

FREE-ADVICE ON YOUR BAFFLING PROBLEMS THRO: SPIRITUAL-POWERS



You must have some problems and why don't you consult me FREE OF CHARGE? Write me soon if you are puzzled and—disheartened in any walk of your life:— Marriage, Love, Job, Promotion, Examination, Litigation, Speculation, Hidden Enemies, Evil Planets or Bad Luck, Enemy's Charm or Evil-spell or any other Domestic Worry. Let me guide you to the path of success, peace, happiness and prosperity through the Divine—Super-Natural—Invisible Powers. To resign to Faith is to Waste your valuable time. Contact to-day and ask for FIFTY-TWO PAGES "SPIRITUAL GUIDE" against Postage Ans. 4/- (Foreigners Shs. 3 for Air Postage).

A Miracle Man with God-gifted Magnetism in his Eyes to gaze your Life Stage. Master of Ancient Invisible Mysteries. With World Fame:— ENGLAND, AMERICA, AFRICA, GERMANY, CHINA, PERSIA, MAURITIUS, BORNEO, EAST AND WEST INDIES, ARABIA, ADEN, MALAYA, BURMA, NIGERIA, AND GOLD COAST, so on.

Have Consulted Him:— H. B. Maharaja of Baroda, H. H. Maharani of Kothapur, H. H. Maharaja of Banwada, H. H. Maharani of Banwada, Bani Saheba Morvi, Hon'ble Kala Venkatrao, Saint Royal V. Sri Asharya Swami Neminaathii Maharaj President Shri Devraja, Bhagwan Mandir, Sitapur, acquainted with several Leaders and High Personals of India.

You too Write to-day
Stating your Brief History
Enclosing Postage.

SURPRIZING OFFER 5-IN-1

Whole Lot By V.P. Rs. 3-12
(Foreign Shs. 6)

WONDERFUL PREDICTIONS FOR YOU & FOR YOUR FAMILY MEMBERS. FIVE-IN-ONE:—

1. Detailed Exposition of your Planetary influence at your Birth.
2. Chart explaining Fortune of your family members.
3. Good or Bad Omens.
4. Lucky or Unlucky Moles.
5. Answers of 3 Questions.

MENTION BIRTH DATE.
(Air Surcharges Extra.)

A FEW PRAISING LETTERS OUT OF SEVERAL I RECEIVE DAILY

SUCCESS IN MARRIAGE

L. No. 1010. Mr. Ranehhoddbhai G. Patil Dar-es-salam. "I was successful in marrying the desired girl."

RODE FIVE WINNERS

L. No. 1012 F. Mr. J. Joseph, Trinidad. "I rode 5 Winners. Thanks for your Talisman."

OBTAINED JOB SOON

L. No. 1014. Mr. Gil De Coelho, Goa. "I tried your Talisman and was successful in obtaining job."

GOT PROMOTION

L. No. 1019 F. Mr. P. I. Parera, Ceylon. "Dhanvantari Grahasant Talisman has been proved good—Got promotion."

GOT SUCCESS IN EXAM.

L. No. 1018 F. Mr. K. H. Soma, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. "I congratulate you for my success in Exam."

ALL PROBLEMS SOLVED

L. No. 1048. Mr. T. B. Kamble, Bombay. "With the use of your Talisman I got success in all important affairs."

NO MORE ENEMIES

L. No. 1020 F. Miss Feeto, Nairobi. "I see my Enemies take very little effect on me."

NOTE:— Money Orders, Registered Letters, Express Letters, and Telegrams are to be addressed to my Head Office, i.e., Deccan Gymkhana, Poona 4, India.

SHOKA, HINDU ASTROLOGICAL SOCIETY (M.M.)
SPIRITUALIST Deccan Gymkhana, POONA-4 (INDIA)

224670

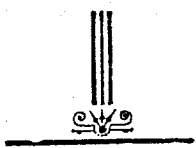


Contents

Vol. 27

1st June, 1956

No. 3



All the names and characters appearing in the stories and skits in this Issue are entirely imaginary and any reference to living persons is purely coincidental. The opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. — Ed.

Articles

NATURE AND NURTURE	...	1
SIR SIMON MARKS	...	4
CHANCE OR DESTINY?	...	6

Skits

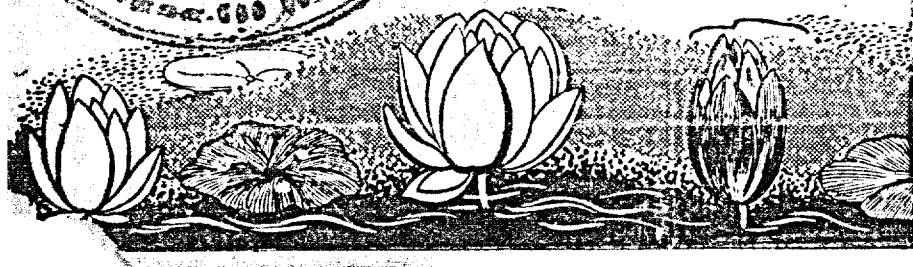
THE CANINE SPECIES	...	21
DOLLAR OR SOUL?	...	21

Stories

THE BLACK SPRING	...	17
(Cover Page Story)	...	31
THE REVELATION	...	41
AMATEUR GUNMAN	...	41
PRINCE OF PRIDE	...	51
CHILD OF DESTINY (Serial Story)	...	51
TRANSFORMATION	...	51

Features

EDITORIAL	...	1
NEWS AND NOTES	...	3
FACTS FOR FARMERS	...	6
YOU ASKED FOR IT!	...	6
THE PLANETS AND YOU	...	7
HERE'S FUN!	...	7
GLEANINGS	...	8
CAUSTIC COMMENTS	...	9
BOOKS AT A GLANCE	...	9
SOUND AND SHADOW	...	10



Sensational - - - Offer !

First time in my life, I make bumper offer of your life-time.—(1) Your birthplanets explained. (2) Planetary effect on your past, present and future. (3) Influence on you of your near circle (Family and friends). (4) Scientific replies to solve your puzzling problems. (5) Easy methods to remove obstacles coming in your way. (6) Tibetan way to achieve your ambitions to success. (7) And above all great Tibetan eye of miracles.

Full Lot by V.P.P. Rs. 5-12-0 only. (Foreign Shs. 10)

Greatest of the Great

Since last 20 years I was in search of a real spiritualist to achieve my objects in life. I tried many but none could give me full satisfaction. At last I contacted Shri J. K. Govind (Tibet trained). He has in very short time given me success in all paths of life. I think he is really the greatest of the great Spiritualists.

Seth LALCHAND, Banker.

AMAZED

Your ability and power have really amazed me.

MR. LEE JOO IT—MALAYA.

You have given me new life within three days.

PRANSHOREY, Manager,
SHOREY FILMS.

I feel much better in all respects.

A. B. ADWANI, Prop. Littles
Radio and Refrigeration Co.

You great wizard! Those who did not care to even look at me are now with your blessings falling at my feet.

MISS NALINI, BARODA.

Spiritual help can change your life. Misfortune into success, happiness and peace of mind. Just drop a line AT ONCE.

Thousands have taken advantage. Why NOT YOU!



A Miracle man having perfect control over ancient Indian invisible MYSTERIES.

N.B.—Free advice is given only if reply Postage is enclosed.

Remember the name of great repute

Shri J.K. GOVIND (Tibet Trained)

P.O. BOX No. 92, POONA-I (India)



*What the World is
talking about?*

IT IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN!
IT IS THE RAGE OF THE COUNTRY!!
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT IT?

LOANS UPTO Rs. 1,500/-

ON PERSONAL SECURITY, WITHOUT MORTGAGE
OR PLEDGE OF PROPERTY ARE AVAILABLE.

DO YOU WONDER HOW IT COULD BE POSSIBLE?
TAKE A TIP FROM US—

HUNDREDS HAVE BEEN BENEFITED

JUST DROP US A POSTCARD AND YOU WILL GET THE
DETAILS RIGHT IN YOUR HAND.

BOMBAY TRADE CENTRE— 81, COMMERCIAL CHAMBERS, BOMBAY-3

MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

27th Year of Publication

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

EXACTLY 2,500 years ago, on the thrice blessed Baisakhi Purnima Day, Prince Siddhartha Gautama, who forsook his palace and its pleasures, his wife and child at the early age of 29, sought and had enlightenment and thus became the Buddha, finally attained Mahaparinirvana in his eightieth year.

This Prince of Peace born in a world full of mutual hatred, this Light of Asia in the dark world of ignorance and superstition, propounded his memorable eight-fold path for the ensuring of individual and community peace and co-existence of nations.

Paying reverential homage to the memory of the life and teachings of the Enlightened One, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President, Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister, and other leaders appealed to the citizens of the world to realise how vital it is to remember the message of the Buddha. Declared Shri Nehru while laying the foundation stone of the monument to commemorate the 2,500th anniversary of the Buddha's Mahaparinirvana on Delhi's ridge overlooking the old and new Delhis: "It is good to remember the message of the Buddha, when the world is torn with conflicting forces and there is not only talk of war but war preparations are going on and big nations opposed to each other speak in voices full of anger.....but this soft voice, this policy of the Buddha even now rings in our ears and often to some extent puts us to shame because in these past thousands of years we did not understand and learn it fully and often wrong things were done."

In several countries in Asia, the 2,500th anniversary of the Buddha's Mahaparinirvana was and is being celebrated in a fitting manner. This is understandable because they are Buddhist countries. But why did India celebrate the sacred

day so grandly when Buddhism has ceased to be a religion in the land? It is simply and rightly to remind the world that the country which gave to mankind the Buddha is now striving its best to practise his precepts of peace and co-existence with others.

The modern Light of Asia, Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, the ardent preacher and follower of the *Pancha Sheela* principles, the non-violent fighter for peace, has already contributed much to lessen international political tensions on several occasions and is ceaselessly endeavouring to avert the war that threatens to break out any moment and destroy humanity itself.

May the spirit of the Buddha enter the hearts and minds of the world's leaders and guide them on the right path towards light and sweetness, peace and its proper practice. That way alone can we have ere long, as the poet dreamt, a Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World. Otherwise, mankind's fate is as good as sealed.

BHOODAN AND SARVODAYA

IT was in the fitness of things that the Eighth All-India Sarvodaya Sammelan was held at Kancheepuram last month. For one thing, it was held at a place of great sanctity and of hallowed memory. For another, it was held at the time of the Buddha's 2,500th Mahaparinirvana celebrations at the very place where Buddhism once flourished.

Appasaheb Patwardhan who delivered the presidential address dwelt upon the necessity to intensify constructive work and Khadi development and declared in no uncertain terms the important connection between Bhoodan and the Sarvodaya movement. He said that Bhoodan and Sampattidan were like the two legs of the Sarvodaya movement and further characterised the remark by stating that in fact it had given a fillip to the Sarvodaya movement itself and that it is on this basis of Bhoodan that we have to establish a Sarvodaya society in the villages.

If Bhoodan has become such an integral and important part of the Sarvodaya movement today, then it is the direct result of the tremendous miracle wrought by Acharya Vinoba Bhave. From the moment he walked from the Andhra area into Tiruvallur for his Bhoodan Yatra in Tamilnad, he has electrified the people who had come to see and hear him and had thereby been able to get several hundred acres of land as gifts in a matter of a few days.

At the Sarvodaya Sammelan, Acharya Vinoba Bhave rightly drew the attention of the people to forget anger, develop a spirit of bhakti, service and charity and to be God-fearing but not religious bigots or caste fanatics. Shri C. Rajagopalachari also deplored the growing irreligious feeling in the South, particularly in Kancheepuram, and expressed the hope that Acharya Vinoba Bhave's visit would result in the transformation of the irreligious into religious and good men.

May his words prove true and may the guidance given by the deliberations of the Sarvodaya Sammelan held at Kancheepuram transform the country as to make it the envy of the world.

NEWS and NOTES

Soviet's Arms Cut

Before May 1, 1957, she would be reducing her armed strength by 1,200,000 men, Soviet Russia has announced. Besides this, three air force divisions and 30,000 men in East Germany will be disbanded and 375 ships of her navy will be put into reserve, Soviet Russia has declared.

What exactly are the reasons that have prompted Soviet Russia to making these announcements are not clear. Some have attributed the cut in armed strength to the urgent need for men to help fulfil the effective implementation of the intensive industrialisation programme recently announced.

We feel that there can be only one of two reasons or both, viz., that the thermo-nuclear self-guided missiles may have been so vastly improved by the U. S. S. R. as to make it quite unnecessary to maintain a vast army and the man-power thus saved could with advantage be utilised in the industrial field. Secondly, the announcement might be meant to create a deep psychological effect in the NATO camp. France is very reluctant and to some extent uneasy regarding the rapid re-arming of West Germany by the U. S. A. and in West Germany itself, conscription to help swell the NATO armed strength is becoming very unpopular. To add to this piquant situation, nobody knows what exactly is the armed strength of the U. S. S. R., nor the extent of its advance in thermo-nuclear self-guided missiles.

Hence, the U. S. A. could only content itself by making the comment that the Soviet announcement means in effect nothing so long as she has not revealed her real strength. The inescapable conclusion, however, remains that the U. S. S. R. has made a very clever political move to the real, though concealed, chagrin of the other three big powers.

Unfortunate Statement

Egypt is a sovereign state and has therefore every right to enter into diplomatic relations with any country according to the needs of her own political expediency. When Col. Nasser, Egypt's Prime Minister, announced his country's decision to recognise the Communist regime in Peking as the Government of China, he is merely accepting the facts of the situation. It is really unfortunate that the American Secretary of State Dulles should have made the statement that the U. S. A. did not look with favour on Egypt's actions and decisions that would help in any manner Soviet or Communist China.

He has also said that Egypt's recognition of Communist China's Government will not help the latter's admission into the U. N. O. This open hostility to prevent entry of Red China into the U.N.O. is not playing the game proper on the part of the U.S.A. The U.N.O. is a world organisation and not a private limited political concern of which the U. S. A. is the managing agent, which is what evidently

Pakistan's Problems

Strange, indeed, is the shape of things taking place in Pakistan ever since its inception. It took nearly nine years to finally have a written Constitution—but was one that denied the minority communities equality of opportunity in the matter of aspiring for the highest offices of the land, viz., Presidency and Vice-Presidency. She has unlawfully occupied part of Kashmir and has subjected people in that region to every kind of privation and suffering. In West Pakistan, there is a political crisis brewing every day on account of the Muslim League's open hostility to Dr. Khan Sahab's Ministry. In East Pakistan, the Constitution has been suspended and President's rule has been imposed. In the country itself, prices are soaring high, unemployment is increasing and the citizens are tired of the innumerable political manoeuvrings. Democracy here is of the strangest kind.

Instead of setting her own house in order, Pakistan has gone out of her way to express concern for the people of that part of Kashmir that has acceded to India and is trying to foolishly show to the whole world that India is an aggressor and an outsider in Kashmir. She wants to make the U.N.O. the forum for hurling her usual wrong accusations about India and her perfectly legal relationship with Kashmir. Before conditions become worse inside her own territory, Pakistan would do well to accept the unalterable fact of Kashmir's accession to India and concentrate her whole and best attention towards helping the common man in her own land to live peacefully. Otherwise, she will

find that she has bitten more than she can ever possibly chew. Internal security and well-being of the citizens are necessary before any country wishes to embark on any extra-territorial adventures.

Dr. Roy's Decision

To all those who were feeling extremely bitter at the letting loose of linguistic feelings when the S.R.C. Report was published and who hailed as a piece of far-sighted statesmanship the Roy-Sinha declaration last January about the merger or union of W. Bengal and Bihar, the recent declaration of Dr. Roy that such a merger or union cannot be implemented came as a profound disappointment. Dr. Roy's verdict was based on the result of the bye-election held in the Calcutta North-West Constituency caused by the death of Dr. Meghnad Saha. He thought that the overwhelming victory of Mohit Kumar Moitra, Secretary of the Anti-Merger Committee, was a clear indication of the people's wishes.

While some leaders have stated and some newspapers also have commented that the result of a single bye-election ought not to be taken so seriously, we feel that such a view is wrong. For a successful merger or union of both states and later peaceful functioning, the full accord of the people is an indispensable pre-requisite. When evidence is clear that a very large number of people, though not of the majority, are against it then the move ought to be given up as Dr. Roy has done. That is the really democratic thing to do. But then, Dr. Roy should not let things remain as they are; instead he should educate the people to

realise that the merger or union is really for everybody's good and may be people's opinion might finally veer round to the support of the merger or union. It will be worth his while for Dr. Roy to undertake this task, from right now on.

A Just Cause

At the Madras State Non-Gazetted Officers' Conference held at Rajaji Hall in the City last month, powerful pleas, though at times in harsh language, were made asking the State Government to view their plight sympathetically. The President of the Conference stated that "the emoluments of a clerk in this State are lower than that of a last grade employee under the Union Government, nay even less than that of a sweeper in the Railway." This is quite true and their cause is a just one. But the methods they have thought of using, viz., to defer receipt of pay on the 1st working day of July, to observe a one hour token strike first and later on a one day token strike are not good and smack of a trade union mentality. They should remember that the State's finances cannot possibly permit giving them the scales of pay obtaining in the Central Government services. The justness of their demands cannot and should not be denied. The State Government ought to do something undoubtedly to help these poorly paid N. G. O.'s.

SUCCESS

Prosperity, Health, Wealth, can be achieved through the medium of "NAVAGRAHA - TAVIZ" prepared according to your Birth Planetary position. Send Birth-date/Time and Rs. 21/- by M.O., Foreign 33 Shillings. Any 3 questions Re. 1/-, Send Birth-date/Time Re. 1/- Postal Order. Foreign 3 Shillings.

Pandit ASTROPALM
PIMPALWADI, GIRGAUM, BOMBAY-4

SEX IN PRACTICAL LIFE

A Lucid 208-pages book on Married Life with illustrative diagrams and a Foreword by Dr. A. LAKSHMIPATHY, 10,000 copies sold. Price Rs. 2/8/- V.P. charges Annas 8/- extra.

REYNOLDS & CO.
P. B. 1225 (M) MADRAS



BOOK FOR ALL TIMES KOK-SASTRA

contains Vastu Karan Asana with attractive illustrations & many other useful articles which you have not read before. Entertaining & instructive.

BEST PHOTOS FOR YOUR ALBUM.

If you want to see girls in their gracefulst poses. Beauty and other things at their best. Then order today a set of Fifty, all different poses. BOTH Rs. 6/-.

H.H. STORES (M.M.M.), P.B. No. 61, Meerut.

Rs. 150

PER MONTH

AND FREE CYCLE

For introducing amongst your friends, relatives and other known people our Golden Embroidered Sarees, Shawls, Summertax suitings and shirtings, etc.

SAMPLES FREE.

LION FABRICS MILLS, LUOHIANA

DANTON
1-WEEK SHORTHAND
(English & Hindi)

Only 10 easy Lessons.
 Practice quickly gives
 150—200 words per
 minute speed. Write
 to-day for free first
 lesson :—

Danton Shorthand School
 Egerton Road, Post Box 1043
 DELHI (K)

Pt. Amblay Ramaswami Aiyar's
 38 Yrs. Renowned, Well Tried & Most Efficacious

SANTHANA SINDURA

(Packets) : Cures the deadly **STOMACH-
 PAIN**, Head Ache, Pain in the Body Joints
 etc., arising during **PERIODS**. Prevents
 Mal-formation & Mis-carriages and Ends
STERILITY.

Thousands without children
 16-18 Years after **WED-LOCK**
 attained **PARENT HOOD**.

Price : Rs. 7/- (13 Sh.) by M.O. or P.O. per
 SET (8 Pkts. & 4 Pills) for the Couple. For
 Catalogue & Particulars send 2/- As. stamps.
A. RAMASWAMIER SON & Co., (M)
 628, CHAMARAJA ROAD, RICE MILL CROSS,
 MYSORE (SOUTH INDIA)

DO YOU BELIEVE IN DISTANT HYPNOTISM ?

Read and easily learn the only practical
 and most effective book in the world
 for everybody's sure success and power.

TELE-HYPNOTISM

You can easily influence, cure, conquer
 anybody at any distance only by a photo
 or from imagination. The methods have
 been proved with challenge in hundreds
 of cases by the author Prof. B.K. Banerjee,
 the greatest Hypnotist healer and famous
 magician in the east. Price Rs. 3/- post
 paid by Money order or uncrossed Postal
 order. No V.P.P. Particulars free.

MITALI PUBLISHERS, Agartala, Tripura State

Mysore's Loss

In the evening of May 24,
 Mysore's veteran Congress leader
 Shri K. T. Bhashyam succumbed
 to a heart attack. He was 61 when
 he died. Chairman of the Mysore
 Legislative Council, he had been
 prominent in the public life of the
 State for 30 and odd years.

He was a member of the old
 Mysore Representative Assembly
 for 13 years at a stretch, a member
 of the Bangalore City Council for
 9 years, President of the Mysore
 State Congress in 1940, and
 Minister for Law and Labour in
 the K. C. Reddy Ministry. — He
 was a social reformer as well. A
 great friend of journalists, he was
 the Editor of the *Mysore Law
 Journal*, and as member of the
 Mysore State Journalists' Associa-
 tion did a great deal towards its
 growth. In his passing away, the
 country in general and Mysore
 State in particular has suffered a
 great loss.

Journalist's Sudden End

Sudden heart attack killed Shri
 A. S. Iyengar at Pipalkoti in
 Garhwal while he was on his way
 to Badrinath on a pilgrimage. He
 was 62 when he died. Starting
 life as a reporter on the staff of the
Indian Patriot in 1905, he later
 on served in *The Leader* which was
 edited by Sir C. Y. Chintamani of
 hallowed memory. At the express
 invitation of Motilal Nehru, he
 joined the *Independent*, later on
 becoming the Editor of the Asso-
 ciated Press in Delhi. In 1946, he
 became the Principal Information
 Officer of the Government of India.
 To him goes the credit for yeoman
 service rendered in starting the
 South Indian school for boys and
 girls in Delhi. In his death, we
 have lost a journalist of rich
 experience and varied abilities.

Nature And Nurture

By "DEEPAK"

THE adage "Breed is stronger
 than pasture" by George
 Eliot has almost always been taken
 for granted. But, it has, more
 recently, been contended that
 whereas the impact of heredity
 cannot be underestimated, the
 influence of environment, circum-
 stances of one's upbringing and
 the atmosphere in which he breathes
 cannot be overlooked. Opinions
 differ and people look at things
 through different coloured glasses.

The view that it is nature alone
 which is the sole factor responsible
 for the development of human
 personality and which pre-deter-
 mines an individual's place in his
 life has been challenged by those
 who hold the view that none is by
 nature incapacitated to achieve
 anything which his fellow beings
 can, provided he is placed in the
 same environment and circum-
 stances.

Supporters of racial superiority
 have been harping on the hypo-
 thesis that nature decrees
 inequality among men and control
 of the weak by the strong, the
 stupid by the wise, the timid by
 the rich. They emphasise dissimi-
 larities in native capacity among
 human beings and contend that
 the intellectual and moral
 differences of men are inborn and
 are not substantially modifiable
 by training and environment.

They support their view by
 applying principles of genetics and
 biometrists' records of kinship
 among distinguished men and the
 psychologists' measurements of
 human intelligence, which show

that only the germinal structure,
 not "acquired characteristics,"
 form the source of heredity. In
 applying these laws to man, they
 maintain that the most significant
 differences among men are the
 hereditary ones, and that the
 variations in the achievements of
 men are definitely related to fixed
 characters in the native germ
 plasm and not to environment and
 training.

REGARDING the inheritance of
 superior human capacity
 and "heredity of genius", Sir
 Francis Galton's investigations
 over sixty years ago are worth
 taking into consideration. He
 made elaborate biographical
 summaries to show that eminent
 judges, statesmen, military com-
 manders, literary men, scientists,
 artists, divines, and sportsmen had
 had a relatively large number of
 eminent relatives in the same fields;
 he believed, therefore, that his
 summaries established a "decided
 law of distribution of genius in
 families." He attempted to demon-
 strate that there was a specific
 inheritance of superiority and it
 was only the illustrious men in a
 given field who gave birth to
 illustrious descendants and kins-
 men. He contended that the
 intellectual and artistic superiority
 in general is inherited.

Psychologists have also shown,
 while measuring "general intelli-
 gence", that mental differences
 within the general range of normal
 individuals are also inherited.

Whereas earlier tests were usually limited to measuring specific qualities of perception, such as accuracy of vision and discrimination in taste and smell, or strength of memory, quickness of response and capacity of attention, the newer tests have been widely regarded as showing that individuals can be differentiated not only as to their specific mental traits but also as to their mental levels, so that they can be classified as of superior, average, or inferior general intelligence. The aim of these men and many of the popular writers has been to show that these differences in the mental levels of normal human beings are congenital.

ANOTHER method employed to demonstrate the inheritance of intellectual superiority has been to take some particular group of relatives and show the large number of proficient individuals among them. This method is exemplified in the popular American canvasses of the distinguished posterity of a seventeenth century Connecticut couple—Richard Edwards and his talented wife, Elizabeth Tuttle. The descendants of this famous pair include two presidents of the United States and an impressive number of senators, congressmen, judges, college presidents, professors, clergymen, authors, lawyers, and physicians.

Talking about the influence of various factors on the development of human personality, parents' economic position and social status have not been overlooked. Alphonse de Condolle in France and Karl Pearson in England presented statistical tables to show that men of distinction in various fields are generally descended from parents whose superior ability is demon-

strated by their economic or social position in the community or by the vocational class to which they belong.

Galton indicated that somewhat excessively large number of English scientists were descended from the "noble, wealthy and gentlemanly classes." Havelock Ellis's canvass of over a thousand "British men of genius" showed that over a third came from the professional classes and only a fifth from the far more numerous groups of clerks, mechanics, farmers, and labourers. By showing correlations between the test-ratings of the children with the occupational positions of the parents, Prof. Terman shows that of 1,000 children whom his tests classify as "gifted", 31.4 per cent were descended from parents of the professional class, 50 per cent from parents of the semi-professional and business groups, 11.8 per cent from skilled labourers, 6.6 per cent from semi-skilled and slightly skilled labourers and 0.13 per cent from common labourers.

PROF. OSBORN holds that the study of modern biology "has compelled us to realize the superior force and stability of heredity as being more enduring and potent than 'environment'; and Prof. Edward M. East has declared that "no matter what value one may assign to precept and example in moulding the mind of man, his mentality is due fundamentally to his hereditary endowment, to his inborn traits."

"Biology warns us," says A. E. Wiggam, "that nearly all the happiness and nearly all the misery of the world are due, not to environment, but to heredity; that the differences among men are, in the

main, due to differences in the germ cells from which they are born...The social classes which you seek to abolish by law, are ordained by nature." Men of higher native capacities, it is maintained, are found chiefly in the socially, professionally, and economically "upper classes."

THE general idea is that average intelligence ascends as we ascend the economic and social scale. Wage-earners, small businessmen, farm tenants, small farmers have a generally lower mental capacity and moral stamina than professional men, big businessmen and others of the upper social strata. It has been said that the leaders of today are the only ones who can be depended upon to produce the leaders of the future. "We have pretty good evidence," says Prof. William McDougall, "that capacity for intellectual growth is inborn, that it is hereditary, and also that it is closely correlated with social status."

It was on this assumption of biological differentiation and congenital difference that the supporters of racial superiority based their conclusions. But though there can be no denying the fact that there are certain definite mental and physical natural inequalities among men, the myth of racial superiority has, in fact, completely exploded in recent years. The antagonists of congenital superiority hold their opponents guilty of over-emphasis on birth, social status and economic position, and under-estimation of the influence of factors such as environment, upbringing, opportunity, etc., which play a substantial part in the development of human personality.

The vital role played by environment, training and nurture in moulding human personality is now acknowledged as a truism all over the world. A study of the gradual development of a child's habits and faculties proves that human nature is not rigid but easily pliable and flexible. The minds and personalities of adults too are by no means so fossilized as is generally supposed. This is substantiated by various instances of metamorphosis of hardened criminals and evil-doers into gentlemen and saints, under the impact of a sudden mental or emotional impulse or through the inspiring influence of a lofty soul.

The protagonists of the definite influence of training and environment regard as untenable the arguments of those who over-stress the biologic or blood basis, not only for varieties in intellectual capacity among individuals but also for differences in the levels of culture among the various peoples of the world. They support their view with the newly devised "mental tests" which have been employed in comparing Whites and Negroes in the United States.

It has been seen that when external environmental influences were completely eliminated and various groups had received generally similar conditions, the results showed some superiority of the Negroes over the Whites in sense of rhythm and in the discrimination of time intervals in music; some superiority of the Whites over the Negroes in copying geometric figures, drawing models, and fitting blocks into holes; and an equality between the two groups in the accurate repetition of numerical figures. When the ordinary

tests have been used to compare American Whites with Chinese, Japanese and Hindus, no differences in favour of the Whites have generally been revealed.

It is contended that no scientific case has been established in support of the claims of a biological supremacy of some particular racial group, such as the Aryans, Teutons, Nordics, Anglo-Saxons, Celts, or Jews.

It has been held that good and bad characteristics are apparently not, for the most part, unit characteristics; and we do not know what are the elementary characters in the native germ plasm that in combination make one man better than another. Most psychologists and educators appear now to agree that there are numerous traits which, although not revealed by any formal tests, are of fundamental importance in determining the quality of human conduct or the ability of individuals to make social adjustments satisfying to themselves and others; they further agree that many such traits are to a significant degree subject to development under the influence of training and environment.

They deny any kinship among eminent men and utilize more recent scientific experiments and facts to disprove the biological doctrine. Galton's study of English judges showed that, of the one hundred able judges whom he listed as ancestors of able judges, ninety were apparently the sons of fathers of average standing, and only ten had eminent fathers. Scientific geneticists of today express doubts as to the practical implications of the tables set up to demonstrate the inheritance of exceptional ability. Prof. Raymond Pearl shows that, of the eighty-five poets

given most extensive mention in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, only three were descended from parents of sufficient distinction to be mentioned separately in the *Encyclopaedia*; that of the sixty-three prominently mentioned philosophers, most were the sons of obscure clergymen, shopkeepers, peasants, watch-makers, clerks, or petty office-holders and that only five of the eminent philosophers produced any descendants of distinction.

OTHER canvasses have been made of the lowly parentage of great men of the past. We are reminded that Jesus was the son of a carpenter and Leonardo da Vinci the illegitimate son of a domestic servant; that Shakespeare's father was a butcher and glover; Beethoven's, a "confirmed drunkard"; Schubert's, a peasant; Faraday's, a poor blacksmith; Carlyle's, a stone-mason; Lincoln's, a roving carpenter; Pasteur's, a tanner; Browning's, a clerk; Socrates' mother, a mid-wife; Beethoven's the daughter of a cook; and Schubert's, "an ignorant drudge." The author of one of the canvasses, a distinguished geneticist, concludes that "most of the great leaders of mankind come from humble parents."

As to the correlation between innate ability and occupational status, Professors E. L. Clarke and J. M. Cattell—whose canvasses of the occupational distribution of the fathers of American men in literature and science are interesting, drew no such conclusion themselves. Both challenged the extreme claims of Galton and Pearson as to the great predominance of heredity over opportunity in determining the achievements of men.

"There have been," said Clarke, "three especially important factors in the development of American men of letters: a good heredity furnishing stock capable of being developed, an education adequate to develop latent ability, and a social environment furnishing incentive to the naturally endowed and amply educated to turn their attention to literature."

"The differences in ability," Prof. Cattell believed, "may be properly attributed in part to natural capacity and in part to opportunity"; in the present state of our knowledge, we cannot weigh heavily one factor over the other.

Further, "The single human individual," says Prof. Herbert S. Jennings, "has not a single definite pre-arranged fate or tendency, but a vast number of

capabilities, a vast number of keys, as it were, through which the environment may play upon him; a multitude of impulses, tendencies towards action in diverse direction." We cannot measure innate capacity by achievements, for we cannot differentiate the effects which opportunity has had upon the achievements. The mental traits we observe in adults are often the product of an environment that obscures the nature of the inheritance. Environment influences the development of the individual from the beginning of the life of the fertilized egg.

So great has been regarded the influence of environment, training and nurture that an eminent writer once said, "Give me a newly born, normally healthy baby, and I can make anything out of him."

Tirumalai-Tirupati Devasthanam Information Centre

SRI C. SANJEEVI NAIDU, Secretary of the Centre, writes:

During May, '56, many new members were enrolled. *Prasadam* from Lord Venkateswara's temple in Tirumalai were distributed to several devotees on 1-5-'56. Regular *Bhajans* were held on every Saturday evening and many devotees have availed themselves of the services of the Centre. There is a proposal to start a cultural centre by the T. T. D. when classes will be held in Sanskrit, music and art. It also proposed to hold a Competition in *Suprabatham* recitation and award prizes to the winners.



ESTABLISHED

21-8-1952

SUCCESS AND COACHING

GUARANTEED

BY POST

FREE TUITION—GIVEN

'D' Group Classes begin on and from 15-6-1956.

