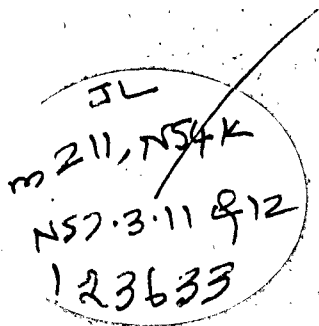


Kahamirya

March - April

1957



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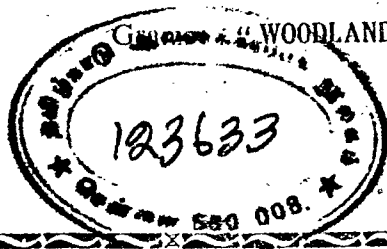
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| No. 11

A Slight Misunderstanding

Rameshchandra was fond of his wife no doubt and loved her deeply but he was sore with her on one point. He thought that she was too extravagant.

(By P. VENKATESAN)

"Well, good night, Chandar. It is really getting late," said Rameshchandra as he heard the horn of the taxi outside for which he had phoned a moment before.

Chandar shook hands. "We are really so happy and grateful to you for coming and giving us your enjoyable company on the first anniversary of our wedding," said he with a beaming smile while his wife gave an affectionate hug for Mrs. Ramesh.

The dinner and the dance had been quite enjoyable and the company quite pleasant. The dozen couples who had attended had left one by one and Mr. and Mrs. Ramesh were the last to go.

"A nice couple," said Ramesh to his wife as the taxi speeded homewards, "and a quite enjoyable evening. Chandar indeed is lucky to have

such a sweet wife. See how well she has kept her home in spite of the meagre salary of her husband."

Mrs. Chandar and Mrs. Ramesh had been childhood friends and had studied together in the same college. Mrs. Ramesh liked Mrs. Chandar no doubt but she knew that Mrs. Chandar had her faults one of which was her extravagance. And so when her husband was complimenting her friend on the way she was keeping her house, Urmila couldn't but help remarking, "Well, she is a dear, but I don't agree with you when you say that she is frugal or clever."

Ramesh was a little surprised at this for he had never heard his wife utter a word against her friend or criticise her.

"Well, you cannot deny that she is proud of her home and devoted to that stuck-in-the-hole type husband," put in Ramesh with a sly look at his wife.

"She is a homebird, no doubt," answered Urmila petulantly, "but she is not even a good cook. I wonder how Chandar puts up with her bad cooking."

"When a man is in love he overlooks all her faults. That apart, why do you say she is not a good cook? Today's dinner was excellent, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Urmila replied, "but some of the dishes had too much salt in them."

"You are very critical, dear, or," he added after a slight pause, "you are a little cross with me for praising your friend. Perhaps you have taken my praise of her as an indirect criticism of you and your extravagance. Urmila dear, such thought was far from my mind. I was just thinking how she could live in such a grand style with the small salary Chandar is getting. Think of ourselves. I earn more than double his salary and yet at the end of the month we find it difficult to manage, leave alone saving for the future."

Urmila opened her lips to say something but suddenly changed her mind and looked the other way. The question of

expenses was a sore topic between them and Ramesh to mollify her feelings put his hand round her waist and leaning a little on her planted a kiss on her shoulder. The sweet smell of the attar of roses filled his nose and he felt sorry for wounding her feelings. He loved her dearly and to show how sorry he was he drew her towards him and planted another kiss on her hair. That melted away what little anger she had felt towards him and she smiled.

By this time the taxi had reached their home and the servant who was sleeping on the verandah came running to open the gate. Urmila got out of the taxi and without waiting for Ramesh hurried into the house enquiring from the servant about the children, whether they had given trouble before going to sleep.

Ramesh paid off the taxi and going into the house changed into a dhoti and went to the bathroom and splashed a whole bucket of water on his face and feet. He was rubbing himself vigorously with a towel when he heard the telephone in the drawing room ringing.

Ramesh took up the receiver and found it was Mrs. Chandar.

"Oh, it is Mr. Ramesh! If Urmila has gone upstairs don't trouble her. I just want-

ed to tell her that I have, as expected, received a cheque for Rs. 1,000 from Chandar's uncle as a present and I will be able to pay off the loan to her tomorrow. I wanted to tell her the good news at the party, but somehow I didn't have the opportunity."

"What loan?" Ramesh queried rather puzzled.

"Oh, don't you know? Urmi has lent me Rs. 800 from her savings from the house-keeping money. She is such a dear and so careful in her expenses. Please don't think I am extravagant. Urmila knows how difficult it has been for me to manage with the meagre salary my husband is getting. She has been so sympathetic and helpful. Tell her that I will call to-morrow, please. Good-night."

Ramesh was astounded at this revelation of the hitherto unsuspected good trait in her wife. He had been thinking that she was extravagant and she had actually been saving! The atmosphere of the drawing hall suddenly seemed to have changed to a lovelier hue. There was a song in his heart. The phone call from Mrs.



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Chandar had opened his eyes to her sterling worth. His heart swelled with pride and in that new found joy he shouted, "Urmila, my little angel," and ran up the stairs taking two steps at a time and bursting into the bedroom folded her into his arms in a long loving embrace.

It was Subbu's first day as a servant in the politician's house. The phone bell rang and he attended to it.

"Who was that, Subbu?" asked the politician.

"It wasn't anybody, Sir," replied he. "Just a lady it seemed to me, who said, 'It is a long distance from Delhi,' and I replied, 'Yes I think so too.'"

The body of a young girl was discovered with her head severed. The husband was naturally suspected and arrested.

TRINIDAD MURDER CASE

(By S. RAJAGOPALAN)

On 12-6-1954 at 7-30 a.m. at Fyzabad in Trinidad and Tobago, a gruesome sight greeted the passers by at a spot 100 yards away from the residence of one Ram Lochan (22). The head was completely severed from the body; but no blood or blood stains were found near it, and it was clear the person was not murdered at the place. The body was clothed, and the hair was neatly tied in a cloth at the back of the head. The feet were bare. There was dough on the palms of the hands and on the back of the fingers below the knuckles.

It did not take long to identify the body as that of Minawaten Ram Lochan (13) known also as Toy. She was the second wife of Ram Lochan having been married to him a few weeks previously, on 15-5-1954. It was a bigamous marriage, his first wife being still alive.

Earliest amongst those who saw the body were Babonie, a woman, and her husband Pherangi.

Ram Lochan was the grandson of Babonie's sister. Her house and Ram Lochan's were

in the same yard, only 50 feet apart. Toy used to spend most of her time in Babonie's household; when Ram Lochan left for his work, she invariably repaired to that place.

On the evening of 11-6-'54 Ram Lochan mooted a proposal to leave Toy alone in his house and attending a party in the night; but Pherangi prevailed on him to stay at home.

Next morning, Ram Lochan came into Pherangi's house on his way to his work at 6 a.m., ate some fruits and left. Babonie asked him where Toy was and he said, "She is there at home."

About 6-20 a.m. Toy's father stopped at Ram Lochan's house, called out his daughter's name, but got no reply. He, however, proceeded on his way.

Babonie too had missed Toy that morning. She had seen no sign of her from her house; nor had Toy come across to see her, as was her wont. After Toy's father had come and gone she entered and searched round Toy's home, but found no trace of her until she found the body

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near the tree at 7-20 a.m.

The medical opinion was that the head had been severed from the body by one blow delivered from behind by a sharp heavy cutting weapon, such as a cutlass.

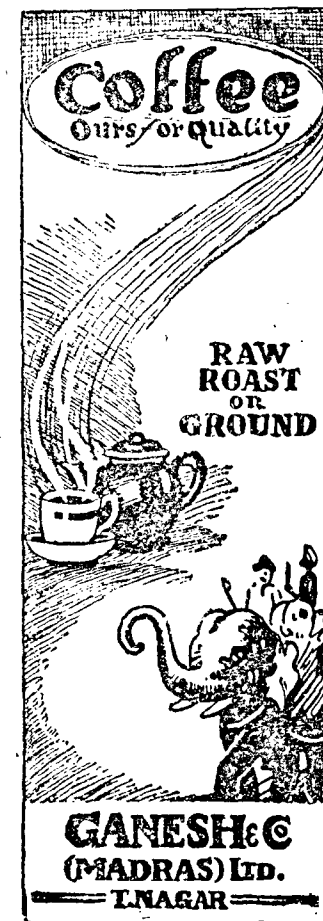
It was also surmised that the girl must have been killed between 4 a.m. and 7 a.m.

The exact place where the murder had been committed could not be fixed with certainty; all that could be guessed was that it was not at the place where the body was found.

The police took up investigation and in the first instance searched the premises where Ram Lochan and Toy were living, on 12-6-'54. One pair of trousers was found hanging damp on a line in the house.

It had some blood stains on the right hand pocket and leg. The police interrogated Ram Lochan at his place of work. The trousers he was wearing at that time had a blood stain on the lower part of the right leg. He had on a grey shirt and it too had a number of blood spots on the back. They were all found on analysis to be human blood, of the group which was the blood group of Ram Lochan and Toy.

Ram Lochan was taken into custody. On 13-12-1954, he made a statement to the police. He gave details of the



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various household duties which Toy had performed for him before he left for his work, on the previous morning and concluded thus: "When I left home at 6 o'clock my wife was in the kitchen."

He denied knowledge of the trousers found in his house hanging on a line. He also denied having worn grey shirt all that night. He said that he left the house in khaki trousers and a white shirt and changed into working clothes, consisting of grey flannel trousers and the grey shirt, which he said, he had kept in the truck of his employers at his place of work.

Evidence was forthcoming that in the middle of the night he was seen some distance away from his house on three separate occasions.

Boodaram, who was a night patrol, said he saw Ram Lochan about 2 a.m. with a girl going up a track, leading to the house of the girl's father Sukhdeo. Later that night, he saw Ram Lochan and Sukhdeo walking in the direction of his house and Sukhdeo had a cutlass in his hand.

Abdul Rahman said he was out hunting that night with three dogs, a lance and a head light when he met Ram Lochan with a torch light and a cutlass in his hand. That was at 3-30 or 4 o'clock. Ram

Lochan he said, told him that he too was out hunting although he had no gun with him.

Ram Lochan's body was also examined by the doctor at the police station on the day of the murder. There were stains on the back of his grey shirt. There were, however, no blood stains on any other garments of his or in the scrapings of his finger nails or the washings of the various parts of his body.

As soon as he was taken in custody, the police took off the grey shirt from him and supplied him with a white shirt instead.

No direct evidence was available but a few circumstances were almost conclusive. It was possible to establish that the blood stains caused on the back of his shirt were precisely those which would have been caused by a cut inflicted with the cutlass by swinging it around. The doctor found that the cutting must have been a single one, causing one wound and that it would possibly have been inflicted from behind. That is to say both Ram Lochan and the unfortunate girl would have been walking in "Indian file," she following and behind him. Another person acting in concert with him, would have dealt a cut on her with the cutlass. The sweep of the

cutlass would have thrown spots of blood on the back of Ram Lochan.

The clinching fact therefore was whether Ram Lochan was wearing the grey shirt on the morning of the day of the murder.

Ram Lochan naturally enough stoutly denied that he ever wore a grey shirt that night. He said he left the house in khaki trousers and a white shirt and changed into working clothes consisting of grey flannel trousers and the grey shirt which he said he had kept in the truck of his employer at his place of employment."

He accounted for the stains on the back of the grey shirt to eczema which he said he was suffering from. But the doctor who examined his body saw no traces of bleeding or of

eczema.

At the trial, he also gave evidence.

"I never left the house. I did not sneak out while my wife was sleeping and how then can I be seen with Sukhdeo at 2-30 a.m.? I was home sleeping.

"My partner and I did not arrange a meeting in the bushes where my wife was to be killed.

"I had no partner. I did not arrange to get Toy leave the house and follow me to this track.....

"I did not wake my wife and tell her I was going to the dinner. I did not induce my wife to follow me.....

"I did not have two pairs of khaki trousers. I have only one pair."

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house and you came to the point with your partner who was having the cutlass.

Answer: I know nothing about that. My wife woke me up to go to work.

Q: As you got past that point and before your wife knew what was happening, her head was off.

A: I know nothing about that. I was home sleeping.

Q: You were at that time wearing that grey shirt.

A: That grey shirt was in my place of employment all the time.

Q: As the man swung the cutlass, blood from the cutlass or from the body of your wife, spattered your shirt.

A: I know nothing about that. I was home sleeping.

Q: You and your partner remained there until all the blood had drained out of the body?

A: I know nothing, I have no partner.

Q: I suggest Sukhdeo was the partner.

A: I had no partner at all.

How and in what circumstances the fatal blow was struck was one of the mysteries of the case. Whether or no, Ram Lochan was assisted

by some one else was another unpredictable factor in the case. Whether he himself had struck off the poor girl's head or was a party to some one else doing it, was however immaterial.

He was any way guilty of murder. It was probable that more than one person participated in the murder, since the body and the head must have been transported from the place where the murder was committed to the place where the body and head were found. The fact that Ram Lochan was only present and not a participant did not detract from his responsibility to be indicted for murder. His associate was not charged obviously because there were no incriminating circumstances like blood spots as against him.

Ram Lochan was at first tried at San Fernando Azzizes. But the jury were divided. He was then retried by the Supreme Court of Trinidad and Tobago and convicted and sentenced to death. His appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal and to the Privy Council in London was unsuccessful.

(Copyright with the author.)

A doleful little boy returning from school went into the chemist's shop and asked, "Do you have anything to relieve pain?"

The chemist looked at the boy and enquired in a kind tone, "Where is the pain?"

The boy hesitated a little and then answered, "It hasn't come yet, but father is going to read my school report."

THE TYRANT OF CROTE HOUSE

Philip Windermere was enraged at his nephew's getting engaged with the neighbour's daughter and ordered him out of the house. And when within a few days the old man was found dead, suspicion fell on the nephew.

(By GEORGE GOODCHILD)

For a man who had just proposed and been accepted young Ralph Windermere wasn't looking very happy with himself.

As they strolled arm in arm through the fading light Madge Paulding noticed that Ralph was quieter than usual. He listened to her gossip, but contributed very little himself.

Quite suddenly he said—"Madge, let's go straight to your father and ask him for his approval of our engagement."

"Ralph, would that be wise?" she pleaded.

"Why not? Do you think he would refuse?"

"No. He puts my happiness first. He knows I love you. I told him so."

"Then it's simple."

"So far as father is concerned—yes, but I'm thinking of your Uncle Phil. He'd never consent."

"I'm not so sure. That old quarrel between him and your father dates back a long way. Let's see your father first, and then I'll tackle Uncle Phil."

Madge consented, and they called at Brook Farm, which Mr. Paulding owned. He was a widower, and an invalid, and very seldom left his home. The two young people broke into the lounge, where he was reclining on a couch.

"You two are back early," he said. "Have a drink, Ralph."

"No thanks, sir," replied the young man. "As a matter of fact, I've something important to ask you."

Paulding gave his daughter a glance, and saw that the colour had mounted in her cheeks.

"I'm sure there's no need to tell you, sir," said Ralph. "We want your consent to our engagement. I know I'm not in a position to get married for a year or two, but we've been seeing each other for two years now, and—well we'd like to feel that it's a permanent sort of thing."

Mr. Paulding was silent for a few moments, and then he nodded his head slowly.

"Why not?" he asked, "I won't attempt to disguise the fact that your uncle and I are

not the best of friends, but you too have your own lives to live. I believe you can make them useful lives."

Madge uttered a glad cry and gave her father a kiss. Ralph shook hands rather gravely.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "You've made me very happy."

"Me, too," said Paulding. "Get that bottle of port from the sideboard, and we'll toast the occasion."

Later young Ralph went home. He found his aunt and uncle still up.

"Uncle," he said, "I've just become engaged."

Philip Windermere's eyes became mere points of light.

"Most interesting," he said. "Do I know the name of the fortunate young lady?"

"I—I think you can guess," replied the boy.

"Madge Paulding?"

"Yes."

The pent up wrath of the wealthy factory owner poured forth in one unbroken stream.

"You had better break off that engagement at once," he said in conclusion.

"No, Uncle, I can't do that," said the boy.

"Or get out!" snapped the irate man.

