be an unfeeling, faithless, wicked chap. A man who in his letter writes that he is ever grateful for the helpful actions the other has rendered will later prove his own forgetfulness, and he will be the first man to throw stones, to bear wilful malignity when his noble friend is in distress. Such people want to appear as gentlemen outwardly but inwardly they are not so. Alas, how vast a difference lies between their attitude

and their professions. And how deceitful are they really!

IN my college days I used to receive many letters from my friends. Some of them have occupied a soft corner in my heart. I shall quote a few words from their letters for consideration of the reader. "I never forget our friendship, even though friends dislike me and go against me." Does one not expect that the writer is a noble person? Can any one expect that such a man will change in character? Certainly not. It is a sad truth that later on the same man proved his own disloyalty and turned against me.

I received many letters which advised me to leave off my bad habits. But the writers of those letters should have reformed themselves first, "Physician, heal thyself!" We shall now discuss

other types of letters. Some make attempts to blame their friends through letters for their gain. A few try to earn a good reputation and leave a permanent impression on their friends, by means of cunning words for their own, individual benefit. He writes in so polite and respectable manner that he is not suspected. In order to execute his deceitful plan for his own gain, he intermingles all notions and emotions.

WE shall now take into account other kinds that come under a praiseworthy category. There are some virtuous companions who express exactly what they think. They have self-confidence. They do not want to let down their friends. They want to develop their personality through their letters. They know what is true friendship and how valuable a real friend is.



Letters for one and all....

It is a interesting to note that some of the letters are full of high-sounding words. Some others use humorous expressions and figures of speech in order to decorate their writing. Here and there quotations are also given linking with what they mention.

Further, some letters are very brief and simple in style. Yet every sentence is rich with meaning. Some others express what they feel in a

delightful and sensible way that attracts the attention of the reader.

I HAVE seen many friends rushing out from their rooms when the postman comes or passes by, in anticipation of letters. When it is very interesting naturally one reads it as often as possible, and he will not be in a position to tell how often he has read it. Some friends write only a few words which recall past events in a flash. Such is one's writing capacity. A letter is a clear mirror where we can observe the things actually, it is a silver screen where the sentiments of a friend are focussed in golden colours. Both the writer of the letter and its recipient are heartened by such communion. **



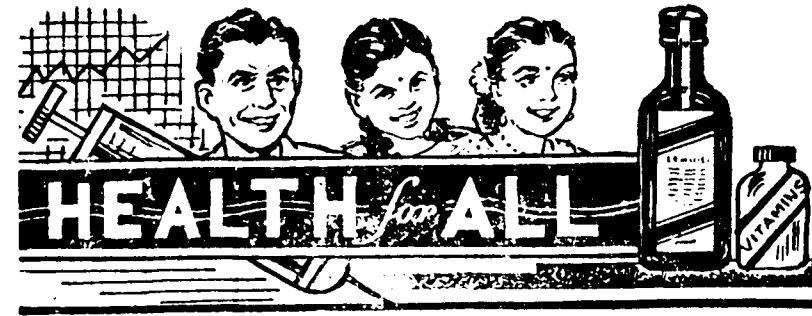
"She never leaves him out of her sight!"

L. G.
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AVOID THESE ACCIDENTS!

It is a sad thought that most accidents are preventable, that many illnesses needn't have occurred, and that many deaths need never have happened. Often it is simple thoughtlessness that starts off a whole train of events that may end in tragedy—an unlabelled bottle in the medicine cabinet—a careless driver—toy left on an ill-lit stairway—a neglected cold that turns to pneumonia—a lump ignored too long that turns out to be cancer—too much worry borne alone that leads to a nervous breakdown.

It is the physician's dream that once all the outstanding cases on his list are cleared up, he can at last go in for preventive medicine—that he can see his patients before they are really ill. Baby Welfare Clinics come the nearest to this vision of the future, with Ante-natal Clinics a close second. To these come well and healthy babies and their mothers to be told

that they are all right and are in good health.

If you wash Johnny's cut gently and thoroughly with warm soapy water, there is every chance that it will heal without complication.

Fore stalling The Cold

If you go to bed for the day you feel a cold coming on, keep warm, and drink plenty of hot fluids, there is every chance that you will throw off the cold and won't get pneumonia.