Both Sexes (MALE or FEMALE) those who are able to read and write Tamil and those who have discontinued their High School Studies, passed S.S.L.C., TEACHERS, and those who are in employment can join the following classes:—

No. 1. Intermediate	No. 13. E.S.L.C. (8th standard)
2. Service Commission	14. Handloom Weaving
3. Matriculation	15. Agriculture
4. Banaras Matriculation	16. Hindi ('55 August)
5. S.S.L.C.	17. Homoeopathy (Tamil)
6. S.S.L.C. (October '56)	18. Homoeopathy (English)
7. Tamil Vidwan Classes	19. Village Munsiff
8. Pre-University Class	20. Village Valdia (Tamil)
9. Inter (Tamil) D Group	21. Village Karnam
10. Book-Keeping	22. Basic English (From Primary
11. Postal Clerk	lessons A, B, C, D, upto Fifth
12. Postman	Form standard)

For the Government Examinations 1956-57, lessons will be sent monthly thrice 5, 15 and 25th of each month, free of cost or expense. Guarantee certificates are issued to each student. For success in Examination and regular despatch of lessons the guarantee certificate is granted. For failure to do so as specified above the guarantee certificate holds itself liable for the students' loss and inconvenience accrued thereby. Experienced and efficient STAFF B.A., L.T., M.A., B.A., VIDWAN, DOCTOR prepare the lessons in a simple and easy style clearly.

NOTE: From 21-3-52 we own our Printing Press. From our INSTITUTE thousands of Students every year are trained and coached. Several of them have passed their examinations and have obtained promotions and more salary. Hundreds of students have joined our A., B., C., groups which were started on 11-1-'56, 1-3-'56, and 27-4-1956 and are getting their COACHING.

So send two one anna postal stamps and get our prospectus for our D Group Classes which begin on and from 15-6-1956 and join our FREE Postal Classes.

BEWARE OF BOGUS INSTITUTES AND INSTITUTIONS

One of the best and efficient postal tuition Institutes in TAMILNAD.

Sri Murugan Tutorial Institute,
RISHIVANDIYAM S.O., VIA VILLUPURAM R.M.S., SOUTH ARCOT Dt., S.Ry.

Cover Page Story:

Shashi was always an obstinate girl—not even death could come in her way.

The Black Spring

"SHASHI!" Murlidhar called his daughter as he drove through the deserted streets. There was no reply from the back seat.

Murlidhar again felt that sense of the supernatural, the touch of outworldiness he had often experienced when talking to his daughter. He would have doubted the very fact that he was her father and she his daughter, had it not been for his wife sitting next to him on the front seat. Poor woman! Murlidhar knew that his wife shared with him the anxiety regarding their teen-aged daughter, their only child, who would be

sixteen tomorrow. Murlidhar could see his daughter's face in the front mirror, a beautiful, silent face with big staring eyes, the face of a creature from outside this world.

That was the trouble. There was nothing wrong with Shashi. That is, nothing wrong that you could put down on paper. To all appearances she was a normal girl, pretty and intelligent. No disease, no complexes. And yet there came periods, lasting sometimes an hour, sometimes a month, when a wide chasm divided the parents and their daughter, when the mental contact between the two generations snapped, and it

seemed as if Shashi was lost in a world of her own, another world into which Murlidhar and his wife could never penetrate, no matter how hard they tried.

MURLIDHAR pressed down on the accelerator and the car sped through the deserted streets of Bombay. It was the evening of January 18, 1956, when the city bore the look of a graveyard after a dusk-to-dawn curfew had been clamped down. All the gas lamps had been smashed by demonstrators demanding Bombay for Maharashtra. The car journeyed in an expanse of unrelieved darkness and a silent atmosphere of bitterness between

the two great communities.

The silence outside was matched by the silence inside the car. Murlidhar, his wife and his daughter, the three occupants, were going to the Black Spring.

"Oh, you poor child!" Murlidhar was thinking. "I wish I knew what ails you. You sit there, silent and sad, your mother sits silent and sad, and your father also has to sit silent and sad. I wish I knew what ails you. I wish the Black Spring will really cure you of whatever it is that troubles you."

For the last fortnight the Thing had assumed frightening

dimensions. It was true that no parent ever knew the whole of his child's mind. But he wished he knew even a fraction of what was in the head of his pretty daughter. Shashi had grown pale and pensive, her cheeks took the colour of fresh snow flakes and her eyes wandered from object to object. She said nothing and heard nothing, even though she was neither dumb nor deaf.

SHE was now in her second year in the college. Sometimes Murlidhar wondered whether there was some love affair at the bottom of this all, but he rejected the explanation the very moment it occurred to him. Firstly, detailed secret inquiries instituted by him had revealed that Shashi was not known to have any boy-friend in the college and, secondly, she had been like this from the time she suckled at her mother's breasts. Murlidhar remembered his mother's comment twelve years ago: "That daughter of yours puzzles me. She is four years old and she behaves like a married woman come to spend a week-end with her parents. Sitting alone in a corner and always looking at the door as if she wants to get out—that is what I don't call the normal look on the face of a child her age."

That was it—always behaving like a caged bird. Murlidhar recollected the way her face lit up for a moment with a bright expression as he informed her a few days ago that they would spend her sixteenth birthday at the Black Spring in the mountains, near Wilson Dams.

The Black Spring had brought a new ray of hope in their lives. It was the suggestion of the family priest.

"Murlidharji, you take your daughter to the Black Spring and make her bathe in the Spring water on her birthday. That will drive away the evil spirit from her body and return her to cheerful normalcy, by God's grace," the priest had advised.

The Black Spring was embedded in a thick group of hills converging on each other, a distance of about forty miles from the Wilson Dams and a hundred and fifty miles by road from Bombay. Their original plan was to spend a week camping at the site of the Dams but the riots in the city prevented Murlidhar from leaving earlier. He had now succeeded in taking two days' leave from the Government office in which he served as a high official and had left his home in the evening, so as to reach the Dams before midnight.

TOMORROW was Shashi's sixteenth birthday and Murlidhar had a feeling that he was on the brink of something very unusual. He woke up from his thoughts as the back-seat idol came to life.

"Father, did you say something to me?" Shashi asked in a voice that seemed to come floating from afar.

That was what finally got him. Murlidhar applied the brakes and brought the car to a sudden halt. They were now near Igatpuri station. And she had answered him—*nearly two hours after he had called her!*

He felt his wife's understanding gentle touch on his hand, silently imploring him not to lose his balance, to have patience, to put up with IT till the magic of the

Black Spring restored their daughter to them the next morning.

The car started again. It made a detour from Goti railway line crossing and was now wending its way upwards in the Ghats. They had left behind them the city of Bombay, the gun shots, the burning buses, the bitterness. Here there was peace and tranquillity, the twinkling stars shining under the canopy of a clear sky, the cold wind piercing through their skins, the fire-flies indulging in nocturnal love making.....

MURLIDHAR was a staunch Maharashtrian. He shared with many others of his community, rightly or wrongly, the instinctive distrust of the Gujarati community. But now he forgot for the moment the burning political issues of the day as his nostrils breathed in deeply the sweet fresh air of the hills which was stimulating his very system.

Once again he heard Shashi making one of her rare utterances.

"Father, it is a wonderful place! I feel so happy here!"

He could feel his wife smiling beside him—the smile of a daughter spreading on the lips of her mother.

Before midnight they had reached Wilson Dams. They were able to make use of the smaller of the two guest houses; the other guest house, far better than the one he could get, was occupied by a rich Gujarati family. "Even here the Gujaratis monopolise everything!" he mused.

Murlidhar got up before sunrise. He woke his wife and then

Epidemics—Plague, Cholera, Small Pox—have all their seasons for virulence, when you can take prophylactics and adopt other protective measures.

But you don't know when your neighbour, or—God forbid—a member of your own family, might be bitten by a poisonous snake.



You can Save the Life
by administering timely

ANTIVENIN
Prepared under Ayurvedic System

By Dr. SUKUMAR ADHUKARY
M.B., F.R.S.S. (Lond.)

Keep one Phial always handy lest you should have to regret when the grim occasion comes suddenly unawares. Remember—it is also efficacious for scorpion or centipede bite.

Per
Phial
Rs. 3

Sole Agents

M. SINGH & BROS.
115, Calcutta Road, Calcutta-20

8th WONDER!!!

(Talisman of a Real Yogi
is surely the 8th Wonder.)

SARBASIOHI TALISMAN :—100 years reputed Talisman of Swami Yogananda will convince you the above truth. It must fulfil all your desires. Price—Rs. 2/- for the Puja (compare with any high priced Talisman of any Astrologer, Tantric or Spiritualist).

YOGA-SAKTI ASHRAM

136, Harish Mukerjee Road, CALCUTTA—25

**60 Years World Renowned
Best Nervine Tonic**

MADAN MANJARI PILLS

Sovereign remedy for Nervous Debility & Constipation; Enriches Blood, Improves strength & Imparts New Joy to Life. A Tin of 40 Pills costs Re. 1/4/-.

Available at :—Madan Manjari Pharmacy, Ramwadi, Kalbadevi, Bombay-2; Mehta Trading Co., 52, Bunder St., Madras-1; Modern Ayurvedic Stores, Salem.

WANTED AGENTS IN OTHER PLACES.

went and stood near Shashi's bed. The quilt had slipped from her head and he saw the serene expression on his daughter's face, her eyes closed in peace, her black glossy hair contrasting with the pale, delicate, fair skin. He whispered to his wife to come nearer.

"See, what a lovely daughter we have!" he said smilingly.

"Lovely—yes—but I feel—that—as if—as if—she is not my daughter!" she whispered.

"What rot are you talking!" Murlidhar said, after recovering from the instantaneous shock of hearing his wife expressing the very thought that often flitted through his mind. Then, with an abrupt motion of his hand, he woke up the sleeping girl.

THE three of them put on heavy woollen overcoats to ward off the cold that seemed to cling to their bodies and freeze the blood in the veins. Without having even a cup of tea—the family priest had forbidden any food before the bath in the Black Spring—they set out for their destination.

The car skirted round the giant still lake, climbed downhill to the site of the Dams and then again moved upwards on the dusty narrow road between the two towering mountain ranges on either side. After about a little more than an hour's drive they spotted the almost invisible canyon, deep in the heart of the mountains. There was no car path to reach the Black Spring. Murlidhar parked the car by the roadside and they began to descend the downward distance on foot, along a slippery rocky path.

They reached the Black Spring with the sun. As the first sun rays fell on the crystal clear water gushing over black stones, they gazed fascinated at what seemed like a black mass in motion. Shashi was the first to change into her bathing costume and enter the water. Her parents followed her in wild expectation. Would the miracle happen?

"SHASHI, how are you feeling? Fine?" Murlidhar called out to his daughter, who was splashing water all around her at a little distance. Would she answer him back immediately?

There was no answer.

"Shashi, are you listening?" Murlidhar shouted loudly, over the noise of the fast flowing water, the hills echoing with his voice.

Shashi turned to him, came a little closer, calm and composed. "Why are you shouting at me? What do you want from me?" she asked.

What did he want from her? Murlidhar looked pleadingly at his wife. He was already feeling as if he was losing his mental moorings. He made one desperate last attempt to bring back sanity in the air.

"Shashi, I am your father speaking to you!" he said, rather sternly.

"You are *not* my father and she is *not* my mother!" she said. Just like that! A straight, simple statement. She faced him, tall and beautiful, forcefully poised in her bathing costume, with her big dreamy eyes challenging him. "If you want to know my father, come and follow me. I will introduce you to him."

BEFORE they had the time to recover their wits, stunned Murlidhar and his wife were following Shashi who had emerged from the stream like a nymph and was leading them upwards, along the mountain path, towards the spot where the spring waters first emerged from their hiding place in the mountains.

Their bare skins glistened in the rays of the morning sun. But Murlidhar and his wife, following their daughter spellbound, were insensitive to the sun and the wind and to everything around them. They were in a trance, walking in a trance, walking with unsteady steps that lifted upwards, forward, in spite of an inner voice that warned them of the danger ahead, which told them to grab their daughter bodily and rush her back, —back, back to the city, to civilisation, to sanity.

But they followed her, forward, forward, forward. Not once did Shashi turn back to look at her parents, not once did her steps falter. She was sure and steady in her gait, perfectly at ease, as if she knew the feel of the ground.

A mud cottage, small and with thatched roof, shot into view.

Shashi stopped near it. As her panting parents approached, she pointed to the cottage door with her finger.

"Go in. There you will find my father."

Murlidhar apprehensively stepped inside the hut. An old bearded shepherd of about sixty years was lying on his cot. He got up as he heard the two visitors approach and then stared behind them, over their shoulders, at the door, where Shashi stood, framed between the two wooden planks.

THE old shepherd's face became terror-stricken, as though he was seeing a real ghost. Motionless, he stood for a moment, then slumped back in the bed, his face covered with his two hands, his two hands that quivered as if stricken with palsy. He spoke in a low, weary tone, words addressed directly to Shashi, ignoring her parents.

"So you have come. I always knew you would come back. You were always an obstinate girl. Not even death could come in your way," he muttered audibly.

DEATH! LIFE! Gradually, light began to stab into Murlidhar's mental abyss. No—it just couldn't

Earn Upto Rs. 1,024

BY AN INVESTMENT OF BARELY Rs. 3/8/-

See how to earn the afore-mentioned amount in your spare time with a little labour and a paltry investment of Rs. 3-8-0 only. Easy work which can be done by any one from anywhere irrespective of whatever profession he may belong to.

Write for free particulars and see for yourself how to do it.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

THE MUTUAL MONEY CIRCULATION SOCIETY

P. O. BOX No. 655

ROYAPETTAH, MADRAS-14

bel! It was preposterous! Such things could not happen in the year of grace 1956, in a world of science and logic, in a world of atom bombs and man-made planets.

And yet ...

The Truth!

The Truth at last!

The nightmare ended!

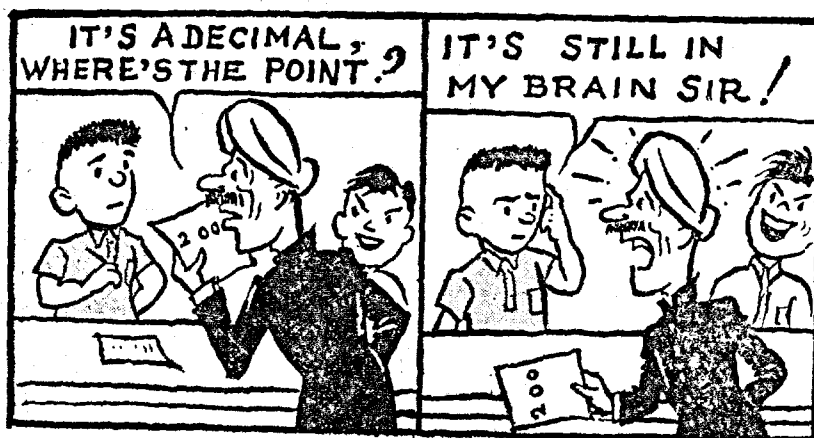
The terrible Truth creeping upon them, Truth from the world of yesterday, from a life across the borderline of death.

MURLIDHAR stumbled towards the old man. He pulled him up and dragged him out, brushing aside his wife and daughter, determined to know everything. The old man must speak. He was now strong enough to take whatever was coming, as long as he did not have to keep on fumbling eternally in a world of uncertainty.

Outside, where the sheep grazed and the wind blew, the old shepherd talked. He was frightened and he faltered, but he talked. And the

story came out, bit by bit, slowly. Murlidhar, as he listened to it, could picture to himself the events as they must have happened, the human drama that took place in this secluded valley, many, many years ago.

THE old, oft-told story. The shepherd had a daughter. The most beautiful girl in the mountains. She was in love with the son of another shepherd. The two families quarrelled over the little bit of grazing ground near the Black Spring. Each shepherd claimed the ground as his. The parents frowned upon the love affair and forbade the lovers from meeting each other. But love finds its own way. One night the girl's father found her lover making love to her at the back of the cottage. Enraged, he struck him fatally with a knife. Next morning, the girl told her father that she was going to the Black Spring to meet her lover. The father, fearing she had gone crazy, kept her locked up in the room. But, somehow, she managed to escape while he was away and went and



BOOKS JUST UNPACKED

Free postage on order of Rs. 15/- and upward.

SEX BOOKS & LOVE NOVELS

Sex Efficiency, Exercises for Women by Van de Velde	Rs. 14
Ideal Marriage by -do-	10 0
Sex & Marriage by Havelock Ellis	10 15
Married Love by M. Stopes	3 1
Enduring Passion by -do-	3 8
Birth Control Today by -do-	3 8
The Human Body by -do-	9 3
Illustrated Guide to Sex Happiness in Marriage by Radl.	10 15
The Technique of Sex by A. Havill	6 0
Illustrd	3 12
The Beggar Girl of Pont des Arts	3 12
Sex Searchlights	3 12
The Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana—Unexpurgated Edition	4 0
Kama Sutra—Hindu Art of Love	9 0
Love Above All by Brewster	4 12
The Mysteries of Sex illustrd	6 0
Modern Sex Life by Airl	1 8
The Art of Married Love	1 8
Male & Female Sex Problems by Airl	3 0
Marriage Technique illustrd	1 8
Sex Problems in a Nutshell by Saksena	1 8
Sex Diseases by Airl	1 8
Hidden Side of Sexual Science	2 0
Blonde Slaves by Lestrang	1 0
Womanhood the Masterpiece	2 0
The Art of Kissing, illustrd	1 8
Tales of French Love & Passion	1 8
Facts About Nudism	1 8
Creamroll Esquire	0 14
101 Questions & Answers on Sex Hygiene	1 2
Stolen Love Letters	1 4
Unresponsive Wives	1 8
Courtship by Post by Macanderew	9 6
Psycho—Sexual Tantalizer	0 8
Sex Ticker by Hakurda	0 12
Marriage Etiquette	3 0
Learn to Love by Lucy	1 0
Pocketful of Fun illustrd	0 12
Erotic Love by Hakura	0 12
Love Stories	1 8
The Good Little Bad Girl	2 0
A Marriage Life of Husband & Wife	1 8
The Sex Education of Children	3 6
Kashmiri Shastri by Verma	5 0
Koka Shastri	2 0
Private Love Letters	1 0
Birth Control Simplified with Charts	1 8
Confidential Love Letters with Replies	2 8
Anatomical Sex Atlas by Keller	2 8
335 illustrs	2 12
Illustrated Sex Quiz by Jacoby	1 8
Sonnets from the Portuguese	2 0
Naked on Roller Skates by Bodenheilm	2 0
Bad Girl from Maine by Brush	2 0
Blondie Isariot by Underwood	2 0
French Summer by Gilpatrick	2 0
Women to Love by Drago	2 0
The Last Frontier by H. Fast	2 0
The Old Goat by T. Thayer	2 0
The Son of the Grand Eunuch	2 0
Man with Red Hair by Walpole	2 0
Virtuous Girl by Bodenheilm	2 0
How to Play Canasta by Frey	2 0
Wanton Venus by Leblanc	2 0
The Male Hormone by Krulff	2 0
Sex Habits of American Women	2 12

REFERENCE BOOKS

UNIVERSAL SELF HINDI TEACHER. A Unique book for learning Hindi through the medium of English	2 4
--	-----

Health, First Aid & Nursing in the Home by Winner, illustrd	Rs. 14
Palmyrstry for All, illustrd	2 0
Cheiro's Comforts Palmistry Guide	2 4
25 Lessons in Hypnotism illustrd	1 8
How to Increase Your Height illustrd.	1 8

ART & NUDE BOOKS

Les Nns. 32 Studies of the Nude	14 12
Paris Cocktail, illustrd	5 4
Volei Paris, illustrd	5 4
Paris Plaisirs, illustrd	6 12
Beaute, illustrd	6 12
Paris Paradise, illustrd	6 12
Paris Cocktail et Paradise, illustrd	6 12
Paris Plastique. 16 studies of the Nude	6 12
Editions du NU. No. 1 to 4 per set	20 0
Vision D'ART. 49 French Art Studies	6 12
My Hundred Best Studies by Everard	15 0
Charmes des Femmes. 18 studies	6 4
Beaute Moderne. 19 studies of the Nude	6 4
Beaute D'Art. 18 Plates	6 4
Beaute de Femmes. 19 studies	6 4
Etudes de Femmes. 19 French Art Studies	6 4
Beaute de L'Angleterre. 15 French Studies	6 4
Studies in the Nude. 16 Rare Plates.	6 4
Graceful Memories. By W. Bird	3 12
Casino Memories by Royce	3 12
The First Book of Beauty. 16 studies.	3 12
Photofarm. 15 Plates	3 12
More Eyes. 18 beautiful studies in Nude	3 12
Windows in Paris 18 New Nudes	3 12
Studies of the Female Form. 15 Plates	3 12
Sunshine & Nudism by Sennet. With art supplement	7 8
Eve in the Sun by Mason. With photographic supplement	7 8
Nudism in France. Well illustrd	7 8
Sussex Maidens by Wray. With art supplement	7 8
The Pool of Euphantment. do.	7 8
Beauty & Nudism. By Stewart, do.	7 8
Romance of Nudism by Mentone. With art supplement	7 8
Ideal Manhood by Stewart. With 32 studies	7 8
Svelte, Dinky, Neat, Winsome, Cheerio, Frivolity, Demure, Appealing. Hi-Ya. Sipping and Wistful . . . each . . .	5 0
Love in the South Seas. by Danielsson illustrd	14 0
General Knowledge Encyclopaedia 1956	10 8
The World Year Book & Current Affairs, 1956.	4 8
Bharat Year Book, 1956	4 8
General Knowledge Tests, 1956	7 0
A Handbook of General Knowledge 1956.	3 0

Customers from outside India are requested to send full remittance with order at Sh. 1/6 to a rupee by B.P.O. as despatch of goods by V.P.P. is restricted.

THE UNIVERSAL BOOK & STATIONERY CO. (MM-5)

15, Faiz Bazar, (Opp. Daryaganj P O.) DELHI-7

committed suicide by jumping into the Black Spring from the top of a rock.

THAT was exactly sixteen years ago. She had left behind a note: "I am going to meet him at the Black Spring. Don't search for us. We will come back—if not in this, at least in the next birth, when our parents can no longer interfere with our love."

And she seemed to have kept her promise.

Sixteen years ago she was born.

Sixteen years ago she had died.

She had come back, now.

But where was he?

Murlidhar led the old man back to the cottage. He was still not sure whether the whole thing was not a vast dream, whether he would soon wake up in his bed to find the whole thing an illusion.

But the dream persisted like reality. As Murlidhar neared the cottage, he found Shashi looking

very excited. He dared not look at her for long, for fear that he might lose his reason. She was his daughter, his wife's and his, flesh of their flesh, blood of their blood. Yet within her there was a soul that belonged neither to them nor to her father of the last birth, a soul that belonged only to three, to God, to herself, and to the unknown one whom she had loved in the past birth.

HE gently took Shashi's hand and led her back to the Black Spring, his uncomprehending wife following them, not knowing that the impossible had happened, that the doors of the mysterious past had flung open to reveal the secret of her daughter's unfathomable mind.

And even as they walked back to the Black Spring, Murlidhar could not forget the look of terror in the old shepherd's eyes as he beheld the figure of his long dead daughter whom he had driven to suicide. Nor could he forget the way in which he had shirked from her stare, tried to avoid her as if

she was Death personified, Death itself, Death and all the terror that lurked behind its impenetrable cloak.

They reached the Black Spring rather soon, for Murlidhar walked fast, in a hurry to reach there and put on their clothes, to go back to Wilson Dams and then to Bombay, as fast as they could, away from the most horrible nightmare a man could undergo.

But they were not alone at the Black Spring this time.

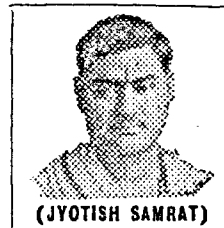
THE Gujerati family, which had occupied the big guest house at the Wilson Dams last night, had come to bathe. As they approached the Black Spring, a lean adolescent youth came out and stared at Shashi, then started moving towards her.

(Continued on page 71)

MIRACLE MAN WITH UNRIVALLED POWER

Highly Appreciated by George VI King of England

JYOTISH SAMRAT PANDIT SRI RAMESH CHANDRA BHATTACHARYA, JYOTISHARNAB, M. R. A. S. (London) of International fame,



(JYOTISH SAMRAT)

President of the world-renowned All-India Astrological & Astronomical Society has won unique fame not only in India, but throughout the world (e.g., in England, America, Africa, Australia, China, Japan, Malaya, Java, Singapore etc.) and many notable persons from every nook and corner of the world have sent unsolicited testimonials acknowledging his mighty and supernatural powers. This powerful gifted greatest Astrologer & Palmist, Tantrik can tell at a glance all about one's past, present and future and with the help of Tantrik Talismans & Yogic powers can heal diseases which are the despair of Doctors and Kavi-rajahs, redressing the pernicious influence of evil stars and planets can help people to win difficult law-suits and insure safety from impending dangers, poverty, prevent childlessness and free people from family unhappiness.

Despaired persons are strongly advised to test the powers of Panditji.

WONDERFUL TALISMANS TESTED BY THOUSANDS

DHANADA KAVACHA OR THE ROTHSCHILD TALISMAN:—For vast wealth, good luck and all round prosperity in life, honour and fame, Rs. 7-10. Special Rs. 29-11. Super-special Rs. 129-11. **BAGALAMUKHI KAVACHA:**—To overcome enemies it is unique. Gets promotion in services and in winning civil or criminal suits and for pleasing higher officials it is unparalleled. Rs. 9-2. Special Rs. 34-2. Super special with life-long effects Rs. 184-4. **MOHINI KAVACHA:**—Enables arch foes to become friends and friends more friendly Rs. 11-8. Special Rs. 34-2. Super-special with extraordinary effects Rs. 387-14. **NRISINGHA KAVACHA:**—It cures all sorts of female diseases and saves from devil and evil spirits etc. Rs. 7-5. Special Rs. 13-9. Super-special with lasting effects Rs. 63-9. **SARASWATI KAVACHA:**—Success in examination and sharp memory Rs. 9-9. Special Rs. 38-9.

Detailed Catalogue with Testimonials Free.

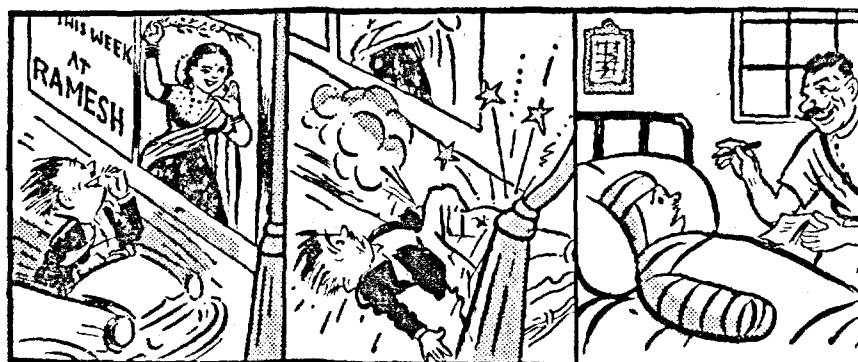
A Wonderful Astrological book in English "MYSTERY OF THE MONTH YOU ARE BORN" by Jyotish Samrat—Deals month by month exhaustively. Rs. 3-8.

All-India Astrological & Astronomical Society

(Established 1907 A.D.)

(Registered)

Head Office:—50/2, Dharamtala Street, (Entrance on Wellesley Street) 'Jyotish Samrat Bhaban' Calcutta-13. Phone: 24-4066. Hours: 3 P.M. to 5 P.M. Branch:—105, Grey St., 'Basanta Nivas' Calcutta-5. Hours: 9 A.M. to 11 A.M. Phone: B.B. 3685. Branch:—47, Dharamtala Street, Calcutta-13. Hours: 5-30 P.M. to 7-30 P.M.



PATIENT (to Traffic Sergeant): "I saw the lovely girl in the cinema poster on the wall and I find myself here now."

The Canine Species

STRANGERS, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN,

Lend me your ears. I speak not of gardens and orchards, of buds and blossoms, of roses and jasmies. I speak of dogs. Yes, the dogs that you know so well, they that wag their tails in imitation of which some women wag their tongues, they that stick through thick and thin as no marriage partners stick to each other these days.

I like dogs for their innumerable excellent qualities. One of them is their taste for true classical vocal music. Often, when returning late at night from the second show of the movies, and groping my way in the darkness, I have had the proud privilege of being a fountain-source of inspiration to one of these canine species lying in front of some confectioner's shop. Seeing me, one at once burst into some classical symphony. Soon another of his friend, in front of the baker's



..... love me, love my dog.....

You have? Well, then, who knows that this young lady loves her dog more than her husband? Her motto may have been, or it may still be, "Love me, love my dog." Doubtless you have heard of



..... duet turned into a chorus.....

shop, joined him, and they both began to sing a masterly duet. And then other voices from the lanes nearby joined, and the duet turned into a chorus. As I strode on and on, some of these choral singers followed me with their sweet music. And I was thinking of the time when I tune my receiver to radio station after radio station, and have to listen to similar brave music by one Ustad or the other.

In literature, as in life, the dog has played an important part. Have you seen any woman sitting in a beautiful car with a nice looking dog in her lap?

By IZZAT YAR KHAN

Laila, the dark beauty of the desert. Well, Majnoon acted upon the same dictum. In Laila's absence, he used to fondle and caress her dog with such tenderness and affection that the little brute must have really thought himself to be somebody in particular, if not Laila's superior.

You know, Mary had a little lamb and wherever Mary went, this lamb was sure to go. But Mary had no modern tastes, otherwise she would have auctioned the lamb to buy herself a dog. Old Mother Hubbard was a modern lady outright. Once she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone and, in doing so, she has immortalised herself in nursery rhymes. The credit of this immortality mainly goes to her dog. The dog was not certainly poor, because in our happy country there are a lot of men and women who don't get even a bone after a starvation of several days. Believe me, I intend no reflection upon the guys who control food for the hungry mouths. But I would certainly like them to become like Old Mother Hubbard, at least her carbon copy, if not through change of sex.

And now I will refer to the tragedy that befell a certain dog that died "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." There was a certain gentleman who was bitten by a dog that everybody considered mad. It was regarded as pretty sure that, as there was no anti-rabies treatment as it is these days, the man would die. But what happened? It was the dog that died! The story is related by Goldsmith—or was it Cowper? But with due respect to that poet who, incidentally, himself went mad, full justice has not been done to the dog. The victim, being a dumb animal, deserved sympathy and, as such, an elegy written in some country churchyard where that dog ought to have been buried with full civil and military honours. I wish that the S.P.C.A. had existed at the time to make inquiry into the matter and recommend some sort of gratuity or pension to the deceased's wife, the bitch, and their children, the puppies.

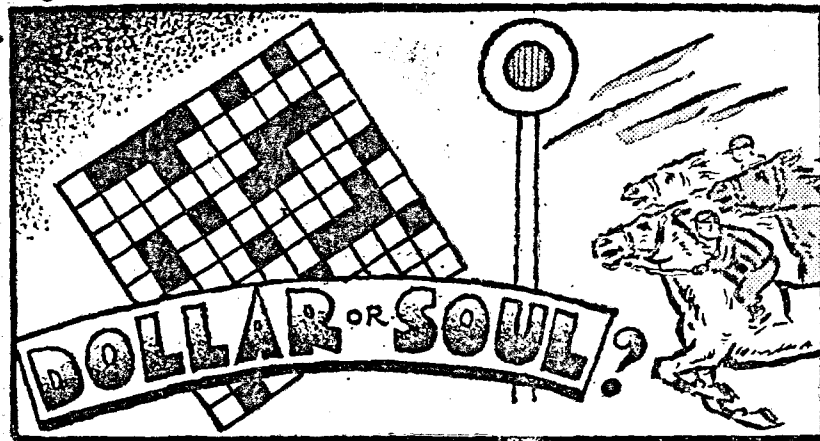
And that is all I can tell you at the moment as my own b....., I mean the lady-dog that is my wife, is walking towards me in a rather menacing manner.

Yours doggedly,
THE MALE OF THE SPECIES.

REWARD Rupees 500

Siddh Tantric Mohini (Kavach) :—Even the most difficult object is achieved by spending lacs of Rupees can be had only by keeping this wonderful Kavach. (Talisman). There is no necessity of undergoing any hard ship to make it effective. By this whom you want will be under your command. Sure as the pole star, It will give success in Examination, Promotion, Trade, Son, Business, Litigation, Race, Lottery, Election, Service, Scholarship, Health, Marriage, Luck and all sorts of works. Try once and see its wonderful results on the very first day. Rs. 500/-. Reward if proved useless. Price Rs 3/8/-, Special Rs. 6/8/- and Super Special Rs. 13/8/- only.

SHREE SANEYASI ASHRAM (M.M.) Post Fatwa (Patna) INDIA



I HAVE been for some years having a feeling that money is a myth and the passion for money is a hallucination or a lunatic obsession. This may be because I have lost my money and am far past the money-making age. But Dr. Nesan who is, like me, as poor as a church-mouse, is a far younger man than myself and though he has failed all along in his wooings of Lady Fortune and has been neglected and contemptuously treated by that heartless harlot and has been filded, still continues to nurse and fan his futile passion for money. What is worse, he tries to draw me into his orbit and annex me as a satellite dancing around the planet Nesan which whirls helplessly in a dance around the sun of Almighty Dollar. In my turn, I try to resist his attraction and try to attract him as a satellite to dance around the planet Ramu which whirls helplessly in a dance around another sun—the sun of soul-life, whose rays are the infra-red rays

of poverty but not the ultra-violet rays of mystic spiritual vision.