The boy drew himself up, but before he could say what was in his mind Mrs. Windermere gave him a signal which

clearly meant that he should leave the matter to her. He choked back what he was about to say and left the room.

Ten days later Inspector McLean received instructions to proceed to West Sussex to investigate the death of Mr. Philip Windermere. He took with him Sergeant Brook, and they called in the first instance at police headquarters in the sleepy market town which was some two miles from Crote House, where Windermere lived.

The Superintendent who had the case in hand made McLean acquainted with the essential details. Windermere had left his factory at half-past seven the previous evening, and had an evening meal soon after eight o'clock. He had gone to bed at ten o'clock, at which time he complained of feeling unwell.

At seven o'clock the next morning he was found dead in bed by a maid servant.

A post-mortem had shown that Windermere had died from poison taken by the mouth. The nature of the poison was not clear.

"It's a tricky case," said the Superintendent. "Windermere wasn't a very popular man. He was the born dictator, a hard taskmaster, and a man who never forgave an injury. Eight years ago he quarrelled

with a neighbour—a farmer named Paulding.

"Windermere wanted a piece of land owned by Paulding. But Paulding wasn't willing to sell. Windermere has hated Paulding ever since. Recently this old quarrel was revived.

"Windermere adopted a nephew some twelve years ago and for the past three years the boy has been employed in the factory. This young man upset the apple cart by falling in love with Paulding's daughter and becoming engaged to her.

"Windermere was furious. He told his nephew he must break off the engagement or clear out of the house. The boy had guts. He decided to go and would have left today but for this business."

"So he is suspect?"

"Yes. But that's not all. It appears that last night—at about nine o'clock—Paulding himself paid Windermere a visit. It was an effort on his part, because for years he has been an invalid.

"He says he went to the house in an attempt to bury the hatchet. Windermere told him a few very rude things, and then showed him out."

"Hm—suspect number two."

"Yes."

"Any will in existence?"

"Yes. His wife is to inherit everything, with the wish that she shall deal fairly with the nephew."

"No trace of the poison, of course?"

"No. Everything was washed up by the time Windermere

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was found."

McLean later went on to the house, which was a very large and ugly one. His first witness was Mrs. Windermere—a small, fluffy-hatred woman of forty-five.

She said that she had been married nearly fifteen years. She had no children, but treated Ralph as one of her own.

"When was it that your husband complained of feeling unwell?" asked McLean.

"About half-past nine. He said he had had a terrible day, had missed his lunch, and been on his feet for nearly twelve hours. I thought he was just tired."

"At dinner did he eat the same things as everyone else?"

"Yes. But there were only he and I in the dining-room. Ralph, my nephew, wouldn't join us. You see, he was to have left us to-day."

"Did your husband drink during the meal?"

"Yes, but only water. I had some from the same jug. After dinner he had a drink in the library."

McLean thanked her, and asked her to tell Ralph Windermere he was wanted.

A moment later Ralph entered the room. He was pale, and looked very distressed. In reply to McLean's questions, admitted the quarrel with his uncle, and his intention of leaving home.

The previous evening he had left the factory at six o'clock, and then had spent about an hour with Madge Paulding, to whom he had made known his fixed intentions.

"What did you do when you arrived home?" asked McLean.

"I went straight to my bedroom because my uncle had just arrived home, and I didn't wish to see him. I had a bit of packing to do."

Later McLean went to the dead man's bedroom, and spent an hour there looking into some of the victim's effects, and it was in the back of Windermere's watch that he found something of great interest.

It was a very small snapshot of a pretty young woman. There was nothing to indicate who the woman was. He called Ralph Windermere and showed him the snapshot, without telling him its origin.

"Do you know this young woman?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the young man. "She's Mrs. Younger, my uncle's secretary at the factory."

McLean drove to the factory. At the main office he introduced himself to the works manager, a Mr. Webb.

"Is Mr. Windermere's secretary here?" asked McLean.

"No. She hasn't been to business for two days. Not

been very well."

"Where can I find her?"

"She lives in the village. Cottage called Montrose. It's just past the Post Office."

A little later, McLean and Brook visited the cottage. Mrs. Younger was at home, and she certainly looked far from well.

"Is your husband alive?" asked McLean.

"Oh, yes. He works at the factory. I first met him there. After our marriage I left my job, but later Mr. Windermere asked me to return."

"And you went?"

"Yes. I was rather keen to have the extra money, and I knew the work so well."

"Was there any other incentive?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I suggest that Mr. Windermere was very fond of you."

"He was very kind to me because I had been his secretary for a long time—over seven years."

"And you gave him your photograph?"

"Of course not!"

"Then where did he get this?" asked McLean, and produced the small snapshot.

Mrs. Younger looked a little embarrassed, and then pleaded that she might have left it on her desk. McLean didn't believe it, and made that perfectly clear.

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He was pacing up and down the small room, keeping Mrs. Younger in suspense, when he glanced at some volumes in a bookcase, and immediately became interested in one of them. It was a volume on toxicology, and a small piece of paper was projecting from the pages. McLean opened the page, and found that the heading was "Aconite."

"Your husband reads some heavy stuff," he said.

"Oh, yes. All sorts of

things," she replied, without apparently realising the significance of his remark.

McLean put the volume back, and then said he had no more questions to ask. He and Brook then left the cottage, but McLean did not go straight to the car. Instead, he wandered round the small, but interesting garden, and finally stopped before a plant about three feet high, which bore spikes of blue flowers.

"And there it is," he said. "Aconitum napellus. Otherwise known as monkshood. Ever heard of aconitin?"

"Yes, I think I have."

"It can be easily distilled from that plant. It is time we saw Mr. Younger. Drive me back to the factory."

Younger was a man of about 30 years of age, and was employed in the counting house, which was next to Mr. Windermere's office. When he was facing McLean it had already been established that he had brought in a cup of tea and some biscuits to Windermere late the previous afternoon. His wife usually did this, but he had done so in her absence.

"Mr. Younger," said McLean. "Did you make the cup of tea which you served to Mr. Windermere yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes."

"At what time was that?"

"Half-past five."

"Did he make any complaint about the tea afterwards?"

"No."

McLean picked up the telephone and rang up the pathologist who had made the post-mortem. He asked him in Younger's hearing whether aconitin could have been the poison used, and was told immediately that it had just been established that it was used.

"Are you acquainted with that particular poison, Mr. Younger?" McLean asked.

"No. I've never heard of it."

"I am convinced that is untrue," snapped McLean. "I am afraid I must ask you to come along to police headquarters at once. Get your hat."

Younger looked ghastly as he did as he was ordered.

After one night's detention he broke down completely, and confessed to the crime, which he had planned months ago when he had cause to believe that his wife was unfaithful to him.

"She had no idea of loyalty," he almost sobbed. "All she cared for were material things. She drove me insane. I've had no real sleep for weeks. I'm sorry this happened at a time when it threw suspicion on Ralph Windermere. I didn't plan it that way. But now, thank God, he'll be a happier man."

This is the second instalment of the magic feats of Hassan Khan of the Punjab. The first article appeared in the last issue.

HASSAN KHAN THE MAGICIAN

Once Hassan Khan was sitting in a drawing room where a big glass chandelier was hanging.

"Hassan Khan," said the host, "can you make these glass lustra hanging all round the chandelier disappear?" Hassan Khan smiled and asked him to have the chandelier covered up with a sheet and requested the company to shut their eyes. When after a few moments we opened our eyes and had the sheet removed we found that all the lustra had been unhooked and were lying in a heap in a corner of the room. The host praised Hassan Khan very much but said that it would take his workers at least a week to replace the lustra whereupon Hassan Khan asked us to shut our eyes again and when we opened them we found the lustra hanging in their place as if they had never been disturbed.

He once took a precious diamond ring and threw it in a tank. The owner of the ring who thought that the joke was going too far, told Hassan Khan in a rather angry tone that if the ring was not returned quickly he would

send for the police. Hassan Khan, not at all taken aback by this threat assumed a serious air and in a solemn tone said that the ring could not be recovered unless wine and music were forthcoming to put him in the right humour. Needless to say that the reassured owner gladly complied with this condition. While all were thus merry making Hassan Khan suddenly called out "come" and a big fish fell in the middle of the room. He then ordered its belly to be cut open when lo and behold! the ring fell to the ground.

One day when we were all sitting in Hassan Khan's house the police suddenly raided it and began searching the place and opening boxes which they suspected contained bundles of cashmere shawls "lifted" from a cloth shop. On opening the boxes they found nothing inside but a joice assortment of superannuated shoes! Hassan Khan simulated great anger and took the police to task for insulting a gentleman of his position without a shadow of evidence. As soon as the police had their backs turned rather crestfallen he asked us to open the

boxes again and sure enough, they were full of cashmere shawls!

Hassan Khan once made an almirah containing records suddenly vanish from an up-country courtroom. When the loss was discovered, the police in despair of accounting for it in any other way, suspected him to be the culprit and hauled him up before the Magistrate on a charge of theft of public records. Hassan Khan told that functionary that unless he gave him a certificate to the effect that he was not an imposter and was not to be arrested as such in any place, he would certainly not assist the authorities in recovering the records. When his request was granted he asked all the people present

to come out of the court room and watch developments. He then bade them to look up and to their amazement they saw the almirah coming down slowly as if floating in air and presently it was deposited in its original place.

Once he was having some music at the house of a famous songstress of Benares and when the entertainment was over, he told her that although she had sung before many rich people and got valuable presents, the presents which he was about to give her would outshine anything of its kind which she had ever got before. And after saying this he actually caused a cascade of gold mohurs to fall into the lap of the wonder-struck songstress.

(To be continued.)

First Actor : "Your tour was not a great success then?"

Second Actor: "It was not. When we played tragedy the box office receipts were a farce, and when we played farce, they were a tragedy."

X
X
X
 If you make enough to pay income-tax, you are a middle class.
 If you make enough to hire lawyers to show you how to dodge it,
 you are upper class.

A man offered his seat in the bus to a woman passenger who had a baby in her arms. The bus had a number of standing passengers some of whom were lady students returning from college. As the bus proceeded it gave a sudden jolt and the man lounged forward, clutching wildly for a strap. And he grabbed one which was already held by a young attractive girl.

"Evidently we must hang together," she said to him and smiled.

The man looked at her and charmingly replied, "Capital punishment!"

Fragments of Truth from The Unseen

*Hear are some more extracts from the above book
by a famous medium Beatrice Russell revealing
the secrets of the world beyond.*

Let us consider exactly what free will is. You know that the difference between ourselves and the animals is that we have the sense of awareness—we know that we exist; but an animal relies, and goes through life entirely on instinct.

Free will manifests itself in human beings, as apart from the animals. It is a condition of deliberate action based on our desires, and it gives us the choice of an action on one hand and an action on the other.

In this earth life people can often look back through the long years, and see more clearly than they did at the time how this choice came to them. How, if they had taken even one step in the right direction, it would have altered the whole course of their lives. And yet we do not know how often the choice has come, for on many occasions the vision has passed us by, and we are unaware of the opportunities missed.

When we pass over into the
World of Light, we have what

I can only describe to you as lessons. We are shown charts of our lives, not only our past lives on the earth, but our past lives in other Spheres.

It is at the same time an inspiring and rather terrible lesson; for it is pointed out to us—and we can see only too well for ourselves—where we took the wrong path, and all too few, it seems to us, the times when we took the right one. And those charts show moreover, how our lives are linked up with others. We see, therefore, that we have influenced other people much more than we realise here on earth, for good or evil.

We can and do direct our actions by our desires, and I am happy to tell you that the vital spark within us—however dim in the earth life—becomes brighter when we pass over and because of this the helpers are there to begin their good work on us at once.

We are all shown in visions, other Spheres, and this is a tremendous encouragement for as we look and see what we may become, so do our desires rise, and make us long for the

time to come when we shall have increased in holiness and shall be allowed to inhabit those Spheres. So you see it is one of the laws that exist not only throughout this life, but other lives—the law of free will.

In thinking about this you will realise what a tremendous responsibility rests upon you; but we are all given the inestimable comfort of guidance. This guidance comes to us in different ways, we call it prayer or the voice of our conscience, or our spiritual guides; but whatever name we give it, we know that it is always there.

So I want to impress upon you to night, that you must make sure in helping others, that they are brought to realise that they must never despair.

This is a most noble task; if all on earth could say at the close of their lives there that they have prevented even one soul from despair, what a triumph that would be.

Make it your task then, that you shall so continue through your life's journey that not one single soul shall turn to you for help in vain.

x x x

The Masters

Your lives are interwoven more than you think. The illustration of a pebble thrown into a pond, making ripples that continue until your gaze

can follow them no further, is a good way of expressing this fact.

If you could see the charts of your lives that I have mentioned before, you would see that every hour throughout the years you are influencing the people that you meet—for good or evil. It is indeed a very solemn thought. By your words and actions, but still more by your thoughts, you are altering the course of the lives of the people you meet.

In the earth world justice is often in error. A man commits a crime, and society is outraged and calls for punishment; yet if true justice is to be done, the people whom that man had met along his life's pathway, should in many cases be arraigned, at the bar of justice with him.

Think of the various classes of people that make up a nation. Let us take one or two examples. A doctor, for instance, seeing his patients all day, leaves an impression on their minds in accordance with his true character. He possess an enormous influence in this way. Take a lawyer; he is influencing his clients all the time, and remember, it is the thoughts that count so much. Perhaps the clergy have the greatest responsibility of all.

Many a time a so-called criminal has entered the World of Light to be comforted and

cared for by our helpers here, who know that this man or woman was not to blame, but that it was the fault of the people who influenced him wrongly. But it is comforting for you on earth to know that your world is still in its infancy, and the ideas of justice and right thinking are changing and improving.

The great science of psychology is comparatively new, and as men come to understand more about this, their ideas will broaden, and there will be great improvement in justice.

The nations are learning slowly, and they have as their guides the Masters who have come through the ages in some form or another, to show them the right way. We here in the World of Light can assure you that, during the life of the earth world these Masters will come from time to time. They will not always be known or acknowledged, but they come in times of great crises, and particularly moral blindness. A few people have the great

benefit of knowing these Masters, and they spread their message in ways that are opened out for them. In this way the world need never despair.

(To be continued.)

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A PRACTICAL JOKE

Mark Twain once heard a sermon by a world renowned preacher. He afterwards congratulated the preacher, but said that he had a book at home from which every word of the sermon was taken. The preacher was naturally highly indignant and challenged Mark Twain to produce that book. Next day, a messenger delivered to him an English dictionary!

x

x

x

"Wonder what made him jump into the river."

"There was a woman at the bottom of it, I believe."

Nirmal Kanta Roy Case

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

The closing address of Mr. Eardley Norton in the Nirmal Kanta Roy case, verily inspired the jury to return a verdict of "Not guilty." We reproduce some excerpts from this masterpiece of oratory:

Gentlemen of the jury, I draw your attention to the search in Masjidbari Street. We are going upon a very delicate ground and a very nice point and upon the nice point will depend your verdict which will affect the man's life. The search in Masjidbari Street is spoken of by nine witnesses of whom there are four policemen all of whom were rewarded. There were nine witnesses and I give you their names: Radha Shyam Singh, Mono Dutt, Sri Dosad who is servant of Mono Dutt although he now denies it; Abdul Gaffar, the policeman; Debi Borai, the pan-wallah; the C.I.D. officer, who, I will prove to you, I think conclusively, never was there; Ganga, the prince and uncrowned king of liars, and Jogendra Bhattacharjee fresh with the honours of his ten years' rigorous imprisonment thick upon him. These are the men. We have been told by Mr. Sinha (appearing for the Crown) that we are not to go

into details but to deal with broad facts. I ask you to deal with broad facts. I ask you to deal with straight facts. There is a considerable difference between broad facts and straight facts.

Out of these nine witnesses the one who has not been rewarded is Debi Borai. I have split up the rewards among these nine witnesses and I think we have an average of Rs. 750 a head. This is the pecuniary value of the testimony at Masjidbari Street including the police witnesses. They say that rewards have had no effect upon the evidence. I will deal with this point later on. Of these witnesses what is the story told in chief about the search?

The story is this: He was captured by Mono Dutt and then policemen came and caught hold of him. Each of them claimed to be his capturer. When he had a pistol in his hand, while he was on the way, no one could come near him while he had got it, but when he had been denuded of it and it had been snatched away from him, then every Calcutta policeman made a rush for Rs. 700 reward — cowards all of them.....