If you keep your medicine cabinet in good order, always throwing away old prescriptions and unlabelled bottles, and keep poisons, especially any corrosive substance, high above a child's reach, there is every chance that no member of your family will be rushed to hospital having taken the wrong medicine, writhing in pain as poison does its work, with long after-care if a corrosive.

No Broken Leg

If you see that your stairs are well-lighted, and the children have a proper chest for their toys, and never climb precariously on chairs instead of using household steps, there is little likelihood that an ambulance will have to take you to hospital with a broken leg.

If you have your electrical equipment in good order and remember that make-do repairs can be deadly, and keep your power points above the reach of an inquisitive baby just learning to crawl, have safety grids to protect all your electric fires, you have a reasonable chance of avoiding sudden death.

Don't forget that lead paints should never be used for painting baby's cot, and always check on the ingredients of the one you use for doing the children's toys, and a pale-faced apathetic child won't be one of yours.

Remember These

The highest percentage of serious injuries in small children could be due to scalds—a teapot standing on a dangling table-cloth—a pail of scalding water left just for a second—a saucepan with handle just in reach of a curious hand—it happens in the split second that you turn your back—you never even dreamt the child was near. Fires run a close second—a

match—a full-skirted party frock—a dangling nightgown too close to an unguarded fire—a stumble over a toy—they all add up to an injury that will stare you in the face for life.

The child playing in the street—the child who doesn't know his kerb drill—and another name is added to the long list of fatal road accidents.

The tragedy of all these, whether illness or accident, is simply that it needn't have happened. The answer is so simple and so easy—prevention is the best cure.

SYMPTOMS OF PNEUMONIA

PNEUMONIA is not now the dread condition it used to be, but it crops up at this time of year in much the same way as it has always done, and is still something to be guarded against.

There are several forms of pneumonia, as you probably know. There is what we call lobar pneumonia; by this we mean that one section, or lobe of the lung is affected and the disease remains limited to this portion only; it is caused by a germ we call the pneumococcus which is easily destroyed by penicillin (or the sulphonamide group of drugs). The lung gets congested, which means all clogged up, and it used to take a long time before the crisis came about

and the fluid all cleared away. Now this is achieved very quickly, within 48 hours of the beginning of treatment.

The Patches

There is another type of pneumonia we call broncho-pneumonia, which occurs in little scattered patches throughout one or both lungs, the patches being clustered round the main bronchi, or breathing tubes, and their branches. This may be due to the same germ as the lobar type, but it is much more usually due to different germs which can be quite powerful, and so broncho-pneumonia can be even more dangerous than lobar. Luckily it, too, usually responds to penicillin, streptomycin or one of the other new antibiotic drugs.

Broncho-pneumonia generally happens as a complication of some other conditions, perhaps following a severe bronchitis which didn't clear up or was not treated in time; or it may follow severe attacks of some of the childhood ailments, notably whooping-cough. (This is a very good reason for taking particular care of children who are recovering from whooping-cough, though most of them show no tendency to develop this particular complication if kept well in the warm.) It may also follow accidents in which the chest is injured; by this I mean that it sets in as a complication almost at once, certainly within the next day

or two; not after an interval of time or when the patient is obviously recovering.

Pleurisy

Another common complication of pneumonia is pleurisy, which means inflammation of the pleura or membrane wrapping the lung, and may be either wet or dry, depending on whether the inflamed membrane has made a fluid exudate or not. The dry kind is often accompanied by a sharp, stabbing pain as the breath is taken in, when the dry, irritated pleura is rubbed by the expanding lung; the wet kind causes slight difficulty in breathing because the fluid accumulates and the lung hasn't got the same amount of room now to expand in. If you have the sharp, stabbing pain and have not been suffering from pneumonia, it is much more likely to be rheumatism of the intercostal muscles, which I ought to have mentioned earlier. Wet pleurisy may sometimes need to have the fluid removed by a needle inserted between the ribs; this is best done in hospital.

Still Serious

Occasionally broncho-pneumonia or pleurisy turns out to be tubercular in origin, and in that case prolonged rest, possibly with sanatorium treatment, may be necessary. The doctor can generally spot this quite early by the way things are taking their

course and also, if need be, by X-ray films, which show very well the different type of disorder going on in the lungs.

We have these conditions so well under control nowadays with all our new antibiotic preparations, that they are very much less formidable than they used to be. I think it is important to remember, however, that pneumonia is still quite a serious thing, and that recovery from the fevered, painful stage of the illness should be followed by a really adequate convalescence. Two weeks off work after an illness that may only have been acute for three or four days may seem out of proportion, but they are two weeks well spent in building up the body's resources again.