I found in the three daily newspapers of this City sometime ago that H. H. the Aga Khan, the spiritual Chief of the Ismaili sect and a multi-millionaire, told the Paris Press that money lost all its value to him and it was now quite worthless. He said: "The happiest era was when one could make a pretence at living with only a five frank piece."

THIS information was a staggerer. I felt floored. I turned to a Madras weekly newspaper and read in it about an incident in the life of Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, who is one of the gems of India and whose reputation as a diplomat of world eminence is next only to that of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. When he was practising in London, he defended a man who had been arrested and was charged at North London Court in 1940 with being

illegally in Great Britain. He won the case. The client gave him 40 pounds as fees. Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon refused it. The client insisted and said, "You must take the fee as you have earned it." But Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon said with equal emphasis, "I do not want it. I have no use for money."

I learnt from the same paper that when he was India's High Commissioner in London, the Indian Press attacked him for extravagance. He did not care to defend himself and explain that he did not draw his salary. He is unmarried and lives a life of Spartan simplicity. When I read the above views and facts, I recalled Mahatma Gandhi's indifference to and avoidance of money and to the great Sri Sankara's gospel that

artha (wealth) is *anartha* (ruination). I felt elated and wanted to teach a lesson to Dr. Nesan and went to his house.

I took my wife and my little granddaughter Gita with me. We found him at his morning coffee which was peerless in taste and fragrance and was prepared by the expert hands of Mrs. Nesan. Both of them beamed on me and invited me for coffee. I gladly sat down, for coffee is my favourite beverage and the most delicious preparation is in Dr. Nesan's house. Both of them and their darling daughter little Jaya plied me with many cups and I felt quite happy.

Dr. Nesan looked at my face and said: "Ramu! You seem to be bursting with some news!"



BY H. S. Ramaswami Sastri

I told him what I had read, but that only elicited a roar of laughter from him.

He said: "I know that you are not a man of the world but a dreamer and a philosopher. But you used to have occasional visitations of commonsense—like angel-visits—few and far between. But what is this new madness? How can you live without money? Look here, you like this coffee. Will it drop at your feet like manna from heaven? It is all very well for multi-millionaires and Mahatmas to condemn money. I cannot live without money, though till now all my efforts to make it have been failures. I was myself thinking of coming to you this morning and making concrete proposals to make two huge piles of money, one for you and the other for me! Of course, if you make your pile and do not want it, you can hand it over to me. What do you say?"

I hesitated but just then Gita said, "Dada, please get for me a lovely diamond necklace, will you, please?" Jaya made the same request to her father. I wavered but the idea of making a pile of money at once appealed to me and I surrendered—at discretion. I suppose that this only means that my aversion to money is not a mere pose but is only skin-deep. But yet I argued with Dr. Nesan and said: "Do you want to make money and become unhappy?"

He said: "No, no, Ramu! I wish to make money and be happy by keeping and using it. But you are a spiritual man and may not care for money and may forget your body and your family and your country. I suggest to you to make

as much money as possible at once. You need not be happy over making it. You can give it to me or to some charity and thus achieve money and happiness, wealth and welfare, simultaneously."

I then asked him: "What is the plan?"

He took up the newspaper in my hand and showed the advertisement of a crossword competition, offering Rs. 2,52,000 in prizes.

I was attracted by this golden glitter, though ordinarily I am an opponent of gambling in any form or to any degree.

Dr. Nesan said: "Ramu! Please sit and watch. I will send one entry in my name and another in your name for this competition. I will call on you next month and be the harbinger of great news."

I wavered and finally agreed and returned home totally ashamed of myself.

EXACTLY two months later, Dr. Nesan came with a beaming countenance and announced about his luck and mine. We had both won the first prize. Ours were the only two all-correct solutions in that competition and we had shared the first prize of Rs. 2,00,000, each getting a lakh!

I recollected Kalidasa's dictum and told Dr. Nesan: "Kalidasa says in *Sakuntala* that a person who desires to get the grace of Mahalakshmi may not get it but a person who is elected by Mahalakshmi for Her grace cannot escape his luck. Dr. Nesan! I am not going to take this money. I have no use for it. The sanyasi mood is up in me

again. I give my pile to you. Take it!" I then returned home much relieved in mind.

And actually when I received a cheque for one lakh of rupees made out in my favour within a fortnight, I called at Dr. Nesan's house and quietly handed over the cheque to him after endorsing it in his favour. Then, without speaking a single word even, I left the place, leaving behind a stunned, speechless and staring Dr. Nesan.

BUT what was my bewilderment when one day next week Dr. Nesan came to me with a long face and said: "Ramu! You were right and I was wrong. I went to the races last evening hoping to stake our combined win of Rs. 2,00,000 so that we could win five or ten times the amount and lost it all! I think that you and I are destined to be poor and should not tempt Providence."

I sympathised with him and said: "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? You and I seem to be destined to be poor. The dollar will not come to us. Let us at least keep our souls"

It was his first experience as a shop assistant.

"Have you an account here, ma'am?" he asked, after booking a customer's order.

"No," was the reply, "but I'd like to see the manager."

The assistant walked across to where the manager stood.

"A lady of no account to see you, sir," he said.

BIRTH-CONTROL

WITH DR. WILSON'S OF U.S.A. DUR-REX ONLY

ALWAYS FRESH STOCK

	Per dozen
Dur-Rex Fls. thin (U.S.A.)	Rs. 4 8
Dur-Rex Deluxe Fls. (U.S.A.)	--- 6 0
Dur-Rex extra Sup. (U.S.A.)	--- 9 0
" " American Tips Sup.	--- 6 0
Kotex F.L.'s Superfine	--- 3 0

	Each
Paragon Sheaths Wash Sup.	--- 1 4
Paragon Sheaths Wash Std.	--- 1 0
" " Transparent Sup.	--- 1 10
" " Crocodile Sup.	--- 1 8
" " " Transparent Sup.	2 0

	Each
For Ladies	
Check Pessaries first quality	Rs. 2 4
" " " Transparent	--- 2 12
Check Pessaries "extra superior (Pro-Race Original Quality)	--- 4 0
Cream to use with the above Pessaries (per jar)	--- 2 4

	Per Jar
Bust-O-Lift (Ointment) to beautify your bust and to correct lift up	--- 4 15

PACKING AND POSTAGE FREE ON ORDER OF RS. 10/- AND ABOVE.

The Allied Traders (M-6)
687, NANAPETH, POONA-2 (INDIA)

Rs.	Rare Pictures of Grace & Charm
5	50 pictures of different poses. Clear. Absolutely new. Money in advance. No V.P.P.

RARE BOOKS ON SEX HYGIENE AND FUN

1. MALE SEX ORGANS
2. FEMALE SEX ORGANS
3. WEDDING NIGHT
4. SECRET EXERCISES
5. ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN
6. HOT STUFF
7. SECRETS OF SEXUAL SCIENCE
8. BED TIME RIDDLES

Each Book Rs. 12. All 8 For Rs. 4/3/-.
KAMA CO., Lahore Road, Amritsar

EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES

Rise to Social prominence. Meet and correspond, also exchange Hobbies with members—Ladies & Gents, almost everywhere, joining:

PPC (I), P.B. 3119, BOMBAY-3.

FAMILY PLANNING

AIR-TESTED RUBBER CONTRACEPTIVES.

Always Genuine Triple Tested Goods

FOR GENTS	3 Pieces	Dozen
French Paragons	Rs. 0-12	2-12
Silver FL U.S.A.	" 2-0	7-0
Thin FL, U.S.A., Best Qlty.	" 3-0	11-0
American Tips	" 1-4	5-0

	Each 3 Pieces	
Washables (Thick) Paragons	1-0	2-14
" " Transparent	1-8	4-4
" Best Condom Germany	2-0	5-12
" Latex Transp.	1-12	5-0
" Crocodile Paragons	1-4	3-10
" " Best (Pitted Skin)	2-2	6-0

FOR LADIES	Each	
Latex Check Pessary White	Rs. 2-2	
" " (Transparent)	" 2-8	
" " Molded, Best	" 4-0	

Advise on BIRTH-CONTROL given Free.
Ask for the new price-list for other articles

Allied Latex Products

(Direct Importers)

P. O. Box 2080, Bombay-2

FREE

Young men see personally or write to first get the very effective medicines for your ailments free for trial to get fully convinced of their action before you spend and avoid deception elsewhere. Also write to get free the very interesting "Guide Book" 84 pages by India's famous specialist, Kaviraj (Dr.) KHAZAN CHAND B.A.

Vijay Pharmacy (Regd.)
Hauz Qazi, Delhi-6 (India)



Attractive Pictures in ALBUMS

1. Beauties of India — Rs. 1
 2. Beauties of France — Rs. 1
 3. Beauties of the World — Rs. 1
 4. Beauties of the Punjab — Rs. 1
 5. An Album of Special Pictures — Rs. 1
 6. Kok Shastra with many pictures — Rs. 1/8
- FREE:**—We include 120 Art Pictures of beautiful faces with every order of Rs. 3 or more. With **FULL SET** we include **FREE** a pair of Spectacles which would give a very pleasing view of some pictures.

Flimistan Book Depot, Putilghar, Amritsar

FACTS FOR FARMERS

Grain Breakage in Hulling

Sometimes a good quality rice gets excessively broken in the hulling process. This is the case with *T. 136*, the popular early variety of Uttar Pradesh. It is a high yielder, with good quality grain. But the grain gets badly broken in hulling.

Experiments, however, now show that by following a new technique in parboiling, unbroken rice of a good market quality can be obtained from *T. 136*. The technique consists in carefully harvesting and threshing the paddy in the field and soaking it in water for 24 hours in winter or 12 to 16 hours in the summer and the monsoon. The soaked grain is next baked and stirred in hot sand for a couple of minutes. After parboiling, the grain is cooled and dried, and hulled by the usual method.

New Linseed

K-2 is the new linseed of the Punjab. Trials have shown that this new variety can give almost double the yield of the local varieties. In addition, it has 7.1 per cent higher oil content and is about 10 days earlier in maturity than the local. It is highly resistant to rust and wilt diseases. The strain has been found to be highly suitable for the Kangra district of the State.

High Yield of Co.-12 Sorghum

A newly introduced strain of *Sorghum* (*Mottai Vellai Cholam*) in Madras has given a phenomenal yield of 6,100 pounds per acre. It is called *Coimbatore 12* or *Co. 12*. The normal per-acre yield of irrigated *Vellai Cholam* is about 3,000 pounds under well-manured conditions.

Co.-12 has given higher yields in farmers' fields. It has become very popular because it is the shortest duration irrigated *cholam* strain so far recommended to farmers. Its duration is 85 days. Because of this it requires fewer irrigations. It has so far given high yields in all the *Vellai Cholam* growing districts of the State, excepting Madurai, Ramanathapuram and Tirunelveli.

IT was a pleasant summer evening. Former Zamindar Shyam Sundar was throwing a small party to a few of his select friends to celebrate the triumphant return of his son, Arvind, from America after four years of higher studies. As the invited guests arrived one by one, they were received at the entrance by Shyam Sundar with elaborate courtesy and were ushered into the small central hall in the bungalow in which was laid a long table for more than two dozen guests. There were two rows of flower vases neatly arranged on the table, covered with an immaculate white cloth, and the freshly plucked rose buds, popping out of the highly polished brass vases, wafted an exquisite aroma all over the hall.

Arvind, handsome in his national dress which he was wearing after a long time, was naturally the cynosure of all eyes. His father occupied a seat at the head of the table and Arvind sat by his side. The party was nothing but an extremely wearisome affair to him. The eager curiosity of those assembled who asked him all sorts of silly questions, ranging from chewing gum to skyscrapers, were sickening but he managed to look cheerful and tried to satisfy their curiosity as best as he could. They all listened to his tales with wide open mouths. To his father, it was the proudest moment in his life since they all seemed to envy him for being the father of so handsome and so learned a son as

Arvind and as he looked at him with his large, black eyes they seemed to twinkle and whisper: "Never mind the past. The present is real and there is a bright future ahead."

THOUGH Arvind loved and respected his father as a son should, he could never bring himself to share his optimism. His youthful, round face successfully masked the torment of conflict raging like a wild fire within his heart. Even as he was planning to start his life, he was battered mercilessly by two fierce storms, and felt

badly bruised. One was, of course, inevitable. He had not much reckoned on his father's wealth as a Zamindar. Fairly well acquainted with politics, he knew that landed property was not a permanent privilege... Sooner or later, he had anticipated the abolition of the Zamindari, and when it

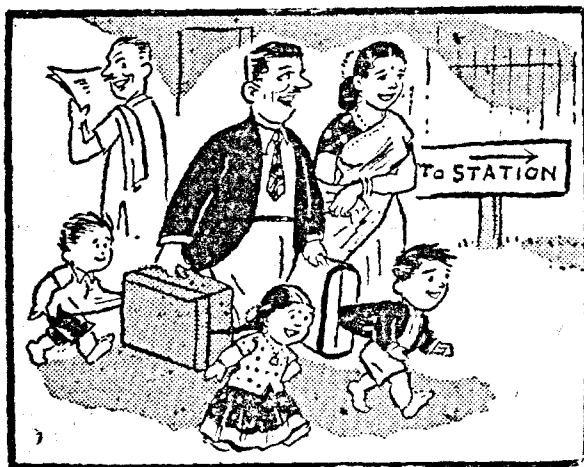
did materialise it did not come as a surprise to him, though he would not have expected the reform to come about so soon.

The second blow was something more personal and he could not easily get over the disappointment, since it was concerning his first and only love affair. It was not a case of love at first sight with him; he did not believe in any such stupidity. Such a love, he knew, was foredoomed to failure. He felt very unhappy at the thought that he would have to forget Nalini and that all those happy dreams



which he had dreamt were nothing but dreams, too good to be true. And what had he done to deserve such a cruel mental torture? The answer that he inferred was that he was no longer a rich Zamindar's son, but only a commoner who would have to earn his living by the sweat of his brow and had, therefore, gone down in value in the scales of society. He could not comprehend the mental attitude of those for whom money was the only criterion in life and all their actions were based with a keen eye on monetary benefits alone. His mind was as troubled as the waters of a stormy sea and it wandered back to the days of the past.

His father, Shyam Sundar, was a big Zamindar in a village in Uttar Pradesh, a few miles away from Allahabad. Near his house stayed Behari Lal, a military contractor, with his wife, and daughter Nalini. Behari Lal, a great friend of Shyam Sundar, used to come to his house very often and on



HUSBAND (TO WIFE): "There is absolutely no fear of our children getting lost in this trip, dear."

most occasions Nalini also used to accompany him. As the elders got immersed in their conversation, the two innocent youngsters would sneak out, wander about and play. Thus was established the friendship between Arvind and Nalini, which, in the course of time, ripened into true love. In appearance, both of them looked as though they were born for each other.

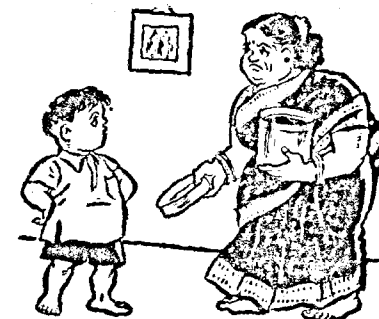
As Arvind joined the college, he began to see less and less of Nalini and she seldom came to his house. His feelings for her now took a different hue and gained more in their aesthetic aspect. He admired her fair complexion and her rich beauty. The very ground that she walked on seemed to get fragrant with the perfume of jasmines. The rustle of her gorgeous brocade sari, caused by the rhythmic movement of her graceful limbs, sounded a pleasant note of refrain of melodious music and he longed to hear more and more of her sweet cuckoo-like voice whispering sweet,

endearing nothings in his ears. Her dark eyes were like a pair of mystic lotus buds filled with dew and it pleased him to the extreme to behold them, shifting quickly their attention from one trivial object to another. She had long, black hair parted at the middle that reached up to her shapely hips and it swung gently to and fro as she gracefully glided.

She was fairly well educated and was a gifted conversationalist with a wonderful sense of humour.

IMMEDIATELY on leaving the college, it was decided that he should get the benefit of higher education in engineering in the United States, a course of four years. The day prior to his departure, they both met secretly late in the evening behind a big banyan tree at the riverside. She felt genuinely sorry that Arvind would be far away from her for so long a time as four years. He held her hands in his, consoled her and promised to return as soon as his studies were over and she, in turn, promised to wait faithfully for him. The pang caused by separation, though for a short duration, was felt more by her than by him and they looked fervently forward to the future with hope and extreme optimism in their hearts. Their devotion to each other was such that it could not escape the attention of the elders, who were planning to unite them both in wedlock soon after Arvind returned from his foreign studies.

Arvind went to America with dreams of a happy family life but returned a frustrated man, his dreams shattered to smithereens. While there, he first received news



MOTHER: "I kept fifty jilabis in this and now I find only one in it!"

SONNY: "I didn't eat that one, Ma, just to show you that I'm not a glutton."

from his father that the Zamindari system had been abolished and that he was proposing to shift to Allahabad after disposing of the bungalow in the village. Soon after followed another letter which was more startling. Behari Lal and his family had left the village without telling anybody and he did not know where they had gone to and why, wrote his father.

THIS letter came as a rude shock to Arvind who was living on hopes. For the first time in his life, he came to experience a disappointment too severe in its impact and too cruel in its timing. When he returned to India, it was not as

ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED AND WORRIED



about LOVE, MARRIAGE, BUSINESS, EMPLOYMENT, PROMOTIONS, LUCK, HEALTH, ENEMIES, CHILDREN, COURT, EXAMINATIONS, WITCHCRAFT, SICKNESS, EVIL SPIRITS, EVIL PLANETS, ETC?

NO MATTER WHAT CALAMITIES YOU ARE IN! Send 6 Annas Stamps for a copy of "The Mystic Guide" which will lead you to the Goal of Success and Prosperity.

NOTE: Foreigners are requested to send 4 shillings B.P.O. (uncrossed) for Air Mail despatch and Registration, etc.

JALEEL THE GREAT (King of Wizards),
7, PENSIONERS' 5th LANE, MADRAS-21 (INDIA)

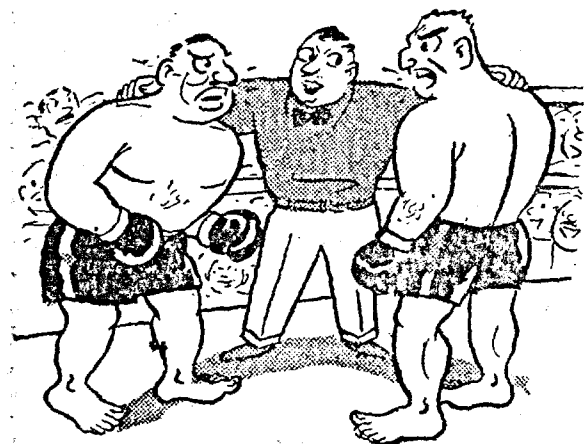
though he expected a miracle to happen so far as he was concerned, but he found himself increasingly haunted by past memories. He walked about like a mad man, hoping, as days passed by, that he would get some information of the whereabouts of Behari Lal but that hope did not materialise.

HIS feelings for Behari Lal alternated between hate and indifference. Some times when he thought over the matter, the way Behari Lal conducted himself seemed to him nothing but downright meanness in which wealth was the only consideration and when that aspect vanished, he showed no further interest in Arvind. On a calmer analysis, he could not but pity Nalini for her helplessness in the matter who, he thought, must be an unwilling tool in the hands of her father, and hated the general orthodox custom of parents fixing the marriages of their daughters without ascertaining their wishes.

As days passed by, he grew more and more restless. On one side,

his father was pressing him for an early marriage and on the other, he had not yet succeeded in securing a really good job. As though these worries were not enough, he could not banish the memory of Nalini from his heart. It was not that his father was totally oblivious of the mental suffering of his son, but he was realistic enough and would often say: "How can you ever depend on a man who had his eyes on your riches alone? The moment he came to know that our lands were taken over by the Government, he lost all interest in us! I know people used to say all sorts of things about him, but he could have at least come and told me about his troubles. After all he was interested in us and so were we in him. Now, the best thing for us to do is to forget about the entire episode. It is not as though you can't get a better girl."

WHAT his father said was true enough and Arvind could not but agree with him. But his friendship with Nalini was totally of a different nature which he alone knew and he cherished a secret hope in his heart that one day he would hear from her, either through her father or otherwise. Meantime, the fact that he was still searching for a good job could be an excuse for postponing the question of marriage. "First things first," he was fond of saying often.



REFeree: "Now, now, cool down. I don't want you chaps to lose your temper and come to blows."

IT, however, occurred to him that a visit to his village might yield some information about the whereabouts of Behari Lal and accordingly, without telling anybody at home, he took an evening train to his village. His object was to avoid all known people as far as possible since they would ask him all sorts of embarrassing questions and he was certainly in no mood to answer them. Darkness had fairly set in when he reached the familiar street in which his former bungalow was. He had just to walk a few more yards to stand before what was for so many years his home, which in the village was more often referred to as the "Zamindar's bungalow."

He found the surroundings had totally changed. Some of the old houses had been pulled down and new buildings had sprung up in

places where there were only weeds and shrubs before. The compound wall of his house had been knocked down and a big sign-board was hanging on the front proclaiming the words in bold letters: "Office of the Village Development Council." Yes, his village had developed beyond recognition; only he was doomed! He turned his face swiftly in the other direction and walked wearily away and came to the riverside. The big banyan tree behind which he and Nalini had met for the last time lay uprooted, sprawling like a big giant across, blocking the narrow road. Arvind could not stand the sight any longer. He returned home that very night.

ARVIND'S redoubled efforts to secure a good job were not in vain for he soon received a letter from a firm of automobile engineers

RAMTIRTH BRAHMI OIL

SPECIAL No. 1.

AYURVEDIC MEDICINE (REGD.)



RAMTIRTH BRAHMI OIL, the Best Brain & Hair Tonic, ends Baldness, Stops Falling hair, increases memory, insures eye sight & imparts sound sleep. Useful to everybody in all seasons. By massaging the body with this oil, you will feel fresh and active.

Rs. 3/8/- Big Bottle & Rs. 2/- Small Bottle.

Sold Everywhere.

TO BE HEALTHY AND TO KEEP FIT ASK FOR OUR ATTRACTIVE CHART (Map) SHOWING YOGIC ASANAS WHICH WILL BE SENT ON RECEIPT OF M.O. FOR Rs. 1/14/-. THESE ASANAS CAN EASILY BE PERFORMED AT HOME.

YOGIC CLASSES are regularly conducted from 7-30 A.M. to 9-30 A.M. and from 6 P.M. to 7-30 P.M. Lectures on every Sunday at 10 A.M.

SRI RAMTIRTH YOGASHRAM

Dadar, (Central Rly.) BOMBAY-14

GRAMS: "PRANAYAM"

PHONE: 62899.

In Calcutta asking him to appear for an interview. Accordingly he set out on his journey to Calcutta and took an apartment in a modest hotel in one of the busiest thoroughfares in the city. On the day he had to appear for the interview, he put on a grey flannel suit with a felt hat. He looked out for a conveyance and spotted a taxi parked at the junction of the road.

As he walked briskly towards the taxi, his thoughts were centred on the ensuing interview which would determine his future. A middle-aged man in a dhoti and a silk *kurta* was coming from the opposite direction, carrying a brown leather brief-case carelessly in his hand. As they crossed each other, Arvind's swinging hand accidentally brushed against the brief-case and it fell down.

"I am so sorry," Arvind apologised, bent down and picked it up for him.

"HEY! It is you, Arvind! When did you return from the U.S.A. and what are you doing here?" gushed forth the other man, perplexed and pleased at the unexpected meeting.

Neither of them had even dreamt of meeting each other in this fashion. They then exchanged a few formal words with each other, during which Arvind constantly kept looking at his wrist watch.

"Why, are you in a hurry to go somewhere?" asked Behari Lal.

"I am just now going for an interview. But if you could give me your address, we shall meet there this evening."

"Do like this, Arvind. You see that corner restaurant?" asked Behari Lal, pointing to a hotel a

few yards away, "Come there at 5 this evening. I shall wait for you outside. You won't fail?"

As they parted company for the time being, Arvind's heart fluttered like the wings of a dove and he was in high spirits. He had a very successful interview with the Company and an appointment letter was issued to him on the spot. He waited impatiently for the clock to strike five.

PRECISELY at the appointed hour, Arvind was standing on the pavement outside the hotel. Within a few minutes, Behari Lal also reached the place. He was sweating profusely.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting for a few minutes," apologised Behari Lal. "I waited at the hospital entrance for some time thinking that Nalini would be coming out at five, but she is late to-day, it seems."

"Has she gone to the hospital? Who is ill?" There was alarm in Arvind's questions.

"She is working there as a nurse," Behari Lal enlightened him.

Arvind looked puzzled. He did not know what Behari Lal was doing in Calcutta and why Nalini should be serving as a nurse in a hospital. It all looked like the opening part of a big drama.

"You look puzzled, Arvind! I thought you must have known about it from Shyam Sundarji!" Behari Lal's tone was sincere and pathetic.

Arvind thoughtfully rubbed his chin. Either his father had kept him in the dark about certain developments concerning Behari

FREE ADVICE THROUGH SPIRITUAL POWERS



THE MIRACLE MAN
with God-gifted magnetic powers
Consult India's Greatest Tantric Yogi

Prof. R.T. THEVAR
PALNI, SOUTH INDIA

Who has won unique fame not only in India but throughout the world. His power to bring success in complicated matters, family troubles, Marriage, Love, Job, Promotion, Examination, Litigation, Evil planets, Hidden-Enemies, Enemies' charms or Evil spell or any other domestic worry by the help of his Tantric Talismans are really amazing. You may state your baffling problems for which he will give free advice with very interesting literature against postage of **As. 4** (Foreign 3 Shs. for Air Postage).

Unsolicited Appreciations of the following kind pour in every day.

The Hon'ble Justice SRI CH. RAGHAVA RAO High Court, Madras, writes, on 22-3-'52—Mr. R.T. Thevar is a devout worshipper of Swami Subramanyeswara. The making of Kavacha for success in life seems to be a hereditary art with him and he seems to be highly assisted in the art by his own personal, peculiar worship of the Lord. MR. P. HERBERT SUNDARAM, B.A., B.L., District & Sessions Judge, Salem—I am wearing your Kavacha from the very day you sent me and I am having benefits through it. MR. C.N. RAJARAM, B.A., B.Sc., Divisional Electrical Engineer, Govt. Electricity Department, Mettur Dam—Thank you very much for the Kavacha sent to me sometime back. I am extremely pleased about the wonderful effects of your Kavacha. I will be seeing you in person within a couple of months when I shall explain the marvels of your Kavacha in person. MR. A. NAMASIVAYAM, B.A., District Labour Officer (Gazetted) Vellore—My Dear Swamiji, I have found and experienced marvellous spiritual efficacy in your charm. Personally it has wrought me a miracle in so short a period of about a month. I got a Gazetted rank and status as a District Officer in an amazingly quicker period. ARSHAD AZIZ KHAN, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia—My Dear Swamiji—Today is the fourteenth fortunate day since I have been using your wonderful Kavacha. From what I have experimented myself in this short span of time, I wonder what words are most apt to praise your work and express my heart-felt gratitude to you. The least I can say is something like that; Columbus discovered America—the New World—and opened an era of new ambitions for mankind, enlivened with a hundred-thousand young hopes, and a very illuminating and confident future ahead of all nations. I think it tantamounts to saying that I too am a Columbus for my own self, as I discovered in you the same New World for me and more beneficial and profitable. These are my genuine feelings about you. MR. B. JAI NARAYAN KHATRI, B.A., LL.B., Office Superintendent, Office of the Inspector-General of Prisons, Rajasthan, Jaipur—Tharakari Kavacha which you prepared for my wife and sent to me showed, no doubt, miraculous effect from the day she started wearing it. I express my gratefulness to you for the same. A fully mature female child was born to me on the 21st July '55. Before this, for the last 10 or 12 years, my second wife did never give birth to a child. You are no doubt, doing a sincere service to humanity.

Prof. R.T. THEVAR, Tantric, P.B. No. 14, PALNI, S. INDIA

al or there must be some misunderstanding somewhere, Arvind told himself.

ALL I could know from my father was that you people left the village one fine morning and nobody knew anything about you



afterwards. My family itself had to shift to Allahabad subsequently soon after."

"Allahabad?" Behari Lal's eyes widened in utter surprise. "Is that where you are now

staying? So you have now no interest whatsoever left in the village?" There was bewilderment both in his voice and eyes.

"After the abolition of Zamin-dari, there was nothing much for us to do in the village. So my father disposed of the house and other things and shifted to the city. After all a city has its own charms," Arvind explained.

"Then.....then, what happened to my letters? You see, I wrote three letters to your father explaining certain things and I was surprised that he did not reply to any of them! I naturally thought that he was not willing to consider my proposal and I respected his sentiments. Now, from what you say, it seems that my letters never reached him at all!" He stared at the ground for a few seconds. "Anyway," he said, "there is a saying that all is well that ends well. Viewing things in retrospect, I am glad that my letters did not reach him after all! Since I am more concerned with you, I might as well speak to you personally and ascertain your feelings."

He lighted a cigarette and, resting his forearms more securely on the table, continued, "You see, I should be frank, lest there should arise some misunderstanding between our two families. Your father and I are very good friends and we shall remain friends till eternity. Had it been any other person, I would have adopted a different course. But in his case, I can't do that. My conscience would not permit me to do it. Now, coming to the subject matter, I very well know that you are in love with Nalini and from what I could gather from her own reaction,

she amply reciprocates your feelings."

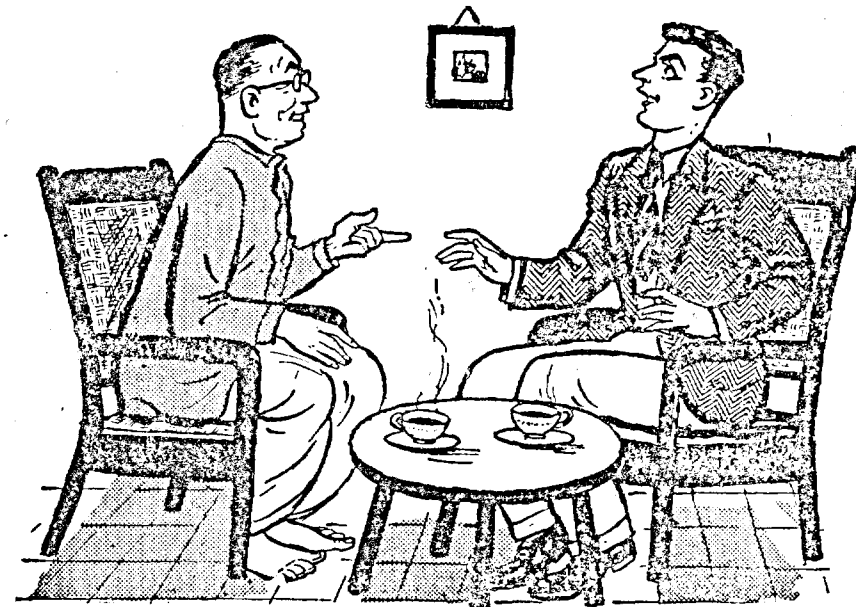
He paused for a while here and, with a sly smile, observed Arvind from the corner of his eyes. "Would you still desire to have her as your wife, if I tell you that she is not my daughter?" he asked suddenly.

Arvind's eyes opened more widely. He thought over what Behari Lal said just then and his lips seemed to make some incoherent movements as though he was solving some puzzle mentally. He cast his glance down at the sheet glass fixed on the table and could easily watch the clear reflection of the sharp profile of Behari Lal

scheming and cantankerous type that one often came across. Arvind's decision was final and immediate.

"You might invent anything you like to test my sincerity, but my decision was reached on that very day when I left for the United States." There was a touch of solemn finality in his calm, unruffled voice.

"BRAVO, my boy! That's the spirit!" cried Behari Lal in rapture and mildly stamped on the table with his fist. "I thought so, and you did not disappoint me in my high expectations of you! Between ourselves, Nalini is the



sitting opposite him. He could only observe benevolence and kindness in his eyes, such as he had not seen so far. His face was smooth and soft, suggesting a warm heart and glowing kindness towards others. His was not a

daughter of my cook who died some 20 years ago. We were then at Lahore. She was with us for a long time and before the cook died, she entrusted Nalini, a child of four at that time, to our care and I promised to look after her as

my own daughter. Since my wife and I had remained childless, Nalini filled that place and, believe me, she is much more than a daughter to me. Her happiness is my happiness and her home is my home." Tears of joy trickled down his cheeks.

There was a short silence between the two for a while and they sat absorbed in their own thoughts. Behari Lal suddenly lifted up his chin and, turning towards Arvind, asked, "Shall I then write to your father or will you speak to him yourself?"

THIS was the most confusing moment for Arvind, for it was only then that he was reminded of the existence of his father whom he used to consult for anything and everything. He was trying to digest the implications of Behari Lal's startling revelation and was carefully weighing them. As far as he was concerned, the fact that Nalini was the daughter of a cook made little difference to him. Not so long back, he was also the only son of a big Zamindar and they had an army of servants at home. What was he now? A mere job-hunter! With difficulty, he had just managed to secure a small job. Just as he had his own high ambitions it was also perfectly legitimate for a cook's daughter to have an eye on the son of a Zamindar, if she had beauty to recommend her in the bargain. When two young innocent hearts had united, why should a man-made barrier be allowed to sunder them apart? A famous saying of Swami Vivekananda suddenly flashed across his mind: "Each is great in his own place. A scavenger on the street is as great a human being as the king on the

throne!" Those were the words of eternal wisdom. There was nothing more for him to think about. He had reached a final decision and that was all there was to it. He looked up at Behari Lal who was eagerly watching the reaction on Arvind's face.