If you believe that the evidence of identification is established beyond dispute, my client must suffer the extreme penalty of the law. But the question is do you believe it? Can you bring yourself to believe that the evidence in this case is clear and conclusive that this boy was the boy who started running at Sova Bazar, that this boy was never lost sight of for a single moment between these two points and he was captured at the end in Masjidbari Street with a loaded revolver in his hand? That is the case. Now what is my answer? I do not know whether the story of the case is true or false. I am not concerned to deny it at all. It may be to a certain extent true. It may be that there were two men at Sova Bazaar Street. It may be that the story of shooting in the main is true. It may be that the two men ran away, it may be that they were persued from point E in Chip-pin Road; it may be that there was a chase by some one into Sonar Gowranga Temple Lane and it may be that they disappeared into Chitpur Road out of the Abirtola end. That may be perfectly true. But lastly the link upon which I invite your verdict is this: Is it the fact that the boy who was caught, that is to say my client in Masjidbari Street with a

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loaded revolver is the same boy as was seen running through the various streets? Upon the evidence I invite you to say—I will not say that I am confident that you will acquit him, because I am pessimistic (mark you the trick of Mr. Norton to cajole the jury)—but upon the evidence no one who lays stress upon his own prudence, no one who thinks that upon this evidence he would not try his own servant. I say that upon this evidence such a person will not merely hesitate to come to conclusion adverse to my client but will at once reject the testimony as being in itself false.....

Another suggestion made in this case is that there has been an absence of bhadralog witnesses, by which I suppose is meant the educated classes, pleaders, doctors, landlords and so on. It is suggested that I should have called people of that class as witnesses. It is your experience, those of you who live in this country and those of you who live in any other, that when there is a criminal running away, and particularly a criminal armed with a revolver, the bhadralog, who generally go about in carriages of their own, or gharries, or tram cars, that they would not join in a chase.

Mr. Norton then made capital out of the Governor's

rewarding the so-called capturers anticipating the verdict in the case which was subjudice. He next wove skilfully a net around the stock police witnesses as hirelings with dark previous history easily within the surveillance of police bossism. All this made a deep impression on the jury who had no hesitation in returning a verdict of not guilty in the ratio of seven to two. This was the second time a jury entered such a verdict against the accused. But the judge remanded the accused to goal until further orders. The surprise on the next day was Mr. N. P. Sinha, the Advocate General, addressed his Lordship the judge thus:

"My Lord, having regard to the special circumstances of this case, namely that there has been disagreement of the jurors after two protracted trials, it is deemed inadvisable to proceed to a third trial by jury. Under these circumstances I propose to enter 'Nolle prosequere' (i.e., I wont prosecute) against the accused in the three charges in the indictment."

Thus Nirmal Kanta Roy was ultimately discharged and Mr. Eardley Norton felt such a fascination for the young man that he refunded the fees to enable him to prosecute his studies in England for the Bar.

A Case of Severe Radiation Burn

(By ILYA KORABELNICOV)

It was late at night when the postman knocked on the door of Dr. Kazantseva's flat. The telegram was short and couched in the vein of a command: "Car will call for you six in morning. Fly southern city. Pilot Burov has documents, money, medicaments." After four hours' flying in an ambulance plane Dr. Kazantseva, associate professor of radiology at the First Medi-

cal Institute of Moscow, saw the smooth shining surface of a river, factory, chimneys, blocks of houses and square outlines of streets.

She was at last in the hospital.

"Doctor," she asked, entering the office of the head doctor, "what has happened here?"

The head doctor summoned the surgeon and the therapeu-

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tist, who acquainted Dr. Kazantseva with a case which had never come before in their practice and with the dispute that had developed over it.

"This is the first case of its kind in our practice," the doctors told her.

Fyodor Ivanovich, a young engineer, was mounting the Gut-Gobalt 403 gun at the hospital.

Workers brought out of a case a lead globe which had within its thick walls an ampule containing radio-cobalt in an amount equivalent to 400 grams of radium. Fyodor Ivanovich noted that the seal was missing from the safe where the charge of radio-cobalt was kept. What was wrong? An empty globe must have been dispatched from the factory by mistake, thought the engineer. Wait until you get a new one now, he said in annoyance.

The safety gloves and distance instruments were on the table. Fyodor Ivanovich showed them aside, opened the safe and brought out the ampule.

"It is charged after all," said he with a sigh of relief, and returned the ampule at once to its place.

On the following morning the engineer felt that there was something wrong with him. He did not want to get up, his hands were burning,

his head ached and he shivered with chills. He made an effort to get up, and go to the hospital, but he could not work.

In the afternoon Fyodor's condition took a sharp turn for the worse, and then there developed huge blisters on his wrists as if he had burned them. In the morning the engineer was taken to the hospital in a grave condition.

The doctors realized that they had before them a case caused by radiation, but that was the first case of its kind in their practice. They saw that the young specialist had become a victim of his lack of caution. The situation was disastrous. Headache, general weakness and nausea were aggravated by incessant vomiting. The swellings on the affected skin were growing, its redness deepened acquiring a bluish hue. The blisters were filled with a muddy liquid.

None of the remedies used brought any alleviation. Neither pantopon nor morphium relieved the pain, sleeping draughts did not act. Signs of dry gangrene already made their appearance on the right arm.

The opinions of the doctors differed. The surgeon proposed amputation of both limbs, the others expressed themselves against this.

"What are you planning to do?" inquired the head doctor

after Dr. Kazantseva was acquainted with the circumstances.

"For the time being I would prescribe the novocain blockade recommended by Professor Vishnevsky. We shall inject a quarter per cent solution of novocain above the injured place and create an artificial barrier to keep the pain impulses from reaching the cerebral cortex. I am opposed to a surgical operation, not withstanding the gravity of the injury. I shall take the patient along with me."

In Moscow the young engineer was placed in a clinic. A few days later all the apparent symptoms seemed to abate, and the only symptom left was pain in the affected regions of the skin. Dr. Kazantseva, was, however, well aware that it was just a small respite before a still greater storm. She knew that the second, latent stage of the process was at work, and no one could tell how long it would last. It all depended upon the amount of radiation and specific qualities of the organism. All the unpleasant developments could be expected to begin at any day, hour and minute.

A week went by. Blood tests warned of the approaching storm.

The temperature was high by day and by night. Fyodor



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was in a delirium. Hemorrhages were evident on the arms and body. Reflexes were weakening. The forecasts were bad.

There was no other alternative but to try a blood transfusion.

Radiation injuries lower the resistance of the organism to infections by reducing the amount of leucocytes in the blood. The army of "brave soldiers" is depleted and the defences are thus reduced against the invasion of the invisible enemies, microbes. But there are such powerful preparations as streptomycin

and penicillin. They were sent to the assistance of the white corpuscles in order to protect the organism against infections.

The bitter struggle for the life of the young engineer lasted twentyseven days. Doctors were at his bedside by day and by night.

At last the long awaited day came when the engineer started recovering.....

One day he asked his neighbour, a composer, what brought him to the hospital. The composer told him that he had a birthmark on his right ankle ever since he could remember himself and it never troubled him, until he fell and injured the birthmark. There was a blue mark and then a crack which began to discharge. At the polyclinic he was given X-ray treatment and then he developed an ulcer. The doctor called it "radial reaction." The ulcer did not lend itself to treatment. On the contrary it kept on growing, exposing the bone.

The composer endured all the symptoms of radiation injury until he came to Dr. Kazantseva, who relieved his

suffering and restored him to life.

Two months went by. The engineer and the composer were discharged from the hospital on the same date. They were very excited when they entered the doctor's office.

"Well, will you ever again touch an ampule with cobalt with your bare hands?" asked Dr. Kazantseva. "You did give us work!"

While Fyodor was talking to the doctor, the composer was nervously twisting in his hands a thin roll of paper and waiting for Dr. Kazantseva to give him her attention.

"And you can now walk without your cane, and even dance," said Dr. Kazantseva, turning to the composer.

The composer unrolled the paper and placed it before Dr. Kazantseva.

"What is that?" she queried.

Written on the paper in ornate letters was the title "Mazurka Nadezhda; dedicated to Dr. N. S. Kazantseva. Composed at the hospital."

The doctor was clearly moved. "Thank you," she said with emotion in her voice. "I wish you good health."

Today's pooches are not only pampered by vaccines but antibiotics have increased their life span by 50 p. c. and, all in all, someone leading a dog's life might be doing better than if he were leading a human's.—Dr. Hardley C. Stephenson, veterinary professor at Cornell University.

The Problem of Too Many People

(By GERALD WENDT)

In a single year the population of China increases by twelve million. This is more than the total of all the people who live in Denmark and Sweden. In seven years the Chinese increase alone will equal the entire present population of Japan and will be more than twice the present population of England or of France.

In the narrow strip of the fertile Nile valley in Egypt there are already 1670 persons per square mile and each year adds 53 more for every square mile.

The population of the earth is about 2,630 million people today. By 1980 it will be 3,400 million, according to the experts of the United Nations, and by the end of the century it will be more than 4,000 million. The annual increase is close to thirty million which is equal to the population of Spain. Every month there are two and a half million more people on earth; every day there are 80,000 more.

Even the rate of increase is growing year by year. In 1650 it was about 0.4 p. c. a year, in 1900, 0.7 p. c. Today it is near 1.0 p. c. Experts in agriculture and nutrition, in

health and in economics, are pondering what to do about too many people for the limited resources of the earth. There is already a shortage of food; soon there will be a lack of fuels, of metals, of power and even of land.

How many people are too many? How many are enough? Who can answer questions like that?

Nature can answer, of course, but Nature is extravagant with life, ruthless with death. She never has enough because she kills them, young and old, without mercy. Countless millions of seeds never sprout: millions of insects and fish and rabbits exist only to provide food for other beasts. More millions die of starvation. It is Nature's way. The individual matters little if the race survives.

But the human race has a higher standard. It holds each individual as precious, or even sacred. Men protect themselves from Nature, as from an enemy, by means of clothing, houses and cultivated foods. They have learned to prevent and cure disease and thus to postpone for many years the early death that was

once called natural. Yet one of man's instincts, more animal than human, could make him Nature's victim after all. He reproduces his kind with Nature's extravagance, not thinking of Nature's merciless punishment by poverty, suffering, disease and famine, inflicted on the children. In this one respect man yields to Nature instead of outwitting her. His pervasive weakness is reproduction. His permanent danger is too many people.

This is a new concept, forced on us by modern conditions. In ancient days, when human customs and cultures began, there was no thought of it. All populations were small and resources were immense. In North America there were half a million American Indians when Columbus arrived; today there are 200 million Mexicans, Canadians and Americans. In 1650 the population of the entire earth was probably less than 500 million, one fifth of what it is now. Life was short. Few children grew to maturity. A large family was every man's desire because it meant wealth and the family's survival, even though most of the children died young. In spite of the large families, the increase of population was slow when Europe was in this stage and the death rate was

high. It is slow now in some of the underdeveloped countries where modern medicine has not yet been effective in preventing early death.

In most of the world, however, this equilibrium has been upset by the advances of medical science and by the humane concept that every life is precious and must be saved if possible. The discovery that infectious diseases are caused by bacteria and viruses, the widespread introduction of sanitation to eliminate these causes of disease, the more recent use of antibiotics like penicillin to cure infections, and the destruction of insects that carry diseases such as malaria, have saved millions of lives and reduced the death rate. Most children of large families now grow to adulthood and have families of their own. The result is a rapid increase in the number of people in countries where deaths are few and births are many.

When such countries are already densely populated, the effect on the standard of living can be disastrous. They are too many mouths to feed, too many clothes to make, too many houses to build. Most important, there are not enough fields to grow the necessary food. The mass of the people are undernourished

Starvation and famine are ever near. Large families have lost their former justification, namely that a few children should survive the ravages of disease to carry on the family. The ancient cultures and customs that valued children as a source of wealth have become obsolete. Today in many lands children are a source of poverty and suffering.

Even where starvation is not a danger there are economic difficulties. In countries where by custom the father's lands and property are inherited by the eldest son, there are large numbers of young men without property or resources. Where the land is equally divided among the children each may receive a field too small to support a family. Where marriage customs demand a dowry for the daughters, there is often not enough for them all. Occasionally one of two are favoured while the others are neglected or even sold.

Historically the result is a gradual change in the attitude toward unlimited reproduction so that the birth rate eventually drops. When the number of births is reduced to correspond with the number of deaths, the population becomes stable and efforts to increase the standard of living have a chance of success. This has happened in the nations of

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western Europe during the past century. It is happening in Japan today. But this change is normally a slow one. Experts predict that, unless some radical action is taken toward faster change, it will take fifty years for the population to become stable in Japan, eastern Europe and Oceania, perhaps 73 years in Africa, south central Asia and Latin America, and a full century

for most of China and the Near East. By that time there would be five or six thousand million people on earth, more than twice the present number, and far more than the present resources of the earth can support at a high standard of living.

But the medical revolution, which is bringing on this crisis, is not the only revolution in modern society. There is also the revolution in agriculture which has greatly increased the world's food production through the breeding of better plants and food animals, the greater use of fertilizers for crop production, the control of insect pests and plant diseases, rotation of crops and the mechanization of farm work to reduce costs. The advent of improved agriculture can to a large degree provide for the needs of increased numbers of people.

In the development of nations the industrial revolution naturally follows and it too helps to increase the food supply. It provides transportation for bringing food to the areas that need it. It permits the operation of fertilizer factories. It produces farm machinery for large-scale agricultural production. And it permits some countries to import food in exchange for manufactured exports. Thus it is primarily in areas where

modern medicine has been introduced but modern agriculture and industry have not that the food problem is severe. It is a passing stage.

A fourth revolution can be credited with saving the advanced and industrialized countries from starvation and disaster. It is a simple revolution in human thinking—the adoption of family limitation. In most of western Europe the birth rate is low. There are only 17 births per year per thousand of population in Switzerland and in Italy, as contrasted with 48 in Burma and 43 in Brazil. As a result the rate of increase in the Swiss population is about one fourth that of Brazil. This represents the final stage of adjustment to modern conditions.

The reduction in the number of children in the advanced countries of Europe is largely the result of natural preference and not of the use of artificial "birth control". This is shown by the fact that it began several generations before the latter was invented. Dr. C. B. Goodhart of the Cambridge University Museum of Zoology in Britain, in a recent article in the scientific weekly "Nature," maintains that the attractiveness of a young woman, and therefore her selection for marriage, depends on many factors other

than her capacity to produce a large family. "An exceptionally good-looking and intelligent young woman has little difficulty in finding a husband, even though she may lack brothers and sisters," he writes. "Brain and beauty, virtue and sex-appeal, wealth and social position may influence a man in the choice of his bride, before he considers her capacity to present him with a dozen children..... Most other human characteristics leading to success in life will become genetically associated with lower fecundity." Thus under the conditions of modern society, in Europe at least, natural selection itself reduces the birth rate.

But voluntary and conscious family limitation is also increasingly used. The fundamental change, whether natu-

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ral selection or voluntary means are used, is the placing of a higher value on the quality of life than on its quantity in numbers. If this new attitude is adopted by the nations of the earth then the population problem can be solved.—*Unesco*.

Some young husbands and wives need to beat each other to remove certain complexes. These canings and slappings relieve tensions and put couples more at their ease during the first months of married life.— The Rev. Francis W. McGaskill of Glasgow.

A young man driving a new car with his wife by his side was forced to brake suddenly with the result the car got out of control for a moment and stopped within an inch of a lamp post on the other side of the road.

A kindly gentlemen who noticed it said, "Well, you got a nice skid there."

"Pardon me," said the young man, who was a little shaken by the occurrence," but the lady is my wife."

"That is a good little boy," said the guest as Raman picked up the scattered toys from the floor. "I suppose your mother has promised you something if you clean up the room."

"If I don't," he corrected the guest,

Salt and Civilization

Why is it the custom for many people to add salt to natural foods? Is salt necessary? Is it harmful or beneficial?

In the British journal "Nature," Dr. Hans Kaunitz, a Columbia University pathologist, suggests that man may salt his food because salt stimulates the adrenal glands. This heightens responsiveness to the world around.

Thus salted food has long played a role in shaping history.

Man probably started to eat salt about the time he began agriculture. That is, some five to ten thousand years ago.