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NEW CALENDARS

FOR OLD

The Government of India, it is reported, have decided after consideration of the recommendations of the Calendar Reform Committee to adopt a uniform national calendar for certain official purposes together with the Gregorian calendar. The uniform national calendar proposed by the Committee will be based on the Saka era.

"The pre-eminence of the Saka era," it is stated, "derives from the fact that the Saka era was the earliest to be introduced in India by the Saka rulers and was used exclusively by the Sakadvipi Brahmins for calendar-making". The Sakadvipi Brahmins are also said to have introduced the practice of using the Saka era exclusively for casting of horoscopes. Be that as it may, the simultaneous use of the Saka year with the Gregorian year from March 22, 1957, may be expected to

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baffle the ordinary people already counting their troubles which they had thought would end with decimal coinage. The Saka year is 78 years behind the Gregorian calendar. AD 1956 will correspond to Saka 1878.

In order to familiarise the people with the new system, it is proposed that in the opening news broadcasts of All India Radio in the various languages the new Indian dates should be announced in addition to the Gregorian date. The assumption involved here is very great, unsustainable even on the basis of radio licence figures. Perhaps it would have been more to the point if the Government had decided to advertise the innovation on Radio Ceylon which has the largest listening public in this part of the world. Whatever be the advantages of the new era on which, of course, only pandits are competent to speak the disadvantages of the Gregorian era are at least

not so evident to the layman who counts his month from pay day to pay day. The decision to go ahead with the Saka era within about 5 months from now betrays an inadequate conception of the amount of time necessary for such a reform to be arranged for and accepted. The length of notice which should be given for any engagement depends largely on the number of people involved.

—*Pioneer.*

EISENHOWER IN

President Eisenhower has scored a runaway victory, putting into the shade even his success in 1952, when Mr. Adlai Stevenson at least carried nine States; the popular vote, though nothing like the plurality that would appear from the electoral vote, also shows a higher percentage in his favour than four years ago. The experts, who were almost unanimously prophesying a reduced majority and even (if Democratically inclined) that a few lucky accidents might put Mr. Stevenson in, will doubtless promptly find reasons. The President, not previously regarded as a barnstormer, made a good fighting campaign. Above all his health held out, the unexpected medical casualty being Mr Dulles—though that is no guarantee of what will happen during the rigours of a second term. The recent crises in Europe and the Middle East may have made some differ-

ence; between a distinguished military commander and a man advocating the end of nuclear weapons tests, the public choice may also have been influenced by Mr Bulgannin's recent reference to rockets.—*The Statesman.*

A FRIENDLY WARNING

The urgent need for Anglo-Indians to merge themselves with the Indian Community without delay has been theme of Mr. Frank Anthony's speeches; and at Madras ex-Chief Minister P. Govinda Menon of T.-C. and Finance Minister C. Subramaniam also uttered the same friendly warning to this minority community. The Madras Minister referred to the recent restoration of the "cut" in educational grants in order to enable the community to avail themselves of all facilities, and Mr. Govinda Menon said in T.-C. State Anglo-Indians had been declared as belonging to the Backward Class so that special advantages could be extended to them. Mr. Frank Anthony has been making panicky appeals to his followers not to waste the opportunities generously offered to them by virtue of the Constitutional provision (Article 337) for special safeguards and reservations. At the meeting in Madras, Mr. Luiz complained of the gradual decline in Anglo-Indian employment in the various Governmental services, and said that the employment

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exchanges were not helpful to this community. In regard to the latter grievance, it is obviously difficult to determine the content of objective proofs but if there is a decline in the quantum of Government-employment for Anglo-Indians, they have only themselves to blame, according to their own leader. The 10-year protection period is fast running out. It must be conceded that because of the special circumstances in which the Anglo-Indians found themselves due to historical reasons, they could not fully capitalise on the Constitutional privileges; and it is for this reason that we feel that, consistent with the highest democratic ideals inspiring this nation, there is a strong case for extending the period beyond ten years stipulated in Article 337.