"HAS my revelation placed you in an unenviable predicament as happened to Hamlet?" asked Behari Lal with a quizzical smile, flicking the ash from his cigarette.

"I have no particular reason to alter my previous decision and I stand by what I said earlier," announced Arvind and added, as an after-thought, "I have also decided not to tell my father about Nalini's mother and he is not likely to come to know of it in the future if it has remained a secret from him all these years."

"I do understand that, my boy," piped in Behari Lal, nodding his head to and fro, and patting Arvind affectionately on his shoulder. Suddenly his face assumed a serious expression and with a far-away look in his eyes, he said, "Heaven alone knows how much I have suffered during the course of these three or four years! As my financial position became very awkward, I had to flee from the village all of a sudden without telling anyone. Of course, I was only playing for time. But imagine my misfortune when I did not receive any reply from your father! This upset all my calculations. Nalini would not think of marrying anybody else. Perhaps she was confident of meeting you again. She decided, on the other hand, to become a nurse, poor girl! Nothing could have been more symbolic as much of her resolve as of her spirit of sacrifice."

It was nearing sunset when they emerged out of the restaurant and they got into a bus and reached Behari Lal's residence.

OVER a cup of the second round of tea, they resumed their conversation, in the midst of which Nalini returned from the hospital still wearing the nurse's uniform.

As soon as she caught sight of Arvind seated on the sofa, she was taken aback and seemed to falter for a second. As she gained enough composure, she managed to greet him in as becoming a manner as possible and scampered into the kitchen.

"Don't run away like that, Nalini," remarked Behari Lal and laughed good-humouredly. "I have brought a new patient with me. The trouble with him seems to be his heart which is on the wrong side."

There was loud laughter at this stale joke. Arvind did not much like to be referred to as a patient, though he had to be patient for an inordinately long time before he could see his wish fulfilled. "Two birds at one stroke," seemed appropriate enough an expression to describe the exultation of his heart, as his left hand proudly felt the appointment letter in his pocket. ♦♦

George had been late in getting home the previous night.

"Say, George," said Bill, "was the wife annoyed?"

"Annoyed?" answered George. "She didn't say a word. She just left a note: 'Slippers in the refrigerator'!"

FREE

BIRTH CONTROL

Only for Rs. 5/- you will get Sample Set of Rubber Appliances with Free at charge Postage and Scent Bottle of Paris Queen.

For Men—(1) 3 French F.L. superior, (2) 1 Washable Paragon Transparent Superior, (3) 1 Washable Crocodile Transparent Superior, (4) American Tips.

For Women—1 Best quality check Pessaries Transparent.

Hairex—Price Rs. 2/- . Fragrant and Harmless Hair remover. Eliminates unwanted hairs on the body.

POSTAGE Re. 1/- EXTRA.

BEEGEEBE PRODUCTS,
Post Box No. 4060, BOMBAY-7.

WANTED AGENTS

For Fancy goods, such as Cuff Links, Cheap quality Fountain pens and Ladies ornamental goods. Permanent good income. Terms free.

D. R. PURI & SON
Block No. 6E/4, Patel Nagar,
NEW DELHI - 12.

FRENCH PHOTOS

(FOR ADULTS ONLY)

Many different, delightful poses with clear details just received from French Studios. Best to cheer loneliness and beautify albums.

Price: (12 Bromide Post Cards Rs. 15.) Foreign 30 sh. uncrossed B.P.O. in advance.

KAMA SUTRA of Vatsyayana
By DR. H.S. GAMBERS

Most informative book on SEX & LOVE

Price: Rs. 5-4. Postage As 12 extra

Money in advance. No V.P.P.

VENUS TRADING CO.
Box No. 1593, G. P. O., MADRAS-1

THE MAN WHO TAUGHT BRITISH WOMEN TO DRESS BETTER:

SIR SIMON MARKS

WHEN you enter the oak-panelled London office of Sir Simon Marks, chairman of Marks and Spencer Ltd., you feel you are in the presence of a man of taste and sound judgment. It is not by chance that he has helped revolutionise the dress of British women in the lower income groups by giving them fashion, quality and beauty in clothes suited to modest incomes.

At 67, his lithe, athletic figure (he played vigorous tennis until quite recently) provides the perfect model for his neatly elegant clothes. He looks at you with the smiling eyes of the humorist, the sensitive face of the artist, the modesty of the pioneer, and the air of a man who has made the most of his opportunities in life.

He controls the great empire of 236 stores in towns and cities throughout Britain, which directly employ 30,000 men, women and girls, and indirectly 150,000 others. This concern in its last trading year had a turnover of £107,000,000, and made a profit of £4,500,000 after paying tax—an increase of nearly £1,500,000 over the previous year. The gross profit was 100 times what it was in 1927.

These are the hard facts of success; they mean far less to Sir Simon than the achievements they represent. As he told the for-



lunate shareholders at the last meeting of the company: "Vast opportunities, rich in promise for the future, are open to the active partnership of industrialists and men of science. This partnership has already resulted in the establishment of entirely new industries, and given new life to many older industries. Great factories have been built throughout the land, involving much capital investment, to develop and exploit the fruits of research, invention and discovery."

As evidence of this, British textile mills have supplied some 90,000,000 yards of woven cloth to stock Marks and Spencer shops,

and 30,000,000 pounds weight of hosiery yarns.

WHAT is the secret of his success? Sir Simon takes pride in the fact that "improving quality of our goods has always been as important to us as making a profit." This is no idle boast. He took me round departments, alive and vividly active, where artists were engaged in creating new designs for materials that will go into millions of women's dresses. Fashion experts were trying out these designs, and scientists were testing new materials for colour fastness, resistance to wear and shrinkage, and all those features the modern woman desires in her clothes. On their behalf he has built up the

BY
ERNEST JAY

biggest quality-testing laboratories run by a retailing firm anywhere in the world, and has one of the largest fashion units in existence.

Sir Simon's firm does not buy articles. It buys the entire productive capacity of many mills which produce the goods his organisation designs and prescribes in minutely detailed specifications. As a result, the firm has control over everything sold in its stores, from the raw material through to the finished article as the customer sees it on the counter.

This system of organisation relieves the manufacturer of his

ATTENTION Ladies Please!



BUST-O-LIFT

Get back your beautiful bust by this wonderful ointment, specially prepared for you after long research. This ointment can bring back your undeveloped bust to your desired satisfaction at the end of the course. Absolutely harmless. Price Rs. 6/15/- per big jar. Packing and postage extra.

THE ALLIED TRADERS (M-6)
687, Nanapeth, POONA-2 (India)

LEUCODERMA

FREE 50,000 packets of medicine ready for distribution, one packet will cure one inch white spot. Postage As. 11.

EXPERT PHYSICIAN,
Kabiraj BENQY SANKAR ROY
P.O. SHALKIA, HOWRAH

Phone How. 187, Salika Kushtasram.
Branch: 49-B, Harrison Rd., Calcutta-9.

SEND FIVE QUESTIONS

IN A SEALED COVER. IT WILL
BE RETURNED WITH
ACCURATE REPLIES
PER V.P.P. FOR

Rs. 2

Prof:—MOTIWALLA HYPNOTIST,
BOMBAY-7.

major worry of finding a market for his goods. It assures the suppliers of an all-the-year-round demand with the risks of bad debts and unsold goods removed. It calls for no piling up of goods in vast warehouses. It has no central stockroom from which to supply its branches. Instead, it relies on what Sir Simon calls the "steady rhythm" of goods flowing from all production units into the shops as required. Its purpose is to reduce cost and pass on improved value to the buyer.

THE origins of "M. and S." were humble enough: a trestle table stall at Leeds market, with its slogan: "Don't ask the price—it's a penny." It was here that Michael Marks, Sir Simon's father, started in 1884 when he migrated to England from central Europe. The Marks and Spencer "Penny Bazaars", with their vivid red shop fronts, soon followed. One of these stores, opened at Newcastle in 1890, remains in this original form as a reminder of the firm's beginnings.

Simon Marks was brought up in Manchester. He went to the city's famous Grammar School, where he met keen young men with eyes on the prospects opened by the development of science at the turn of the century. While still young, Simon had been attracted to Dr. Chaim Weizmann, already a distinguished reader in biochemistry at Manchester University, and later to become, after the Second World War, the first President of an independent Israel.

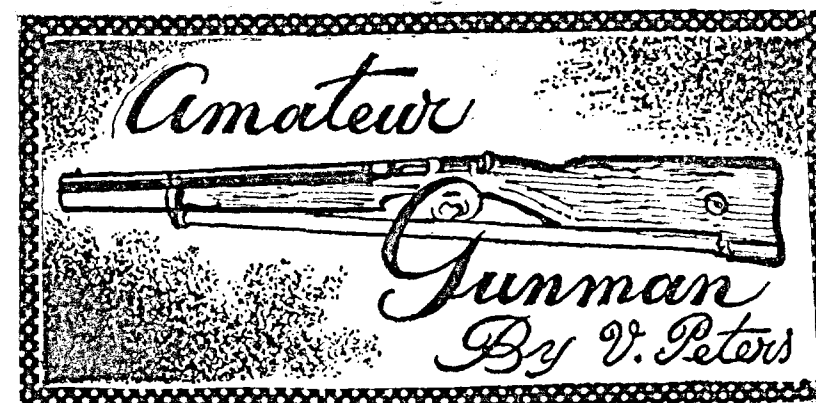
The death of his father, at the early age of 44, came soon after

Simon had entered the business following two years' study of business methods and techniques in Germany and France. Eleven years later, he was the Chairman of the concern he has directed and developed ever since.

Just as he has sought to bring better and inexpensive clothes to a wider public, so he has been a pioneer in the supply of clean food. High standards of cleanliness and hygiene are, he insists, a social responsibility for all concerned in the food business. He practises what he preaches, and has enlisted 180 doctors as local advisers in his campaign.

THE shrewd judgment of Sir Simon Marks has often been called into Government service. He was associated with the production of the "Crocodile" tank flame-thrower, with "Fido", the device for clearing fog from airfields, and "Pluto", the submarine pipeline across the Channel which helped make possible the Allied invasion of the Continent. During the early period of the war, he was chairman of the London and South-Eastern Regional Boards concerned with production.

For four years he was director of British Overseas Airways, and was one of four directors aboard an aircraft, ironically named *Fortuna*, which crashed and became a complete wreck in an Irish bog when taking them to inspect the Shannon airport, now familiar to transatlantic travellers. He was also one of the founders of the Air Defence Cadet corps, formed in 1938, taken over by the Air Ministry in 1941 and renamed the Air Training Corps. **



"What are you trying to do with that gun?" croaked a voice in the porch of my house. The voice belonged to a shrivelled old woman who somehow reminded me of a dried brinjal. She was an ugly piece of works. A more inquisitive, meddlesome, annoying creature I have never come across. The fact that she was only a neighbour never deterred this dame from trying to boss the show everywhere. And she poked fun at people, especially those who belonged to the younger generation. She seemed to have a special grudge against young people.

The question was sarcastic, meant to make me look somewhat foolish. I might have been handling the gun awkwardly because I had never handled one before. But that was no reason for her to throw a crack like that at me. I shot her a glance, calculated to wither the hide of a rhinoceros at a range of fifty miles, but it cut no ice with her. It didn't stir one single hair of the few loose strands that still clung stubbornly to a pate otherwise remarkably free from encumbrance. She simply leered

at me, baring her few ugly teeth in a grimace that would have sent me screaming into my mother's arms, if I had been a two-year old kid.

I felt stung into saying something. Sometime, somewhere, I was told that women hate being reminded of their age. I thought up something funny to say along these lines.

"MADAM," I said, putting an extra stilt to my speech, "your wisdom may be as old as yonder hills, which are said to be centuries old. But although you look much older, you seem to be fearfully ignorant about some things. If you don't know what a gun is meant for, let me tell you that I intend to shoot something with it." I gave her a meaning look, but it was a waste of good effort.

"Ho!" she croaked, sounding more than ever like a raven. "I hope you won't shoot yourself, since you seem to me to be the only thing around here worth destroying with a gun, and even then I would consider it a waste of ammunition!"

The blood rushed to my head. Blood easily rushes to my head because there isn't much in it to stop the rush, I suppose. I controlled myself by an enormous effort.

"Well..." I began, trying to sound extra sarcastic. I didn't finish the sentence. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that my beloved wife and her mother were returning from the market, so I skipped. It may seem strange to you that a man with a gun in his hands should skip out of sight of two unarmed women, but that's how it is with me. Some guys land tough!

ABOUT the gun. I don't really like guns. They remind me too much of women. They are likely to go off unexpectedly, make too much noise and can do a lot of damage. This gun wasn't mine. It was my cousin Ramu's. He had some down for the week-end. Tall, handsome, strapping, sporting Ramu—the lad who could do everything, except work for a living. How the dames fell for him! He just sat tight, collecting chunks of admiration from impressionable females and doddering old males—males whose wills had been battered out of them long ago, by

domineering wives. And all because he was supposed to be the best shot in the district!

I was determined to learn to shoot. Ramu was only too eager to teach me, but he talked so much gun, so fast, that I might as well have tried to catch up with a bullet fired out of one, than hook on to what he was trying to shove into my head by way of instructions. In a daze, I stepped out to try my first shot when the old lady, referred to earlier, fired the question and started this story.

A HUGE, shady tree stood in the compound of my bungalow—a fine property which became my sole possession as a result of my late lamented, money-grabbing father foreclosing on a mortgage, to the surprise and mortification of a once well-to-do young man, who had burned the candle at both ends. I made for the foot of this tree, followed by Ramu.

One by one, some females, including the horrid old blister, joined us there, all eager to see what I was going to do. There used to be a lot of birds among those branches, but to-day all

(Continued on page 89)

USEFUL BOOKS

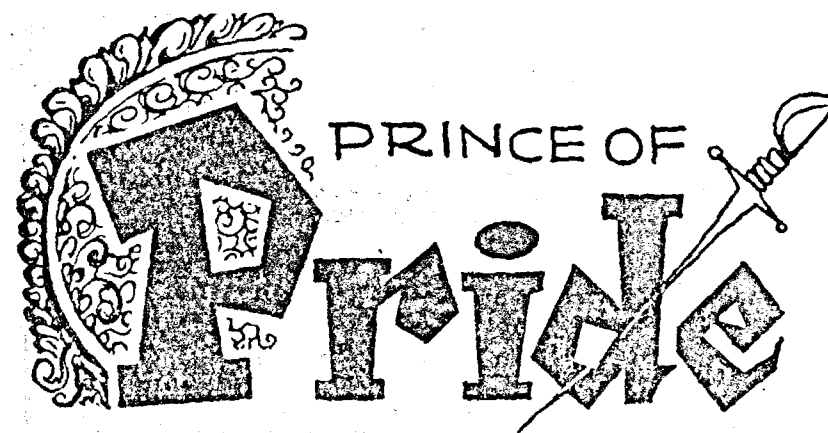
When were you born—revealing your true Character and Destiny, some Epoch-making predictions about World Events by 'Indian Cheiro' and key to marital Happiness—all for Rs. 2/- only. Postage free if M.O. or Postal Order is sent in advance; otherwise V.P.P. will cost Rs. 3/-.

Dr. R. C. SAXENA,
MUSSOORIE, U.P. (INDIA.)

FREE

A rare Gift—most useful to married couples and adults above 21 with 1 lb EGG POWDER (with Gold etc.) per V.P.P. for Rs 18/-. It's a World's Sovereign remedy for Radiant Man Power. "BED-ROOM" Photos as you want for your private use. Particulars against As. 8.

K. Krishna Dass & Co.,
BELGAUM.



RANAJI was standing before an open window, staring at the tall trees in the drive-way of his palace, which was situated atop a small hill. There was a smile on his face. His eyes were steady, as if staring at some fixed object. He was lost in a flood of his own thoughts. He was dreaming.

A cool breeze was blowing in through the open window, near which Ranaji was standing erect, with his chest out, his head held high like a proud peacock, as was becoming of a noble Rajput. He was dreaming about his son that his wife would be giving birth to any minute. This was their first child, and Ranaji was certain that the child would be a boy. At the moment, standing before the open window, Ranaji was planning about the education of his son—how he would train him in the art of using arms.

"My son will be the best horseman for miles around. His swordsmanship and daring will be quite a legend in times to come. Yes, that is what my son will be!" exclaimed Ranaji, his right fist

striking his open left palm. "Yes, that is what my son will be, feared and at the same time respected by his subjects."

RANAJI shifted his position and started pacing the floor up and down. Repeatedly, he was striking his open left palm with his right fist. He was getting impatient. "Why does not someone come and tell me it is all over?" he muttered to himself angrily. He came and stood before the portrait of his great-grandfather. All the four walls of the room were full of portraits of his ancestors. They were all dressed in court dress and with their chests full of decorations. He was staring at the portrait of his great-grandfather who had fought by the side of the great Maharana Pratap. He was admiring that particular picture—a picture of pride and dignity. His great-grandfather was sitting on a chair, his head held high, his eyes shining with ferocity, challenging any danger that may dare to cross his path. Such was the family



of his race — proud and dignified. They always held their heads high. They bowed to none but the Almighty.

RANAJI was staring at the portrait of his great-grandfather. His eyes were fixed upon the portrait but his thoughts were wandering into the future. He was thinking about his son to be and how he would grow up. "He will be the hero of the country. He will win medals and decorations." Ranaji began thinking on how to train

his son best. "He should be given a hard training. There should be no softness in his life. I shall not allow him to be pampered and spoiled. His training should start at a very young age—say about six. No, that may be too early!" The fatherly instinct in him was aroused. "What! Will you start training him at six by snatching him away from his mother? No! You will be cruel to him, then!" "You humbug! That's what you think you will do. But you will only love him, pamper him and thus spoil him," the man in him taunted.

"No, no!" Ranaji was fighting his own thoughts. "No, I will be stern with him. Yes, I will discipline him till his bones ache, till he falls with fatigue. I will make a true soldier out of him." There was a smile on Ranaji's face at the very thought of it when he said, "I will make him quite a legendary figure, surely."

"You won't dare to!" the father from within challenged him. "How will you be able to see your own

son, your own flesh and blood, being tortured and hurt? Oh, no, you will not be stern to him. Instead, you will shed tears when he cries with pain. You will give your very life in order to see him happy and unharmed!"

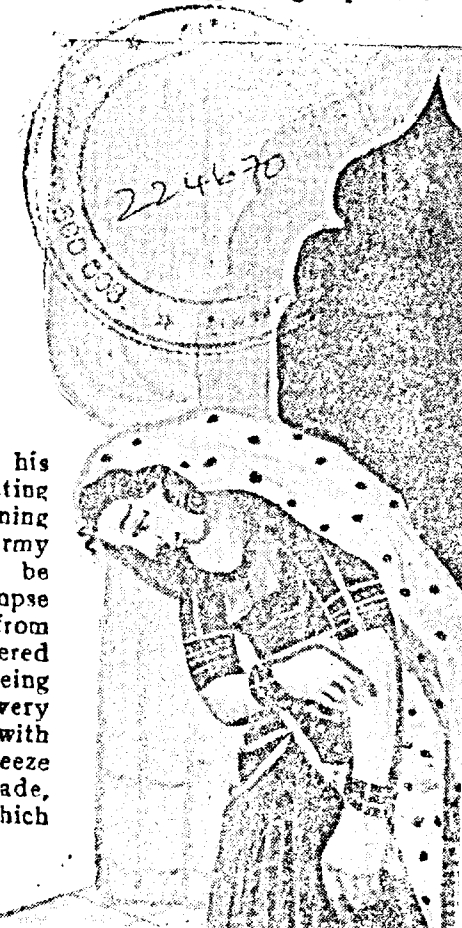
"No! No!" exclaimed Ranaji, and struck his right fist into his open left palm in order to assert his point.

"No," he continued, "I will make a fine soldier out of him. A greater princely hero the country would not have seen!"

He shook his head as if trying to shake off a fly. He wanted to drive away all these thoughts from his mind. He started pacing the floor up and down. He was getting impatient. "Why does not someone come and tell me it is all over?" he muttered, gnashing his teeth in right royal rage.

RANAJI came and stood before the open window again; he was staring at the tall trees before him. "How fresh and green are they! How majestic they look!" Ranaji uttered loudly, the while he was carving a mental image of his son. "How full of youth he will be, with such a abundance of energy!" Ranaji could picture his son mounted on a white mare, sitting erect, in full military attire, returning after a victorious battle, with his army following behind. Crowds will be thronging the streets to have a glimpse of their hero. Deafening cheers from all around, and his son being showered with flowers. A royal reception being held in his honour. These very thoughts made Ranaji's chest swell with immense pride. A gust of cool breeze blew in through the open balustrade, taking along with it the visions which Ranaji's mind had conjured up.

RANAJI was continuing to stare at the tall trees. Again his right fist struck upon his open left palm. He started pacing the floor up and down. He was getting impatient. He thought, "Why does my wife take so long to give birth to a child?" Ranaji was unfortunately unaware of the fact that his wife was a hundred times more eager than him to have it all over as quickly as possible. How could he have any idea about the agony his wife was undergoing? How could he know how much of herself she was losing in the formation of a new life? Ranaji just had no place for such thoughts in his mind. He was growing impatient



to fondle and caress his child. And his impatience was giving way to anger. He started pacing the floor at a rapid pace and began continually striking his right fist upon his open left palm at quicker intervals. He was acting just like a horse which when spurred starts galloping and when the reins are pulled at once slows down to an easy trot. Ranaji was doing exactly the same. At a new thought he would quicken his pace and then again he would slow down. Suddenly he came and stood before the balustrade. He was standing in a relaxed manner—his hand touching his left shoulder, his right hand listlessly lying across the balustrade, his eyes brooding.

THERE was a noise, as someone entered the courtyard below in a hurry. The noise awakened Ranaji from his reverie who, on looking down, saw a maid-servant bowing deep from the waist to show she was paying her respects to him.

Ranaji, whose impatience had reached breaking point, vented his spleen upon the poor girl by shouting, "Why are you standing there like a mute? What is it? Quick! Tell me, it is a son, isn't it?"

The maid, without shifting her position, answered, "God has blessed my Lord with a beautiful *putri*."

Ranaji was struck dumb to hear this. He felt his heart miss a beat. To him it appeared as if the wind had come to a standstill and was watching his dismay, as if all birds flying in the sky had stopped flying and were laughing at his defeat. He felt his head spinning like a wheel, the whole room going

round and round like a merry-go-round. He felt his whole strength leaving through his feet. He slid down on a near-by couch in order to avoid a fall and to regain slowly his lost strength.

Ranaji was sitting on the couch, holding his forehead in his palms; his brain had suddenly become numb. He was thinking about the catastrophe that had just now occurred, but his mind had stopped functioning. The castle of hopes that he had built had vanished into thin air.

HIS wife had given birth to a girl when, all along, he was certain that the child would be a boy. Alas, all the wonderful dreams he had just dreamt would never materialise. The beautiful picture of his young and handsome son, sitting erect with his head held high, returning after a victorious battle, would always remain a mere dream. Instead, his daughter would grow up to be a young and poisonous maiden. "The more beautiful she grows, the more poisonous will she be," he told himself. "I will have to search for a match for her. I might have to request or even beg for a match for her. Yes, I will have to lower myself to the level of a cringing beggar....." he thought. "No never!" he swore.

The thought struck him like a heavy stone; he felt as if the very roof of the room had collapsed. He felt as if he was being roasted in a fire. He got up from the couch and came and stood before the balustrade to breathe some fresh air. He was standing before the open window gazing at the trees. He felt that the trees were

(Concluded on Page 94)

THE ROYAL ASTROLOGER

10,00,000

and more clients have had our remarkable Fore-telling by divine Intuitive Powers. (Gift from God Subramanya). Family fame of 25 generations in Astrology. Medals and Certificates from Maharajas, Judges and Notables. One year Life Reading with Weekly Details from now Rs. 5/- (or 8 Sh.) regarding your Health, Finance, Races, Lottery, Lucky Dates, Profession, Travel, Love, Marriage, Friends, Enemies, etc., with Moon Table Guide for daily success, what pitfalls to avoid, what opportunities to grasp, new undertakings and other information of untold value to you. V.P. Extra. 3½ Sh. extra for Air Mail charges. Remittance in advance from Foreign countries.



COULD YOU DISBELIEVE THESE TESTIMONIALS?

Chang I. Jou of Messrs. Russel & Co., Shanghai, China:— Dear sir, I had my Life Reading for one year from you last year and its contents are correct to a very great extent. Please send me my entire Life Reading at your earliest convenience. -----

A. G. Fernando of Thomas Durham & Co., Sidney, Australia:— Dear sir, Ref:— Your kind letter of 11-6-52. I am glad to read and fully satisfied with your Annual Life Reading with weekly details. I have tried lots of other Astrologers, but never

got such accurate predictions as sent by you. Please furnish me with my entire Life Reading and oblige. -----

William Fernando, Chemist De Fer De, Ceinture de Paris, Rue De Londres, 16, Paris, France:— Dear sir, you have sent my Annual Life Reading for the year and it is most surprisingly accurate and gives me great delight to see that an astrologer can predict so accurately even from such a distance. I shall be exceedingly thankful if you will kindly send me entire Life Reading. -----

State birth details or Letter writing time.

PANDIT N. AMIRTANANDA

1st Floor, 31, NORTH MADA STREET, MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4

Child Of Destiny

CHAPTER XI—Contd.

It was not like Mrs. Peters, one of the tenants in the house of the Laceys, previously described, to allow an event of so great a moment viz., the encounter of Priscy with Duncan Andrews, to pass by without offering a few cogent observations which she deemed necessary to make in the interests of social exigencies. In the first place, she had watched the behaviour of Priscilla Lacey during her Christmas holidays with growing interest and had utilised every possible means to convey to her co-tenants her suspicions regarding the girl. For one thing, she was stoutly opposed to the idea of girls going about unchaperoned, no matter what the time of the day, and for another, she couldn't find any conceivable reason why a girl of the age of Priscilla should be permitted to exchange even a single word in conversation with any young man except, perhaps, her own brother. Having had only one child, and that one a boy and the very model of good breeding (according to her own standards), she was entirely opposed to all modern ideas of social intercourse between boys and girls and Priscilla's familiarity with Colin Andrews was something she could never countenance or condone. When, therefore, the girl was accosted on the road by Duncan Andrews (which incident she had witnessed in part along with so many others) she nodded her head in self-satisfaction as if to say, "I told you! I told you! Now,

do you see how my words have come to pass?"

Mrs. Peters belonged to that group of matronly dames whose beer-barrel-like figures can never fit into any corset, however skilfully designed, and whose puffy faces represent an unmistakable symbol of scandal-mongering. We must qualify this description still further, however, by making exceptions (which, incidentally, prove the general rule), for there are many such ladies whose hearts are in the right place and whose heads contain an appreciable quantum of commonsense based upon wide experience of human nature. In Mrs. Peters' case, the absence of these qualities was compensated for by the presence of a tongue which never stopped wagging, by a pair of eyes which never missed anything and by a capacity for so much shallow thought that, relatively speaking, she was looked upon by her closest friends as a woman singularly gifted with great reasoning power and greater capability in managing her own domestic affairs, not to speak of those of her neighbours and friends, whenever such opportunities offered in this direction.

THE private affairs of Mrs. Peters were commonly known to her friends and acquaintances in every detail. Indeed, she herself saw to it that nothing should

BY

E.T. FERNANDEZ

remain a secret so far as she was concerned. She had promulgated for her own benefit and convenience a set of social laws and rules of conduct which she expounded in lawyer-like fashion though, invariably, she condemned the practice of these by others who endeavoured to keep her in the dark (often unsuccessfully) and who persisted in keeping her out of their confidence. In support of these laws she propounded her ideas of love, courtship and marriage at considerable length and there were a good many who concurred with her and strove to follow her example with a view to attaining the unblemished happiness and total independence which she claimed she had won for herself.

For example, Mrs. Peters was not a married woman. In point of fact, her son, Tommy, had never seen his father, nor did Mrs.

Peters know whose son the boy actually was!

"WHO the devil cares!" she would often say. "I've got a son, my own flesh and blood, and 'e is a good son to me. He's in the military now and he sends me his allowance without failing. Wot's the use of having a 'usband nowadays, to kick you, and beat you, and prevent you from doing this, and prevent you from doing that? Wot do you say, child? (She called everyone of her neighbours that) "I'd rather be inder-pendent. I 'ate to 'ave a 'usband to answer for ev'rything. It's a dirty curse. Wot do you say, child? I'm well off as I am. I 'ave my own freedom—my own enjoyments, my pleasure w'enever I want. W'y! I've got a keeper even now, but 'e dare not interfere in my haffairs! If he starts

(Concluded on page 99)

STORY SO FAR: Brian Lacey, who is very unpopular among the Anglo-Indian community for his pro-Congress views, falls in love with Hilda Jenkins (Angel). Her father, who comes to know this, forbids her meeting him any more. When Brian and his mother call at the Jenkins' house to formally ask Mr. Jenkins' permission for Brian's marriage with Hilda, the offer is spurned and the visitors insulted. Later, Hilda's father sends her away to Bombay to stay with her mother's brother, Vincent. There a fake advertisement announcing Brian's forthcoming marriage with someone else is caused to be published by Vincent, reading which Hilda falls seriously ill. She is admitted in a hospital where, thanks to Mother Berchman's careful nursing, she completely recovers. The Jenkinses try their best to persuade Hilda to come away with them but she refuses. She leaves the hospital with Mother Berchman and accompanies her to the latter's Convent in the Nilgiris and feels thoroughly at home there. Finding that the Jenkinses will be permanently with them, Mrs. Vincy manages to quarrel with Mrs. Jenkins. And the quarrel ends in Mr. & Mrs. Jenkins leaving the Vincy household and taking up lodgings in one of the narrow lanes in the same city. Brian's friend Colin has two elder brothers, Frank and Duncan. One evening, Duncan tries to kiss and annoy Priscilla, Brian's younger sister. Brian's timely arrival saves her from humiliation and Duncan runs away. Colin is grieved to hear this. Subsequently Duncan and Frank, helped by a few friends, waylay Brian at a lonely spot and knock him down unconscious. The attackers run away on seeing Sydney approaching them. Sydney recognises it is Brian who has been attacked and carries him to Colin's house where Brian recovers. Colin then escorts Brian to the latter's house. In a few days, Brian is completely recovered. A scurrilious note printed by the Office Union makes him decide against accepting transfer to Bangalore. And Colin's love for Priscy grows steadily and Priscy too is not unaware of it.

TO BUILD UP STRENGTH OF A GIANT!

Nectar
of Life



Take
BHEEMA-VEER

Unrivalled Best Tonic, it brings sound sleep, clears the bowels, gives good appetite, keeps the brain fresh and purifies Blood, Imparts glowing and robust health to any man thus ensuring Joys of life. You will have a feeling that the weight of years has been taken off your shoulders. You will be fighting fit again to accept any challenge of life. **It is an excellent product of the ancient Siddha System.**

Those suffering from skin eruptions or troubled with Cough and Asthma also will find rapid improvement if they take this tonic.

It ensures the health and happiness of weak, despondent women also.

40 Days' Beema-Veer Rs. 3-12-0

PACKING AND POSTAGE (Rs. 1-4-0) FREE FOR INDIA ONLY.

RATES for Africa, Fiji Islands and Mauritius. Per bottle of 40 pills "BHEEMA-VEER," 6 Sh. Postal charges. For sending by Air Mail Registered Cover 4½ Sh. Extra. For 2 Bottles 12 Sh. By Air Mail Registered Cover 6 Sh. Extra.

We receive many Appreciations every day like the following:—

Blood Purifier and Strength Builder.— I have given a fair trial for your "BHEEMA-VEER" the constituents of which you have laid here before the public. I am glad to state that my patients found it very useful as a general Nervine Tonic, Blood purifier, and body and strength builder.

(Sd.) Dr. H.V. RAO, L.M.S., Principal, Madras Dental College, Madras

The Wonderful Tonic Food.— Your "BHEEMA-VEER" is really a wonderful tonic food. The third day I began taking this I had free bowels and felt very much relieved. Fifth day the body regained much of its lost strength. Seventh day all wasting diseases vanished. On the tenth day all the itches in my body disappeared and the skin became healthy and rosy in appearance.

(Sd.) R. BABU NAIDU, Traffic Manager's Office, Rangoon, Burma.

Breathing Asthma Vanished.— I have great pleasure in testifying to the good qualities of the medicine "BHEEMA-VEER". I have derived very great benefit from its use in relieving me of my Chronic Bronchitis, Emphysema and Laboured Breathing Asthma.

(Sd.) Dr. P.V. GIRI, M.D. & C.M., M.R.C., O.G., Retired Superintendent, Raja Sir Ramaswamy Mudaliar Hospital, Royapuram, Madras.

JAMADHAGNI OUSHADALAYA

31, NORTH MADA STREET, MYLAPORE, MADRAS—4

The mill magnate was extremely caste conscious till Fate stepped in. And what followed after that was not only his transformation but also that of the servant who failed to be true to his salt.