Within the span of history, Dr. Kaunitz points out, wars have been fought over salt and its trade has been more important than that of any other material. Homer called salt "divine" and it has long played an important part in many religious cults, in folk lore and in superstitions.

Discussion about the value of salt in diet has been left in the present day to food faddists rather than nutritionists. Much speculation is necessary because good scientific evidence about the place of salt in the diet is lacking, says Dr. Kaunitz.

In 1853, a German chemist

(C. G. Lehmann) came to the conclusion that the addition of salt to natural foods was unnecessary for man. This view was supported by the observation that most animals in freedom and in captivity, do well on natural foodstuffs without the addition of salt. Some species (cattle and deer, for instance) consume salt eagerly when they are offered it or when they find it in salt lick. But there is no proof that they need it for a healthy life.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the hypothesis that extradietary salt was needed by populations consuming predominantly vegetable products came along.

The excess salt for vegetable eaters was presumed to be necessary to help in the elimination of potassium from the body.

But now, Dr. Kaunitz says, there are many well-known objections to this idea. Recent anthropological evidence suggests that salt eating and plant diet are not linked. For studies in areas as far distant as Melville Island in Australia the Kalahari Desert in South Africa, and Tierra del Fuego show that the use or non-use of salt by various tribes is irrespective of the amount of

Kahaniya, March, 1957

agricultural products they eat.

"This indicates that, once some people are exposed to salt, they cling to its use stubbornly—as do so many of us to the consumption of alcohol, coffee, nicotine, etc."

Common table salt—sodium chloride—is known to work in opposition to potassium salts in a host of body chemical reactions. Also, salt enters into actions with all major organs and with body cells throughout the body. However, the best known mechanism in which salt enters is the function of the adrenal glands, Dr. Kaunitz says. The adrenals are important among the body's vital controlling organs. They secrete cortisone, desoxycorticosterone and aldosterone, and other steroids.

These hormones not only determine sodium chloride and potassium utilization, they play a governing role in other bodily processes that can be debilitating or fatal if they go wrong. For instance, the steroids regulate the metabolism of protein, fat and carbohydrate. Disturbances of carbohydrate metabolism can cause diabetes if adrenals over-

37

act, or hypoglycaemia of adrenals underact. Changes in fat distribution over the body may result from alternations in fat metabolism. High blood pressure can result from adrenal over-activity and low blood pressure can result from under activity of the glands.

In fact, many medical conditions that are caused by adrenal insufficiency can be partially relieved in some cases by administration of sodium chloride. This suggests the close relationship between the adrenals and salt intake.

Thus, he says, "the conclusion is unavoidable that cortical hormones and salt enhance each other's actions."

So salt probably sets in motion mechanisms involving enlargement of the adrenals and other organs. Similar changes in the organs as a result of "stress" and as a result of pain, hunger, fear and rage, have often been observed. The suggestion is that salt intake could stimulate the body and it might particularly stimulate the emotional responsiveness of salt-eaters.

—Robert K. Plumb in "New York Times."

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"To what extent is the air in the vicinity of large cities polluted? Is it dangerous and can anything be done about it?"

To this question Gerald Wendt of "Unesco" answers:

There are three major types of material that are thrown into the atmosphere of large urban centres and do no good when they are breathed by human beings. The first is the gas, carbon dioxide, which is formed by the combination of all fuels. This is harmless since it is also produced in the process of living and is exhaled by all land animals. Large quantities of it, accumulated in caves or in tightly closed rooms, can be suffocating, but this cannot happen in the open air. However, the amount of carbon dioxide that has been added to the atmosphere by man's many fires and especially by the burning of large amounts of coal in industrial furnaces and even larger amounts of petrol or gasoline in motor vehicles may be the cause of the gradual increase in the temperature of most parts of the earth. Carbon dioxide lets the light rays from the sun pass downwards without interference but it interferes with the radiation of heat waves from the earth outwards into space. It acts

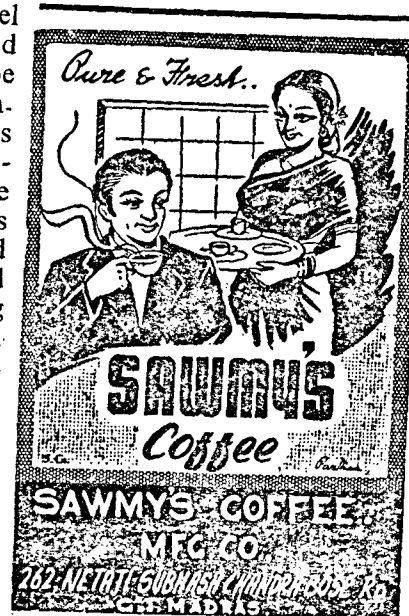
like a blanket or like the glass roof of a "greenhouse" or plant conservatory. Increasing the carbon dioxide in the air therefore tends to let the earth warm up under the action of sunshine.

Much more serious in its effects is the second factor. This is smoke produced by the incomplete combustion of coal or oil fuel. These small particles of carbon or soot are not only dirty but are irritating to the lungs. The production of smoke can be avoided in large factories or power plants by improved furnaces and by careful operation. Many cities now forbid a factory chimney to smoke and factory managers have learned that the smoke is valuable unburned fuel and that they can save money by burning it instead of letting it escape into the air. But this is much harder to do in the stoves and fireplaces of individual homes which in a big city produce much more than do the factories. To eliminate this source of smoke would require the elimination of all home fires by some form of central heating. Another remedy is the use of gas fuel for heating and cooking because gas fuels burn without smoke.

The really harmful pollution of the air, however, is neither carbon dioxide nor smoke but the chemicals that are produ-

ced in many smelters, steel mills and chemical plants and which are allowed to escape up the chimneys. They include sulfurous and nitrous gases that are extremely irritating to the lungs and the membranes of the throat. This is not common, however, and many such plants are located far from big cities in mining areas. There it is not unusual to see even the grass and trees destroyed by the chemical fumes. These materials can be effectively removed instead of letting them escape through chimneys, but it is usually expensive to do so and factories generally avoid this expense unless they are forced by law or governmental action. However, such measures are becoming increasingly common because this form of air pollution is really dangerous.

A fourth source of contamination of the air which may perhaps be harmful is provided by the combustion products of the internal combustion engine and, in particular, the automobile. Incomplete combustion in these engines forms carbon monoxide, which is definitely poisonous, and also partly burned vapours that are sometimes visible as a blue smoke. They can do no good and are suspected of causing various ailments of the lungs, especi-



ally when released in the crowded streets of large cities. But medical opinion is divided on their harmfulness.

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Thank Your Thumb

"Why do we stand upright, on two feet?"

The erect posture of man is probably the consequence of the evolutionary development of the thumb. When our remote ancestors learned to use the "big toe" of their front feet to pick up objects and that toe acquired a position opposite to the other toes, instead of parallel with them, the front feet became hands. The hands proved so valuable

—as can be seen in apes—that the forelegs were used more as arms to extend the hands than they were for supporting the body. The erect posture then developed from depending on the rear legs alone for walking and running. A further and later consequence was the development of the skull and brain, made possible by the erect posture. Thus the thumb can be considered the beginning of man's intelligence.

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Aurora Borealis

“What causes the aurora borealis?”

Both the aurora borealis and the aurora australis, the Northern lights and the Southern lights, are probably caused by the collision of electrons and other particles streaming from the sun with atoms of oxygen, nitrogen and other gases high in the earth's outer atmosphere. Such particles are electrically charged and the magnetic field of the earth therefore deflects them so that they concentrate at the poles where they strike downward at very high speed. When they pass through the thin air 50 to 190 miles from the surface of the earth, they excite luminosity in the gases of the atmosphere in exactly the same way that neon, mercury and other gases are made luminous by an electrical discharge in the glass tubes

that are used in many modern advertising signs. Brilliant auroral displays usually accompany or soon follow the visible spots on the sun that are actually colossal electrical storms and erupt vast numbers of electrified particles into space, some of which strike the earth.

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Hot Springs

“What is the origin of warm springs or hot springs and why are there so many of them in the French Pyrenees?”

The water, like the water of any spring, originates in rain which trickles through porous soil to form an underground stream. In areas where the rocks near the surface are fairly soluble—as is shown by the many caves in the French Pyrenees—such an underground stream can wear a channel deep down to the underlying granite rocks that are warmed by the heat from the interior of the earth. There the water takes heat from the rocks and eventually carries it to the surface, sometimes many miles away, where it emerges as a hot spring. Occasionally the underground stream finds a fissure in the granite where it can descend to a great depth to be turned into steam by the very hot rocks far below. Then it is forced to the surface by the steam pressure and may

emerge as a boiling spring or as a jet of steam. Meanwhile the rocks deep below the surface are kept hot by a continuous conduction of heat from the inexhaustible supply of heat in the molten mass still farther down. Thus the hot springs or geysers can continue for centuries.

x x x

Cold & Ears

“Is it good for the health to cover up the ears during cold weather or should they remain uncovered?”

The ears are very sensitive to cold because they protrude into the cold air and because they are poorly supplied with blood vessels. In freezing weather they are the first part of the body to suffer. So all people in very cold climates cover their ears with high collars on their overcoats,

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with cloth or fur flaps on their caps, or with separate “ear-muffs.” It can do no harm and is much more sensible than letting the ears freeze.

Hot baths are an anti-social habit and should be discouraged. It is a fallacy to think that frequent immersion in hot water has any hygienic value whatsoever—its appeal is purely sensuous.—Dr. S. C. Dyke of London.

x

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x

First Girl: “I never worry about my fiance paying attention to other women—he's crazy about me.”

Second Girl: “That may be so dear, but he may have sane intervals.”

x

x

x

“And to what do you attribute your great age and general good health?” asked the visitor.

“Well,” replied the oldest inhabitant thoughtfully, “I got a start on most people by being born before these germs were discovered.”

THE PATHAN & THE BANIA

One day a Pathan from across the frontier was swaggering along the bazaar of Peshawar proudly displaying the wealth of his hirsute growth and twirling his well groomed and upturned moustache. As he was proceeding he perceived a Bania sitting in front of his shop with his moustache turned up in Pathan fashion. The Pathan stopped abruptly in front of the shop and shouted, "What the devil do you, a Bania, mean by turning up your moustache like a Pathan?"

The Bania replied, "My moustache is my own and I can wear it in any fashion I like."

The Pathan got angry at what he considered an impudent reply and pulling out his knife from his waist-band threatened the Bania, "If you do not pull it down I will kill you."

"Why?" asked the Bania innocently.

"Because I object to your moustache. You must turn it down or be killed my me."

The Bania became frightened. But though he was not strong he was clever. He thought for a while and asked gently, "I suppose you have a wife and a child?"

The Pathan proudly replied, "I have four wives and several children."

The Bania said, "I have only

one wife and one child. It occurs to me that if either of us is killed there will be great lamentation in the house."

"That cannot be helped," said the Pathan.

"It can be helped," eagerly replied the Bania. "Let us first kill our wives and children so that there may be no one left to weep for us. Then let us fight."

"Agreed," said the Pathan and he marched off to his village and going straight to his house took out his knife and killed his wives and children without a word. He then returned to Peshawar. The Bania was there sitting in his shop with his moustache turned up as fiercely as ever.

The Pathan approached him and said, "I have killed my wives and children and there is no one left to weep for me. Let us now fight."

"What for?" asked the crafty Bania.

"You know very well the reason; because you keep your moustache turned up like a Pathan."

"Very well," replied the Bania. "I shall turn down my moustache. Let us have peace." And he turned down his moustache. Imagine the feelings of the Pathan when he found that he had now no cause for quarrel. He retraced his steps a sad and wiser man.

The Vampire Woman of Yugoslavia

A beautiful, dark-haired girl in an evening gown sat in the cellar of her luxurious home drinking champagne.

Arranged round the walls were 35 coffins of people she had murdered. Thirty-four were those of men she had loved. The other was that of her own son.

That was the scene that met the horrified gaze of police officers at Berkeredul, in Yugoslavia, when they broke into the house of death, writes a London weekly.

"I killed those men because I could not bear to think they might love another woman," Vera Renczi told them. "I liked to go to the cellar in the

evenings and sit among my victims, gloating over their fate."

"Why did you kill your son?" they asked her.

Without any emotion the vampire woman answered: "Because he threatened to tell about me."

Vera had always been attracted to men. When only 14 she was found at midnight in the dormitory of a boys' school.

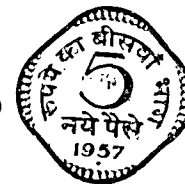
"It was a great relief to me when Vera married," her father said afterwards.

Her husband was a wealthy, handsome business man, and when Vera had a son everyone hoped that at last she would

Just out!

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The Little Flower Co., Madras-17.

my name makes their mouths to water. No important feast or festival takes place without my presence. But, alas, a great transformation takes place in me, once I am eaten by people. A few hours after I am eaten, I am ejected out in secluded places in a changed form, very dirty and foul-smelling. People shun to look at me. They spit on the ground or close their nostrils when they see me. I am unable to bear this insult."

The sage replied: "O, beloved halwa, you too are a great Karma Yogi like the shoe. You serve those who eat you with your nutritive elements. You sacrifice your beauty, sweet smell, honour and your very form itself in order to nourish and sustain people and also to satisfy thier palate. What an embodiment of selfless service you are! But, O halwa, do not weep over the

change that comes to your physical form. For, you are not this physical form. You are neither the beautiful, attractive halwa, nor the foul-smelling excreta. You are ever the changeless, pure, Spirit. You are the nitya suddha Atman. You are not affected by the changes and impurities of your physical form. Identify not with the material form. Stand as a witness to the functions of your nutritious and taste-giving elements. Service done without the idea of agency, but with sakshi-bhav (witness-spirit) will lead you to illumination and moksha eventually. Identification with the physical form is the cause of all pains and sorrows."

Thus comforted, both the shoe and the halwa returned to their abodes, served people with worship and bhav and attained kaivalya or eternal bliss.

The fresh-water flatworm never has to worry about where the next meal is coming from.

If he gets a bit peckish and can find no food, he just starts eating himself!

Normally the worm lives under a stone at the bottom of a river catching passing insects in a trunk like tube extending from its body.

One scientist studied a half-inch flatworm left without food. The creature gradually shrank to one third its normal size as it ate its own body. When it was given food, the worm gradually grew again until it reached its normal size.

If a man commits a crime, his voice and the colour of his face become changed, his look becomes furtive and the fire is gone from his eye.

ON TAMING A SHREW

(By LOTUS EATER)

I cannot help feeling irritated at people who often complain about their wives. I don't mean to say that all wives are angels. I do realise that some wives can be veritable devils. But then how many husbands can really claim to be tactful in their behaviour towards their wives? I am positive that at any rate complaining husbands cannot lay claim to that quality.

When a dog barks what has one to do to stop it? Throw a bone at it and it will immediately stop barking—no, it will run up to you wagging its tail. It is not much different in life. If anybody crosses our path it will not do to feel irritated. You must behave tactfully, try to meet him halfway and thus take the wind out of his sails. It is the same with shrewish wives.

But first the husband must cultivate some sterling qualities—patience, some sense of humour and a capacity to put on a smile even when annoyed.

Don't jump to the conclusion that this advice is from personal experience. To be honest, my wife is a good housewife though awfully lazy. As some Tamil comedian described the modern woman, she can prepare coffee, switch on the radio, believes in the slogan "early to bed and late to rise," and

would gladly have someone to sweat for her. But a shrew she certainly is not.

To resume our discussion, sometimes a husband finds his wife positively hostile and vociferously aggressive. In such a case it is the duty of the husband to be tactful. If he, on his part, takes on an aggressive attitude then the result can be imagined. It is like applying a match to dynamite. It can only end in an explosion.

Have you ever witnessed a cricketer holding a catch? He does not catch the ball with his hands held rigid. If he does so, he would only succeed in injuring his hands and losing the catch as well. What on the other hand he does is to take the force out of the ball by receiving the ball in the direction in which it is coming. Some such tactics have to be applied to assuage your wife's ruffled feelings. Here is a sample conversation between husband and wife to illustrate my point.

Wife (*Throwing on the ground a recently purchased saree*): See how the colour has faded. Is it for this dirty stuff that we paid Rs. 80?