—*Deccan Herald.*

NEED FOR FOOD SUFFICIENCY

Lack of self-sufficiency in food has been the Achilles' heel of Indian economy over many years, and this extreme vulnerability, accentuated by the dangerous implications of the West Asian crisis, has been brought to the fore by Mr. Nehru. India has this gaping flank on the economic front sorely exposed to the uncertainties of supplies from abroad if a general war breaks out. Indeed, India would face the prospects of starvation, Mr. Nehru warned the people, in the event of war. There

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should be, however, no alarm or despondency, only "firm determination" to accelerate the country's food production. Encouragement of agricultural co-operatives was strongly urged by the Prime Minister to increase India's food output. He is strongly attached to this idea, his inspiration being China whose example he has often held forth as worthy of emulation. Mr. Nehru has valiantly fought all defeatism on the food problem by asserting that it should be India's ambition not only to give two meals a day to every individual in the country but to export food grains to buy heavy machinery from abroad with that money.

—*Bombay Chronicle.*

FACING THE FUTURE

Nine years after the attainment of Swaraj India has confidently attempted a political change of the first magnitude. That it has been able to carry it out successfully, though not without many stresses and strains, is a measure of the stability and unity of purpose the country has achieved. We never underestimated the risks involved, and we have had considerable misgivings about the soundness of the major principle underlying the change, the acceptance of language as a differentiating factor. But there has been at least one indirect advantage, amidst much that was dislocating

and disturbing. The large-scale reorganisation of States led to a very searching examination of the validity of assumptions which had long been taken for granted and the realisation that there were definite limits to the extent to which these assumptions could be acted upon. Nobody will pretend that, as a result of the discussion, a perfectly rational and consistent pattern has emerged. There has been too much of improvising and *ad hoc* decision for that. Quite a few glaring anomalies remain, which can however be remedied without upsetting the general settlement; and it is to be hoped that the task will be attempted in an atmosphere less surcharged with passions and consequently with greater chances of success. But, even more important, now that the major

contours have been fixed, every party and interest that can contribute to the successful working of the new set-up should apply itself loyally and without reserve to this task. In a vast country like India with peoples owing allegiance to diverse faiths, languages and modes of life, there can be no political unit however carefully delimited which will not include minorities of various descriptions. And what is a minority in one State may be a majority in another. Those in whom the locus of power comes to rest should therefore feel a special responsibility to ensure that the just rights of linguistic, religious and other minority groups are not encroached upon. That is the one sure way to discourage grievance-mongering and the spirit of irredentism.—*The Hindu*.

NOW YOU KNOW

A LITTLE give and take can best resolve any dispute with your neighbour. Call in the law and you may find it two-edged.

If, for instance, the branches of your neighbour's fruit tree overhang your garden, you can legally lop them off up to your boundary. You can even remove encroaching tree roots.

But you are in the wrong if you pick the fruit off the lopped branches. They are still your neighbour's property—and he can enter your land to reclaim them, if he does so in an orderly way. Again, if when digging up the roots you cause his land to subside, you may be liable for damage.



It was the first day on the job for the pretty shorthand typist just out of business school. Her boss picked up the first of her finished letters and with a sigh said: "You can't spell very well, can you? I see you've spelled sugar 's-u-g-g-a-r.'"

"Oh dear, so I have!" she exclaimed. "Now how do you suppose I came to leave out the 'h'?"

SUPPORTING ROLE!

An actress whose husband stopped working the moment she became successful was sitting with some friends at the Academy Award dinner.

The star was one of the hot contenders, and as winners were being announced the tension at the table started to mount. "Have no fear, my friends," said the actress. Turning to her husband she gave him one of her sweetest smiles and continued: "Andre hasn't worked for such a long while. I'm certain to get an Oscar for the best supporting role of the year."

THE census-taker met a man in the North Carolina mountains. He said his father was in prison, his sister in a detention home, and one brother in a reform school and the other at Harvard.

The census-taker asked what the brother was reading at the University and was told: "He isn't studying anything. They're studying him!"

BY FRIDAY

Jack: "Who was the first man to start a forty-hour week?"

John: "Robinson Crusoe—he had all his work done by Friday."

REGRETS!

Two neighbours met on their way to the station. "I say, old chap," said Black, reproachfully, "didn't you hear us knocking on the wall last night?"

"Oh, that's all right," said White cheerfully, "we were making quite a bit of noise ourselves."

THE club members were cracking jokes. Williams asked if anyone knew the difference between a Scotsman and a coconut. No one could answer.

"Well," said Williams, "you can get a drink out of a coconut."

"Pardon me," said a new member, "but I happen to be a Scotsman. Would you like a drink?"

"Why, yes, thank you," replied Williams.