IT was a Sunday morning with fine sunshine at Ootacamund, the day previous to Dhayanand's reporting for duty in the school maintained mainly for Harijans and also for poor caste Hindus with free boarding and lodging facilities. Dhayanand, a young trained graduate of the Madras University and a class-mate of mine in the Presidency College, Madras, had come to Ooty only two days back. He expressed a desire

to see the location of the school and the surroundings.

"There it is!" I pointed out an imposing building to Dhayanand.

The trees, with fine sky-blue coloured flowers, tossed their blue plumes as if they welcomed my friend, Dhayanand.

Dhayanand, then, looked up at the school proper. An old man, perhaps in his sixties, wearing slightly torn and heavy woollen clothes, on seeing us, walked up to us. We could easily guess he was the watchman of the school.

Transformation

I introduced myself and then told him, "Here is Shri Dhayanand."

G. LEELAKRISHNAN

He is to take charge as the English assistant in your school tomorrow. He is from Madras."

He saluted Dhayanand and requested us to sit on the concrete cement bench in the verandah.

AFTER the usual formal enquiries about the nativity of my friend Dhayanand, he said "You are here to serve in the real sense of the word. I wish you well in your glorious task." The old man then suddenly asked us, "Do you know the history behind Shri Ramesh Babu's starting a school like this?"

We shook our heads vigorously to indicate we knew nothing.

"This school has got a trust which runs into some lakhs,

While we were thus looking around, a gush of steady wind blew direct on our faces. It was cold.

5—1st June '56.

57

perhaps nearing one crore! Most of the property of Mr. Ramesh has been put into this trust through which schools of this type are being run in every district in this State. And, after the death of Shri Ramesh and his wife, the entire property of Shri Ramesh has come to the coffers of this trust since the Ramesh couple were childless."

There was a brief pause when we noticed tears in his eyes. We knew at once that we would be hearing a moving and interesting narration of facts from the old man.

"SHRI Ramesh was a leading mill magnate in the '20's at Madras," he began. "He was known for his kindness, help to the needy and extraordinary amiability. The employees in his mills were well paid. He was a strict orthodox Hindu whose sympathy and kindness would go to the background when his sentiments on religion were touched badly by anybody. He used to say, 'I would go to the extent of surrendering my entire wealth as a contribution to save Hindu religion if it were to be in danger. I cannot tolerate people talking about a casteless society. We cannot and shall not interfere and overthrow the social divisions which were the doing of God Himself.'"

"Shri Ramesh was 48 when Karuppan was employed as the gardener in his bungalow. Karuppan's predecessor was dismissed from service after being given Rs. 100—to maintain himself and his family till he got another employment elsewhere, just because he dared to water the jasmine and rose plants, the flowers of which were used exclusively by

Shri Ramesh for the *puja*. The watering of the plants was being done regularly by Shrimathi Ramesh only.

"Karuppan was appointed on Rs. 60 per month, a salary which even a graduate these days do not ordinarily get. He was given instructions about what and how he should do things in the garden.

"It is 12 years since the master and his wife last spent a summer in their bungalow here. Karuppan was with them, as usual. Days were passing on quite peacefully for the couple.

"ONE day, in the fine sunshine, Ramesh Babu went out for a walk after breakfast. At that time Shrimathi Ramesh had gone to Coimbatore to spend two or three days with her sister. She was expected back the very next day.

"Karuppan who was deeply engaged in the topiary of the garden was suddenly disturbed by a man who rushed inside the compound and said, 'Ayyo! Karuppan, a car has run over your master just now, badly injuring him. He is being taken to the hospital. You had better come along too.'"

"Karuppan was speechless for a few seconds. He rallied his senses round and ran to inform the cook, Govind. Both of them rushed to the hospital. On reaching the hospital, they tried to see their master but in vain. Govind rushed to the nearby telegraph office and despatched a telegram to Shrimathi Ramesh, giving her the details.

"With anguish in his heart and tears in his eyes, Karuppan stood praying fervently to the Almighty to save his master. Govind came

back a few minutes later from the telegraph office.

"A nurse came out from one of the wards and asked the Inspector of Police who was standing there whether he could find anybody who could donate blood for transfusion to the wounded Ramesh. The blood usually available in the Blood Bank of the hospital was out of stock since the previous day and the hospital authorities expected supply only the next day.

"KARUPPAN heard this. He at once stepped forward but he as quickly retraced his steps as if he had suddenly remembered something. He went to Govind with tears in his eyes and said, 'Sir, Master should be given blood. Even his wife is not here now. I am a Harijan and I am not lucky enough to serve the Master in this crucial moment. It is very fortunate you belong to our Master's community. Please offer your blood and save the Master.'"

"Govind turned pale on hearing this and said, 'I am sorry, Karuppan. Only a week back the doctors told me that I was very weak on account of anaemia.'"

"Karuppan was taken aback to hear this. The nurse was about to leave! she was extremely disappointed. After a moment's thought, Karuppan looked as if he had arrived at an important decision. And the next minute his face was suffused with a bright glow of great inner happiness.

"He stepped forward and said, to the nurse 'I shall offer my blood, Madam.'"

"His blood was at once tested and to the joy and satisfaction of the hospital staff and the doctors it

KING OF ALL TONICS RENTO

A Great health builder. Adds to your strength. Enriches and purifies blood.

Formula Contains:—

Acid Arsenic, Pill, Phos., Gold Chloride, Extract Gentian, Ext. Damiana, Strychnine Hydrochloride, etc., etc.

Each tube of 12 tablets Rs. 2/4/-

SUPER STRENGTH RENTO KNOWN AS

Rento Royal

is also obtainable at Rs. 6/- per tube.

K.K.S. writes from Brahmin St., Pathamada on 2-8-55. "I used a bottle of your RENTO ROYAL for super-strength and am very glad to inform you that it has made me healthy and....."

Selling at all Chemists as appear on Page 93 of this Magazine.

STENO HOUSE AGENCY, AMRITSAR

A REWARD OF Rs. 500

SIDH TALISMAN. The subjects which cannot be achieved by spending lac of rupees can be had only by keeping this Talisman. No need of any hard process to make it effective. He or she whom you want will be under your control. It gives sons, riches, wealth or prosperity. It gives service, increment in service and success in lottery and litigation, examination and in all sorts of works Rs. 500/- reward if proved useless Price Copper Rs. 2/8/-, Silver Rs. 3/-, Gold Rs. 15/-. Special giving immediate and sharp success costs Rs. 25/-.

Sri Kashi Vishwanath Ashram
P.O. KATRISARAI (GAYA.)

FRENCH PHOTOS

Rs. 7 Send by M.O. You'll get in return 24 Bromide Photos of beautiful French Girls taken from real lives in different charming and attractive poses. All graceful, utterly modern and unobtainable elsewhere. Complete set of 36 Photos Rs. 10 only. Foreign 12 Sh. unexpressed B. P. O. in advance for 24 Photos and 12 Sh. for 36 Photos.

INDIA PHOTO HOUSE (A)
G.P.O. BOX No. 123, MADRAS-1

was found that the blood belonged to Ramesh's blood group.

"Ramesh was taken inside the operation theatre. Karuppan's blood was transfused to Rameshji. The operation was successfully performed and the post-operative condition of Ramesh was found to be quite satisfactory.

"A CAR entered the hospital compound in great speed and came to a sudden halt at the main entrance. Shrimathi Ramesh getting down from the car rushed to the ward with tears streaming down her face. She was assured by the hospital staff that Ramesh would be completely all right within a fortnight, and she slowly calmed down. She was informed of all the details and when she heard about Karuppan's donating blood to save her husband, she at once asked the car driver to fetch Karuppan immediately.

"The driver came back to tell her that he could not find Karuppan anywhere. For a week, Shrimathi Ramesh tried her best to find out the whereabouts of Karuppan but in vain.

"The day of discharge of Ramesh from the hospital came. The elite of Ooty and some of his own staff gathered at the hospital compound to greet and cheer Shri Ramesh. Some even garlanded him.

"When Ramesh and his wife got down from the car at the gate of their bungalow, some Harijan urchins who were standing there rushed near the car to admire it at a close range. At once, the driver of the car got out and shouted to them to disappear.

"Shrimathi Ramesh pulled up the driver and told her husband, 'You and I owe your life and my prosperity respectively to Karuppan, our gardener. It was he who donated the vitally and urgently needed blood for transfusion at the time of your operation.'

"RAMESH without uttering a word started walking slowly to the bungalow steps. Even afterwards, when he was seated on a sofa, he was feeling restless for sometime. His religious sentiments could not overlook the stark reality of the situation. 'Now my veins and arteries are partly filled with the blood of Karuppan, an untouchable!' he muttered to himself, in great mental agony.

"Tears rolled down his cheeks. He came out of his room and told his wife, 'Now I am not Ramesh really but only Karuppan. I shall toil till the last breath of my life to remove the curse of untouchability in our country and a good part of my wealth will go to the uplift of such socially hard hit people. Please call Karuppan in, dear.'

"Karuppan? Oh, I could not trace him at all! Our Manager tried his best to find out his whereabouts. Perhaps the poor fellow should have left us thinking that he had wronged his Master,' Shrimathi Ramesh explained.

"From that moment, a transformation in the outlook of Rameshji perceptibly set in. Within a year, he converted the bungalow into a fine school for Harijan children. This is that school. He is no more now. He died only two years back and his wife preceded him by six months."

DHAYANAND and I got up since it was getting late. Dhayanand asked the old man how he knew all the facts of this extremely moving story in such minute detail.

"Because I am that ungrateful Govind, the wretch who refused to give my blood to save my Master," he said in a slow but audible tone.

We felt stunned. And as we looked at him, we saw his eyes filling with tears. We turned our heads as if looking at the tree on our right while in fact we did so to avoid seeing the tears racing down his penitent face.

After some time he said, "I left this place when my Master was discharged from the hospital. My guilty conscience did not permit me to stay back to eat his salt any further. Karuppan had left the place with the misapprehension that he had wronged the Master by polluting his blood. But he was grateful enough when he left—and I left this place because I was ungrateful. And now I am here as the night watchman of the school. I take no remuneration.

I shall not take anything. I live upon the wages I get as a cooly. And after sunset I come back to this place to discharge my duty towards my Master whose salt I have eaten in abundance but have been ungrateful. This ungrateful wretch gets solace at least in doing this job—it is the only way left to soothe my conscience. Nobody here knows who I really am. I entreat you not to expose this ungrateful man."

I FELT it was a blessing in disguise that he did refuse to give his blood to his master, for otherwise the country perhaps would not have had such a great social reformer of the recent past. For, it was Karuppan's help in donating his blood that had brought out the great transformation in Ramesh's heart and head. I, however, did not tell Govind my reaction. I and Dhayanand assured him that his secret will be never revealed and slowly walked away from the place, each a prey to his own thoughts on how God fulfils Himself in many ways. **

FREE OFFER!

Gentlemen (Young and Old) if you are suffering from any disorders arising from any ignorance, playfulness or otherwise, please write to me full history of your case and I will send you very efficacious medicine as sample free for trial, tried for the last 30 years, so that you may be fully satisfied with its immediate effects, and may not be deceived as at other places.

Please send stamps for 4 Annas to get book 'Married Life' containing valuable hints about Married Life.

Khandani Hakim, Kaviraj B.S. Dhami (Specialist & Regd.)
G.T. Road, Jullundur City.



P. R. Ganapathy, Tiruchirapalli

Q.—Which girl is suitable and good for marriage—an educated or an illiterate one?

A.—Mere school or college education cannot transform a girl's basic nature. What is most important to ensure happy married life is not beauty or brains or riches but sweet reasonableness born out of intelligent understanding of each other's weak points. Adaptability is the most welcome and necessary quality that the girl ought to have.

Syam-Preya, Vasanthrapeta

Q.—What is the woman without man?

A.—Soulless spinster.

Dhananjaya Patro, Berhampur

Q.—Is money the greatest force in the world?

A.—Yes. In the world of to-day, it is a force that makes a farce of all other so-called values of life.

Om Parkash Khanna, Delhi 6

Q.—What makes a man great?

A.—That which he does when others are too timid to do it.

Miss Ratna, Indore

Q.—What is the difference between a false and a true love?

A.—Elementary, really. True love is deep, abiding and unobtrusive. The false type will, like the counterfeit coin, soon go out of circulation.

T. Prabhakara Rao, Rourkela

Q.—The man of the world is selfish. Why?

A.—Because he has his wife or his children or his someone or other to feed, protect and please.

Shailendra Manohar Dwivedi, Kanpur

Q.—"Song of life is a sad tune, silent echo in the vale of tears." So remarks a philosopher. What is your opinion? How can this nasty idea be changed?

A.—Such sentiments have led to the ruin of a many a man's life. This idea can be changed only when the many things about the life hereafter that almost every religion threatens humanity with are thoroughly exposed.

K. S. V. Murthy, Bombay

Q.—Why man must live in this world only?

A.—Because the Inter-planetary travel facilities are not yet available!

K. Ayooob, Kozhikode

Q.—How to become a millionaire without effort and capital?

A.—If one lacks the will to achieve millions, then the only thing to expect is from the will of a millionaire relative.

Shaikh Mohiuddin, Bhadrak

Q.—Why is a man discontented though he has plenty of chances to constantly look at beautiful and shapely women?

A.—Because the lustful eyes are causing sinful sighs.

N. Lakshminarayana, Guntakal

Q.—Life is in knowing how to live. What is your opinion?

A.—Life is knowing too late how one ought to have lived.

Ramnarain Vyas, Chandni

Q.—What do you think of elections in rural places?

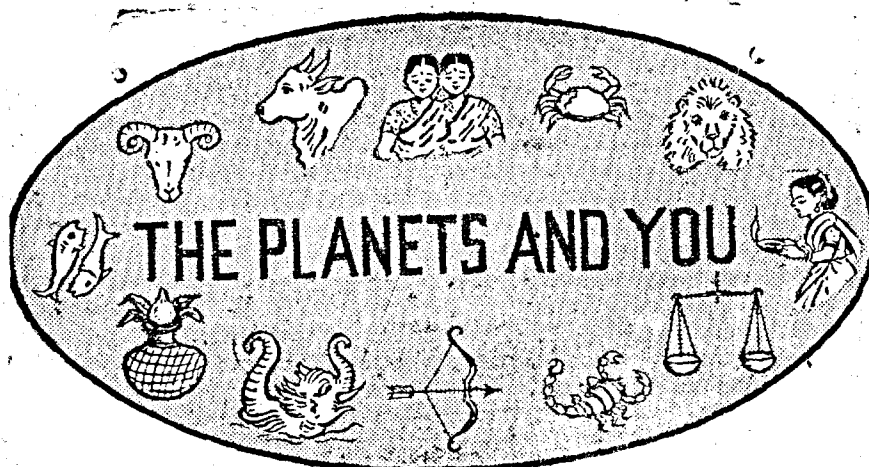
A.—If the past and the present are any indication, then I'd not be surprised if the growing apathy of the rural voters results in all the candidates of any particular constituency in the mofussil losing their deposits!

A. R. K. Brahmananda Rao, Nellore

Q.—Why do women always wish to appear in public in fine dress only?

A.—It's a time honoured device whereby the men they can entice!

YOU ASKED FOR IT! should be mentioned on top of the letters intended for this column. The views of columnist K.R.S. do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. The queries decide the answers—serious, frivolous or informative. And if the answer irritates you, remember YOU ASKED FOR IT!



By R.S. VAS

[THIS FORECAST IS FOR THE ENTIRE MONTH OF JUNE, '56. IT IS BASED UPON A SCIENTIFIC INTERPRETATION OF THE TRANSIT OF ALL PLANETS IN THE TWELVE HOUSES OF THE ZODIAC, ACCORDING TO EACH *Janma Rasi*; THAT IS, THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE MOON IS AT THE TIME OF BIRTH. FROM YOUR BIRTH STAR, IT IS EASY TO KNOW YOUR *Janma Rasi* FROM THE DATA GIVEN IN THE FIRST LINE IN ITALICS IN EACH *Rasi*. FOR INSTANCE, FOR THE PERSON WHOSE BIRTH STAR IS *Ashlesha*, THE *Janma Rasi* IS *KATAKA*. IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOUR BIRTH STAR, THEN SEND A 2 ANNA STAMP MENTIONING TIME AND DATE OF BIRTH AND ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: R.S. VAS, C/O "THE PLANETS AND YOU," *My Magazine of India*, 32, BROADWAY, MADRAS-1.]

MESHA (*Aswini 4, Bharani 4, Krithigai 1*): The finances seem to be quite satisfactory and even speculative deals may yield some fruitful results. With all this, there will be little peace of mind and even misunderstandings might arise with strangers. Professional affairs prosper and particularly for those who are interested in engineering, scientific pursuits and to a lesser extent the fine arts will find this a favourable period. Those who are prone to eye troubles must beware of a recurrence at this time.

VRISHABHA (*Krithigai 3, Rohini 4, Mrigashirsha 2*): Although matters connected with money and the family are assured quite a good time, the health may not be completely all right. A sense of general debility and exhaustion may persist during the first half of the month. Professional affairs also prosper in the sense that good results may be expected for whatever efforts have been put in by you till now. The planetary combination in the 7th house must warn you of unsettled state of affairs in business matters. Those in the films, photography, music and the arts will find the time quite auspicious and helpful.

MITHUNA (*Mrigashirsha 2, Arudhra 4, Punarvasu 3*): For certain persons, expenses on travels may be on the increase and generally sartorial and other personal expenses will be special items for

the month's budget. In the profession and career, there is nothing noteworthy or special to mention. For those in the services also this will apply. Health will be ordinary. The finances will be satisfactory enough although nothing extraordinary can be expected. The second half may mean a little useless travel, etc., and may cause fatigue and debility.

KATAKA (*Punarvasu 1, Pushya 4, Ashlesha 4*): The two benefics on either side of your *rasi* must prove encouraging to your efforts and general happiness. Financial and family conditions will be quite good except for the fact that Mars in the 8th house is likely to give rise to sudden fits of temper and quarrels which will not fortunately become serious. Auspicious expenditure will be incurred. Those in influential positions will be helpful and for those in the services the first half must be considered most fortunate.

SIMHA (*Makha 4, Pooru 4, Uttara 1*): Friends will be helpful and there may be gains in various ways. The profession and service affairs are quite favourable. But the same good results are not reflected either in the family or in affairs connected with those around you. The mind will be constantly agitated and a sense of dejection will pervade throughout. There is nothing specifically the trouble with your health, but you will do well to keep a constant check on your habits of eating and sleep.

KANYA (*Uttara 3, Hastha 4, Chithra 2*): Those in the services must take care not to incur the displeasure of their superiors, particularly during the first half. They will be well advised to avoid any pleasant picnic and other journeys for some time more. You will be troubled by minor ailments. The profession and service matters receive better aspects than the rest, more particularly after the 13th of the month. For some of you, even latent artistic gifts will be called into play at this time.

THULA (*Chithra 2, Swathi 4, Visakha 3*): Only the two great benefics are well posited and this may be expected to give you the proper outlook and sufficient equanimity to face the "headaches" that the other planets are likely to cause. In family affairs, confused conditions will prevail and your own health may be affected a little by such things like headaches, dizziness and such other troubles. You will be fortunate in financial matters although speculation will be disastrous. Profession, business and service matters are quite ordinary and the last class must beware of the unexpected displeasure of the boss. But whatever the troubles, you will come out quite safe and relieved of all worries.

VRISCHIKA (*Visakha 1, Anuradha 4, Jyeshtha 4*): Except Venus, all the other planets are badly posited and luckily some of them are so powerless as not to harm you. Service matters are just ordinary while the profession and business may present some unexpected difficulties. The mind will be engaged on something or other with the result that you may feel restive. The atmosphere in the family will be free from any of the bad results. Health will also be ordinary without any serious troubles.

DHANUS (Moola 4, Poorada 4, Uttarada 1): Expenses will run high and there may not be sufficient influx of money to meet this. Short journeys will prove profitable. Long journeys must be postponed for sometime more. For those in the services, the past few days have been fortunate and this continues until the second half of the month. Even for the business and for all matters depending on public favours and approbation, the times are propitious. Health will not be affected in any way.

MAKARA (Uttarada 3, Sravana 4, Dhanishtha 2): The lord of the 11th being in the 2nd house will ensure income through many sources but Venus in the 6th house will counteract and the final position will be far from satisfactory. The health also will be affected by some ailment or other and the mind will more and more seek peace from the pursuit of higher things rather than from mundane pleasures. Friends will be many but friendship will seldom benefit you at this time. Family matters will be influenced by contrary aspects now and then. The services will stand to gain during the second half. Other aspects remain much the same as before.

KUMBHA (Dhanishtha 2, Sathabhishta 4, Poorattadhi 3): The transit of Mars over the *janma rasi* usually creates bilious troubles. The mind will also be troubled over petty things and there will be a general lack of joy. Speculation within limits is likely to yield good results. The finances on the other hand are also quite stable without any unusual ups and downs. Affairs at home will be quite smooth and there may even be some auspicious ceremonies. The professional and service matters do not have any specially good or bad aspects just now.

MEENA (Poorattadhi 1, Uttarattadhi 4, Revathi 4): Needless journeys, wasteful expenses and some trouble with superiors may be the main results of the period. In service matters, things prosper although actual results may be retarded or postponed by the position of certain of the malefics. Avoid hot words at all events, especially with co-workers and superiors. Family affairs will not be as smooth as one would like them to be. Be careful to avoid trouble due to or during journeys. Business affairs receive good aspects now.

Shri J. K. Govind who was doing this feature before will not be doing it as he is unwell.

MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(IN FORCE FROM 1st APRIL 1956)

			INDIA	FOREIGN
12 Months	...	...	Rs. 4 8 0	Sh. 8
6 "	...	...	" 2 4 0	" 4

Subscriptions are not accepted for any period less than 6 Months. The above rates of subscription include cost of delivery of copies at the addresses of the subscribers. All subscriptions are payable in advance by M.O., I.P.O., or B.P.O. only and are not recovered by V.P.P. Single Copy is Annas 6.

MANAGER.

CHANCE OR DESTINY?

By S.S. PRABHU

IN these days of thoughtful planning and regimentation of thought, it will be interesting to study how certain piffles and trifles, accidents and incidents, mere prattles and chance encounters have shaped the destinies of men and events throughout all these centuries. But for an accident, many an event would not have left its impact, many a man would have died unknown.

It was Chesterton, the M. P. (i. e., Master of Paradox), who said that "every study really requires an introduction, and that introduction requires another introduction, leading back to the creation of the world", which incidentally reminds me of the creation of this world of ours. But for a chance encounter of our sun with his match in the heavens, we would not have had our mother earth and the solar system. And but for another chance encounter of our earth with—for want of eye-witness account we cannot ascertain the identity of the other party in the tussle—we would not have this soothing moon in the sky, with all her waning and waxing phases. And what a terrible calamity would it have been for all our lovers, poets and other loonies! Half the fiction would have lost its charm and half our life would have lost its 'fiction'.

This babble about lovers, poets and chance encounters brings me to a very remarkable literary accident. One of the most charming books of poems with its 'ideal' philosophy for idle fellows would have been completely lost

forever but for a mere chance. This book of verses is such a popular one that ever since its "discovery" nobody has dared to call himself 'well versed' without giving himself an eyeful of this book and practically everyone has been affected with its 'philosophy' sometime or other in his life according to his mental evolution. These verses are full of birds and paradise, wines and wings, and the philosophy is not "make hay when the sun shines" but be gay and let the moon shine. By this time, I hope, you have identified the book I am drivelling about. No? Then search your book-case or perhaps your collection of wedding gifts and you will find it there: the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* by Edward Fitzgerald.

EDWARD Fitzgerald was a peculiar man—a loner in the flowery ways of life, dreamy and unconcerned with the realities surrounding him. He was a man of means and yet chose to be very insular in society which made his life so uneventful that any of his contemporaries would have felt absurd even to entertain the idea that this solitary rustic was to become one of the world's literary immortals. He wrote a number of books and all of them remained as insular in circulation as the author. And the story of his publication of *Rubaiyat* which made him immortal is a good case for the never-ending debate, 'Chance or Destiny'? To all appearances, this book was also destined to be doomed to insularity. And yet it was a singularly

lucky dip by a contemporary poet that brought it to its present status. Here is the story. For several years Fitzgerald was working hard on the translation of *Rubaiyat* by Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet. In a way, both Omar Khayyam and Fitzgerald were kindred souls. After giving the manuscript its finishing touch, Fitzgerald handed it over to the editor of *The Fortnightly Review* for publication.

THE unimpressed editor apparently kept it in the safe custody of his table drawer and after a year or so he returned it to the author, perhaps finding that as it remained safe with the moths and worms, it would not meet its end at his hands. After receiving the editor's "compliments" Fitzgerald published it at his own expense. But the book refused to move an inch. It just could not be sold. The poet's investment in publishing it became a pierced balloon of speculation. So, he handed over the whole bunch of the copies as a "gift" to Bernard Quaritch, the bookseller. What a funeral for such a charming book of fervour! The bookseller reduced the price from five shillings to two and half, and when it still remained in the shelves, he brought it farther down to one shilling. Even then nothing happened and the copies remained glued to the shelves. Ultimately and possibly to avoid its distribution at "cost price" (i. e., free of charge) he (the bookseller) put the whole lot in a junk box outside his shop and marked it a penny per copy. A 'chance' brought Rossetti, the wellknown eccentric poet of the Victorian era, to have a dip at this junk box possibly on account of his eccentricities and lo!

'...the winged Angel ere too late
Arrested the yet unfolded Roll of Fate...'

Rossetti proved to be the angel and arrested the unfolded Roll of Fate. In fact, he was so full of enthusiasm that he recommended everyone of his friends to go and have a dip in the penny-box. So, the book began to sell and since then

'... The Bird of Fame had but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird was on the Wing...'

The supreme beauty of the verse coupled with its 'wingy' philosophy of life has kept the Bird of this Book still on the wing of circulation. What did it—Chance or Destiny? I am sure, instead of dealing with this merry-go-round problem you will rather have a dip yourself in the verses.

BUT wait a minute, please. This is not the only case of a chance or destiny in literature or history. I can shower you with many more. In fact, everyone who rose to eminence in any sphere of life did so because of a chance turning point or some such occurrence. For instance, Thackeray would have never become a great novelist and shone as a rival to Dickens if not for a stroke of misfortune and Dickens' own rejection of his offer to "illustrate *Pickwick*" which turned him to literature. Thackeray wanted to become an artist. He had no natural aptitude for any other profession. It is true that for sometime he studied law and thought of taking to the legal profession but he discarded this notion soon on coming into £500 a year on his twenty-first birthday. He left London for Paris and ruined himself in gambling and speculation. So, he turned to his natural resources—his skill in art. But he soon found that he could not make

= BIRTH CONTROL =

Hygienic and Sanitary RUBBER APPLIANCES

GENTS			Each	Doz.	LADIES			Each
French Paragols	Ra.	0	4	Ra.	2	12	Rubber Check Pessary	Ra. 2 0
H.W. Sheaths	---	0	6	---	4	8	Orthogynol Jelly with Applicator.	5 8
Silk Paragons	---	0	8	---	5	8	" " without Applicator.	3 12
Health Paragons	---	0	12	---	8	8	Whirling Spray Syringe	
Silk L. Paragons	---	1	0	---	11	8	(IMPROVED) For Vaginal	
American L. Sheath.	---	1	8	---	17	8	douching	... 10 8
American Tip	---	0	8	---	5	8		

HEALTH & CO., (M.M. DEPT.)

1st FLOOR, OFF. MAJESTIC CINEMA GIRGAUM, BOMBAY 4

A REWARD OF Rs. 550, LEUCODERMA (WHITE PATCHES)

A few days' application of this wonderful medicine cures Leprosy and Leucoderma radically. Get rid of this horrible disease by application of this medicine in spite of failure by hundreds of Hakims, Doctors, Kavirajs and advertisers. Price Rs. 5/- for external and internal medicine. Infallible medicine for anaesthetic and tubercular leprosy. 30 Doses Price Rs. 5/-

Rs. 550 Reward Promised to Anyone who
Discovers our above Claims.

Kustniwaran Aushadhaloy
P.O. KATRISARAI (GAYA.)

I treat HE cures

Victoria Nari Pak. For all women's ailments. One month's course. Rs. 7/8-.

Special Rs. 10/-.

Stone. Dissolves. Two months course Rs. 8/- each month.

Piles. Relieves and blood stops in few

doses 40 days course half Rs. 10/- full Rs. 15/-

Special Rs. 20/-.

Johar Abhayat. Most useful in Cholera, Chronic-Dysentery and Diphtheria.

Rs. Rs. 3/-.

Hopeless Cases can be cured. Write full details in English enclosing Postage

DESI VALAITI DAWAKHANA

1832, Noorganj, Bara Hindu Rao, DELHI-6.

Loans

upto Rs. 2,000

arranged on Personal Security.

Apply:

National Union Finance Board,
HARDWAR.

HYDROCELE

Elephantiasis, Hernia, Orchitis, Filaria, treated radically, External application. Removes aching, stiffness and swelling at once. NO OPERATION. NO INJECTION. MANY SUFFERERS BENEFITED. — PROVAKAR OIL Rs. 3—0—0.

Kaviraj R. SHASTRI B.A.
KANCHRAPARA—BENGAL

Challenge Rs. 1,000 MIRACULOUS SHAKTI

This Shakti is prepared with **Miraculous Yogic Powers**. You will be surprised to see its **miraculous** results with immediate effects. One who possesses this **Shakti** can succeed in love affairs, service, marriage, litigation, money matters, examination, business, health, etc., can have control over a person he likes even at distant place. It will save you from enemies, evil stars, dangers, diversities of fate. It will serve you as a bodyguard. Try once and see its marvellous results on the very first night.

Price Rs. 2/- Postage Extra. Foreign 5 Sh. British Postal Orders in advance.

Price refundable if proved otherwise.

Prof: B.S. VERMAN, Mesmerist & Hypnotist, JULLUNDUR CITY.

a living as an artist. He had made an offer to Dickens to illustrate his *Pickwick Papers* but Dickens refused his services and as a last resort Thackeray made a bid for literature *against* his natural impulse. And note the result! Just imagine what a gap it would have caused in the Victorian age of fiction, if Thackeray had not been financially ruined and Dickens had not rejected his offer! It is quite true that in our time his popularity has nearly vanished but it cannot be denied that he stands firm in the World's Classics. And that is enough glory for any man to achieve.

But Thackeray's is not the only literary accident. William Sydney Porter, better known as O. Henry, and one of the greatest of short story writers, was the 'by-product' of a great tragedy. He was a bank cashier but being charged with embezzlement, he ran away to South America. However, he later surrendered to justice, was sentenced to a five-year term of imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary and wrote his wonderful stories there as an escape from the long gloomy hours of prison life.

LITERATURE is so full of the element of chance and turning points due to various accidents and incidents that we can for the present leave it and turn to other spheres of life. If we take science, we find that it owes much of its advancement to quite a number of incidents. The story of the falling apple connected with Newton's Law of Gravitation is too well-known to need any repetition here. But how many incidents have been responsible in propagating the theory of evolution? Darwin served as a naturalist on

board the "Beagle" in its survey of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and the knowledge gained on this voyage laid the foundation of his theory of evolution. What is equally significant is that his contemporary, Alfred Russel Wallace, who also propounded the theory of evolution quite independently of Darwin, happened to have the flash of the idea of the survival of the fittest while reading a book on economics, viz., *Essay on the Principle of Population* by Malthus. However, it should be noted that both Darwin and Wallace acquired their knowledge during their voyages away from civilisation. What a commotion it created at that time! Many people had also travelled and yet these two alone noted the variations in the species and were struck with the idea that revolutionized human thought.

CERTAINLY, many millions of people had also been observing throughout their lives not only falling apples but all sorts of fruits, flowers and leaves, etc. Yet it was the destiny of one man among them to interpret the phenomena. *Does it mean then that men of destiny are born and chances are merely the subservient tools for their use?*

Perhaps the most significant historical accident is the discovery of America by Columbus. It founded a New World. And what a role this New World has played in human history ever since its discovery and what a mighty force it has become to-day! And to think that a few centuries ago all this was non-existent and that the discoverer, Columbus, just stumbled upon it on his *new* way to India! Was it Chance or Destiny?

**

The Black Spring—(Continued from page 25)

Murlidhar found the ground slipping from under his feet. The inevitable had happened!

Shashi was slowly, irresistibly, advancing towards the boy, as if drawn by a magnet.

The youth's family too left the Spring and looked wide-eyed at the two young figures approaching each other, with outstretched hands.

No! It could not be! Murlidhar was trying to gain control over his disintegrating thoughts.

Yet, it was true. Seeing *is* believing.

The two souls *had* conquered their physical death.

After sixteen years, they had met again—in a different birth.

MURLIDHAR again stared at Shashi. She looked coyly at the young man and suddenly started walking past the Black Spring, now and then looking over her shoulder to see if the youth was following her. He was, of course—like one sleep-walking. There was absolutely no exchange of words between the two.

Shashi reached a spot nearly a furlong off the Black Spring. She quickly plucked a few wild flowers, made them into a thin garland and wore it. Next she sat on a big sized rock near the pool of water there, reached out for one of the lotus buds, plucked it, and seemed lost in thought. She looked like Shakuntala, dreaming about her Dushyanta.