Husband (*Smiling*): Of course, I see it. The rascally shopkeeper has cheated us. I will tell the shopkeeper about it.

Wife: What is the use of merely telling him? Did he not

guarantee the colour? So return the saree to him and get a new one.

H: Yes, they all guarantee the colour. But if it fades we can't just go and return the saree to him. He won't take it back. You know he can't sell it again.

W: I am not concerned whether he can resell it or not. Let him give it to his wife. It would be a good lesson to him. Go and get me a new saree whose colour won't fade.

H: Of course, dear, I will get you a new saree. But why return this? Can't you wear it during the kitchen work in the mornings? I will purchase a new saree when I receive my pay next month.

W: Ah! yes that is a good idea. I will wear it till then and afterwards exchange it for some stainless steel vessels.

Here is another sample conversation. The wife is put out at the arrival of her husband's relatives and makes no bones about showing her displeasure in the privacy of her bed room or during the temporary absence of the guests who would have gone to the cinema or an evening walk.

W: Look here, I can't be working like a sweated horse for all and sundry. I am nearing exhaustion point.

H: Who are the all and sundry?

W: Why, your cousins, nephews and nieces who show no signs of leaving yet.

H: What can I do dear? I too feel like you. We can't also afford to have guests squatting in the house for days together.

W: What is the use of saying it to me? Why don't you make them realise our difficulty?

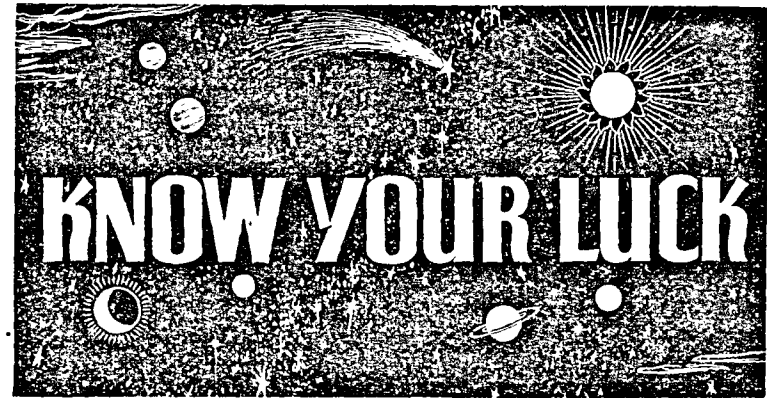
H: I would like to my dear. But I am just thinking whether this nephew of mine may not be a good match for our daughter Meena. My sister once suggested it to me. That is why I am so anxious to make them feel quite at home.

W: Ah! That nephew is a fine lad and I do like him. That is a clever plan of yours. Why didn't you tell me about this before?

H: I was not quite sure how you would take it. Well, as far as the selection of the son-in-law is concerned I want to be guided by your views. You are so good at judging men...

This will take away all the opposition from any woman. To get on well with your wife you shouldn't therefore mind telling an artful lie now and then. Even a shrew will succumb when you make her feel important!

The best remedy for a pain is no longer to think of it; if you think of it, the pain will increase.



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

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Compared with last month this month is undoubtedly a more encouraging one. The first half

Aswani
Bharani
Krithika

promises better relations with friends and family and gain through them in business or professional activities. One of your children will give you great satisfaction while another may give you some concern. Financially the month is favourable and more convenient from the 7th when Mangal enters the house of finance. Sukra, the lord of the finance, in the house of gain should prove more constructive financially. A journey may not be out of the picture in the second half. This is a month when you will do pious deeds or come into contact with spiritually great men or your elders. Second

half may prove more expensive in your family life. You will be troubled through near relations like brother in respect of money since Budha, the lord of 3rd house, becomes debilitated in the 12th house from the 17th onwards. Domestically indications are hopeful during this month. In a few cases when Mangal is in the 2nd house in kendra to Sukra and in trine to Guru it will not be impossible for you to strike a bargain in connection with land or find a solution for your residential problem. Officially, this is a better month after the 7th, when you may have greater advantage. Avoid discussion and differences with elders or seniors. Merchants will find this month more encouraging. There will be more profit earned after the 7th. Partnership business may not be promising enough.

3, 6, 7, 11, 13, 16, 20, 25, 31 are good days.

VRISHABAHA RASI or TAURUS

Planetary combination radiates greater predominance of beneficial influences over your affairs than in the last month. Though during the first week you may be much worried and have a feeling of despondency, the entry of Mangal into the 2nd house will surely lift up your spirits and give satisfaction and optimism in your outlook of life. Planets in the 10th will certainly make you very busy and you will gain from your contacts with those around you in your business and social life, financially and politically. Second half in particular is more beneficial and since your ruler Sukra will also be in the house of gain from the 21st, your attempts for your recognition in the field of your activity or success therein will be assured to a degree. This is a very happy period during which your contact with others will result in the accomplishment of your cherished desire. Financially the month is bound to be fairly good. Though from the second half your financial ruler, viz. Budha, becomes debilitated in the 11th house, the combined positions of the 3 planets viz.

‡ Krithika,
Rohini & ‡
Mrigashira

Ravi, Budha and Sukra, will go a long way to consolidate your position in the last week. A near relation may be the cause of your mental worry during this month. Officially this is a very encouraging month in which you should come up to the expected level. Your senior in your department will be pleased with your performance. Merchants will also find this month very speculatively inclined. Planets in the 7th are likely to offer some resistance in partnership business to some extent.

3, 11, 15, 16, 19, 20, 22, 25, 30, 31 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary plan proves quite encouraging one for your success and mental satisfaction during this month. The second half proves all the more beneficial to you than the first. They bring you into limelight and if you have been waiting for a big opportunity to come your way this may be the month to get it. Your professional ambition and goal many change radically through an unexpected chance. Financially the month is a progressive one and before the first week is over you may get a sudden chance of making money or there may be an unexpected

‡ Mrigashiraa
Ardra &
Punusvra

windfall. The second half shows heavier expenditure. Planets don't indicate direct ways of making money. The more irregular and indirect, the greater is your income, in the month. Officially you may occupy higher position or accomplish your cherished hopes through the help of your patrons or elders. You may hear good news about your near relations. A journey may be also envisaged during this month. There may be some happy news regarding one of your children also in the last week. Merchants will find this month happy enough with chances of bagging good profits. Partnership business will prove progressive and new partners may enter in the business.

3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 16, 17, 20, 22, 25 and 31 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planetary alignment does not seem to be quite favourable as it shows high fluctuations of your state of affairs during this month. The congestion in the 8th house ill-squared by Sani shows trouble physically, financially and stagnation of pending affairs which have been hindering your progress in the previous month. After the 13th of April when Sun

‡ Punarvasu
Pushya &
Ashlesa

enters the 9th house there will be better relief, financially, socially and professionally. A journey may occur in a few cases and help of patrons and well wishers may be received. In the first half sudden money after some dull period is envisaged. Domestically the last week will be happier and more peaceful. Meanwhile you will be troubled through relations, friends and your family. Officially the month is encouraging from the second half. Favour of the master under whom you serve is anticipated. You move in higher circle and your work will be appreciated by your boss. Investment is not propitious during this month as there may be some documentary complications discovered before the completion of the deal. Business men may improve their business. Partnership in particular will flourish. Some differences amongst partners may start from the 2nd week. New business venture is noticed from the second half. Foreign business may take a healthier turn. 1, 7, 13, 16, 20, 21, 25, 29, 31 are favourable days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

In spite of several oppositions in the first half of this month your progress will be satisfactory. You will be drawn

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
‡ Uthara
Phalgun

to public life ensuring your success therein. Jupiter in the 2nd protects your interests a great deal. Financially Budha in the 8th house though said to be not favourably configured to you may not prove bad because of the aspect of Guru from the 2nd house. Your income may be got through higher channels and also in unexpected manner. Physically perhaps you may get worried from second half, when your ruler Sun enters the 8th house of ill health. In a few cases this entry may bring about a journey as well. Great care had better be taken in view of your eyes growing weaker in sight and having complications. The entry of Mangal to the 10th house also puts accent on the subject. Domestic life may continue as before though not better. Investment is encouraging particularly towards last. One of your near relations will attract your special attention in the last quarter. Happy news may be heard about one of them. The health of your mother will be disturbed during this month. Avoid friction with the elders at home from the 2nd half onwards. Planets in Astama might bring some aspersions against you in the 2nd half. But Guru's aspect is a great redeeming factor against such odds. Business men will have

a stiffer time of it owing to static conditions obtaining around them. There will be relief in the 2nd half.

5, 7, 11, 13, 15, 16, 19, 20, 22, 23, 25, 29 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary map does not disclose quite a favourable time for you during this month. The solar course

through the 6th house along with others indicates your disturbed physical conditions especially in the chest if the complaint is already there, high expense, financial pressure worry about debts and your near relations pestering you and lastly the inimical surroundings in which you are circumstanced particularly till the 14th. When Mangal enters the 9th house your general health may take a better turn and you may have greater mental peace in all respects. Sukra, the lord of finance, is in the 6th house indicating financial pressure and static trend. There will be a significant trend in the last week when you will enjoy greater mental peace and financial conveniences in particular. Till then there may be need felt for money requiring even the raising of loan. The last week is particularly lucky

† Uttara-
phalguna
Hastha and
† Chitra

to all those candidates appearing for the examinations. Domestically there may not be much felicity though there may not be discomfort and trouble. Guru on your rasi protects you as far as possible. Merchants will not find this month favourable except in the first week. Thereafter there will be some dull period until the last week when there will be a better change.

6, 11, 15, 18, 20, 24, 25, 30, 31 are favourable days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Planetary positions emphasise your mental activity and your highly strung nature on account

† Chitra
Swathi and
† Vishaka

of too many problems facing you. Consequently you will have no peace of mind either financially or socially. Mangal in his own house in the 7th might keep you busily engaged in your activities but his entry into the 8th house may cause you greater distractions and may lead you into some unexpected rupture with the surroundings. It may endanger your health also to some extent, owing to the usual complicated throat complaints. In a few cases even the eye sight may cause greater anxiety. Avoid misunderstandings or friction with

near relations as far as possible. Domestically this is not a happy month. One of your children may claim your special attention and you may be most worried. Guru's aspect to Mangal may reduce your troubles to some extent. Marriage negotiations, if any, may be concluded rather more easily in the first quarter than thereafter, as it will then receive unexpected hindrances owing to differences of opinion of the elders connected with it. Financially first week is better. Second week indicates fluctuations. Any land investment can be taken up in this month successfully. Officially, first quarter may bring about a disappointment. Second half onwards there will be greater harmony. The solar course through the 6th house in the second half might involve you in indebtedness. Business men will do well during the month. Partnership will be labouring under disadvantage.

7, 11, 13, 16, 20, 22, 25, 31 are good days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

There seems to be greater accent of the planetary influence on the 4th house affairs like house problems, investment, vehicular happiness and land

† Vrishchika,
Anuradha,
& Jeshta

holdings. Guru in the 11th house in the Bhumi rasi coupled with Bhumi house lord Sani rising in your rasi, will bring investment problem to the front. Financially the month is more favourable. The lord of wealth in the house of gain is a distinct testimony to your financial conveniences. You may gain through land, friends, society or agency in which you are interested since the solar course is through the 11th sign and Guru is coursing through the 11th house. Friends and friendships will appeal to you more than ever. Old friendships will be revived. Your ruler enters 7th house and you will therefore be brought to the limelight. If you are not married, this is a favourable month for your marriage, or at least for its successful negotiation. The aspect of Sani to your Lord may bring about some unpleasant relationship at home or with your relations outside. You will get yourself unduly excited and you will regret it later. Domestically you will not be as happy as before. Officially you may have some changes either in personnel or in the nature of duties entrusted to you. Merchants will be more speculatively inclined in the second half.

6, 11, 13, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 25, 29, 30 and 31 are good days.

DHANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

With the exception of Sani and Rahu occupying the 12th house, almost all other planets are happily configured. Your ruler Guru is high up in elevation without any malefic aspect. You will have therefore chances to move in high circle. The solar accent is on the 3rd and 4th houses making you mentally very busy over your affairs regarding profession and your finance and also domestic affairs. Planets in the 3rd are favourable for journalistic talents, for publications and correspondence during the first half in particular. You may also have some concern about one of your elders. More friends than before will rally round you during this month. Your mind will always be occupied with the welfare of your kith and kin. A journey may be in the month's picture. Mangal in the 1st week is good for your venture. His entry into the next 6th house though bad and may bring about some rupture and ill health, in general he will contribute towards your general welfare in your activities outside. You will become more obstinate and unyielding in all your activities. Financially the usual pressure brought about by Sani, the lord of the 2nd in

Moola,
Poorvashada
Uttarashada ½

the 12th house, continues. It will worry you for some time. But the aspect of Guru to the 2nd and 6th houses will minimise the difficulties. Officially you will rise to the expected height without any trouble. Merchants will be speculatively inclined in the first week and they will be facing unexpected financial stringency thereafter though relieved by Guru's aspect to some extent.

3, 5, 6, 7, 11, 15, 16, 20, 25, 28, 31 are better.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

The planetary set-up reveals that this month will prove quite beneficial to you.

Planets in the 2nd and your ruler in the 11th house with the aspect of Guru to your rasi is a happy augury for your satisfactory financial conditions and increase of income through more than one source. Second house planet makes your voice felt in the family life in spite of differences with elders. The second half seems to be more favourable for all your affairs in which you are concerned. The solar course in the 3rd house from the second half aspected by Guru indicates your close association with men of learning, professors, lawyers, and religious men and settlement of many of your affairs favourably. A journey may also

be necessary then. Financially the month improves from the second half onwards. Happy news may be received in the second half. One of your children will cause you some anxiety. A rift is expected from the second half onwards between you and one of your relations or with a close friend of yours. The month is favourable for investment. Car drivers should be careful in the second half. Officially the month is favourable. Merchants will be lucky during the first quarter. They will be speculatively inclined from the second half of the month.

6, 7, 11, 13, 16, 22, 25, 30, 31 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Planets are fixed in the 3 angles especially from the 7th when Mangal enters 4th house angle. These planets indicate complete static conditions during month or alround heavy work and activity making it a very busy month throughout. Planets on your rasi bring you in contact with men of varied interests such as educational, business, and political fields. Much help will besought from you during this month. Financially the month indicates some anxiety but planets on your rasi make it easy for you

½ Dhaniita,
Sathabhisha
& ¾ Poorva-
bhadra

to get the expected financial help readily, whenever wanted. The second half onwards will be financially more easy. New sources of income are noticed then. Presents, gifts, or rewards are envisaged during the second half. Domestically the month may not prove more harmonious than the last one. Your own people are the disturbing elements around you. Any marriage negotiation will prove quite successful. Officially the month is more promising than before especially in the second half. Your work will multiply and you will be unnecessarily saddled with unpleasant work. Merchants will have new business ventures. Partnership will be found necessary by some.

3, 6, 7, 11, 13, 16, 17, 20, 22, 25, 29, 30, 31 are good days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

The solar course putting its accent on the 12th house represent heavy work, expenditure, working of enemies behind your back and some disquieting documents or records over which you are much concerned. The half first shows no mental peace. Your

troubles are in your home by your own people, and outside by those with whom you work. Avoid meeting people as far as possible lest the contact should work unexpectedly against your interests. Second half is slightly favourable and tolerable too. A journey is indicated. Your ruler in the 7th is in the open public circle and any wrong step or unnecessary initiative may land you in difficulties. Financially the first quarter is more convenient and sudden money may come to you. Second half onwards your financial affairs will have surprising fluctuations. A windfall may be in the picture. Officially the month is more favourable in the second half. Your boss may appreciate your work. Don't trust your friends in this particular month. Don't have any financial dealings with them lest there should be misunderstandings. Merchants will find the month quite disturbed in the first half. Even their correspondence will have little response. Second half onwards will prove more bright and successful. Foreign markets will respond more quickly than before. Partnership will flourish. 6, 7, 13, 16, 20, 25, 27, 29, 31 are better days.