"Then," said the Scot, "go and buy yourself a coconut!"

OBJECTION!

A sculptress was once modelling the head of an elderly Parisian who ate only those foods which were heavily seasoned with garlic. The odour was so overpowering that the sculptress experienced serious discomfort and found it difficult to concentrate on her work.

After a few days she discovered that peppermint candy relieved her distress and she began to consume it in quantities.

One morning she noticed that her model looked ill, and asked, "Is something wrong?" "Mademoiselle," pleaded the Parisian, "if you want me to pose for you, you will have to stop eating that awful peppermint. The smell—et makes me sick!"

ONE Sunday afternoon at the zoo, Patty and her father stopped before the lion's cage. "Here's the king of the beasts," Patty's father told her.

"Why do you call him that Daddy?" Patty asked.

"Well, he rules the jungle. He's the big shot. He can lick any of the other animals."

"Could he lick you too?"

"Sure, if he could get out, I guess he'd eat me up."

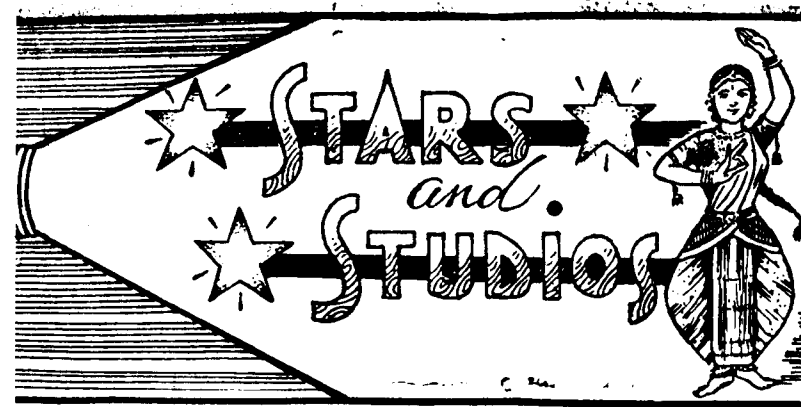
Patty studied the lion with increased interest. Finally, she turned and looked up at father. "If he does get out, what bus should I take home?"

WITH SHOVEL

Four-year-old Henry played with the older boys who sometimes treated him roughly. His father told him not to let the boys push him around. "If the boys hit you, hit them back," he advised.

A few days later his aunt looked out of the window just in time to see Henry hit another boy with a shovel. She cried, "Daddy didn't mean that you should hit other children with a shovel. You might hurt that little boy so much that he'll have to go to the doctor!"

"Oh that's all right," replied Henry calmly; "he ought to go to the doctor anyway. He's got a cold."



HOLLYWOOD'S NEW GLAMOUR GIRL

DOLORES Gray, beautiful, tall blonde actress with the "body-and-soul" singing voice, has so far made only two pictures, "It's Always Fair Weather" and "Kismet." But she's already taken Hollywood by storm.

In a matter of weeks after her arrival, the film colony was nominating her one of its favourite people, because she's friendly, hospitable, amusing and gorgeously unexpected. Filmgoers love her because she's a star, not only when she's on stage or before the cameras, but all the time, whatever she's doing.

She swept into Hollywood like a breath of expensive perfume, with thirty-six pieces of elegant luggage, seven French poodles (the latest count is eleven), a French maid, a jewel box bursting

with genuine gems and a spider monkey named Aly.

Such Glitter!

Last year was her Pink Year. She had her dressing-room at M-G-M done in a peppermint rock shade of pink, her sleek convertible the same colour, and the poodles which hang out of her car windows wherever she goes sported coats dyed pink, while Dolores herself wore every shade of pink imaginable.

All good showmanship, reminiscent of the days when Gloria Swanson and Marlene Dietrich established a Hollywood glamour standard for stars living on a fabulous scale. But then Dolores Gray regards her glamorous way of life as her duty to her public.

"Ever since I can remember, stage and screen persona-

lities held a fascination for me," she says. "As a child I was constantly hoping to catch a glimpse of one of my favourites. There was no thrill greater than spying one of them—looking every inch the star I knew her to be. And no greater disappointment than catching one of them with her glamour down!

"I've never forgotten that, people haven't changed. They still want to see stage and screen personalities looking the way they feel they should look. In my opinion, appearing one's best at all times is a debt those of us in the theatrical profession owe our audiences."