And when she looked up, she saw the youth devouring her with

his eyes. She stood up and started moving towards him, as steel would towards a magnet.

Murlidhar and his wife who had followed them did not miss a single detail of this romantic tableau. The lovers were evidently perfectly oblivious of everything else except their own existence and nearness.

Murlidhar had no doubt that the young boy was the same shepherd's son who had loved his daughter in the last birth, when she was not his daughter.

And now?

BUT he would not let it happen, not he, a staunch Maharashtrian. The boy was a Gujerati! In the last seven days he had himself seen people—mostly Maharashtrians—being shot dead in the streets of Bombay because the Gujeratis were denying them their political aspirations.

He could not see his daughter married to a Gujerati. No, *never!*

But.....

There rose before his eyes the vision of the terror-stricken face of the old man. If he stopped them, then, may be, in his old age she would come to visit him again as somebody else's daughter, just as surely as she had to-day visited the shepherd.....

What death could not stop, no human being could.

He did not want to lose his only child. He wanted to see her happy and smiling. And there was only one way for her to be happy.

MOHINI TALISMAN

(FOR LOVE AND MARRIAGE ONLY)

This Mohini Talisman is specially prepared for success in Love and Marriage. It brings the desired person (Man or Woman) under absolute control or subjection, through whom any object may be fulfilled. It is really genuine and unique.

Every **MOHINI** is sent with instructions for use.

Orders from the Country are entertained for supply on V.P.L. basis, while Foreign orders are booked with full advance by B.P.O.

Price: Ordinary MOHINI Rs. 10/-
Special (Ready Action) Rs. 30/-

Prof. MEHTA,
ASTROLOGY HOUSE,
9, QUEENS' ROAD, AMRITSAR (INDIA)

WANTED

Agents or Stockists all over India to sell and secure orders of our high class Real Nut, Plastic and Aluminium Buttons of Coat, Pant, Bush Coat and Shirt etc. in different popular colours and varieties. Income Rs. 300/- P.M. Terms Free. Apply for samples to:

National Button Company
PANIPET (Near Delhi)

HERNIA

WONDERFUL REMEDY BY
OUTWARD APPLICATION,
THOUSANDS BENEFITED
WITHOUT OPERATION

Apply for testimonials and directions:

The Manager, H.C. ROY'S
DIVINE TREATMENT HALL
118, Upper Circular Rd., Calcutta 8
Phone No. BB1216

Murlidhar looked away from his daughter, now hardly a few inches away from the boy, and turned to his mystified wife.

"Oh, fortunate woman, the Black Spring has achieved the miracle! Your daughter has found happiness and I hope we have at last....."

There were footsteps behind him. Shashi and the boy stood there. Shashi spoke, her eyes cast downwards, the voice of a normal girl...

"Forgive me, father. I have caused you much pain."

"I understand, child. God bless you both," he said, placing each hand of his on their heads.

THE waters of the Black Spring gurgled noisily in the distance, continuing their onward march in Time, unconcerned with the events of the moment.

Murlidhar took his daughter's chin in his hand, lifted her face upward and said, "Smile, my child."

She smiled.

"Her sixteenth death anniversary," he thought.

No!

It was her sixteenth birthday! ♦♦

"Aren't you the thought-reader who was entertaining the company a couple of hours ago by finding needles and other small objects they had hidden?"

"Yes."

"Well, what has kept you here so long?"

"I'm looking for my hat."



"WELL, my good fellow, this is a great University. It is known in every corner of the world. When you leave here you can be proud of your background. Think of it. You have had every advantage a young man could desire. Your four years have been spent in profitable pursuits of the greatest thoughts of the greatest minds the world has known. Now the time has come for you to choose a profession. The world is entitled to expect a lot from you. What are you going to turn your hand to?"

"I've got a job at a pickle factory."

"Merry Christmas, sir! I'm the chap who empties your dustbin."

"Merry Christmas to you! I'm the fellow who fills it."

A sweet old lady, always eager to help the needy, spied a particularly sad looking old man standing on a street corner. She walked up to him and pressed a dollar bill into his hand saying: "Chin up."

The next day, on the same corner, the sad old man shuffled over to the lady and pressed a \$10 bill into her hand. "Nice pickin'," he said in a low voice. "Paid nine to one."

6 — 1st June '56

AN old general was walking down the street when he was stopped by a beggar.

"Don't refuse a trifle, sir, I'm an old soldier," he said.

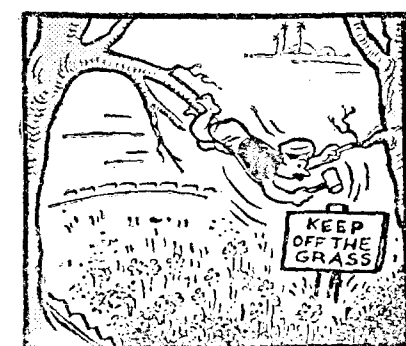
"An old soldier, eh?" replied the general. "Then I'll give you a test. Shun! Eyes right! Eyes front! Stand at ease! Now what comes next?"

"Present arms," retorted the beggar.

A man entered the witness-box and supported his wife in a story which was patently absurd.

"You had better be careful," warned counsel, "for I tell you, frankly I don't believe a word your wife has said."

"You can believe her or not, as you like," replied the man, mournfully, "I've got to!"



73

A FATHER was pointing out to his son the factors that go towards success in life.

"The main thing is force of character," he said. "Take the man Grimson, for instance. He's sure to make his way in the world. He's got a big asset—a will of his own."

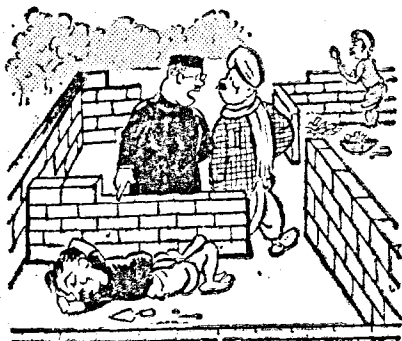
His son shrugged his shoulders, and then said, "Young Jones has something better than that, though—a will of his uncle's."

Boarding-House Keeper (jokingly): "I don't suppose you know what it means to be hungry, Mr. Smith."

Boarder: "No; but I'm learning."

Seaside Hotel Porter (going up to gentleman from the country): "Pardon me, sir, but the dinner gong has gone."

Gentleman from the country: "Well, you needn't look at me. I haven't got it."



PROPERTY OWNER (to Contractor): "I suppose where the misty is sleeping now will be the bedroom of the finished building."

A YOUTH of sixteen had just started in a workshop for the first time.

As he was leaving that night the foreman called him and said: "Well, my boy, don't forget your cards in the morning."

The boy replied: "Very good, sir. Shall I bring my dart board in as well?"

The vicar arose to address a meeting of his congregation.

"My dear friends," he began, and then added, "I know you too well to call you ladies and gentlemen."

"Always grumbling, you are. Why can't yer be satisfied with yer lot?"

"Cos I ain't got a lot, that's why!"

"What d'you mean by leaving off your medals?" the Captain demanded.

The Lieutenant looked down at his chest.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "I must have forgotten to take them off my pyjamas."

"How's your new boarding-house?"

"The rooms are just tolerable; the food is so-so—but the gossip is simply great."

"What makes a bachelor?"

"A man's refusal to embrace his opportunities."



"IT seares me to death every time I hear one of those musical auto horns."

"Why is that?"

"The fellow who stole my wife had one on his car. Now every time I hear one of those horns, I'm afraid he's bringing her back."

Mother sat reading one Sunday afternoon while her son Tommy was playing in the room.

"Tommy," she said, when she looked up, "didn't I tell you not to play with your tin soldiers on a Sunday?"

"Yes, mummy," Tommy replied, "but it doesn't matter because I'm calling them the Salvation Army today."

The teacher had asked her class to write a short composition on the subject "Water."

One child seemed to be having difficulty, but finally he handed in his paper, and here is what he wrote:

"Water is a light-coloured, wet liquid which turns dark when you wash in it."

THE man who wanted a job applied at the Zoo for the position of an attendant.

"As a matter of fact," the official told him, "we're in need of a man who can look after the bigger types of birds."

"Fine!" said the applicant. "I used to work at a wharf and was in charge of a crane!"

"And what prompted you to propose to me, dear?"

"You," said he, simply and sadly.

Boss (suspiciously): "Isn't it rather odd that your grandmother is being buried on the day of the big football match?"

Office Boy: "Oh, no, sir. She wasn't going to it in any case."

Mrs. Brown: "Why don't you take that complaint to the landlord?"

Mrs. Green: "What, that landlord of ours? If we told him the roof leaked, he'd charge us extra for shower baths!"



The Myth Of Gretna Green

People the world over have come to associate Gretna Green with romance and rhapsody, quick marriage after an exciting elopement. But this article will tell you that in fact there's no romance, no quick marriage, no crowd of friends and no happy ending for the teenage runaway couple who hitch across the border.

I WALKED up to the station booking clerk and said: "A single ticket to Gretna Green, please." He peeped through his germ-proof partition and gave me a cheery grin and a wink.

It was kind of him to think that I might be under age and on my way to contract a runaway marriage, but if I wanted a romantic wedding my last choice on earth would be the border village and township of Gretna and Gretna Green, writes Chiquita Sandilands in a British periodical.

There is no romance at Gretna Green. Perhaps there was in the days of open carriages, when lovers were wed at the smithy while an angry father posted after them on horseback from Carlisle. But that was before the fast, black-surfaced motor roads split the village to send heavy lorries towards Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Gretna has become a marriage mill. It had a pleasant, half-comic

reputation for its weddings when Dick Rennison, the blacksmith "parson," presided at the anvil. But now it has become notorious for the unending parade of runaway couples.

In the past two years, dating from the ill-fated Patino-Goldsmith runaway wedding at Kelso, hardly a week has passed that has not brought one or more pairs of eloping teenagers over the border.

Hungry Journey

In the summer, as many as thirty couples at a time have hung out the fifteen days until they can give notice of their wedding, and another seven days before they can marry.

The windwept township above the shining Firth, with its sparse trees bent eastwards away from the wind, is the first Scottish community across the border from England.

Its registrar's office is the first place north where an English boy

and girl over sixteen can marry without their parents' consent—and without one scrap of romance or glamour.

Present-day elopers take the dusty red bus from Carlisle—a ninepenny luxury that many of them have to exchange for a hitch-hike on a lorry. Tired, because they have probably travelled, all night; cold, because they have no extra clothing; hungry, because it was too early to get anything to eat or they had no money for breakfast...they rattle over the bridge that says "England" on one side and "Scotland" on the other.

They arrive in the Square—a patch of gravel beside the main road and near the transport cafe.

No Warm Welcome

If you are under twenty-one and want to be married under Scots law, don't expect a warm welcome at Gretna.

When you arrive at the legendary village of romance and stand in the concrete bus shelter while you wonder what to do next, you will find that half the local people will have nothing to do with you. The other half will be kind, but no more. A few will even give you a roof over your head, provided you can pay £3 a week each—in advance. They know you are not likely to get work.

I had not been in Gretna for five minutes before I saw the latest runaway pair. They were unmistakable, trailing arm-in-arm along the muddy path beside the main road. The boy was an eighteen-year-old Yorkshire miner. His girl was seventeen, a mill worker.

They had not got a penny between them and neither had eaten

for twenty-four hours. The boy was shivering miserably as the cold wind made fun of his thin suit. The girl had a light raincoat.

They had been trailing around Scotland for four days and had made their way south from Edinburgh by hitch-hiking. The girl looked pale. Her dark eyes were hollow and she could hardly speak for weariness. The boy said: "We didn't know you could get married anywhere in Scotland. We thought it was just Gretna Green. My people wouldn't let us get married—they never let me do anything." He nodded towards the girl. "Hers don't mind."

Gretna had no room for them, so they were going to hitch-hike to the nearest big town.

The smallest schoolchild can spot you a mile away if you are a runaway.

Painted Heart

The first person you ask will tell you where you can find lodgings. If you have enough money, you can stay at the Greenlaw Hotel on the bank below the railway station.

George Gordon, the owner, had so many runaways that he partitioned off an old prisoner-of-war hut in his back garden and during the summer allowed five couples to live for £1 10s. a week; plus their food. The girls lived at one end, the boys at the other, and they all shared a communal dining-room.

Someone painted a cardboard heart and stuck it over the door of "Cupid's Cottage." The inside walls are covered with the universal insignia of romance—hearts pierced with arrows, names and dates.

Wherever you stay you will be asked how old you are, whether you have any money, where you come from, where you are. It will be no good giving untruthful answers. You will not be the first or second runaways your landlady has seen, but more likely the fiftieth or the hundredth.

You will have to visit the registrar quickly, to tell him you have begun your fifteen days' residence. His office is in a one-storeyed brick building next to a petrol station.

The registrar will not be pleased to see you. But he will be obliged to register your presence and later put notice of your marriage in a frame outside.

Church Ban

You will have to kill the three weeks before your wedding as best you can. You can wander over the flat sheep-pastures by the railway line, or lean on the bridge and watch the few daily trains come and go.

If you can afford it you can see every change of programme at the little cinema. Afterwards you can spin out a sixpenny cup of coffee at the Cinebar next door, play the juke box and smoke endless cigarettes bought with tomorrow's dinner money.

You have no hope of a church wedding at Gretna Green. The Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Anglican ministers decided some months ago that they would not marry runaway couples.

Not all runaways realise they must wait those three weeks. Some of them even think they can be married over the anvil—a custom that ceased to have any legal force in 1940.

Blacksmith "parson" Rennison, an elderly, short-sighted man in a woolly waistcoat, is still there. He sells postcards and local souvenirs.

Few of the runaways ever see the anvil because most of them can't afford the sixpence entrance fee.

As I stood talking to Dick Rennison, I saw the latest couple come up to the door. Smiling, they said they wanted to be married.

In his thick, slow voice, the old blacksmith explained to them that they were fifteen years too late for an anvil wedding. Still smiling, they explained: "We thought Gretna Green was a sort of no-man's-land where you can get married any time!" And, after looking over the smithy, they sensibly went away.

Change The Law

Gretna people have been given a bad reputation for being money-grabbing and cold. There have been stories of youngsters sleeping in tents and barns, having one meal a day. But Gretna has no protection against being pestered night and day by runaways banging on doors and asking for lodgings.

Some of the younger women have tried to be sympathetic. An English girl, mother of three daughters, said: "I lost £13 once when a couple left without paying. But I can't bear to think of those children not having a bit of cake or a present. So I just do my best and hope they'll be honest with me."

But then I talked to Mrs. Barbara Hill. She is chairman of the Gretna Community Association, mother of a fifteen-year-old girl, and she opposes runaway marriages.

MASTER ASTROLOGER

— having 10,000 Testimonials from all over the WORLD.....

R. K. MADHAV — the Gifted Fortune Teller from a Famous Family of 'WIZARDS' with British & American Degrees—Master in Astrology—Licentiate in Hypnotism—Registered Hypnotist—and—Member of the International Association of Hypnotists..now..offers you his 'UNIQUE HELP'. Known in Fifty Countries as a Wonderful Astrologer. He will surely Guide you to the Glorious Path of Peace, Wisdom, Good Luck, Success and Happiness.

Consult: R. K. MADHAV. this day only. Send Birth Date or Time of Writing.
5 Accurate Astrological Answers ... Rs. 3, (Sh. 7.) (Post Free)

FORTUNE & LOVE

A 'POWERFUL and WONDERFUL' COSMIC BIRTH STONE to Bless FORTUNE and LOVE will be sent — FREE — of cost with my OM CHARM. Now — Demand your FREE GIFT.



OM CHARM BLESSED THOUSANDS

Earned Rs. 17,000/-: I deposited Rs. 17,000/- in my Bank Account and this is my unexpected income. Indeed OM is a Miracle Charm.

—M. D. Srinastava, Bombay.

Girl Friend: She was rude towards me, but OM Charm made her my True Girl Friend. OM is a worthy Charm full of Miracles.

—Hamid Siddick, Poona.

... OM IS A GEM OF GEMS ...

Scientifically purified and carefully tested tiny bits of NINE Planetary Gems, filings of FIVE metals, THREE very rare Herbs and the tail of the White Lizard, are filled in the OM CHARM. The OM Charm effectively drives away the Wicked Influence of the Evil Planet Saturn and attracts Highly Beneficial rays from the Helpful Heavenly Planets and Blesses the wearer of OM Charm with Remarkable Rewards to his great satisfaction. OM is for all Castes, Creeds and Religions. OM is Pollute Proof. Just wear your OM on your body no — other directions.

Fortune: I won 7 prizes in Crossword Puzzles and I am greatly satisfied with your OM Charm. True—OM is a Real Good Luck Bringer.

—Manu Raj, Singapore.

Success: The Petty amount of Rs. 9-8-0 I spent is nothing when compared to the huge benefits I won through the Holy help of your OM.

—Miss Ramani, Durban.

..... OM YOUR SAVIOUR

Wear and test my Wonderful and World Famous "OM" Charm for only TEN days and in a very short time, you are sure to be blessed with Sudden Fortune, Speedy Promotion, Grand Success in — YOUR — Love affair, Surprising Good Luck and Supreme Happiness. Many of your long cherished desires bear fruit to your Great Wonder. Here is my GUARANTEE — OM is a Gem of Gems. OM guides you to the Glorious Altar of Greater Prosperity, Brighter Success and Better Happiness. OM is dainty, small in size and you will be proud to wear it always.

OM Charm ... Rs. 9-8-0 (20 Sh.)

Life Long Powers.

POST FREE.

My Guarantee: Wear & Test-My-OM Charm for 10 days only. If it fails—Demand Refund.
YOUR CORRESPONDENCE TREATED HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL.

ORDER YOUR "OM" this day only.
YOUR FULL ADDRESS IN CAPITALS.

R. K. MADHAV
MASULIPATAM

"It seems as though this constant invasion will go on for ever. These silly sixteen-year-olds roam about day after day, hugging each other. Of course, the law should be changed—the English law. We didn't ask for all this, so why should our Scots laws be altered to suit the English?"

But without altering the Scots law to bring the marriage age without parents' consent up to twenty-one, there seems little hope of stemming the Gretna invasion.

But invaded Gretna is determined, at least, to try to fight and rid itself of a pretty custom that has become a plague.

The Community Association has written to the local M. P. to ask how it can protect the village.

Every day will bring two or four or more self-conscious runaways on the bus from Carlisle. The whole community will see them come. It will see them go again, too, catching the first bus after their wedding.

Nobody was there to cry and kiss the bride—just two other runaways to stand witness. Nobody was there to shake hands with the groom...just the registrar in his sports jacket and pullover. A poor sort of wedding. But there are no flowers and champagne at Gretna Green.

Buddhists In The U.S.S.R.

On May 24, the 2,500th anniversary of Lord Buddha's Birthday was celebrated on a grand scale in our country. In Buddhist countries, the celebrations were naturally on a magnificent scale. And when we say Buddhist countries, readers are

certain to think of countries like Burma, China, Ceylon, Siam, Japan, etc., but not of the U.S.S.R. But there are, in fact, many Buddhists there and the following account of their religious practices described by Badma Dorzhiyev will be read with interest.

In the Soviet Union the Buddhist religion is current among the Buryat-Mongolian and Tuvian population in its Tibetan-Mongolian form of Lamaism.

The Central Council

Buddhists in the Soviet Union have their own religious centre, the Central Buddhist Council of the USSR, with headquarters at the Buddhist temple in the Ivovga Village, near Ulan Ude, the capital of Buryat-Mongolia. The President of the Central Buddhist Council of the USSR and the head of the Buddhist creed is Bandido Khambo Lama Lobsan Darmayev, well-known Buddhist religious leader who was educated in the Gusinoozyorsk Monastery where he studied for over 25 years.

The Central Council guides all the religious activities of Buddhists, uniting all the Buddhist clergy and believers, opening wherever necessary temples, appointing or dismissing in case of need clergymen, trains new clergymen, etc. The Buddhist Council is the official organization which represents the whole Buddhist creed in the country.

All Buddhists in the Soviet Union freely worship and perform their religious rites in temples or in their homes at their own discretion. In the Soviet Union, Buddhist clergymen, Lamas, live in Buddhist temples and take part in the traditional services there. When

they are free from services they travel through the different communities and perform various religious rites and ceremonies in the homes of the believers.

According to the regulations adopted by the Buddhist Congress in 1946, the Central Council and its President Bandido Khambo Lama Darmayev have to watch strictly over the observance by the Lamas of their sacred vows, to fight against their violators, not stopping before depriving those who violate their sacred vows of their calling.

Fighter For Peace

Bandido Khambo Lama Lobsan Nima Darmayev is a very active fighter for peace. He has taken part in almost all peace conferences held in Moscow and he champions the struggle for easing international tension.

In 1955, Darmayev has met Japanese statesmen. During his last visit to Moscow, Bandido Khambo Lama attended a number of receptions arranged in honour of Prime Minister U Nu, of the Union of Burma, who was in the Soviet Union at that time.

During his sojourn in Moscow, U Nu called on Bandido Khambo Lama on October 23 last year and had a long talk with him. He was interested in the state of Buddhist religion in the Soviet Union, how the Lamaites perform their religious rites. Bandido Khambo Lama presented U Nu gifts in memory of his visit; Prime Minister U Nu contributed a substantial sum of money for the Buddhist creed in the USSR. When they parted, the Burmese Prime Minister expressed the hope of seeing a delegation of Buddhists from the USSR in Burma in the near future. Bandido Khambo Lama Darmayev, in his turn, asked U Nu to

LET NOT THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!



LEPROSY

Is a terrible disease that afflicts the human system and brings forth physical deformity with the symptoms of elevated patches, numbness or anaesthesia, swelling and thickening of the nerves etc. It is not only preventable but is curable. Ask for particulars and interesting free booklet.

LEUCODERMA

Is an ugly skin-disease indicated by white spots. It can be made to disappear rapidly and permanently by the well-tried external and internal medicines. Also treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis and other obstinate skin-diseases is made with success. Please write to,

The Specialist Physician

PT. RAM PRAN SHARMA
HOWRAH KUSTHA-KUTIR
P.O. HOWRAH.

Branch:—36, Harrison Road
CALCUTTA-9

Caustic Comments

Happiness is a wonderful sensation you get when you are too busy to be miserable.

One reason so many children are seen on the streets at night is that they are afraid to stay home alone.

You can't judge women by their clothes—there isn't enough evidence.

The best way to wipe out friendship is to sponge on it.

The most unreliable part of a motor car is frequently "the nut" that holds the steering wheel.

Many a man thinks he is overworked simply because it takes him five hours to do a one-hour job.

Nature has given a woman so much power that the law cannot afford to give her any more.

Every man who is high up loves to think he has done it all himself and the wife smiles and lets it go at that.

convey fraternal greetings from Buddhists in the Soviet Union to their co-religionists in Burma. Prime Minister U Nu said at a Press Conference that he had learned that Buddhists in the Soviet Union enjoy freedom of worship and performance of religious rites.

Some Damage!

When a mouse crept into a fire siren, terror stalked an English village recently. The presence of the mouse altered the note of the fire alarm just enough to make it sound like the warning of an escaped criminal from Broadmoor Asylum, five miles away. Villagers barred their doors. The police 'phoned an escape warning to the local school. In fact, everyone was jittery until the mouse mix-up was finally solved.

Even Big Ben was silenced for several hours when a mouse gummed up the works by getting under one of the quarter-hour bell

hammers. A mouse nibbled a hole in a gas-pipe in a Lincoln cafe. Then a customer struck a match and the place was wrecked.

In a farming region of France a cat sat so close to a stove that its fur caught fire. Diving into a pile of hay the scared cat started a £2,000 blaze. In Paris, a rabbit escaped from a pet shop and three cars crashed when drivers jibbed at the odd sight of a rabbit running across the Champs-Elysees.

When lesser creatures interfere in human affairs, in fact, results can be freakish. Not long ago, questions were asked in Parliament because of a wasp that stung an ambulance driver.

While he was brushing the wasp away, the ambulance hit a telegraph pole. The driver was given the alternative of resigning or being sacked. His union took up the matter and the wasp eventually caused six committee meetings and a court action.

At Belle Glade, Florida, spiders interfered with the 'phone service by spinning webs around the lines, causing trouble on damp days. Now 'phone rates are rising because of the cost of employing a special squad of web-sweepers, men who clean the wires with long-handled brooms.

Hung Head Down—For 65 Minutes!

When steeplejack Peter Jekubs slipped recently from a 100-ft. tower on which he was working at Baltimore, he caught his leg in a rope and hung head down for sixty-five minutes. Firemen rushed to his aid with their tallest ladder. The cool-headed steeplejack chatted cheerfully to them as they climbed to him. But just as they were putting a safety-belt round his waist the rope suddenly snapped, and he spun 100 ft. to the ground suffering multiple injuries but escaping death.

In spite of the most modern safety precautions, the steeplejack's job remains one of the most perilous in the world. Most of the men are the sons and grandsons of steeplejacks and seem to have no sense of fear.

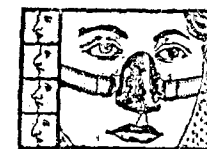
To be successful, a steeplejack must have fingers and muscles of steel, and no nerves to speak of. Mr. Will Larkins, member of a famous family of them, once nearly fell from the top of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, owing to his feet slipping on an inch-thick layer of greasy soot with which the platform supporting the statue was covered. He only managed to save himself—he was lying on his back at the time—by using his elbows as brakes.

CHALLENGE Rs. 1,000 GAYATRI YANTRA

(100% success guaranteed)

If you are worried or if you are in any difficulty such as Love, Litigation, Examination, Health, Service, Business, Marriage, Trade, Lottery, Crossword and to acquire a lot of money you need not worry. If you have not succeeded whatsoever in any object from all the sides try our special GAYATRI YANTRA which is prepared with the help of Gayatri Mantars and Gayatri Shakti. It will bring you good Luck in money or service and you will achieve all good things in Life. Repeated orders are daily received from far and wide. Thousand succeeded. Why not you? Order today for trial. In short it will act as your bodyguard. Price Rs. 3/- Special Rs. 4/- Extra special Rs. 5/- which will act like electric powers. Foreign ordinary 8 Shillings Special 12 Shillings. British Postal Order in advance.

VICTORY HOUSE, Boat No. 1
JULLUNDUR CITY, Pb. INDIA.



NOSE SHAPER

This simple device of German scientists corrects all ugly noses. You can wear it at night time when going to bed.

PRICE Rs. 15/-

STENO HOUSE AGENCY,
AMRITSAR.

FOR REGULATION

DR. KHAN'S THREE NOT PILLS

Rs. 5/8/- only.

For Birth Control RAHAT POWDER Rs. 5/8/-.

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

B.C. SERVICE

42, M.M. Churchgate Street,
Fort, BOMBAY-1.

Lightning once damaged the steeple of a church in Derbyshire. The vicar and churchwardens were so grateful to a local steeplejack when he had finished repairing it that they presented him with a new suit of clothes in addition to his fee.

Celebrating his success that night, the steeplejack declared that in the morning he would don the new clothes on top of the spire. A great crowd watched him stand on a tiny scaffold and loop a rope over one arm of the cross. Then he climbed on to it and put on the presentation suit, throwing each discarded garment into the air.

Suddenly he clasped his arms frantically round the cross. The rope he needed to regain the ground had slipped and lay on the platform

a dozen feet below. The crowd gasped with horror.

Then somebody remembered the steeplejack's daughter, a pretty eighteen-year-old "steeplesill." She was found and, her fair hair fluttering in the breeze, she climbed higher and higher until at last she reached the platform. She had never mounted so high, before. After three attempts, she managed to throw up the rope to him—and so saved his life.

Some Chimpanzee Chums

Zippy the chimpanzee who was already well-known to Hollywood fans successfully stole the hearts of the Indian fans by his performance in Gemini's *Insaniyat*. But then he is not the only chimpanzee



HEARING AID SPECTACLES FOR THE DEAF. The development of the transistor, a miniature and more efficient substitute for the ordinary valve, has made it possible for a British firm to incorporate the whole of a hearing aid in the side arms of a pair of spectacles. This spectacle hearing, pictured here, was three years in development. It was only recently put into production and the spectacles are as yet only made to individual prescription. The firm showed their latest designs and improvements at the recently held 1956 British Industries Fair. Manufacturers: Fortiphone Ltd., 247, Regent Street, London, W. 1.



Mr. Eric S. Jackson who has been appointed to the new post of Director-General, Atomic Weapons. He was previously Under Secretary at the Ministry of Supply. In his new post Mr. Jackson will be responsible for the supply of nuclear weapons, the organisation of trials, and arrangement for meeting the operational requirements of British Armed Forces.

to have exhibited such very human traits and abilities. Here is an account by Philip Street in a British weekly giving real life facts that make Zippy's antics on the screen look quite tame by comparison.

Had Philip been human I am sure he would have been a very distinguished person, respected for his great intellectual powers and admired for his social accomplishments. Actually he was a very clever and well educated chimpanzee who died at Edinburgh Zoo not long ago at the advanced age of nearly thirty.

Almost the only thing Philip couldn't do was speak. He was such a past master of the art of

Free to All Married

"Mysteries of Woman's Love"
Woman is a mystery. He who knows it, wins her heart.

This daring booklet reveals this secret art to you, whatever your age. Apply for a free copy stating your age and profession.

D. A. B. LABORATORIES
B. C. Road, P. B. 1372, Delhi

FOR LADIES!
MADENSO PILLS
FOR REGULATION
MILD FULL COURSE .. Rs. 5 8
EXTRA STRONG FULL COURSE .. Rs. 7 8

FOR GENTS!
GAIN VIGOUR AND VITALITY
SWARANA TABS PHIAL Rs. 4-4-0
KASTURI PILLS (STRONG) Rs. 4-12-0
ORDER AT ONCE. DON'T DELAY!
ALLIED TRADERS (M-G)
687, Nanapeth, Poona-2 (India)

RARE BOOKS & PHOTOS
So many New HARD-TO-FIND & HARD-TO-GET BOOKS & PHOTOS Catalogue As. 4. State age. BEAUTIFUL SAUTAL GIRLS-4 Photos Rs. 3/-.

16 MM MOVIE FILMS
Most unusual and Sensational for Private Home Movie Projection. List of films with synopsis against Re. 1/-.

RAMEN DEY - Calcutta-35.

imitating that before he was very old he had acquired practically every other human accomplishment. When he was only a few months old he was adopted by Mr. W. E. Humphries, an Englishman living in Nigeria. For the next eight years he lived as one of Mr. Humphries' household, working as a houseboy.

Like Any Servant

When Mr. Humphries came home tired at the end of the day Philip would unlace and take off his boots and put on his slippers. Then he would bring newspapers or magazines for him to read, and make himself generally useful about the house.

Like all servants, Philip looked forward to his leisure hours, when he was able to sit back and enjoy a smoke and a drink. Sometimes he decided to go for a ride on the triecyle that had been bought for him.

Philip enjoyed all forms of smoking. If he was offered an open cigarette case and a box of matches he would carefully take a cigarette and put it between his lips, lighting it with a match taken from the box. He would then puff away at the cigarette with obvious enjoyment, knocking off the ash every now and again, and finally stubbing out the end, just as he had seen his master do.

He also enjoyed cigars when they came his way, but his favourite smoke was a pipe. He never mastered the art of lighting it, so it was considered polite to fill his pipe and light it for him. He would then sit back in a chair and enjoy it, carefully cleaning out the ash from the bowl when it was finished.

His taste in drinks was wide, though here, too, he showed dis-

crimination. He would sit down and enjoy a glass of beer with anyone, and would appreciate gin and bitters or whisky and lemonade. Above all he liked port, perhaps unconsciously emphasizing his essentially gentlemanly character!

In his port drinking, Philip went back to the good old days, when you drank it by the bottle. Although capable of putting the bottle to his lips and draining it in one draught, if supplied with a wine glass he would despatch his favourite drink in a more genteel manner, repeatedly holding out the glass for refill until the bottle was empty.

Cycling Round The Zoo

As you may imagine, zoo animals are not usually given to smoking and drinking, so when at the age of eight Philip came to Edinburgh Zoo, bringing his triecyle with him, he caused quite a stir. Philip's change of home became necessary because Mr. Humphries came over to England to live, and no longer needed a trained houseboy.

The Zoo authorities were delighted and a little bewildered by their new guest. Zoo chimps cannot of course enjoy the same freedom as those living with families, and in any case Philip was approaching an age when he was likely to become less good-tempered. Nevertheless, for a time he was allowed to spend part of the day cycling around the Zoo, usually with a cigarette between his lips.

His last social function took place some little time after his arrival, when Mr. Humphries paid a visit to the Zoo with a friend. With Philip they were entertained in the library by the superintendent of the Zoo, the four of them sitting around in armchairs smoking

cigarettes and drinking glasses of beer.

When the Zoo authorities finally decided that it was no longer safe to give Philip the freedom of the grounds, they discovered to their dismay that his cleverness made it more than ordinarily difficult to confine him to a cage. He soon realized that if shoe-laces could be unlaced, so could wire-netting!

The first time he escaped he went straight up to a rather scared young lady and proceeded to unlace her shoes. Although he remained one of the best known personalities at Edinburgh Zoo until his death, he gradually lost some of his finer accomplishments. The time came when he could no longer light his own cigarette, though he continued to enjoy one if it was lit for him.