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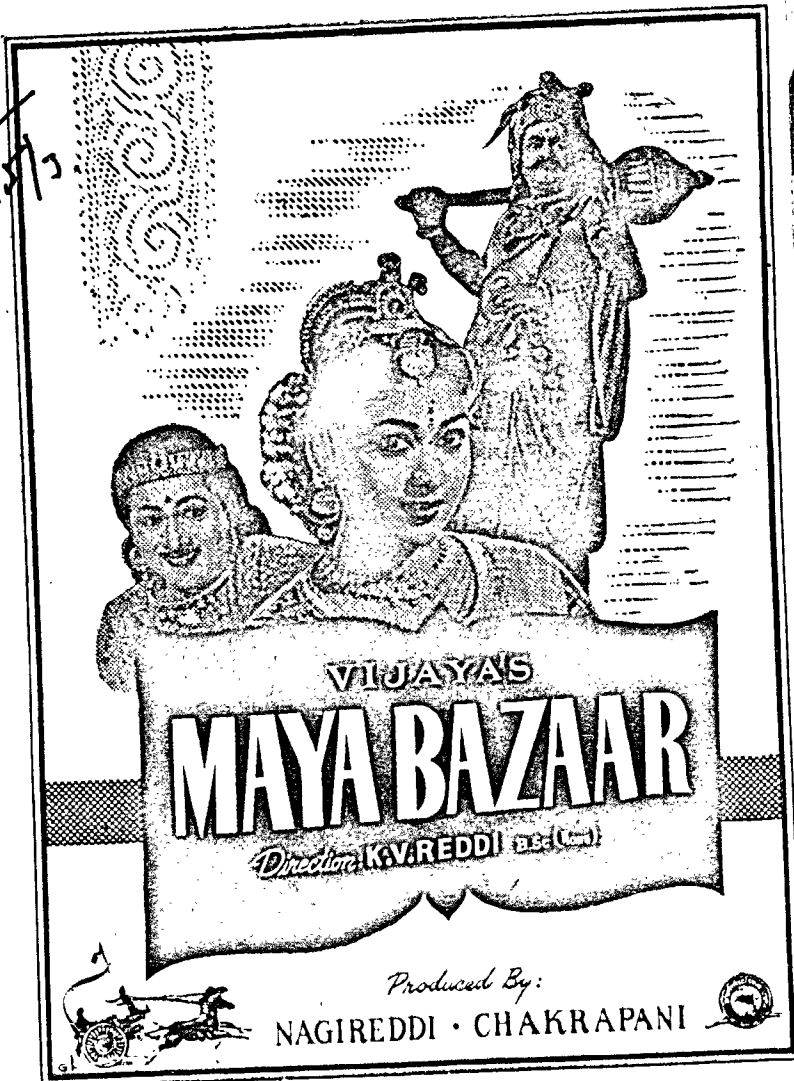
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APRIL, 1957

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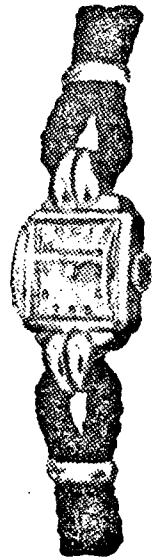
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A TRYST WITH DEATH

Chandrashekhhar had worked out a perfect plan to get rid of his wife by staging an accident during the visit to the hill temple but what man proposed God disposed

By 'SHIKHA'

The taxi groaned its way up the steep hill. Chandrashekhhar sitting erect in the back seat, stared at the narrow highway climbing its zigzag course between the towering hill on the one hand and the precipice on the other. Great bunches of flowers blazed among the bushes and trees that covered the hill-side. Beyond the yawning chasm, like warriors in close formation, a group of hills reared their defiant heads. Just now some of them glowed bright in the setting light, while others lay in deep shadow.

Chandrashekhhar observed his wife out of the corner of his eye. She too had straightened in her seat, and eyes dilated, lips parted and nostrils quivering, was drinking in the picturesque scenery around

her.

He smiled.....

Little did she realise—that stupid wife of his, sitting with that rapturous smile on her face,—what lay in wait for her on the hill. She had walked unsuspectingly into the trap. Thinking over it all, he found how surprisingly easy it had been. He had only thrown a suggestion, and she had seized upon it with a grateful eagerness. She had even shed some tears of joy. Oh these women!

He looked her over appraisingly, with the air of a man who examines an old rubbish heap before disposing of it finally. How could he have endured living with this caricature of a woman, this bundle of bones with its thin epidermal covering, wrapped in a sari to give it a human

NOTICE

The next issue of 'Kahaniya' monthly will be the annual number, marking the beginning of the fourth year of publication.

This annual issue will contain special stories and articles of lasting interest and will be priced only 25 naye paise. Readers who find it difficult to get the copies are requested to become direct subscribers by sending Rs. 3 by M.O.

semblance? What he hated most were her eyes. Strangely alive, they did not seem to belong to the rest of her body. Dark and large, they burned with a dog-like devotion, he called it a determined obstinacy, of the traditional Hindu wife. He could not bear to look into them.

This winter he had decided he had had enough. Besides Lalita was getting impatient. His face softened as he dwelt in tender reminiscence of her. "Laughing Lalita," he called her. "Lovely Lalita." She had countered one day, laughing, "And Rickety Rukmini, Reedy Rukmini?" They had had a good laugh together. But now she was getting impatient. She had threatened to leave him if

he did not marry her. But there was the scandal to think of. The townspeople were still sufficiently orthodox; he might lose his clients. His father-in-law was powerful; he would certainly not let him off lightly. Could he afford to pay alimony? Both he and Lalita had expensive habits.

He had been worried. Then one day he had chanced to see a small news item reporting the death of a well-known mountaineering enthusiast in a climbing accident. At that moment he had a brain wave. A foot slips, a man loses his balance, he falls headlong down a precipice and is dashed to pieces. Verdict: accidental death. How simple!

The very next day he had spoken to Rukmini of this pilgrimage, knowing that she had long cherished a desire for it, and so here they were. He drew a deep breath.

They reached their destination at nightfall and spent the night at the choultry near the shrine.

Rukmini was immeasurably happy. What a great surprise it was—the proposal for this pilgrimage, coming from her husband whom she knew to be godless at heart! He had grown attentive too of late and tender beyond any hope of hers. And this miracle to take place after all those barren years, when she had almost

accepted with resignation her husband's lovelessness! Surely her prayers to Lord Venkataramana had borne fruit at last. Her heart rose in a fervent hymn of thanksgiving.

Chandrashekhar too was full of an immense thankfulness. After the worship at the shrine, leaving Rukmini to her prolonged devotions, he had gone off by himself to inspect his surroundings and had stumbled upon the ideal place to stage the "accident". It was a charming spot carpeted with moss about fifteen yards from the path that ran round the hill. It ended in a sheer drop of several hundred feet. No one could have suspected a precipice so close to the path, so completely was it hidden from sight by a high mound of earth and thick clumps of bushes. A few feet away from the edge there was a rock with a natural depression that served as a rough-hewn seat. The view from this point was breathtaking. He knew Rukmini would love it. Peering cautiously over the edge he had been able to see a swift torrent leaping over the rocks.

He had been careful to appear extremely attached to his wife. That he succeeded was proved by the envious glances that the female fellow-pilgrims directed at her. He had laid his plans well. He



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GANGA WORKS
ADYAR.

went for long walks with her alone, pointing out to her the beauties of the hill-side. What a devoted couple, thought the others, marking the happy, flushed looks of the wife.

Three days they stayed there, three days of pure bliss for Rukmini, and of feverish excitement and anticipation for Chandrashekhar. They were to go the next day.

On the third evening, they started on their last walk on the hill. The moment had come. Chandrashekhar led his wife across the path, past the mound and bushes, to the

rock seat. "Oh!" gasped Rukmini in astonished rapture on suddenly coming into view of the vast panorama that stretched before her. They sat down on the rock. Rukmini continued to gaze around her, entranced. Then she slowly turned and looked at him expecting to see the same rapture on his face. She had a shock. He was tense; a fierce light glittered in his eye.

With a great effort he smiled. "Wonderful!" he said. "Look at the sky splashed with colour, those mountains over there shining...Gorgeous!"

Rukmini was silent. His enthusiasm sounded forced, the hand by her side was trembling. Something was wrong. She grew tense.

But he was not looking at her.

He got up, walked a few paces and dislodged a large stone from the mass of earth and bush. Lifting it in his strong arms, he walked to the edge of the precipice and pushed it over.

The sound of a loud splash came up to their ears.

Rukmini started. She rose to her feet and walked towards her husband.

In the throes of crisis during the struggle against adversity, in the hour of peril or in the moment of despair what fervent prayer, what pious vows, what stern resolutions, in short, what good intentions are ours but no sooner does the cloud roll away and the sunshine return than we revert to the old familiar ways, the apparently unforgettable ways, the ways of sin and folly.

Chandrashekhar braced himself in readiness.

Suddenly she stopped.

Watching her, he saw her eyes widen and her mouth half-opened in a gasp. He turned, following the direction of her eyes, and stood transfixed in horror.

Hardly four paces away there writhed two cobras, hissing angrily, their ugly hoods lifted ready to strike. They had been disturbed by the dislodging of the stone that had served partially to cover the entrance to their dwelling.

His temples throbbed madly. The cobras reared.

In his panic, he forgot his wife, forgot Lalita, forgot the gaping void just behind him. There was but one thought in his brain: to flee from those menacing hoods.

He stepped back.....into the chasm.

As he fell headlong down into space and hit with a great splash the waters below, the sun sank beneath the western sky in a blaze of glory and his wife's terrified screams resounded through the silence of the hills.



An Insane Killing

A young man suffering from epilepsy commits patricide during one of his fits. Is he liable to be punished in law for his act?

(By S. RAJAGOPALAN)

Tola Ram (25) was the second son of Ganga Ram and Asha Devi. He had been a problem child for the family. When he was studying in the seventh standard in 1919, he all of a sudden threw his books aside and began to shriek. Later on he used to fall down from his cot at night. He began to abuse people and slap them. He at first seemed to be suffering from melancholia or mental depression but subsequently developed epilepsy when he used to go into convulsions and foam at the mouth. Gradually it became a routine, once a month or even at shorter intervals. From 22-9-1923 to December 1923, he was employed as a water carrier in the hospital. He was treated for constipation and vertigo and was given hydrobromide phosgene, as he was screaming and crying out especially during night time when he would invariably fall down from his cot. He became unconscious often and never

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had sound sleep. He was irritable to the extreme, and even while mildly provoked, used to throw stones.

One day he went to a hakim, Ram Singh, and asked him to venesect him. The hakim was unwell and he declined to do so. Then he went to him again in the afternoon and repeated his request. The hakim told him to go to his shop and bring the lancet and knives so that the venesection might be performed.

Tola Ram went to the shop, took the lancet and the knives and then came home to take a bandage. His father Ganga Ram had been suffering from fever for a number of days and was lying on a cot, and his mother Asha Devi was engaged in spinning. He came in an excited mood and asked her to supply him with a bandage. She asked him to wait as she was spinning. On this Tola Ram kicked her twice. Ganga Ram, his father, reprimanded him saying, "Why are you beating your mother? Who cooks food for you? Be you dead! Get away. You have caused a good deal of trouble to us."

Tola Ram got angry at this and immediately caught hold of his father by the neck, threw him down from the cot sat on him and proceeded to throttle him. Asha Devi raised a hue and cry and removed

his hands from his father's throat. At this Tola Ram got up, took hold of a soto and dealt her a blow on the head. He then gave his father five or six blows on the head. Hearing the cries of Asha Devi, one Tarachand arrived on the premises and catching hold of Tola Ram snatched away the soto from him. Two others reached the spot and helped to drag him outside in the compound. They tied his hands and feet with his turban and sent word to the police.

Ganga Ram succumbed to his injuries, of which six were on the head. When the scalp was removed the frontal bone was found to be fractured into twelve pieces. The right and the left parietal bones, the upper jaw and the left molar bone were also fractured.

Tola Ram was placed on trial for murder. He stated at the committal court that he had an attack of insanity at the time and that therefore he could not say whether he inflicted any injuries to his father or not. He said that he was somewhat in his senses when he asked his mother for a bandage, but he did not remember whether he kicked his mother. When his mother told him to wait, he sat down on the cot but did not remember what happened further. At the trial, evidence was given of his

mental condition by the doctor, a Dr. Manoharlal who attended on him, as well as a number of other people who had been observing him right from his infancy about his mental ailment.

After his arrest on 16-11-26 the jail register showed that he got an attack of epilepsy. He was not in his senses and was speaking incoherently. Three days later he had another attack which became acute and dangerous. It was repeated on 23-11-26, 29-12-26 and 12-4-27. The Civil Surgeon found him morose and depressed, his expression dull and his speech slow and deliberate.

It was pleaded on his behalf that he was insane and could not be punished in law.

The judges held that insanity must be present at the time of the commission of the offence. Antecedent or subsequent insane condition would be of no avail. Tola Ram's cognitive faculties had not been impaired to such an extent that he was 'non compos mentis' at the time. On the day of occurrence he had no fits, although his physical and mental ailments had rendered his intellect weak and had affected his emotions and will. He had struck the deceased not in a paroxysm of insanity but in a fit of anger. He was not like one who is totally deprived



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of his understanding and memory and does not know what he is doing, no more than an infant, a brute or a wild beast.

Tola Ram was adjudged guilty of murder, but was sentenced to transportation for life and the judges also recommended him to mercy.

A case from London

On 12—8—1914, a few minutes before four in the afternoon, Lesbin went to an inn called Fairyland in which was a rifle and revolver range. A girl named Alice Storey was in charge of the range and she said in Lesbin's hearing, "Iky wants some shots."

Lesbin said, "Don't you talk to me like that." She replied: "Oh! It is only my way of talking to my customers. I am only joking."

Lesbin said, "Well, don't let it occur again."

He stood by the range and for a short time nothing further was said.

Alice Storey then asked him whether he wanted any shooting. He replied, "Yes. I want some shooting." She then asked whether he wished to shoot with a revolver or a rifle and he said that he wanted a revolver and pointed at the one he wanted which with others was in a glass case.

Alice went to unlock the

case and as she was doing so, she dropped the keys on the floor which Lesbin picked up for her.

She then muttered to herself, "It just shows what sort of temper he has; it is soon over," and then unlocked the case and took out the revolver which she loaded for him ready to fire.

Lesbin picked up the revolver and held it towards the target. He then brought the revolver down to his side and turned round to Alice Storey and went in front of her saying, "Now, I have got you," levelling the revolver at her. She screamed out, "Oh! Please don't, don't" and ran away. Lesbin followed her, still pointing the revolver at her and discharged it, inflicting a wound from which she died.

Lesbin was medically examined and the opinion was that he was perfectly rational and that there was no evidence of any delusions or conditions of epilepsy or hallucination or other evidence of insanity, but that he was hot tempered and sensitive and mentally unbalanced.

Lesbin was placed on trial for murder. It was said that it was all accident. He had no intention of shooting her. The trigger was pulled involuntarily and caused her death accidentally. It was also pleaded that he was unhinged in mind and lost his self control and that

he was provoked by the girl's satirical remarks.

The judge and the jury, however, disbelieved his story and plea of provocation. Provocation must be such as to

deprive a reasonable man, not one afflicted with defective mental balance or his self-control. A crime is not excused by its own atrocity. Lesbin was hanged.

THE REASON WHY

A mother took her small son shopping with her. At a greengrocer's the boy was invited to take a handful of cherries; but he seemed hesitant. "Don't you like cherries?" asked the greengrocer.

"Yes," replied the boy with zest.

The greengrocer put his hand in, and pulling out a generous portion, dumped them in the little fellow's two hands, which he promptly held out. Later his mother asked him why he had not taken the cherries himself, instead of waiting till the greengrocer gave them to him.

"Because his hand is bigger than mine," was his frank reply.

Life is full of perplexing riddles. Some we solve, some we only half solve and some we carry unsolved to the grave.

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THE MYSTERIOUS PAINTING

When the old Chinese Governor died he left everything to his eldest son. His second son by the second wife thought it unfair until.....

(By R. B. PINGLAY)

In the early part of the 15th century, under the Ming dynasty in China there lived an old Governor named Ni. At a pretty advanced age of 80, being struck with the beauty of one of his farmer's daughter by name Meichi, took her to be his wife. This act on the part of the old man gave offence to his son, Chenki, a sordid miser, who feared that the young wife might inherit a large portion of the property of his father. This fear greatly increased when the young lady gave birth to a son who was named Chenchu. At the birth of the son, Chenki protested that he would not acknowledge the boy as his brother.