Bitten & Stabbed!

Dolores has worked at paying off that debt. As a child of ten, training to follow in her mother's footsteps as a ballet dancer, she noticed that she was developing tough little lumps on her legs, and quickly made up her mind to quit dancing, writes Alison Barnes in "Tit-Bits."

She saved those lovely legs from damage and discovered a voice and a flair for acting at the same time. In her latest screen roles, as the beautiful Lalume in "Kismet," she has her legs painted gold for one number. "Kismet" is her most exciting assignment to date, in spite of the fact that during production she was bitten by an

Afghan hound and stabbed with a scimitar.

The bite was a blow to the pride of a girl who, with eleven dogs of her own, fancies herself as a student of canine psychology.

About the brush with the scimitar, Dolores says: "Don't let anyone tell you that the props used in motion pictures are fakes. They definitely are not. The scimitar, which left a jagged mark on my leg, was a wicked affair rented from a local museum.

What Fun!

"I'm sure, from the look of it and the strange characters covering its curved blade, that it had nicked many skins before mine. Of course the accident was my own fault. I turned round without looking and the scimitar caught me."

A staunch advocate of the spur-of-the-moment decision, Dolores regards the unexpected as the spice of daily living. "It's much more fun," she insists. "Take the time mother and I were in France. We happened to pass a motor-car showroom displaying a beautiful model. We decided to go in and look—just for the thrill of sitting behind the wheel."

What happened? Simple: "We drove out in it."

History repeated itself recently in Hollywood, only that

time it was a small blue sports car which is now parked in the Gray garage along with the pink convertible and a red coupe.

Splendid Home

Her home, perched high on a Coldwater Canyon hill, has a swimming pool, a projection room, a combination barbecue-and-rumpus room, and a tennis court. Dolores extends as warm, friendly and natural a welcome there as her poodles, who adore all humans on sight.

The only thing that really throws the star's wonderfully balanced personality right out of gear is a Hollywood preview of one of her own films. She simply could not face the preview of "It's Always Fair Weather," despite her years of stage experience, including the very successful run at London's Coliseum in "Annie Get Your Gun." Determined to set out the agony alone, she sent her mother and brother to the preview as scouts.

"After they'd gone, I paced the floor," Dolores confesses. "Finally, I could stand it no longer. Throwing on my coat, I drove to the theatre, took up a position in the queue outside the box office, paid my admission and found a seat in the front row. I must admit it was a thrill—after the nervousness left me.

When it was over I sneaked out of a side entrance and managed to get home ahead of the family.

"You should have been there," they called to me when they arrived back. It was months before I had the nerve to tell them I'd been there all the time!"

Scandal Minded Gossip!

Now she hopes to devote six months in the year to the stage, six months to films. Though she's new to Hollywood, she loves it and is so interested in the new technique that she's quickly proved herself a natural talent scout. Anyhow, she obtained a role as a slave girl in "Kismet" for her agent's wife, Dulcie Jordan, who signs with Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Vic Damone and Dolores.

Dolores will co-star with Jane Allyn in "The Opposite Sex," a sophisticated musical comedy in which she plays a scandal-minded gossip who gets involved in many romantic complications. Then another trip to Europe is very much in her mind.

But, wherever she is, you can be sure that the star who sang her way into the hearts of British audiences as the homespun, s h a r p-shooting "Annie" will move in the aura of fabulous glamour which she has made her own.

DARING PICTURE!

French producer H. G. Clouzot—the man who made "The Wages of Fear"—is an embarrassed fellow these days. He is being besieged by striptease stars.

He has only himself to blame. He announced recently that he intended to make a film about the striptease business. Since then, all the striptease acts in Paris have been battling for their film chance.

How much of a striptease will he be allowed to show on the screen? Even in France, the girls will either have to be adorned with a small slip or only their backs will be shown.

Clouzot has no intention of making an ultra-daring picture. It will be a dramatic story with the striptease business as its setting.

FIFTIETH FILM

Has any star remained longer at the top than Bing Crosby? His latest picture is "Anything Goes." It's his fiftieth starring production. It's one of his most glittering, too—the biggest musical Paramount have ever made, with Donald O'Connor, Jeanmaire, Mitzi Gaynor and Phil Harris appearing with him.

Yet, with all his experience, he committed the one crime that make-up men find unfor-

givable. He had a ten-day break during the production, so he took himself off to Palm Springs for a holiday. When he returned, he had such a suntan that the make-up man went nearly crazy trying to get the right shade to match up with the scenes already filmed.