Chimps as houseboys and companions are not so rare as one would imagine. Many years ago a collector from the Natural History Museum had a startling experience on one of his trips to the interior of Africa. Arriving after dark at a remote river landing stage in order to visit a white man, he was just setting off along an ill-defined path through the dense undergrowth when he saw a lantern bobbing towards him. It was swinging scarcely a foot from the ground.

He thought his host must have sent a native child to meet him. Imagine his amazement when the guide turned out to be a half-grown chimpanzee who took his hand and led him to the white man's hut!

This story unfortunately had a tragic sequel. When the animal

LADIES! WORRIED?

KUMARI TABLETS



To restore normal health and eliminate your worries while suffering from various ailments common to the sex! An absolutely harmless remedy — known for years and often favoured by Physicians!

Plain	..	Rs. 3/-	MEDICAL
Special	..	5/-	ADVICE
Extra Special	..	8/-	FREE!!!

P. DEVEE & Co., (M.M.)

REGENT PARK, CALCUTTA-40

Telegrams:—LUXMIKOTEE, CALCUTTA.

Or CONTACT:—(1) INDO MEDICAL SUPPLIES, 3, Pauliappan St., Seven Wells, G.T., Madras; (2) NATHAN & Co., Cochin-2; (3) SHAH COMPANY, Mangalore-I; (4) L.M. MOOKERJEE & SONS LTD, 167, Dharamtolla St., Calcutta-13; (5) OVERSEAS GENERAL AGENCY, P.B. 171, Kuala Lumpur (Malaya).

approached maturity there was the usual change of character, and fits of temper developed. Despite repeated warnings that it was no longer safe for him to keep such a powerful animal at large about the hut, the white man refused to give up his companion. No unarmed man would be a match for an infuriated chimp, and one day his mutilated body was found in the hut. He had been overpowered and killed by his former friend.

Cherry Kearton, the famous naturalist and traveller, had a wonderful chimpanzee called Toto, who was his constant companion for several years. Kearton became so attached to Toto as Toto was to him, and immortalized his pet in his famous book, "My Friend Toto." Reading this book one can appreciate the great comfort this affectionate and helpful animal must have been to Kearton, alone in the wilds of Africa.

Toto's extraordinary devotion was shown on one occasion when his master went down with a severe attack of fever. "Toto made himself my nurse," Kearton records. "All day he would sit beside me, watching with a care that seemed almost maternal, and anything that I wanted he would bring me. He would go to the



ss (to Typist): "You, there! Why don't you read the dictionary instead of those dreadful love stories?"

medicine chest when I told him to do so, and bring the bottle of quinine, and then he would fetch a glass and water."

Each afternoon, his household chores completed, he would lie down on the bed beside his master, put an arm around him, and fall asleep.

Fitting Finale

In April, 1920, a cyclist, near Andover, saw a man's foot protruding from beneath a hedge. A further investigation disclosed the body of Sidney Spicer, a Salisbury chauffeur who had been shot in the head and robbed. The police were called and got busy, and very soon found that Spicer had been hired on the previous evening by one Percy Toplis. Who was Percy Toplis? An examination of police files disclosed the fact that he was a man with a criminal record for thieving!

About six weeks later, in far-away Banffshire, Scotland, a farmer noticed smoke coming from a gamekeeper's hut which he knew was normally deserted. He told the police and went with a Banffshire constable and a gamekeeper to the hut. They found a man asleep and woke him. Immediately he opened his eyes he snatched a gun and fired three shots, wounding the constable and the gamekeeper. Then he fled.

Toplis, for it was he, doubled back into England and his trail was picked up by the Cumberland police near Penrith. He was finally brought to bay within an armed ring of men.

In the ensuing exchange of shots, he fell with a bullet in the heart. The place where he died, having fled from Andover to Banffshire and back into Cumberland, was called Thief's Side.

AMATEUR GUNMAN—(Continued from page 48)

seemed quiet—it looked as if they had taken the day off or something!

SILENTLY, a shadow flitted over the ground. I looked up. A large kite, not the kind made of paper but a rapacious bird of the hawk kind, circled once or twice overhead, then gracefully alighted among the branches of the tree. This chap, I knew, was a menace to our chickens. He was interested in poultry. Often he would try a raid on the fowl run. He would make a dart for the chickens, the chickens would make a dart for shelter, and the women folk would dart out, shouting in different keys and waving anything that was in their hands. Why then had he left the chicken run and come here? Surely, he didn't mistake us for a group of chickens! Or, was this bird slowly becoming a man-eater? These thoughts raced through my mind as it dawned upon me that now everybody wanted to see if I could bring down the kite with the gun. Now was the testing time. What would my maiden effort produce? Astonishment? Ridicule? I felt very uncomfortable as I glanced at the old blister. The mocking expression on her wrinkled old face added to the ugliness thereof.

"Go on!" Ramu whispered. "Get that blighter!"

Slowly, reluctantly, with many misgivings, I raised the gun, placing the butt firmly against my shoulder. I brought the twin barrels up and ran my eye along the sight. I noticed that the bird was watching my every movement. He seemed to treat the whole affair with contemptuous indifference. This, I thought, was a strange

attitude on the part of a creature staring death in the face! There was a challenging look in his eye—a challenge and a warning that was not altogether lost on me. I wished with all my heart that he would fly off before anything happened.

THE old blister must have read some of my secret thoughts from the expression on my face, for she began to taunt me afresh. "What are you afraid of, Babu?" she asked, looking extremely malicious. "Afraid of the gun or the bird?"

There was a suppressed titter all round. Grimly, I sought to steady the barrels which seemed to dip and waver uncertainly. They kept moving about in a sort of irregular arc. With an effort I swung the barrels to cover the kite, gave the bird one brief, nervous look, shut my eyes, clenched my teeth and jerked on the trigger. There was a deafening bang. Slowly, I opened my eyes. My prey was safely and comfortably airborne. A few small feathers floated gracefully down towards us, through the leafy branches. The incident left me shaking. I never felt so bad in my life. There was a heavy silence.

Then, the silence was broken by peals of unearthly laughter. The old blister sat on the ground, overcome by a fit of uncontrollable mirth. At the best of times, she wasn't a pretty sight. Now, she looked awful! Throwing her head back, she shut her eyes tight, and opened her ugly mouth wider and wider as she howled with laughter. That started the others laughing. I began to wonder if it would not be better for me to end my earthly career by emptying the other barrel into the blister's gaping

mouth. Just then, I spotted the feather—a tiny, silken feather. With fairy-like grace it floated down, glided straight toward the gaping mouth, and disappeared inside!

That stopped the merriment at my expense. A dozen inquisitive female fingers probed the old girl's gullet, in search of the elusive feather. For once, she wasn't enjoying herself at someone else's expense! I clapped a hanky to my mouth, just in case a few more floating feathers were waiting to tickle the insides of people. I meditated silently on the strange laws of retribution. That should teach the old girl to keep her mouth shut in future!

I NOW made up my mind about two things—never to shoot at a kite again, and never to succumb to this defeat. I determined to buy a gun and go on to bigger things. I did. The determination with which I set about to make myself a marksman was, indeed, praiseworthy. I have to say this myself, because nobody else will. For weeks on end I practised, and noticed that I was slowly but surely improving. My marksmanship wasn't always A1, but I had at least developed the art of firing in the right direction. Occasionally, I bagged a squirrel or two, and one or two silly birds which treated me as though I was a five-year old, amusing myself with a pop-gun. Once, I took a shot at a marauding cat. This animal, they say, has nine lives. But although I did not succeed in reducing the cat population in our neighbourhood, I'm jolly sure that I accounted for at least one of its nine lives. With this, my thoughts turned to bigger game, my enthusiasm running

highest during the hours of daylight.

THE opportunity to try my hand at bigger game came sooner than I expected or wanted. One night, I was walking about in my compound, lost in thought, when my aunt crept upon me unawares, and suddenly spoke in my ear. When my aunt speaks to people, she shouts as though everyone is stone-deaf. Actually, she's the one who is very hard of hearing! So, I received a double shock when she burst upon me the terrifying news that a hyena was killing all the people in a village, barely a mile away from my house. Before I could recover from the surprise and shock, she hurried off indoors.

From childhood, I have suffered from an extraordinarily powerful imagination but, unfortunately, I do not possess strong nerves. Now, my aunt's words produced in my mind a startlingly vivid picture of countless people perishing beneath the rending fangs of a blood-thirsty creature. In my mind, I saw the awful thing standing beside a pile of corpses, laughing in unholy glee at the havoc it had wrought. Then, I seemed to see it turn its back on the terror-stricken village and head in the direction of my house. At this stage, my heart gave a little jump. So did I. I lost no time in getting indoors and shutting the door, after which I felt better. I hoped that if the hyena decided to call on us that night my mother-in-law, whose chief failing is inquisitiveness, would answer the door. That would teach the hyena not to drop in on strange people at odd hours.

Although my aunt is very deaf she's the first to pick up any new or gossip in the neighbourhood

Sometimes, she gets hold of the wrong end of the stick and hands out a version lacking, to some extent, in accuracy. And so it was that I learned that no loss of life was involved as a result of the hyena's activities. It was true, however, that a daring hyena had raided the village on two occasions, killing a calf on one and a goat on another.

We can't have hyenas going round killing cattle like this, so I decided to do something about it. I sent for my cousin Ramu who rushed down at once, bursting with enthusiasm. We decided that as soon as it got dark, we would take up our positions in a small grove of coconut trees, standing about four hundred yards away from the rear of my house. This spot overlooked a deep nullah, extending for miles on either side, and running towards the village. The hyena was said to follow this route regularly, every night.

DUSK fell a little too soon for my liking, and we set out for the coconut grove. I was leading the way, when it suddenly dawned on me that it would be safer for me to allow Ramu to go in front. I changed position immediately. This too wasn't so good for my peace of mind. Ramu carried his

gun at the slope, and the kept hovering unpleasantly in line with my face. I shuddered to think what would happen if one of the barrels went off accidentally. If you saw my face, you wouldn't think that it would make much difference to my looks, but still one likes to keep what one was given at birth. So I changed position once again and walked alongside my companion.

IN the coconut grove, we parked ourselves at the foot of a big tree. We were not the only ones there. A regiment of mosquitoes seemed to be stationed there, and they swarmed to the attack. It reminded me of the days when I was a small boy. My mother used to make me slap my face when I did anything wrong. After slapping myself several times to drive away the mosquitoes, Ramu told me that the noise would drive away the hyena too. When I heard this, I felt very glad and wanted to slap myself more vigorously but Ramu stopped me.

There was, however, one thing that gave me a little courage. I knew something about shikar, from books I had read. It was a bright, starry night. Visibility was good for miles around. I was dressed in full white and Ramu

WANTED

AGENTS TO
ENROL MEMBERS FOR
OUR ATTRACTIVE SCHEME
IN ALL TOWNS ON
GOOD INCOME.

Apply to :—

GOOD LUCK SOCIETY,
No. 24, Amina Mansion, BOMBAY-17.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Your purpose regarding Health, Wealth, Love, Marriage etc. will be solved by using Miracle Tawiz (Talisman) Write the detailed story of your worries with date of birth or time of writing. Tawizat are prepared according to your birth palanetary (star) position. Rs. 6-4-0 in advance (No. V.P.). Foreign. 15 Sh. Free advice will be given against sufficient postage for reply.

SADIK
The Famous Mesmerist
1200, Shukriawar, Poona-2 (India).

mouth sported a bright pink bush shirt which could have been spotted a mile away by any hyena, even if it had cataract in both eyes. I secretly hoped the hyena would spot us first, and push off in some other direction.

WHILE we waited, my imagination, as usual, began playing queer tricks. Bushes in the vicinity began to take on strange, weird shapes. So I kept my eyes shut most of the time. Now and then a strange sound would seem to herald the approach of the killer. At the thought, the little blood left in me by the mosquitoes would turn cold. Then, suddenly, came Ramu's urgent warning. "Look out! It's coming!" he hissed.

The moment he said it was coming, I felt like going—like the very devil. But before I could move, something *did* come, whirling out of the sky. Instinctively, we threw down our guns and put up our hands, not in surrender, but to protect our heads. Something gave us a hefty smack, stifling in our throats a frightened bleat. A six-foot long, dry coconut tree branch had broken off overhead, and the thick, sturdy stump fetched us one we didn't bargain for. There was nothing funny about this, but Ramu started laughing and couldn't stop. I found it

necessary to slap his face hard, till I got him under control.

Then I sank into oblivion for a brief space of time. It isn't strange in these parts to come across stray buffaloes grazing in unlikely spots at night. But in the circumstances, the sudden sight of a huge black object, plunging its way out of a bush, is not likely to act as a tonic for frayed nerves. When I partially recovered my senses, I decided to use what little was left to beat a hasty, if undignified, retreat. We had created enough disturbance to scare a whole pack of hyenas away and there was no use in our staying on. The bushes behind us crashed, as something plunged into them. There was an answering crash from other bushes—that was Ramu and I, making off in the opposite direction.

WE were informed, the next day, that a band of stalwart rustics had been on the lookout for the hyena during the night. They had chased it and clubbed it to death. Sheepishly, we walked into the village, to view the "kill". There it lay, a fine, big specimen, grim and fierce-looking even in death. I wondered what would have happened if this evil looking creature had caught up with us the night before! And I felt secretly thankful that the withered coconut palm came down when it did! **

For Health and Vitality

use Dr. Godbolay's Patented, Govt. approved Breathing Apparatus. Effective for Asthma, Constipation, Stammering, Insomnia, Nervousness. Also Health Books, Remedies, Catalogue against Twelve Annas stamps, foreign Three Shillings B.P.O.

Dr. Godbolay, P.B. 519, Poona-2.

WE WILL SELL, BUY AND
EXCHANGE INDIA STAMPS.
ENROL YOUR NAME IN
STAMP COLLECTORS
DIRECTORY.

S. L. MATHEW & SONS,
Rly. Road, Gurgaon, India.



SCOT PILLS

An Improved Formula of Dr. Anderson of Scotland, for Ladies. Rs. 3.

Super Strength Scot Pills, known as FEATEX, Rs. 5/10.

BLEACHO Whitens Face. Rs. 2.

Lieut. Dr. ... Medical Officer ... Hospital, Says:
"SCOT PILLS Proved very effective."

SELLING AT ALL CHEMISTS

Amritsar—Kishore Bros. Anela Med. Hall
Agra—National Med. Store. Cash Chemists
Allahabad—Kings & Co. Jha Jhee & Sons
Ahmedabad—M.J. Sanghvi, 3 Gates
Ajmer—Harish Chandra Medical Store
Ambala Cantt—Durga Charan & Sons
Allgarh—Rama Medical Hall
Aurangabad—Vasant General Store.
Batala—Dr. Lalpat Rai & Sons.
Benaras—The Medical Stores. Chaok
Bareilly—Jubilee Medical Hall. Lal Bros.
Bombay—Perry & Co. Ltd., S.P. Gandhi
Baroda—B.A. Fatehali & Sons. A. Roy & Co.
Bilaspur—Shyam Sundar Medical Store.
Bewada—Balla Medical Emporium
Bhopal—Nadra Allied Agency
Bhavnagar—Mehta Medical Store.
Calcutta—K. R. Lynch & Co., Chitranjan [Ave.]

Chandigarh—Bohanlal & Sons
Delhi—Sohan Lal & Sons, Esplanade
N. Delhi—Dr. Kishan Chand & Co.
Dehra Dun—Premier Medical Stores
Dwaraka—Bombay Novelty Rangan Stores.
Dhorail—Shah Mansukh Lal Jagjivan Dass.
Faisalabad—Edward Medical Hall
Ferozepur—B. Balaj Chemists. Singh Bros
Fatehpur, (U.P.)—Narnala Medical Store.
Gwalior—Narain Medical Stores.
Guntur—Padmanabha Medical Stores
Gharasabad—Amir Singh Narnala & Sons
Gurdaspur—Gupta Medical Hall.
Hoshiarpur—Nidhi Pharmacy
Hapur—Bal Medical Stores
Hardwar—Sudha Medical Hall
Hyderabad—Deccan Drug Agency
Hubli—Karnatic Pharmacy, Stn. Rd.
Indore—Cash Chemists. Chacker Bros.
Imphal—Ph. Kala Singh, Chemist.
Jagraon—Dila Ram & Sons
Jaigaon—Radha Krishna Medical Store
Jammu—State National Pharmacy
Jullunder Cantt—Edward Medical Hall
Jullunder City—Dr. Daul Chaud & Sons
Jhansi—Modern Medical Hall
Jalpur—Jalpur Med. Hall, Public Med. [Hall]

Jodhpur—Rajasthan Medical Stores.

Jubbulpur—Virumal & Sons
Katali—Singhania Medical Store
Kolhapur—D. Popal Pharmacy
Kanpur—Vabro Aggarwal, Meshon Rd.
Ludhiana—Dr. Bindraban Jal Singh
Lucknow—King Medical Hall, Gupta Med. [Store, Central Medical Store]
Madras—J. Balabhai & Co., 350, Subhas Rd.
Rohy Pharma, old Washermanpet,
Moradabad—Avtar Medical Hall
Meerut Cantt—Modern Medical Stores.
Meerut City—Standard Medical Store.
Moga—Satyapal & Co.
Monghyr—Kalyan Medical Hall, Betwa [Bar.]

Mysore—T. C. Nairaj & Co., Chemists,
Masulipatam—Siya Ram and Sons.
Mathura—Frontier Medical Store.
Nagari Township—Gabbay Stores
Nagpur—Amrut Pharmacy Ltd.
Nawan Sher Doaba—Dr. Asanand & Sons
Nalik—Nasik Medical Store, Main Road.
Nath Dwara (Gujarat)—Rajisthan Medical [Store]

Nandurbar (W. Khandesh)—Nandurbar [Medical Store]

Patiala—Gupta Medical Hall.
Patna—Popal Med. Hall. Sen Pharmacy
Phillaur—Dr. Bhulla Ram & Sons
Poona—N. Mahadeo & Co., Near City, P.C.
Pathankot—Das Medical Store
Pathoragarh (Ajmera)—The New Medical [Hall]

Porbander—Laxmi Medical Store.
Raipur—O.P. Med. Store. Balrajs Med. [Store]

Simla—D.B. Vohra & Co.
Secunderabad—C. Mool Chand & Sons
Surat—Dalal Bros., Chemists C.N. Bros
Sholapur—Pioneer Pharmacy
Bhavnagar—A. Kitchner & Co.
Shahabad (Bihar)—Bhupnath Pharmacy.
Sitara—S. R. Minfar, Chemist.
Sardar Shehr—Mangal Chaud Banvari [Lal]

Tenali—J. Hanumanth Rao.
Udipur—London Store, Clock Tower.

Steno House Agency, Amritsar.

PRINCE OF PRIDE—(Continued from page 52)

no longer young or erect; instead, they had bowed as if the weight of the leaves on them had become unbearable. Ranaji pictured himself in the position of those trees—how he would be standing before his son-in-law, fulfilling all his requests and fancies, whether reasonable or unreasonable, like a dumb creature. He felt a certain unknown anger and hatred swelling in his heart against his wife and his newly born girl, whom he had not even seen as yet. He turned away from the window and started pacing the floor with his head bowed upon his chest, dark and vague thoughts pounding his very sanity out.

Ranaji came and stood before the portrait of his great-grandfather, hoping that looking at the portrait might have some soothing effect on his mind. Staring at the portrait, he felt something was wrong with it. The head, it seemed, was not held high with pride but bowed down with humiliation. He turned away from the portrait, holding his head with his two palms in utter gloom.

He wanted to see nothing, nor did he want to be seen by anything! In fact, he wanted to run away—run away from himself. He shut his eyes, but even then his own image appeared. He saw himself standing with his head bowed in utter servility. He could not bear it any further. He opened his eyes. "Oh! what am I to do!" he exclaimed in great mental agony.

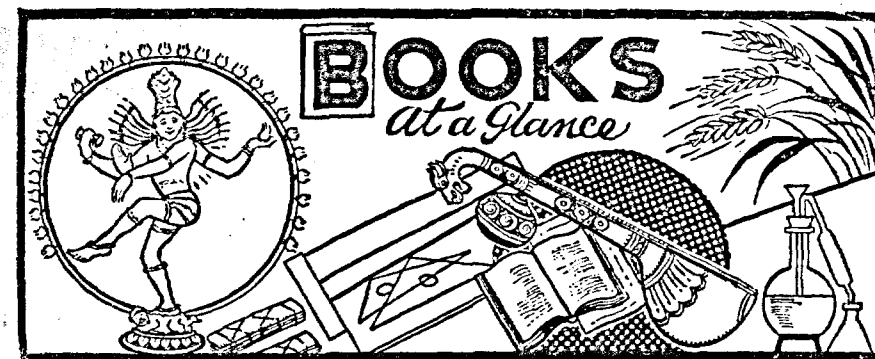
The sun was setting behind the hills. A cold breeze was blowing in through the window. It was getting chilly. Ranaji came and

stood before the open window, his hands resting on a table on which was a flower vase full of roses. Ranaji stared at the flowers for long. His eyes suddenly fell on a bud. He thought to himself, "Tomorrow, this bud will blossom into a flower." He picked out the bud from amongst the flowers and crushed it between both his palms. There was a villainous smile on his lips. "Now, it will never bloom into a flower, never, never!" he exclaimed. His face glowed just like a plotter who has thought of a new underhand trick as a means of gaining his object. He left the room to visit his wife and his newly born daughter.

THE sun had left the sky, taking along all its brightness; darkness reigned instead. It was a dark night, with some stars scattered here and there. Every one was indoors, trying to make themselves warm. A bitter cold wind was blowing in through the open window. Ranaji was standing before the portrait of his great-grandfather, bathed in his own perspiration. A few stray dogs were barking on the road as if blowing trumpets to Ranaji's victory. This prince by birth and prince of pride felt calm of mind at the thought that he had averted in the nick of time what threatened to be a very great calamity not only to his own house but to the great Rajput pride itself. ☼☼

FIRST GAMBLER: "Was your horse in a photo finish?"

SECOND GAMBLER: "Heck, no! I think he sat in for an oil portrait."



Tell Me, Doctor (By Henry Bernard Safford, M. D. Price, 35 Cents.)

"If I had only known!" exclaimed a teenage girl who believed conception could take place only after a completely consummated sexual relationship. "If I had only known!" cried a young woman who found herself permanently sterile as a result of a self-induced abortion. "If I had only known!" bemoaned a young matron who did not become aware of her internal cancer symptoms until it was almost too late! The saying that "where it is folly to be wise, ignorance is bliss" cannot be more untrue of this subject of sexology than of any other subject. Ignorance is folly and a little knowledge positively dangerous so far as this subject is concerned. So that men and women might know the true medical facts about the most intimate problems, Dr. Safford, gynecologist by profession and a writer by avocation (he is the columnist for the *Ladies' Home Journal*), has written this authoritative and outstanding book.

The book has been planned on entirely novel lines, viz, in the shape of questions put by his

patients when they are received in his examination and consultation rooms, and the doctor's answers in absorbing and non-technical detail. From female physiology and menstruation to the various problems like Cesarean operation, twins, menopause, vaginal discharges, etc., practically every important subject on the medical problems of women are discussed in this concise, illustrated book.

This is a book that all parents should read and also see that their sons and daughters also read it. That way, they would have helped themselves and their own offspring in the most sensible manner.

The Handy Book Of Gardening (By Albert E. Wilkinson & Victor A. Tiedjens. Price, 35 Cents.)

This handy and complete guide shows you how to care for your garden, easily, with the best results for the least money. Here is expert advice from two famous gardening specialists on planning your garden, selecting the plants that will grow best in your region, when to buy seeds, and how to choose equipment. You will learn how to plant many different

varieties of flowers, how to set in borders, how to start seedlings under glass, how to grow prize-winning 'roses. Here, too, are easy-to-follow instructions on raising vitamin-rich vegetables, delicious fruits and berries, money-saving hints on maintaining beautiful lawns, planting trees and vines, and working out your own landscaping. This book also covers the latest developments on controlling pests and plant diseases, using liquid fertilisers, improving the soil, and many other such important subjects. There are also plenty of illustrations and diagrams to help the reader to understand easily the more complicated points.

The Age Of Analysis (By Morton White. Price, 50 Cents.)

Under the series "The Mentor Philosophers," to comprise of six books, the publishers offer to the readers an excellent critical analysis of the development of western philosophy from the earliest times to the present day. We had occasion to review one book in this series titled "The Age of Belief", in which philosophical thought from the 5th to the 15th century A. D. was described. In the book now under notice, the thoughts, writings, times and personalities of 20th century philosophers are covered by the author.

Morton White, the author, is the Professor of Philosophy and Chairman of the department at Harvard. He has discussed the contributions to philosophical thought by G. E. Moore, Benedetto Croce, George Santayana, Henri Bergson, A. N. Whitehead, Edmund Husserl, Jean-Paul Sartre, Charles

Ganders Pierce, William James, John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Rudolf Carnap and Ludwig Wittgenstein.

Mafia (By Ed Reid. Price, 25 Cents.)

Started in mediaeval Sicily as a patriotic group, the Mafia degenerated into a gang of extortionists whose slimy tentacles reach into almost every big American city. No crime is too great for the Mafia — even its own members are not immune to sudden, violent death. The author documents in this sensational exposure the brutal and terrifying picture of murder and extortion, of the vice and dope rackets and their overlords, of the corruption of officials and the perversions of justice — and all these are happening round the clock today in these American cities!

The Ideas Of The Great Economists (By George Soule. Price, 35 Cents.)

Almost everyone today is directly concerned with such vital problems as the cost of living, taxes, the causes of unemployment and depressions. Now, in this extremely stimulating and comprehensive book, the author, a renowned authority, analyses the theories and times of more than 50 great economists of the past and the present (like the strict Governmental control of Mercantilism to Adam Smith's arguments for *laissez faire* and freedom of private enterprise, Karl Marx's denunciations of the capitalistic order, Keynes' support of government investment to prevent depression, etc.) and shows how their ideas affect our daily lives.

ONE HUNDRED GREAT BOOKS

FOR EVERYMAN'S BOOKSHELF

Rs. 3/- each

Great Dialogues of Plato: Rouse.
The Glorious Koran: Pickthall.
Mythology: E. Hamilton.
Odyssey of Homer: Rouse.
Iliad of Homer: Rouse.
Analysis: Kinsey Reports.
Inferno: Dante.
Leaves of Grass: Whitman.
Abraham Lincoln: Lorant.
Democracy in America: Tocqville.
The Age of Belief: Freemantle.
The Age of Analysis: M. White.
The Age of Reason: Hampshire.
Hammond-Dell World Atlas.
Modern French Painting.
How to Draw & Paint.
Fifty Great Artists.
Short Story Masterpieces.
Six Great Modern Plays.
War and Peace: Tolstoy.
The Lovers: K. Winsor.
Forever Amber: K. Winsor.
Star Money: K. Winsor.
Angie March: Bellow.
Cleopatra: Emil Ludwig.
Fifty Great Stories: Bantam.
The Moneyman: Costain.
Women in Love: Lawrence.
Aaron's Rod: Lawrence.
Point Counter Point: Huxley.
Human Beast: Zola.
Invisible Man: Ellison.
Father & Son: Farrell.
Moby Dick: Melville.
Crime & Punishment: Dostoevsky.
Lying Days: Gordimer.
The Doctors: Soubiran.
Fires of Spring: Michener.
Bibled Reader: Erich.
Six Centuries: Great Poetry: Dell.
6 Great Modern Short Novels.
Death: Instalment Plan: Celine.
Collected Works: Pierre Louys.
Temptation: John Pen.
Meaning of Dreams: Stekel.

Rs. 2/- each

Bhagavad-Gita: Isherwood.
Teachings of the Compassionate Buddha.
Universe & Dr. Einstein: Barnett.
Limitations of Science: Sullivan.
Understanding Science: Conant.
The Modern Mind: Brinton.
Highlights of Modern Literature.
World of History: Brinton.
The Way of Life: Lao Tzu.
The Law and You: Max Radin.
Mohammedanism: Gibb.
Ideas of Great Economists: Soule.
Sayings of Confucius: Ware.
Scheherazade: Arberry.
Treasury of Wisdom & Inspiration.
Your Way to Popularity: B. Graham.
Hobbies for Pleasure-Profit: Coon.
The United Nations: Coyle.
Crust of the Earth: Rapport.
Books that Changed the World.
Best-Loved Books: 20th Century.
3 Weeks to Better Memory: Byrne.
Three to Get Married: Sheen.
1st Lady Chatterley: Lawrence.
Woman's Life: Maupassant.
Yama-Hell-Hole: Knapin.
The Moonstone: Collins.
Hills Beyond: Thomas Wolfe.
Rage of Soul: Sheean.
Strange Fruit: L. Smith.
The Skin: Malapatre.
Indigo: C. Weston.
Mademoiselle de Maupin: Gautier.
Kiss and the Duel: Chekov.
British Agent: Maugham.
Handsome: T. Pratt.
Cyrano de Bergerac: Rostand.
Laughter Inc.: Bert.
Look Younger, Live Longer: Hanser.
Best Quotations: Lewis Henry.
Art of Thinking: Dimnet.
Power of Positive Living: Lurton.
God that Failed: Bantam.
Droll Stories: Balzac.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Now on sale in SIGNET, MENTOR, DELL, POPULAR, PYRAMID AVON & LION BOOKS.

EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED IN INDIA BY

INDIA BOOK HOUSE

249, Hornby Rd., BOMBAY. • Connaught Place, NEW DELHI. • 1, Lindsay St., CALCUTTA. • 193, Mount Rd., MADRAS.

The Jungle Seas (By Arthur A. Ageton. Price, 35 Cents.)

Grippingly alive with the pain and courage of men in combat, glowing with the tenderness of a love snatched from death, this book tells the savagely authentic story of the men of the U. S. Navy destroyer fleet.

Wearied and shattered after gruelling months of incessant warfare as Executive Officer of the *USS Hale*, Jerry Doyle comes to the South Pacific paradise of Nowmea, looking for a brief interlude of carousing and relaxation. But when he meets the lovely and popular French girl, Eugenie Beaucoem, he realises that he has found love and wants it to last.

This exciting story about the men of the U. S. Navy and the women they love amid the horrors of war has been compared to *The Caine Mutiny* and other such outstanding novels about the Navy.

The six books reviewed above belong to the Signet and Mentor Book series published by The New American Library of New York. The Sole Distributors of these books in India are: M/S India Book House, Eruchshaw Bldg., 249, Dadhabai Nawroji Road, Bombay 1. Copies can also be had at their Branches at: F Block, Connaught Place, New Delhi; 1, Lindsay Street, Calcutta; Purushottam Bldg., 163 Mount Road, Madras-2.

Yoga-Vedanta Sutras (By Sri Swami Sivananda. Published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest University, P. O. Sivanandapur, Rishikesh. Price, Rs. 1/8)

In this book, the Sage of Ananda Kutir gives the essence (*Sutras*) of the Four Paths to Self-realisation,

viz., *Karma Yoga Sutras*, *Bhakti Yoga Sutras*, *Raja Yoga Sutras*, *Vedanta Sutras*. To these he has added another of his own, viz., *Manovijnana Sutras* (dealing with the mind and its control). Spiritual aspirants will find this book highly useful.

The Wisdom Of The Gurus (By T. L. Vaswani. Price. As. 4/-.)

"Leaves" From My "Diary" (By T. L. Vaswani. Price As. 8/-.)

These two booklets are No. 13 and No. 15 respectively in the East and West Series.

In the first booklet, the author gives a penetrating analysis of the great role played by the Gurus of the Sikh community and exhorts the Sikhs of the present time to live up to the great ideals and practical examples of their great Gurus.

In the second booklet, the author brings together his thoughts published some years ago on such subjects like the "Day of Independence", "Swaraj", etc., with the purpose of showing that in the East as in the West there is need for a moral and spiritual renewal.

Geetha Prabodamu (By Sri Machiraju Venkatakrishnamurthi. Published by Sree Seetharamanama Sankirthanam Sangham, Sree Ramanama Kshetram, Guntur. Price, As. 4/-.)

It has been said for all times that there is only one sacred book of guidance and that is the *Bhagavad Gita* ("*Ekam Sastram Devakiputra Gitam.*") The author has given in this booklet the essence of *Bhagavad Gita* in simple and fine poetry.

CHILD OF DESTINY — (Continued from page 55)

that, out 'e goes! There are many fishes in the sea. Wot do you say, child? Wot? Why should I? I'm a woman of my own, wot? Oo can say anything? I can do as I like, I can go as I like and I can come as I like. Oo can ask me? Wot do you say child? Wot?"

Who, indeed, child or no child, would ever dare to question Mrs. Peters' actions or censure her for bad behaviour? She stopped at nothing to bring her enemies to book. If her tongue proved ineffective, she went to the extent of using her hands. In short, Mrs. Peters was a terror to her friends and enemies alike.

So, on the evening of Priscilla's encounter with Duncan Andrews, Mrs. Peters gathered around herself the other tenants of the house and a few outsiders as well, and pronounced judgment over Priscilla.

"Oh, god! She's too modern fashioned, my God! Too forward! Wot is this, child? Like that way to go on, eh? As small as she is, she wants to put rolls in her 'air and paint it seems, and powder 'erself all over and shake about! Ugh! I wish I 'ad a dotter like her. I'll trim her properly and some. Ugh!"

Mrs. Peters said much more, in fact, than what has been recorded above, but which in the interests of decency and decorum, cannot be set down. A few other observations of hers are worthy of note, however, for they have a distinct bearing on later events related here.