When the boy was five years of age, the old Governor was attacked by fever, and it was thought that he might not survive. He called Chenki, his first son, and gave him a will in which, contrary to expectation, he was named sole heir to the entire property. At this arrangement, the young wife protested since it left both herself and her boy at the

mercy of the step son. But the old man consoled her saying that otherwise she and her child would not be safe, and handed to her a painting and enjoined her to keep it until her son attained the age of manhood and then send for some very intelligent Magistrate for an explanation of the painting.

The old Governor died. Chenki drove Meichi and her boy from the palace, but with some compassion premitted them to reside in a ruined summer house at the far end of the garden. In this cottage the mother and son lived in dire poverty. When he grew to his fourteenth year, Chenchu began to reflect on his miserable condition and with the usual impudence of youth, began to remonstrate against his elder brother who enjoyed the whole of the property. Chenki could not tolerate this for long, and so drove the mother and son out of the cottage to a distant farm house. The mother meekly went into exile with the son who remonstrated with her for her docile atti-

tude. Overcome by his importunities she revealed her long kept secret, the painting given by her husband and his instructions. The painting was at once taken out and it was found to be the portrait of Governor Ni, clothed in rich silk and holding a young child pressed closely to his bosom, while the hand turned downwards pointing to the ground.

The picture was a matter of wonder and the mother and the son felt that there was something mysterious in it. Instead of vain conjecture, Chenchu resolved to go in search of an intelligent Magistrate as his father had directed. He came across an information of a Magistrate having disposed of a murder case very intelligently and to him he went with his mother, and relating to him all the circumstances, handed the portrait to him for his counsel and judgment.

For several days the Magistrate himself was puzzled over the mysterious painting and the circumstances connected with it. One evening, he was sitting on the terrace examining the painting. His servant brought him a cup of tea and while receiving it, he spilled a portion over the picture. He laid aside the tea cup, took the picture in both his hands, and went to hang it from the

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balustrade so that it might dry in the sun. It was then that he saw between two leaves of paper, several lines resembling script. Struck with wonder, he at once unrolled the paper and found that the Governor had concealed under his picture an important communication.

This paper in effect renewed the former bequest to the first son, Chenki, but reserved to Chenchu a little cottage to the left of the palace. It also

stated that under the floor of that cottage a sum of money was concealed equal to the estate possessed by Chenki. It further directed that from that sum one thousand pieces of gold should be paid to the ingenious Magistrate who had penetrated the mystery of the picture. Armed with the information, the Magistrate ordered an enquiry into the question of the inheritance of the property of the late Governor. The enquiry was held in the palace of the Governor. Meichi and her son were asked to attend.

Before the enquiry began in the imposing hall of the palace where all had gathered the Magistrate instead of taking the judge's chair, made a profound salutation before it. He then pretended to hold a conversation in whispers. People assembled were surprised at this and were convinced that the ghost of Governor Ni was in the judge's chair. Suddenly the Magistrate crossed his arms on his breast, made a low bow and began to speak audibly with the supposed invisible spirit on the chair.

"Your wife has placed in my hands a complaint respecting the disposal of your inheritance. Is she true in her assertions?" After addressing thus he seemed to listen, shake his head and again spoke,

"How perverse your eldest son is." After a while he continued, "Where do you wish that your second son should find due means of existence?" "What resources can the wretched house of which you speak to me afford?" "I obey you. I shall do all that I should to your second son to inherit, according to your wish." In the course of this conversation he seemed to decline a favour suggested by the spirit, but finally agreed to accept it.

Pretending that the spirit now beckoned him outside, he turned to those assembled and asked all to follow and convinced them of the reality of the vision by giving an accurate description of the Governor from his knowledge of the picture. He led them on to the little cottage which he declared Ni had assigned to his younger son. As the cottage was in ruins and was more a lumber store, Chenki gladly assigned it to his brother. No sooner the deed of gift was complete, than the Magistrate revealed the secret of the hidden treasure under the floor of the cottage, which he assigned to Chenchu. While he thus completed the task, he did not forget to take his fee of one thousand gold pieces assigned to him in the secret document!

Music was his passion but he could not sing, so he turned a collector of songs.....

THE SONG COLLECTOR

(By Y. SEGEL)

I have never met anyone who knew as many songs as my friend Volodya Ryabinin. He had three thick note books full of the most varied lyrics. It seemed there wasn't a song anywhere that he did not know. Some of the songs were sad, others were merry, there were town and country songs, old ones and new ones which no one yet knew, songs about friendship and love, about a seaman and his old mother, about a miner's sweetheart and a weeping willow, twelve coachmen's songs and a won-

derful song about home.

It was as if the words of songs just came to him like the birds that flew from distant lands to green groves in the spring in order to build their nests in the shelter of the trees.

I got to know Volodya in 1944. He came to the regiment with some reinforcement and was assigned to our battery.

Nearly every other day Volodya used to write to his mother, who lived at Ukhtomskaya, not far from Moscow.

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In those letters he invariably described himself as well fed, warmly clad and in perfect health. Volodya's mother had a bad heart, and he felt he had a right to conceal from her the inevitable hardships of front-line life.

As for Volodya's unquenchable love for music, we learnt of that on the day of his arrival. That evening, as usual, our three Ukrainians started up their favourite song. In places they sang so softly that the song seemed to vanish, but then it would swell again and become as loud as three young lusty voices could make it. The song began and the three sang together, each carrying his own specific melody but suddenly in the middle they faltered and broke off.

We all stared at Volodya who was the cause of this interruption.

"Why did you do that for?" asked the first sergeant with a frown.

"Do what?" echoed Volodya in surprise.

"You butted into the song," said the first sergeant and, after a little pause, added, "If you can't sing, don't try to."

Volodya was quite taken aback. He butted in? Why he had wanted to help them!

That was how we learnt that our new comrade, Volodya Ryabinin, loved music but unfortunately he had no ear for

music at all. This was a view he was very reluctant to accept so from then on the first sergeant decided to play safe when it came to singing on the march.

"Battery!" he would shout in a voice which he never used under other circumstances and which made the men throw their chests out with a particular feeling of pride as they waited for the order. "All together with the song about Byelorussia, my own, and the golden Ukraine! Kalayev will lead. Volodya, not a sound from you! Forward march!"

Above the rhythmic tramp of soldiers' boots would rise Kalayev's lilting voice. He would strike a note so high that one would expect his voice to break, but it wouldn't and at the right beat the rest would join in.

He who has not marched in singing ranks is still to experience that remarkable lightness of foot that comes with a good marching song, the ease with which one keeps in step and one's own stride merging with that of the others into one indivisible whole.

Marching next to Volodya, I could feel how strong was his urge to sing and how heroic his efforts to restrain that urge.

But his love for music was so strong that he found a new outlet for it; for he began collecting songs at halts during marches, in railway cars or on

roads. Gradually the whole regiment learnt of the song collector in the gunners' dug-out. In the evenings infantrymen, engineers, anti-aircraft gunners would often come to us for songs. And they would stay with us long and carry away in their note books the moving words of Volodya's songs.

Volodya couldn't give his songs melody, but after a time they would return to our dug-out with the songs set to music, and Volodya himself would listen to them as if he had never heard them before.

x x x

For four months we had done no marching and sung no marching songs: we were in the front lines, driving the enemy westwards.

We were certain that the war would soon be over. We could feel this on all sides: from the prisoners with their "Hitlerkaput," from the smiles of the liberated towns of Czechoslovakia which greeted us with the words, "Nazdar, bratusky", and from the letters of our mothers, ending with the words, "I'm expecting you home soon, son..."

"D'you realize what a grand life it'll be?" Volodya once said to me. We were lying in a rather shallow foxhole. The sun, still low over the horizon, warmed our backs, drying the dew on our uniforms. "A

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grand life! Can't you feel it?" Volodya's face became grave for a moment. He pointed westwards and said: "They've taken up four years of our life. When the war ends, we'll have to hurry. But it'll be a grand life!..." With some difficulty Volodya managed to turn over in the tiny foxhole, and the sun shone upon his happy face. "When I get back home I'll marry. I'll have two children: a boy and a girl. The kids will go to a music school." And with a sigh he added: "That is, of course, if

they have an ear for music... We'll do a lot of travelling, my wife and I. We'll see the Altai. It's a beautiful country, they say..." Here Volodya put his arms under his head. "Can you imagine the songs they will have there? What songs!"

That was in the morning. But the afternoon a comrade came running to me with the words:

"Come on. The sergeant has sent for you!"

I began buttoning my collar and adjusting my belt.

"You better hurry," said he looking aside. "It's your pal..."

I ran off.

Volodya was lying on his back and looking at the sky high above. Next to him sat the first sergeant on his haunches, turning over and over an unfinished letter in which Volodya had written that he was well fed, warmly clad and in perfect health.

A splinter of a mortar shell had touched the spinal column and completely paralysed him. But his lips were moving: he was trying to say something. I bent down over him.

"Send off the letter," he managed to get out. He lay there a few moments and then shut his eyes. But then, suddenly, he opened them again wide and said quite audibly:

"Is it over?"

We didn't understand.

"Is the war over?"

Far off on the flanks guns rumbled, like distant peals of thunder. Volodya couldn't hear them.

"Is it over?" he asked again and smiled. "Over..."

"It's over," said the first sergeant, hiding from Volodya's view the bursts of mortar shells not far away. "The war's over! Be it cursed a thousand times!"

x x x

The war was over.

We returned to the peaceful life of which Volodya Ryabinin had dreamt and about which he had known so many fine songs. But of him I had no news, whether he had recovered from his wound or succumbed to it.

Of course, I could have gone to Ukhtomskaya, but I feared causing pain to his mother, of whom I only knew that she had a bad heart.

x x x

Once again for the nth time after the war, spring had come. That morning people were awakened by music pouring into the windows. The music, the sun rising over the city, the particularly invigorating breath of the spring breeze and the hum of voices from the street—all these were the customary and always infinitely gladdening tokens of May Day.

On the squares and in the

side streets hands were striking up gay polkas, which neither young nor old nor middle-aged could resist. All of them danced until someone shouted, "We're moving! We're moving!" Then everyone would fall in, and the column would move on, with people walking several abreast, all arm in arm and all singing at the top of their voices.

Suddenly I heard a familiar voice. It was as gay as all the voices around me, but it just couldn't follow the tune.

I rushed in the direction of the familiar voice, but the song had ended. I stopped. Far ahead someone had started up another song. It caught on, and again I heard the voice I wanted to hear. But I made no further attempt to find the singer. Even if I had wanted to, this would have been impossible, for we were approaching Red Square.

But now I knew that the next day I was going to Ukhtomskaya. There I would find Volodya's house, and he



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would introduce me to his mother, his wife, and his two children, both with an ear for music.

I was certain things would be exactly as my friend Volodya Ryabinin wanted them to be.

Why does goodness suffer and wickedness thrive, if there really is the rule of right? Goodness is merely tried and tested and purified by suffering in order that it might shine with all the greater brilliance and proclaim with all the greater force its fadeless, ageless, deathless glory. But wickedness bears not the light of day. Its reign is short lived. Its day of reckoning is always close at hand. It is merely a moment's flash and then darkness utter and absolute. Goodness on the other hand is not unlike sunlight gilding the heaven and brightening the earth with its genial, joyous warmth and light.

NOT TOO LATE TO MEND

(By H. M. PETERS)

There were very many things about which Vimala was proud of. She was married to a rich man who held a high position in society. She was educated. In fact she had everything that a woman could think of and naturally she was proud and vain too. And this pride and vanity were the cause of her loneliness. For she believed herself to be superior to others and never mixed freely with others.

She was one of the invitees at the high society wedding in the city. There were many high officials and distinguished persons and everyone seemed to be in jovial mood. But not so Vimala. She was found sitting alone and there was a feeling of envy in her as she watched the men and women gaily chatting.

There was one lady in particular who was the centre of attraction. She was a tall, dignified, majestic, old lady. In spite of her age, the sweetness of youth still seemed to linger in her smile. Her eyes were radiant and dancing with happiness as she chatted gaily with everybody. Who was she?

Vimala wanted to meet her too. Then she saw her husband going to her and soon they

were laughing at something he had said. She quickly walked up to them.

"This is Vimala, my wife," he said to the old lady introducing his wife.

"I was looking forward to meeting you," said the charming old lady. "Your husband was just talking about you. He said the sweetest of things."

Vimala felt terribly flattered. She thought of something to say. Something which would establish her on a pedestal before this old lady, whom everybody seemed to regard with great affection. But she could think of nothing to say. She felt slightly stupid and realised that this was the first time in her whole life that she had felt that way.

Just then a group of people came along. "Excuse me," said Vimala's husband and walked towards them.

"Isn't she a darling?" said the old lady pointing towards a lady in the group.

"Who?" enquired Vimala, a bit surprised and taking advantage of the opportunity to say something.

"That girl who's attracting all the people there to herself!"

"I know her," said Vimala,

but there was no warmth in her voice. She couldn't help sounding a little snobbish. "She studied with me in the college. Her name is Lakshmi," she continued in the same tone. "She was then very poor. I can't imagine how she...."

The old lady didn't let her finish telling what was in her mind.

"See that handsome young man standing right behind her? That's her husband," she said. "He's an industrialist. They returned from U.S.A. only last week. He went there on business and took his wife with him. It was their honeymoon too."

As Vimala watched Lakshmi the old embers of jealousy began to smoulder within her. During her college days she had hated this girl. She could never bring herself to like her as others did. For she belonged to the fashionable set in the college and she never condescended to talk to Lakshmi who was very poor. But the main reason why Vimala disliked Lakshmi was because the latter always stood first in the class. Vimala in spite of her private tuitions could never capture the coveted first place. She had always remained second best. For that she hated and blamed Lakshmi.

Now the memory of this old jealousy came back and she

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said, "How is it possible for a poor girl like her to marry this rich businessman?" she asked.

"Ever heard of Cinderella, my dear?" said the kind old lady. "What a handsome pair they make."

Vimala's curiosity grew. "Tell me how it happened," she pleaded.

"It was simple. Lakshmi, you must know, comes from a really well-to-do family. But her father was an awfully bad gambler. He gambled his money away on all the stock markets, race tracks, and on everything he could risk his money on. In the end he gambled his very life. He committed suicide. His wife and only daughter were left to face a life of poverty and suffering. The mother became a school teacher. The Inspector of Schools took a kindly interest in her. It was she who played fairy godmother to the

girl. She had a nephew who was doing well in business. She once invited him to pay her a visit and the moment she introduced Lakshmi to him he forgot all about going back. That's how the Prince found Cinderella. And how wonderfully happy they are together." The old lady couldn't hide her own satisfaction at the happiness of the other two.

"Do you think it was a case of love at first sight?" enquired Vimala. "She was so poor and plain looking. How could he have fallen for her so easily?"

The old lady smiled. She guessed that Vimala was inwardly jealous at Lakshmi's good fortune. She replied with a twinkle in her eyes: "It was indeed a case of true love. I know it because the young man happens to be my son. And I'm so proud of the girl he married. It is the goodness of her heart that captivated by son."

The last sentence of the old lady was like a shaft to Vimala and her eyes were opened to the futility of riches, fame and name. Happiness came not from these but from one's goodness of heart. It was a new experience for her. Standing before the old lady she felt a sort of humility which she

had never felt before in her whole life. Life had been one long lonely journey. Even marriage had not brought her happiness. She had never opened her heart to anyone. She had never loved nor cared for anyone but herself. Now this new experience brought tears to her eyes.

The old lady was smiling again. She was glad that she had helped Vimala find her better self again, to open her heart to love others and be loved in turn.

"I have been such a wretched fool thinking too much about myself," said Vimala. "Now I feel like a Cinderella myself!"

The old lady offered her, her hand.

"It's never too late to mend, my dear," she said.

"Yes, I do know it now. I was so blind. Will you forgive me for all the things I said about Lakshmi?"

The old lady nodded and smiled.

"I've so much to make up for in life. And I do want to make friends with Lakshmi," said Vimala like a truly repentant child.

"Come, let us go and meet her," said the charming old lady smiling triumphantly.

We are always wiser and richer for our experiences, for every experience is a fresh lesson learnt in the school of life, either exposing some falsehood or correcting some error of judgment.