RIVAL TO OSCAR

David Niven is convinced he won't ever get an Oscar, so he has decided to hand out his own award instead—the Tiger.

"I'm going to give one every year now," Niven explained, face solemn except for his blue eyes. "'T' stands for Talent, 'I' for Integrity, 'G' for Guts, 'E' for Eccentricity and 'R' for Realism."

These are all traits Niven believes an actor should possess.

"This year's award goes to Humphrey Bogart, Frank Sinatra, Fredric March and Marlon Brando. No women are eligible. I'm thinking of giving them a 'Cats' award."

NEW ROLE FOR ASHOK KUMAR

For years on end now the Indian working man has paid out his hard-earned annas to have the vicarious pleasure of seeing films about people in a higher income bracket than his own. If some working people appeared in films, they were either incidental or

portrayed in ridiculous exaggeration. Their lives, their struggles and their hopes were never championed or portrayed by the makers of our films. It was only in the recent past that some producers and directors dared to take up stories about the common man. In this venture many of them burned their hands rather badly and the worker has never quite become the real hero of a really successful film so far. I was, therefore, very agreeably surprised when I dropped in at Kardar Studios to see that one producer-director-writer has at last taken up this lost cause.

Anything to do with working men has a tendency of acquiring ping shades. This is one contingency which has kept many people away from such subjects. But Vasant Joglekar, one of the more intelligent but less successful men in the industry, has found a way of treating the life of a worker in a fashion which precludes the class-struggle angle and takes up the worker and his problems as they really are. As does happen in thousands and lakhs of actual homes in our country, the place of dialectics is taken by religious faith and pride of craftsmanship. Joglekar's new film is very aptly named "Karigar" and has an impressive cast. Ashok Kumar plays the worker—a role more suited to his age and experience than the

young collegians he continues to play in many another film. Goddess-turned-working-woman Nirupa Roy plays the female lead while youngster Ramesh Kapoor is the child in the game.

Tragedy Descends

Ashok is a carpenter, devoted to his craft and the tools of his craft like all the true craftsmen anywhere in the world. And like good workers anywhere he has the pride and the glory of his craft weighing on him a little too much. He is haughty and rather harsh spoken. This results in a long span of unemployment, for the boss needs a working man with an oily tongue more than a better working man with a harsh one. Through this spell of hard days Nirupa stands by her husband and takes up employment herself to keep the pot boiling. Right at this moment an addition to the family is on its way and Nirupa's employers help her to find a job for her husband so that she can take it easy. And right at this moment the Karigar goes and loses his satchel full of tools some place. Where good things of life were about to make their appearance, tragedy descends. Ashok goes mad in search of his tools. But, alas, he cannot find them. The story takes him through many minor episodes till finally he finds the wherewithal to buy new tools and to see that his son goes to school so that he gets

a better opportunity in life than he himself got, writes the Bombay correspondent of H. T. Weekly.

Humble Chawl

Quite a plausible and uplifting theme this. While the religious angle is emphasized in the actual script, it does not mar the general appeal of the story. In fact, it has much in the way of modern realistic films being attempted in France and Italy. Most of the action takes place in the humble chawl in which the family lives. It was a set of this chawl which I saw at Kardar Studios, with Nirupa sewing, Ramesh sleeping and Ashok sharpening his tools for the job that he is looking forward to always. With patches on Nirupa's clothes and the rustic dress of Ashok, the scene had all the reality of the chawls that can be recreated in a film studio. Essentially, however, Nirupa looked too well fed and Ashok too luxury-saturated to give an appearance of really poor people. But that is where cameraman V. A. v. a d h o o t comes in. By tricks of the camera, he must infuse a bit of the grimness of the chawl into the well-lighted sets of a film studio. To this end he was devoting his utmost attention.

One of the doyens of the film industry, Ashok Kumar is more than a mere hero right now. If he agrees to work for a director, that man's market value goes up by leaps

and bounds. When he walks on to a set, everybody is all attention.