"She must 'ave been friendly with 'im all 'long, I'm sure," she

said. "She's been going out on and often, I know. Must be she thinks, 'Let's be sure of one of the brothers at least,' so she's trying to cap both of them to make sure! That's wot it is, wot do you say, child? Wot?"

After that she tom-tommed her views wherever she went and in no time the general impression gained ground that Priscilla Lacey was not as good as she pretended to be and that she was rotten to the core.

WITHIN a week or two, the Laceys found themselves completely ostracised from their neighbours and friends (with one or two exceptions), as a result of which their visits to Colin's house became more and more frequent. In the beginning, Mrs. Peters did her utmost to retain the friendship of Mrs. Lacey, but the latter, knowing fully well that the indifference which her neighbours now showed towards her had been caused by none other than Mrs. Peters herself, kept the other at arm's length, so that, as a natural corollary, Mrs. Peters sought every opportunity to start a row and succeeded in the end in finding one. Mrs. Lacey had to face a barrage of threats and abuses under the skilful supervision of Mrs. Peters herself. Priscilla stayed in her room and cried. Brian's strange ways had caused enough trouble, she thought. Not that she had any reason to censure him for this, but she, like her mother, could not help feeling that things could have been much better than they actually were. It was now impossible to stay much longer in the same house with Mrs. Peters. Not knowing

how to retaliate, Mrs. Lacey went to Mrs. Andrews with her troubles and cried her eyes out.

It was already mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were comfortably off. Their home was a large one and well-furnished, and their income appreciable. Frank and Duncan were now away from home, so that their house had suddenly become too large and spacious for the three of them. Mrs. Andrews, therefore, offered sanctuary to her friend and this was accepted in the end by Mrs. Lacey after she had discussed the matter with her son. Brian had at first turned down the suggestion of his mother's that they should shift immediately. He had to think of so many things before he could make up his mind. Sydney, too, would have to be taken into account. Would Mrs. Andrews agree to give the poor fellow a little place in which to keep his trunk and to sleep at nights? This, however, was easily arranged on the strength of Colin's recommendation and, a week before Priscilla went back to school, the Laceys took possession of their new lodgings, where they were welcomed by Mrs. Andrews. For some reason which she could not explain, Priscilla was not very happy about this. She preferred to stay far away from Colin because she feared that, by living in the same house with him, he would soon tire of her friendship.

A couple of days before Priscilla could go back to school, she found herself alone with Colin on the terrace one cool evening. Brian had gone out at the time. As they stood close together and watched the sun go down in all its radiant splendour, Colin spoke to her.

"Do you like going back to school, Priscy?" he asked.

She was quiet for a few seconds. Then she answered, "I like the classes and the games and all the fun the girls have together, but just before school closed many of the girls kept aloof from me and Mother Teresa even called me in and spoke to me about Brian. I feel very awkward now to go back."

"Yes, I know," Colin said. "Brian told me everything."

A minute later he asked, as an afterthought, "How do you feel about all this, Priscilla?"

THE girl knew what he was alluding to. Hitherto, she had not spoken frankly to anyone on this subject. By nature she was taciturn and reserved, even in her own home, so far as such matters were concerned, but, for the first time, she felt compelled to take Colin into her confidence and the answer that she gave him was something he had least expected, the less so because it was full of meaning.

"I wouldn't worry so much about Unions and other things if I were Brian," she said. "I'd just do my own job as perfectly as possible and leave other matters to look after themselves. Brian himself often complains of many of the men being slack in their work and irregular and disrespectful. What good can come from fighting for such men? If I owned a company and I had men like that, I'd sack them without any hesitation!"

"But you would share your wealth with them, wouldn't you?" he asked.

"I suppose I should," she answered rather uncertainly, "but doesn't that depend on a person's kindness, whether to share his wealth or not?"

"It has nothing to do with kindness at all, Prissy," he told her. "The men contribute their share of work and help to bring in profits and to accumulate wealth. Shouldn't they be rewarded for it?"

"But aren't they paid for the work they do?"

"True enough, but times are changing, you know. This is a different world from what it was fifty years ago. Everything has changed considerably."

"I suppose that's true. Anyway, the men want a bonus, and they want fairplay and justice and all that, and Brian agrees with them. What he says is, 'Don't go on strike as yet. Let's try other means,' but they didn't like what he said and they tried to injure him. Is that fairplay? That's not justice, is it? If we want some good from others, mustn't we show some good in ourselves?"

Her words amazed Colin. She seemed to be gifted with more commonsense than one would

expect in a girl of her age. He felt drawn towards her at that moment more closely than ever before.

"There's a lot more sense in that pretty head of yours than one would imagine, Priscy!" he said, as he looked at her with new interest.

She turned to him and smiled, while her heart beat furiously within her. It was only then that she read in his looks the message which he didn't dare to give her. She knew that he loved her with all his heart and soul.

LATE that night, before the two boys went to bed, Colin spoke to Brian about his conversation with Priscilla.

"It is the very synthesis of all philosophy, isn't it, Brian?" he concluded. "'Do to others as you would have others do unto you.' Priscilla is a greater philosopher in her own little way than either of us. She is more practical in her approach towards life."

Though Brian said nothing in reply, Colin knew that his friend's mind was working rapidly. It was almost certain now that the seed of thought which he had sown

Personality & Will Power

Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Thought reading, Will Power, Auto Suggestion, Concentration, Crystal gazing, etc., and various other Occult Sciences are taught through World famous courses of Late Prof. Rudra. Mental and Moral disease of all kinds can be completely cured through it.

For particulars, please send one anna stamp to:

PSYCHO INSTITUTE,

JAMAL ROAD,

PATNA - 1.

in the mind of Brian would take root and burst forth to see the light of day.

ON the day that Prissey went back to school, Colin sought an opportunity to speak just a few words with her in secret. Just before leaving for work he found her in the hall, mending her school uniform. Mrs. Lacey and Mrs. Andrews were busily engaged in the kitchen and Mr. Andrews had gone out for his usual morning constitutional. And Brian had just left for work.

"Getting ready, Priscy?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered and put the apron down.

"I'll be coming with Brian and your mother to leave you, Priscy. Now that we are alone, I wish to tell you something. It is just to tell you that I'll miss you very much when you are away. You'll be back for your midsummer holidays, won't you?"

She looked at him squarely and said, "I may be able to come home for Easter if Mummy comes and speaks to Mother Teresa about it."

"Even Easter is too far off," Colin said. "Will you think of home and everybody here?"

"Oh, yes, I will," she said without hesitation.

"Me, too?"

Their eyes met as Colin said these words.

After a few brief seconds she answered, "Yes, you too, Colin."

"I'll wait for you," he said, looking at her. "From now on I shall think of nothing but your return, Priscy."

"I too will think of you Colin," Priscy told him.

Mrs. Lacey came in at that moment and Colin spoke a few more words in friendly conversation with Prissey and left.

The house looked dull and dreary during the days that followed without Priscilla there to brighten it. Even Mrs. Andrews felt her absence very much.

"She's such a well-behaved girl," she told her husband in bed the day Priscilla went to school. "I wish I had a daughter like her."

"We were never blessed with a daughter," Mr. Andrews replied, half in jest. "I wish we had a daughter-in-law at least—a real good girl, like Priscy, eh?"

"Don't be silly!" Mrs. Andrews scolded him, but in her own mind she thought of Colin and Priscilla together, and then smiled to herself, wondering why such a thought had occurred to her. After all, she had two elder boys to think about. Colin might have to wait until the first two got married first.

Two days passed. Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Lacey were seated in the hall at four o'clock in the evening, listening to Mr. Andrews's pointless jabbering on the progress of the war, when a rickshaw pulled up at the door and Priscilla jumped out and walked into the hall.

"Priscilla! Why, what's happened? Why did you come away from school? You've brought your trunk, too! Why, what is the matter, Priscilla?" Mrs. Lacey asked.

"I've been sent away from school, Mummy. Mother Teresa says I have to pay fees," the girl

explained. "But it's not that, really. Somebody's told her some more things about Brian."

Mrs. Lacey didn't know what to say.

Mrs. Andrews kept on repeating, "My! What nonsense! What downright nonsense!"

And Mr. Andrews observed, "It's no use taking sides with these Congress chaps. It will never pay and never do any good. I thought Brian had some sense in his head. I'm really surprised to hear this!"

WHEN Brian and Colin returned from work, they could hardly believe Priscilla's story. Brian's feelings at that moment may well be imagined. The indifference which he had felt towards all nuns and priests in general now turned into a burning hatred. This was most un-Christian-like. It made him so indignant and furious that his mother and sister looked at him anxiously fearing that he would do something drastic. As a rule, Mrs. Lacey always upheld the actions of nuns and priests in opposition to her son. In this particular instance, however, she very wisely desisted from acting similarly. The shock was too great even for her. In his own heart, Colin felt secretly overjoyed at

Prissey's return. That, of course, was natural. He had missed her so much during the couple of days she had been away. Her return was like a burst of sunshine after a long interval of darkness and gloom.

It became necessary for Mrs. Lacey and her son to discuss plans for Priscilla's further education. The girl had done uncommonly well during her last term at school. It would be a pity for her to have to discontinue her studies altogether. Mrs. Lacey, therefore, tried to get her admitted into one of the other convent schools in town. Her efforts were in vain. There were no vacancies for free children, she was told. Brian's earnings were just sufficient to keep the family above want. So, in the end, the idea had to be dropped and Priscilla had to remain at home at least for the whole of that term.

MEANWHILE, Brian's private affairs began to readjust themselves satisfactorily. Mr. Jayaraman, the Secretary of the Union, was suddenly arrested one morning for sabotage activities against the Government. Within a week after that, a few of his associates in Brandon & Co. were also arrested, and a fortnight later

REWARD Rs. 500 [IF PROVED FALLIBLE]

"WHITE ·LEPROSY" A few days application of "Swetari" cures White Leprosy (Leucoderma) radically from its root and it also restores the natural colour of the skin caused white by sore or burning. Price Rs. 5/-

BIRTH CONTROL The most efficacious and harmless remedy for spacing child birth as desired. For temporary Price Rs. 3/- Permanent for whole life Price Rs. 5/-

Vaidraj Akhil Kishore Ram, (M.M.) P.O. Katri Sarai (Gaya) India

BIRTH CONTROL

Sanitary Rubber Protectors.
Superfine, Strong and Sensitive.



(Made in U.S.A.)
For Gents Rs. 2.
For Ladies Rs. 3.
Set for both Sexes
Rs. 4/8/- only Packing
and Postage Rs. 1/4/-
extra.

RARE PHOTOS

Send Rs. 1 for samples and catalogue.

M.G. Rajan & Co., P.O. Box No. 1693,
MADRAS-1.

END GREY HAIR

(Government Registered)

Beware of the dyes. It is nothing but temporary show. Our scented Central "VISWA KALYAN HAIR OIL," prepared from innumerable Indian herbs in Ayurvedic method, having an extraordinary Power of turning grey hairs into its natural black colour permanently upto the age of 60. Besides it is unparalleled Brain Tonic. A bottle of Rs. 3-8 for a few grey hairs, 8 at a time Rs. 9, bottle of Rs. 5 for half 3 at a time Rs. 13, and for all Rs. 7, 3 at a time Rs. 13. Beware Rs. 650 for one who can prove it false.

VISWA KALYAN AUSHDALAY
P.O. KATRISABAI (GAYA)

"Stationers - Dealers - Wholesellers."

WHY WORRY?

Our Water Colour Tablets would earn you 150 per cent profits. Annas 0-12-0 to Rs. 3/- per gross. Samples against 0-5-0 stamps.

SHARMAN INDUSTRIES, KHURJA, U.P."

YOUR LUCK FREE

Simply Name Any Flower Or Letter Specifying Time with As. 0/2/0 stamps. 12 Months Reading will be furnished. Any two questions answered FREE.

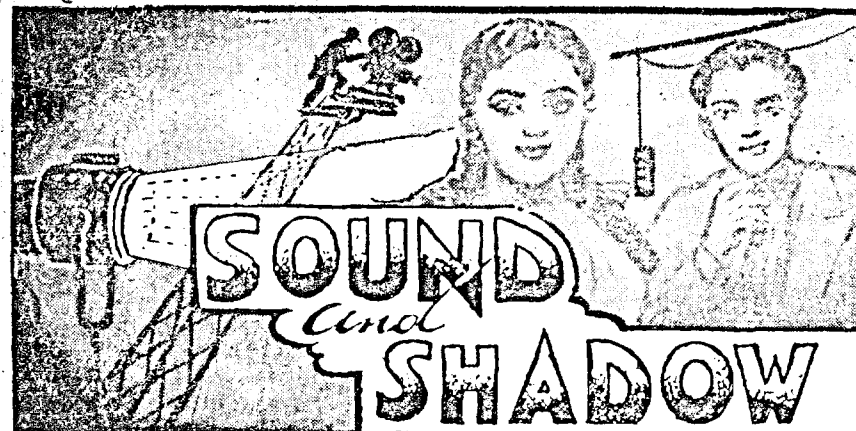
Victoria Commercial Coy.
AMBALA (INDIA) (M.M.) (JUNE-56)

(N.B.)—Letters must be written in English.

Mr. Goulding, the Works Manager, resigned and his place was taken by a very nice Englishman, Mr. Ealing. Thenceforth the men were treated well and became less restive and more amenable to discipline. Brian secured a promotion shortly afterwards and found favour with Mr. Ealing. As he applied himself to his work with more and more assiduity and enthusiasm, he became less and less concerned about other matters, so that, gradually, his contentment with his improved position acted like a tonic on him and changed his whole attitude towards life by slow degrees. Needless to say, the few words which his little sister had spoken to Colin and which the latter had repeated to him were largely instrumental in effecting this change. He had a pliant mind, one which could absorb knowledge readily and adjust itself accordingly, and this fact was well known to Colin.

THE attraction between Priscilla and Colin increased day by day. They were now very much in love with each other, though, as yet, they had not found an occasion to express it in so many words. The girl was comparatively young and Colin was content to wait until such time as he could declare his love for her which, he had no doubt, would be reciprocated in full. The few words he had spoken to Priscilla on the day she went to school were enough to give him hopes which he cherished with a loving heart. All that remained to be done now was that the two should say "I love you" to each other and seal their vows by the first kiss which so many lovers look back on with infinite satisfaction and pleasure.

(To be Continued)



CINERAMA Explores Wonders Of The World

SINCE the day the first caveman reached in his dying fire, pulled out a fragment of charcoal and drew the first pictures of the hunt on his wall, recreating reality has always been one of man's great dreams.

For a time, photography seemed to be the perfect answer to the quest. But there was a dreamer, and a man who could make his dreams come true, yet unsatisfied. His name was Fred Waller. And he invented CINERAMA.

It was Waller's understanding that we judged depth by the sight out of the corner of our eyes. Peripheral vision, he called it. But to bring this to a motion picture theatre, the screen would have to be literally a mile wide. Not until he collaborated on a display for the world's Fair of 1939 with architect Ralph Walker did Waller get a solution for this difficulty. He decided to curve the screen in the same way the retina of the eye was curved.

So with capital from Walker's firm, Voorhees, Walker, Foley and Smith, the Vitarama Corporation was formed to hold the basic CINERAMA patents. Not only was the screen curved at this time, it had a dome that hung over the front of the audience. Eleven projectors were combined to throw the image on the screen, compared to the present three.

The World's Fair never used the idea. It was considered too radical for their "world of the future". And before further development took place, CINERAMA went to war.

CINERAMA principles were adapted into the Waller Flexible Gunnery Trainer. It was described as looking like the end of the Triborough Bridge with four men on it, their feet dangling in air, a console like a church organ, and behind that a whole jumble of wires and electronic equipment. But taken together, it actually simulated for trainees the feeling of combat

conditions. Hits were recorded electronically. Most of these machines were used seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day throughout the war. The Air Force estimated that more than 250,000 casualties were averted through use of Waller's Gunnery Trainer.

Reality, though, is as much a function of the ears as the eyes. This was Waller's conviction. And this was the life-work of Hazard Reeves. When he first saw CINERAMA at a pre-war test, he was excited. Here was the visual counterpart for his dreams of stereophonic sound realism. After the war, he set to work.

He came up with a scheme that used seven soundtracks. When the film was taken, the sound would be tied to the object photographed. It would come from the place it did originally. Reeves called it "directional" sound.

Meanwhile, the Reeves Soundcraft Corporation had put up the capital to keep the project in motion. For a time, Laurance Rockefeller and Time, Inc. were interested, but they pulled out, and Fred Waller moved CINERAMA

to a converted indoor tennis court at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

Finally, by the spring of 1949, the equipment was complete and a few short demonstration films had been made with, the now, three-eyed CINERAMA camera. All the established theatre and motion picture people were called in for a look. It seemed too big for them. They were interested in keeping the business the way it was.

Casualty, upon return from a trip to Tibet, Lowell Thomas dropped in to pay a social call on Hazard Reeves. He was told about CINERAMA. He wanted to make the first CINERAMA feature. He felt the tremendous sense of participation CINERAMA gave its audience. Here, he believed, was a device for bringing a world of experience to the theatre.

Bob Flaherty, the father of realistic movie adventure, the motion picture genius that made *Nanook of the North*, *Moana*, and *Louisiana Story*, saw CINERAMA at Thomas's request. He, too, found the answer to old dreams in CINERAMA. But before he could take Waller's camera around the world, he died.

Earn Rs. 150/- per month!

Short stories, Essays, information articles, Film scripts etc., being invited from all persons in English, Bengali, and Hindi, according to the rules and conditions mentioned in the "NUO PROSPECTUS" which will be forwarded against the payment of As. -/8/- by M.O. in advance to:—

NATIONAL CULTURAL SOCIETY

Secretaries

N.U.T. (Corporation) of India Ltd.,

P.O., Shyam Nagar, Dist. Nadia, W. Bengal.

WANTED

Representatives Either Sex All Over India And Abroad For Textiles And Knitwears. Wholesale And Retail Trade Rs. 500/- Monthly Bonus Extra. No Investment. For Particulars And Free Samples Write To:—

**SUNNY SYNDICS,
LUDHIANA (INDIA)**

Kaalam Maaripoachu—A Commendable Effort

It is with pardonable pride that we wish to remind our readers that in June '55 we said of Sarathi Films' Telugu film: "Film fans who have reached the suffocation point on account of the humid air of films whose production values consist of spectacular scenes, magnificent sets, sword fights and dazzling dances and whose stories belong to the category of semi-historical folklore or too-silly-to-be real 'socials' will warmly welcome the breeze of refreshing rural realism that is *Rojulu Marayi*."

Kaalam Maaripoachu is Sarathi Films' Tamil version of the Telugu picture, with an entirely different cast playing the main roles.

Anjali Devi as Radha, the heroine, puts through a fine

performance. Gemini Ganesan as Venu appears in a role that is new to him and to his fans but he has acted quite nicely.

T. S. Baliah as Dharmalingam Pillai the Zamindar does well. T. S. Dorairaj as Annasami is rather disappointing. K. Thangavelu as Karnam Sambasivam is very entertaining. Girija as Kaveri and T. K. Balachandran as Sundar are not bad. M. R. Santhanalakshmi as Chellammal is quite impressive.

S. V. Subbiah as Veeraswami has put in the most unforgettable performance ever seen on the Tamil screen. Wahida Rahman's dance is, as in the Telugu picture also, a delight to the eyes.

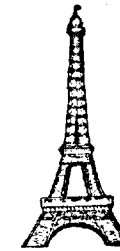
This commendable effort of Sarathi Films is bound to have a record run in the South, undoubtedly.

PARIS CALLING YOU!

French Goods, Perfumes & Cosmetics

French Developing Massage for Men. Rs. 6/8/- bottle. Vita-Gland for Men. Gives youthful vitality. Rs. 7/8/- bottle.

Rare French Rubber Appliance for Men. Artificial aid. Rs. 37/8/- Sup. qual. Rs. 50/- Do. for Women. Write for details. Vitry No. 125 for Diabetes. Rs. 7/8/- bottle. Ethsal Blood Purifier. Cures blood and skin diseases. Rs. 5/8/- bottle.



Creme De Amour. Developing cream for men. Rs. 17/8/- a vial. Do 'Forte' Treble Concentrated. Rs. 45/- a vial.

Special Cream for Men. Has a desensitizing or deadening effect. For youthful vitality. Temporarily banishes weakness. Rs. 35/- a vial.

Moulin Rouge French Drops for Men. Taken internally. Safe. Original. Rs. 25/- phial. French V. Oil. Local application. Rs. 25/- bottle. Gay Paree tablets. Rs. 21/8/- bottle. All give temporary vitality.

Products for Birth Control. Folies Bergere Jelly and Lotion. Folies Bergere Pills (for Women) for early cases Rs. 12/8/- bottle. Do Mixture for advanced cases. Rs. 30/- bottle. Combined treatment of 1 bottle. Mixture and Pills for advanced, stubborn cases Rs. 42/8/-. Sample Packet 7 high-class rubber preventives, incl. 4 novelties. Extra thin—New & Different. Rs. 10/-. 1 Les Aristo (for discriminating men). 1 Georgette. 1 Fifi. 1 Crocodile. 1 French Cap. 1 Desiree. 1 F.T.

RARE PHOTOS of pleted beauties in different poses to suit your wishes. Not sent to men under 21. Rs. 15/- dozen. Post card size. Extra Special. Also hard-to-find and hard-to-get Rare Books, etc.: State requirements.

Agents: **PARIS HOUSE** (India Branch) P.B. No. 2443, Mount Road, Madras-2.

(Send As. 4/- Stamp for Catalogue). We are a firm of repute. N.B.—25 per cent discount allowed on orders of Rs. 20/- and over.

Edited, printed & published by P.K. Vinayagam at my Magazine Press, 32, Broadway Madras-1.

her to his house. On account of the wicked manoeuvrings of Babul, Raja, Laxmi and her child are made to leave Rani's house. Raja takes Laxmi to Ashok's place and, failing in his efforts to persuade Ashok to do the right thing by his wife, leaves Laxmi to work as a maid-servant in that very house.

Ashok, dead drunk, tries to seduce Rani. At the right moment Raja comes and saves Rani, and wants to wreak vengeance on his brother. Thanks to Laxmi, an imminent tragedy is averted and the brothers are reconciled and all ends well.

Direction by M. V. Raman is slick enough but some footage could have been saved by cutting several unnecessary sequences like, for instance, the dance by Nimmi when Ashok Kumar attempts to attack her.

Though Ashok Kumar puts through an admirable performance, yet it is Kishore Kumar who has done a really superb piece of excellent acting.

Nimmi as Rani, the street-singer sweetheart of Raja, has lived her role. Nirupa Roy as the devoted wife Laxmi and Shyama as the temptress Sangeetha have done well. Om Prakash is at times stagey in his mannerisms.

While the lyrics by Rajendra Krishna are pleasing, the dialogue he was written is so powerful that the eye and the ear of the fans react wonderfully to the story frame by frame.

Producer A. V. Meiyappan has surely every reason to feel proud on having produced another box-office hit.

Reward Rs. 500 (IN FAILURE)

Many an imperial award, honours and testimonials received for few of my life, long earned amulets matchless in power, unrivalled for their efficacy and true result.

DHANDA KAVACH:— For vast wealth, good luck and all round prosperity in life, honour & fame. Rs. 9-10-0, Special Rs. 29-6-0.

DHANTNATHI'S MOHINI KAVACH:— To win an one's heart in love, attraction & matrimony, sure as the Sun. Rs. 85/- Super Special with extraordinary effect Rs. 25/- (gold).

BRIHASPATI KAVACH:— Grants ever success in all arts, examination, promotion in services, holding of distinguished ranks and pleasing higher officials. It is unparalleled. Rs. 13-9-0, Super Special with life long effect Rs. 44-4-0.

MAHAMRITYUNJAI KAVACH:— By its supreme miraculous power even the mightiest enemy will be at your feet. Unique in winning civil & criminal suits, saves from evil spirits and all dangers. Rs. 13-9-0; Special Rs. 25-8-0, most powerful "gold" Rs. 35-11-0.

PUTRADATA:— (Sure son) within 10 months of its use. In case failure Rs. 600/- Reward. Ordinary Silver Rs. 13/-, Gold Rs. 25/-.

(M) **SIDHNATH ASHRAM**
P.O. Katrisarai (Gaya), India.

BIRTH CONTROL (NO-MORE)

100% Successfully tried medicine (No-More), quite safe & harmless. Course Three days taken with water only.

PRICE Rs. 3/- FOR ONE YEAR.

" " 5/- " 3 YEARS.

" " 10/- " 10 "

REGULATION PILLS PRICE Rs. 2/15/-

MOST STRONG COURSE " 5/-

Manager, **DHAMI PHARMACY**

No. 8, JULLUNDUR CITY (Pb.)

Earn Rs. 288

Every week with our Permanent, Scientific and Statistical New York Cotton Futures Chart. Price Rs. 10/- only.

Apply:—

G.G. Shah, c/o Balubhai B.A.,
Post Box 36, BHAVNAGAR

The tallest, roughest, toughest guy of our films, Sheikh Mukhtar, plays this devil-may-care role of 'Changez Khan', which suits his tall personality every inch. The romantic honours are shared by the ever popular husband-wife team of Prem Nath and Bina Rai who are very ably supported by our gayest comedian Johnny Walker and Tiwari, Jivan, Ramesh Thakur, Helen, Leela Misra, Jagdish Kanwal, etc. Young newcomer Kamaldeep makes his maiden screen appearance in this picture in an important role.

The story of *Changez Khan* is by the magic pen of Pathak with a swift screen-play written by Bhakari. Veteran Qumar Jalalabadi is responsible for the crisp dialogue. Haunting tunes of Hansraj Behl are set to the enchanting lyrics of Qumar Jalalabadi, Asad Bhopali and Varma Malik. Sarpotdar cranks the camera. Kedar Kapoor will direct this picture.

Deep Khosla To Direct Child Film

Today, films which prove big success at the cinema are in one or the other way stories of a child indispensably linked with all the characters. Deep Khosla makes a bold venture to present a novel child story which he will direct himself. He has, through correspondence and personal contact, thoroughly satisfied himself with the merits of the subject in relation to different child organisations and societies in existence today. The literary department of Deep & Pradeep Productions is leaving no stone unturned to chisel out an excellent screenplay with an universal appeal. This picture will go on the floor in the middle of July.

Rs.
10

Rare PICTURES FOR EVERY MAN'S TASTE

56 poses of different Beauties clear in one full album. Single and Double. Size 6" x 4". Money in advance. No V.P.P. For Adults only. State Age.

Books On Sex Hygiene

All are American Publications With Full Illustrations

100 Ways of Kissing	Rs. 3 8
Anatomical sex Atlas (published by Sexology (U.S.A.))	" 4 8
Sex Quiz	" 2 8
Sex Facts for Men	" 2 8
French Tales of Love & Passion	" 2 8
Art of Kissing	" 2 8
Sex Facts for Women	" 2 8
Facts About Nudism	" 2 8
Hidden side of Sexual Science	" 2 8
The Human Beast	" 2 8

If money is sent in advance postage free. Otherwise Postage extra.

PARIS-PIC-BOOK CORPN. (M-8)
687, Nana Peth, POONA-2 (India)

A REWARD OF Rs. 500

SIDH TALISMAN. The subjects which cannot be achieved by spending lac of rupees can be had only by keeping this Talisman. No need of any hard process to make it effective. He or she whom you want will be under your control. It gives sons, riches, wealth or prosperity. It gives service, increment in service and success in lottery and litigation, examination and in all sorts of works Rs. 500/- reward if proved useless. Price Copper Rs. 2/-, Silver Rs. 3/-, Gold Rs. 15/-. Special giving immediate and sharp success costs Rs. 25/-.

SHREE YOGI ASHRAM (M.M.)
P.O. KOBARI (PATNA)

CONTACT

And Correspond with decent Ladies and Gents all over, far and wide through us.

For particulars apply:

FRIENDS INTERNATIONAL
DARYA GANJ, DELHI-7.

Tamil Actress' Traglo Death

M. R. Santhanalakshmi, the well-known Tamil actress who had acted in several films and in a few stage plays also, breathed her last on the 25th of last month in the Government Erskine Hospital in Madurai where she was admitted for treatment of serious injuries sustained when the car in which she was travelling, along with her son, daughter, and son-in-

law, ran into a ditch and crashed into a wall at Kallupatti, a place about 30 miles from Madurai. Melancholy attaches to the fact that film fans who are seeing her in the role of Chellammal in Sarathi Films' Tamil film *Kaalam Maari-poachu* are of the opinion that she has given a fine portrayal of her role. In her untimely death, the Tamil film fans and the film field have lost a veteran actress and a charming personality.

FILM REVIEW

Bhai-Bhai—Impressive Entertainer

A. V. M.'s *Bhai-Bhai*, released at Plaza in the City, is a slick, impressive and entertaining film.

The story of this Hindi film is practically the same as Avvai Productions' Tamil film *Ratha Paasam*. This Tamil film, in its turn, is a screen adaptation of T.K.S. Brothers' famous stage play of the same name.

Big business boss Ashok (Ashok Kumar) and his wife Laxmi (Nirupa Roy) are a happy couple. This Ashok has a younger brother called Raja (Kishore Kumar), whom circumstances compelled to run away from home and become a pickpocket and a vagabond. This Raja one day sees and falls in love with Rani (Nimmi), a vivacious and pert street-dancer. Ashok comes to Bombay on a routine visit of inspection of accounts, etc., of his office branch. Babul (Om Prakash), the branch manager, fearing exposure of his misappropriation of the office funds, successfully entangles Ashok in the wily net of Sangeetha (Shyama), a gold digger and Babul's own mistress. Fully under the influence of this woman, Ashok

forgets his promise to be back home for the birthday of his child (Disey Irani). It so happens that, by an extraordinary irony of circumstances Raja, who wants to lavish everything on Rani and therefore steals often, picks Ashok's pocket one day and, by means of the photograph in it discovers that the person from whom he stole the purse is his own brother.

Laxmi, desperate about her husband's silence, comes to Bombay in search of him and falls into the hands of goondas. Raja, who comes there, saves her from them and discovers who she is and takes



DIRECTOR (to Star): "When that man hits you on the head, you must fall down as though you've fainted."



VIEWTIFUL Vyjayantimala and Pradeep Kumar in an exquisitely intimate sequence in *Ek-Jhalak*, a Deep and Pradeep Productions' social.

Theatrical producer Michael Todd and his son filled in for him. They went to Europe and took CINERAMA to Venice for a ride in a gondola, to the Spanish bull ring, to Scotland for the Gathering of the Clans, and to La Scala Opera House in Milan where CINERAMA was the first camera viewer of Verdi's "Aida."

Then Merian C. Cooper, the producer of such hits as *King Kong*, took over the American sequences. The three-eyed camera went to the aquatic wonderland of Florida's Cypress Gardens. Finally, stunt pilot Paul Mantz, the camera tied in the nose of his plane, zoomed across "America, the Beautiful."

On Thursday night, September 30, 1952, *This is Cinerama* opened

on Broadway. The moment Lowell Thomas recited the words, "...and now, ladies and gentlemen, this is CINERAMA," the distinguished audience knew it was witnessing the birth of a new era in entertainment. The curtain slowly drew back to reveal the expanse of screen, six times the ordinary size. Then the audience was swept into action. It was in a roller coaster, diving and climbing, with thrills in the bottom of the stomach.

The next morning, *This is Cinerama* was front-page news. It has become the longest playing film in Broadway history. Just embarking on a programme of showing the film in important cities around the world, CINERAMA had made more money than any other movie



FAIR hand thus held is a clear indication how the hearts of these two, Rajendra Kumar and Anita Guha, fare in *Ek-Jhalak*.

but two in motion picture history. It was the only film to win an Academy Award in two different years. And it was the official United States representative at the International Trade Fair in Syria.

This is Cinerama, a Lowell Thomas-Merian C. Cooper presentation, is now being shown in the United States in only one theatre in over a dozen of the largest cities.

Deep & Pradeep Productions

Hand and glove with Pradeep is Deep Khosla who has big organisations to his credit in other

spheres of business. These are the men behind the ambitious productions of Deep & Pradeep Productions. The year 1955 was a boom year for box-office. And this budding concern tried to analyse why and what type of pictures hit the headlines. They will incorporate all the elements of success in the making of their social *Ek Jhalak*. A really good story, star-studded cast, an intelligent director and a master of tunes all go to make *Ek Jhalak* a money spinner for the distributors and an excellent entertainer for the filmgoers. This movie craze has already covered all the basic incidents till interval besides picturising some of the vital and interesting sequences of the story. In another three months, *Ek Jhalak* will witness a censor trial. Industry's top stars Vyjayantimala, Pradeep Kumar, Pran, Anita Guha, Rajinder Kumar, Mubarak, Lalita Pawar, Rashid Khan, Randhir, Bipin Gupta and Om Parkash are cast in stellar roles. Bengal's sharp intellect Kalidas is in charge of direction and Hemant Kumar, the beloved of music-lovers, is giving his best.

N. C. Films' Historical

Changex Khan brings to the screen the vivid life of the mighty Mongol 'Changex Khan'—the great conqueror and warrior. Though his sword was a big terror, yet it spelled justice and unity amongst the various warring groups of that era of the human history. N.C. Films take the lead by unfolding this closed chapter of great deeds of that great Mongol and present *Changex Khan* in the most lavish and spectacular manner ever witnessed upon the Indian screen.