MORE CINEMA

HOUSES

Film-men and the film industry heaved a sigh of relief with the Bombay Government's announcement permitting the construction of about six to eight cinemas in greater Bombay. As it is, there are nearly 70 cinemas in Bombay with a big population, which is increasing day by day. There have been many pleas by both film-men and well-wishers of film-industry for lifting the ban on building new cinemas. At an annual meeting of the IMPPA this year Kishore Sahu, popular producer and director, suggested building of more cinemas. Quite contrary, only a few months back Mr. Morarji Desai, the then Chief Minister of Bombay at a film meeting had said that regarding building new cinema houses there was no further scope. He further said, Government did not object to the renovation of old cinema houses or construction of new ones in the place of old but would not allow construction of new cinema houses.

The difficulties experienced by many film-men in getting their films released are many.

In Bombay some of the theatres are situated far apart. The increase in the population is on the ascending order and

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Lovely Shakila in "Be-Gumah"

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many people are moving to the suburbs. Though the city has many major theatres, the lack of cinema houses in the suburbs is keenly felt, reads a Calcutta report.

Entertainment is something that cannot be denied to a common man. That is the only relief for him from the family worries. As it is the suburbs in Bombay need more cinemas. The city has enough of them but a few more in suburbs would only relieve the congestion. The Government should allow more cinemas to be built in the suburbs.

HERE & THERE

The unit of Producer F. C. Mehra's costume drama "Quaidi" is fast approaching completion.

Recently the unit had three days' shooting schedule near Vihar Lake.

"Quaidi," over twelve reels of which are complete, stars dancer Padmini, in the lead with hero Suresh.

Agha, Anwar, Kumar, Tun Tun, Kamal Mehta and Helen lend able support.

Music is by O. P. Nayyar and the film is being directed by Mohammed Hussain.

An agreement between A. V. M. Productions of Madras and Bomay producer Akhtar Hussain for the production of a spectacular Hindi film in

the A.V. M. Studios has been made.

The picture, to be produced under the banner of A. V. M., will star Raj Kapoor and Nargis in the leading roles.

The musical score is by Shankar and Jaikishan.

Mohan Segal will direct the picture, which will go into production towards the end of the year.

The costliest film set ever has just been completed for a dance in "Mughal-E-Azam," now nearing completion at Mohan Studios.

The set cost Rs. 7,00,000, a multi-coloured glass palace of the Emperor Akbar.

The builder had to spend nearly two years in construction, and was assisted by the film's art-director M. Sayed.

In this fabulous setting will be staged the final dance of Anarkali before Akbar.

Dilip Kumar portrays Salim, Madhubala enacts Anarkali and Prithviraj plays Akbar.



"Come outside the jail and report the words, will you?"

READERS
VIEWS

SO NICE!

My sincere and heartiest congratulations to you.

Accidentally, when I was going to my home town last week, I saw your Magazine in a news stall. I did not know what a wonder. Magazine is yours. Just only pass off time, I bought a copy, and how can I describe my joy when I turned over the pages. It is a Magazine I have been wishing for. It is not only a story month but a Magazine providing young-ers like me with humorous poems, skits and articles. Besides gives us the politics of the present in a nut-shell.

Really, you must be congratulated on bringing out such a nice Magazine, covering all the requisites of youngsters as well as elders at so little a price.

I wish you every success.

K. Ammi Raju.

The short stories in "India Magazine" are entertaining. I spent a pleasant hour reading your last issue. There is humour as well as touch of realism. The characters are their virtues as well as their foibles. That is life and that is the stuff we want.

May you give us more stories? Your Magazine is the finest periodical in India that I

have so far come across. Congratulations and good wishes.

P. Damodaran.

A few days back I had been to Erozpur Cantt, and there on the "English Bookshop" I saw a copy of "India Magazine"—which I at once picked up went through it the same night. I have completely gone through your October issue. It carries a number of short stories, a few of which call for attentive study. For example "The New Beginning" by R. Sundarm and "With three Temptresses" by Keith Edgar are good reading. "Did Her Husband Know?" and "Diamonds and Women" are interesting enough.

Then all of a sudden my eye jumped to "Comedy of Error," by Hemanth—about which I must say neither it is amusing nor it has any plot. "She Was A Gay Flirt" was an unusual story. "Earthquake Tragedy," was an interesting article. Among your regular features I liked Editorial page, Current Comments, World Sidelights, Life and Laughter.

On the whole I must say your Magazine is indeed very decent as it covers all the fields. I assure you this Magazine will remain dear to me for the long years to come. I wish your Magazine great success.

Ludhiana.

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INDIA MAGAZINE



Waheeda Rehman in a highly emotional sequence from
Guru Dutt's film classic,
"PYAASA"

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