HASSAN KHAN THE MAGICIAN

This is the concluding portion of the account of the most celebrated magician of the last century who after a meteoric rise to fame fell into oblivion.

One day I happened to hear Hassan Khan talking to somebody from the fourth storey of his house with more than half of his body out from the terrace. I was afraid lest he might fall down and get killed. So I went up and to my surprise found that he was talking to a shadow. "No, I must have much more," he was saying and presently he came to us with his hands full of gold mohurs which he distributed amongst us.

One day at Cawnpore we were all sitting in a friend's house and a juggler was entertaining us with some tricks. He gave a parody of Hassan Khan's feats, and throwing up an egg made it disappear by a clever sleight of hand trick. Hassan Khan could not pass over this

intentional slight and with a desire to take revenge he asked the juggler to repeat his performance. When the juggler threw up the egg Hassan Khan made it disappear and said, "Now my man, recall your precious egg." The juggler knew that the egg had disappeared and sat mute and humbled. Hassan Khan then made the egg drop bit by bit right upon the head of the poor juggler who wondered what else was in store for him.

On another occasion Hassan Khan induced a lady to give him all her ornaments and tying them up in a handkerchief he threw them in a river. Two days after, the handkerchief with the ornaments was found on the shelf in the

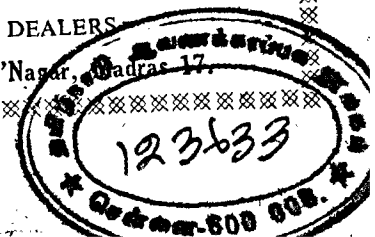
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house of the lady. It was wet and covered with mud, as if it had just been fished up from the river.

All these years Hassan Khan had become very proud of himself and that in a way brought about his downfall. There was a fakir in Bareilly Cantonment. He was unkempt and dirty and nobody seemed to pay any attention to him. Hassan Khan somehow came to know that he possessed great occult powers. He, therefore, went to him and challenged him either to show him some wonderful feat or acknowledge him as his superior after having witnessed some of his (Hassan's) own feats. The fakir at first tried to put him off by bidding him mind his own business. But when he found that Hassan Khan was getting more and more insolent he pointed to his "Kamandala" lying nearby on the ground and asked him to make it disappear. Hassan Khan quite confident of his powers tried to make it vanish but the fakir with his superior power counteracted his rival's move. He then cursed Hassan Khan for his arrogance and from that day Hassan Khan became mad and had to be taken to the lunatic asylum.

I lost touch with him from that time but later learned that he effected his release from the

asylum in a strange way.

One day the Governor of the asylum visited the place for inspection, accompanied by his wife, and Hassan Khan contrived to touch her person by some way. When after the inspection the Governor reached his carriage he found his wife was missing and on returning to the prison found her sitting by side of Hassan Khan. He took her away but as soon as she reached the gate, she was back again with Hassan Khan. This happened thrice and the Governor was so impressed by it that he ordered Hassan Khan to be forthwith released.

It was a few years later I came upon him. At first I did not recognise him. He was then attired in yellow robes and had a flowing beard. He accosted me and asked whether I recognised him. When I told him no, he said that he was Hassan Khan. I embraced him and asked him why he was roaming about like a mendicant. He then told me that he had lost his magic power. "I am no longer the man that I was before. After having starved for two days, on the third day I can get something to eat, but I can no longer get any money. However, so much of my old power is still left to me, that if you ask for a thing and pay its proper

price, I can get it for you. The money will disappear and the article will come in its place."

He told me he had not had anything to eat for two days but I had no cash on my person at that time. However,

he went to the bazaar and got some sweets, how I do not know, and ate them. Having lived in luxury once, he found life in that condition too galling and within a few days of my last seeing him he died.

ARE YOU A SMOKER ?

Do you take short puffs at a cigarette every few moments and then, when it's only half smoked, stub it out and reach for another? If you do you are not only nervous, you have a wavering, weak disposition. You are too erratic to make a success of anything, and you are unlikely to have any real friends.

The way you smoke a cigarette can be an excellent guide to your character. If you light a cigarette and leave it hanging limply between your lips until it has burned out, you like to hear yourself talk but you never have anything original to say. You are completely unreliable in everything. Do you hold your cigarette in your left hand and place it firmly in the centre of your lips when you draw? If so, you are the determined, successful type. You make a good friend and your judgment can always be relied on.

But if you stub your cigarette so violently that the paper breaks and tobacco shreds in the ashtray, you have ambition, but you are frustrated and lack the moral fibre to achieve anything.

And if you play with the stub in the ashtray while you talk, then you are a thoughtful person with an inventive frame of mind. You hate wasting time. Even your hands work subconsciously.

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X

X

A joke about the bald King Louis XIV, of France, landed a young Irish boy into the dreaded Bastille for the rest of his life! This nine-year-old boy, Francis Seldon, was the heir to one of the largest fortunes in Europe. His parents sent him to Clermont College, Paris. One day King Louis visited the college. Delighted at this honour, the governors decided to rename it "The College of King Louis the Great." Hearing this, the young Irish boy pointed out to a group of schoolmates that the college was already named after the King.

For Clermont in French means "bare top," and Louis XIV, was completely bald. This joke soon reached the ears of the masters, and some little sneak named Francis Seldon as the culprit. Francis was punished, but there was more trouble on the way. The King heard about it. Baldness was a sore point with Louis and he ordered the boy's arrest. So that Francis couldn't return home and repeat his joke he was sent to the Bastille. His parents were informed that he had just disappeared.

Francis Seldon remained in the Bastille until he was 78.

Some Word Records

(BY GERALD WENDT)

What is the highest temperature recorded on earth?

The highest temperature ever officially recorded was 136° Fahrenheit at Azizia, in Tripolitania, Libya, on 13 September 1922.

The lowest temperature on record is 90° below zero, Fahrenheit, at Oimekon, Siberia, on first February 1933, and at Verhoyansk, Siberia, on 7 and 9 February 1892. Almost as cold is the record in Greenland at an altitude of 9,820 feet: 87° F. below zero on 6 December 1949. The lowest temperature ever recorded on Antarctica is 83° F. below zero encountered at Bolling Base by the Byrd Expedition on 21 July 1934.

The highest average temperature for an entire year was 88° F. at Lugch in Italian Somaliland, Africa. The lowest average annual temperature was 22° F. below zero on the South Polar ice-cap.

The greatest rainfall during one minute was 0.69 inch at Jefferson, Iowa, in the U. S. A. on 10 July 1955. The greatest rainfall during one hour or less was also in the United States, a fall of 12 inches in 42 minutes at Holt, Missouri, on June 22, 1947. The greatest

rainfall over the period of a year was 471.68 inches at Mt. Waialeale, Kauai, Hawaiian Islands. But Cherrapunji, India, holds the longtime record of 450 inches annually for 74 years.

The driest spot in the world is Africa in the northern desert of Chile, where the average annual rainfall over a period of 43 years was only 0.02 inch. But there are many desert areas where no rain whatever has fallen for a period of several years.

Regarding the age of plants, in spite of unproved claims of 12,000 years as the age of a Macrozamia tree in Queensland, Australia, the oldest living thing on earth is probably a giant cypress, 165 feet in circumference, that is still growing in a churchyard in the village of Santa Maria del Tule, near Oaxaca in Southern Mexico. It is at least 5,000 years old. A giant sequoia was recently cut down in California, U.S.A., and a count of its rings showed that it was more than 4,000 years old.

Among animals, the longest lived are the Galapagos or Seychelle tortoises which normally live 100 to 150 years and may attain 200. Even the little box

turtle has been known to live to the age of 123. Elephants, famous for their long lives, do not quite deserve their reputation but have almost a human life-time. About 10% live to be 55 and a few live beyond the age of 65. Next to the elephant, the horse is the longest lived mammal. One exceptional horse has lived to be 62 years old and several have passed fifty. The record for donkeys is 47 years, for the hippopotamus 41, and for the rhinoceros 40 years. One whale is known to have lived 37 years. In general, the long-lived animals are the larger ones with few offspring, while the smaller animals that are more prolific live shorter lives. At the extreme on this scale are the small insects that live briefly but lay thousands or even millions of eggs.

The world's largest animal is the blue whale, with a record weight of 131 tons. The largest recorded elephant weighed only 7 tons.

The human race certainly has the longest average life-span of all the mammals, with an average of 71 years for men and 73 for women in the country where life is longest, the Netherlands. But there are conflicting claims for the individual human records. Using only official data, the longest life was that of Colonel Walter W. Williams of Franklin, Texas in the U.S.A., who was 114

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years old on 14 November 1956. The heaviest man was also an American, Miles Darden of North Carolina, who weighed more than 1,000 pounds and lived to the age of 59. The biggest baby weighed 23.75 pounds at birth. The mother was Mrs. Anna Bates of Nova Scotia in Canada, who was 7.5 feet tall. Records for height are inadequate but one authentic giant was Robert Wadlow of Manistee, Michigan, U.S.A., who was 8 feet 9.5 inches tall. He died at the age of 22 in 1940.

Story of a Buffalo

(By SWAMI SIVANANDA)

Once a kaupin (underwear) got dissatisfied with the position it was assigned on the wearer's body. It left him and went to Benares. There it was lying on the Ganges ghat, when it was noticed by a sadhu who had just lost his only kaupin in the forceful current of the Ganges while taking a bath. The sadhu used to wear no other cloth except a kaupin, and having lost it he was in difficulty to cover his nakedness. Finding nobody in the vicinity who could be its possible owner, the sadhu hurriedly took the kaupin lying on the ghat, wore it and thus hid his shame. The poor kaupin felt sorry that it had to cover the very same part of the sadhu's person, which it wanted to escape covering on its previous owner's body.

Hardly two or three days had passed the kaupin began to realise that its new master was more cruel than the previous one, as the sadhu, having no other kaupin, wore it every day all the twentyfour hours, whereas its previous master used it only on alternate days. Dejected, it mused within itself: "Ah, what a great mistake I have committed! I ought not to have deserted my previous master. He was indeed kind, for

he used me only on alternate days. But the present master does not allow me even an hour's rest! Pitiable is my lot."

Like the kaupin, a buffalo, which used to work hard in its master's field from morning till night, got disgusted with its hard work, and one night, while it had been let loose for grazing, it fled away to a far off place, where in the next morning it was noticed by a farmer, who guessing that it must have fled away from its owner, living far away, made himself the owner, yoked it to the plough and made it work day and night in his own fields. In a couple of days, the buffalo grew weak and thin, unable to stand the strain of such hard work, to which it was not accustomed. It thought: "I have indeed committed a blunder in coming away from my previous master who was by far kinder than my present one, and who never worked me at night, whereas my new master works me day and night and whips me bitterly."

The kaupin and the buffalo realised that none can escape playing his ordained role in the scheme of God, and any attempt to escape would prove futile and would only land

one in greater difficulties. They learned that wisdom lay in meekly surrendering to the Divine Will and discharging one's allotted duty putting up with all the difficulties it involved.

None can expect ideal conditions to prevail in any part of the world, for the moment one gets what he thought to be ideal conditions, the mind will find some defects in them and crave for better conditions. It is a trick of the mind to escape discipline. Putting the blame on environments and circumstances, the mind wants an excuse to indulge in its accustomed pleasures. A man of discipline puts up with all difficulties, adjust himself to all situations and discharges whatever duties are assigned to him with a willing and cheerful heart. Such a man of discipline only can be a true devotee. True devotion is self-surrender, atma-nivedan. Devotion does not consist so much in japa, ecstatic kirtan or elaborate ritual worship as in surrendering oneself to the Divine Will and doing one's allotted work calmly in a spirit of divine worship without complaining of anything, accepting everything as godsent for one's own quick evolution. The moment one adopts this attitude, every difficulty, every obstacle becomes a help to march ahead in the path of evolution. To

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a true devotee who has surrendered himself to the Lord, no task is difficult, no task is mean, no work is an obstacle in the path of his spiritual progress, for he does everything knowing that it is fulfilment of the Divine Will, or it is worship of God, and thus maintains God-consciousness at all times. Yoga is essentially the maintenance of God-consciousness always. It is not in Uttarakashi or Gangotari or in any place higher up, but it is in the right understanding that everything is God, and all work is Divine worship.

Many aspirants leave the world and come to Rishikesh for seclusion. After a while they leave Rishikesh and search for seclusion in Uttarakashi or

Gangottari, and in the end they with mental seclusion. By find it nowhere. Even in Uttarakashi or Gangottari, one has aspirants make no spiritual progress. Like the proverbial rolling stone that gathers no moss, they spoil their health, and in the end, like the kaupin it is physical. Absolute physical seclusion is impossible on their folly in leaving the place earth. Physical seclusion is where God had brought them, useless if it is not combined in search of better ones.

MADE WIFE LIVE IN KENNEL

Hannah Maclaney was jealous. But not of another woman. She resented the affection and care her husband lavished on his mongrel dog.

"You think more of him than you do of me," she complained angrily, "I've a good mind to kill the brute."

Josh Maclaney only laughed, but when he came home from his work in the fields one evening in 1841 he found the dog dead, its skull split by an axe blow.

"I did it," his wife said defiantly. "I told you I would and I have!"

In a moment the usually placid Josh became mad with rage. He put a rope round his wife's neck and dragged her to the dog's kennel.

"That's your place in future," he told her grimly. "You've killed my dog, and now you'll 'live' like a dog."

The Maclaney's farm was in an isolated part of the United States miles from the nearest neighbours. Nobody came near the place for almost seven years.

All that time the wretched Hannah was tied to the kennel.

Eventually, Josh Maclaney was shot in a scuffle with a party of hunters who arrived unexpectedly at the farm. His wife was freed and taken to hospital.

But the years of exposure and starvation had done their work. Within a few months she, too, died.

The thrill everyone feels from swift acceleration and speed may be based on a desire to recapture the past delights of infancy such as being rocked, tossed, dandled or swung by mother.—Dr. Max Hayman, Compton.

A man who finds it painful to smile should not open a shop.—A Chinese proverb.

Fragments of Truth From the Unseen

Here are further extracts from the above book by the famous medium Beatrice Russell communicated to her by the spirit of a doctor who in his life on earth took a great interest in spiritualism.

Meditation should be the greatest privilege that you have. There are many ways of meditation, and you will know that you have found the right one when you feel the Highest in you reaching out to the Highest in the Beyond.

Prayer should be at its highest in meditation, but formal prayer is deadening to the soul. The priests of ancient times knew the wonderful value of meditation, but in the present day—owing to the speeding up of life—this has been largely lost. It has an immense strengthening power, and there are certain rules that

should be kept with regard to it.

Meditate always at the same hour, never meditate when you are angry, or when your feelings have been disturbed. Meditate if you possibly can in the presence of beauty. Before meditating do simple breathing exercises. These help your etheric body to tune to the Higher power, and these exercises should be simple, for those at any rate in the Western world.

The East has always known the secrets of the breath which is a deep mystery and as you will have heard the Adepts

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were enabled, after much hard study, and many years of self-discipline to gain such control of their bodies through the power of breath, that they could be buried for weeks at a time. These things are not for the Western world but you would be wise always to develop your breathing. In meditation, the slowing down of the rhythm of the breath gives you greater power. You must never be inclined to let your meditation become a mere habit. Come to it each day fresh with the wonder of the fact that you are indeed in tune with the infinite.

As you progress through your life this will become a precious thing indeed. And for those of you who are obliged to dwell in cities and the turmoil of the present day civilisation, this act will build a shining armour which will protect your souls through all the dangers and troubles of your life.

Each day that you spend in meditation you will find that it will become more purified and more blessed and in this way, you will be able to meet any ordeal that may confront you.

Towards the end of your lives on earth this meditation becomes a most wonderful thing, and you will realise that it is worthwhile sacrificing anything so that you may

continue it. It will become a communing with the Holy Spirit.

x x x
POSITIVE THOUGHTS

Optimism is made up of trust and love. It is essential to dismiss every negative thought, and only accept and give forth the positive. There is a difference between the person who lives on the surface of things and who has what they call a carefree optimism, dismissing the more serious aspects of life, and the steady faith of the soul who trusts the future will be assured. You may feel that this is largely a matter of temperament, but I can assure you that you make your own temperaments.

One often sees people in life whom one would think have nothing whatever to be cheerful or optimistic about, yet they are often the most happy; this is because they have right thinking in their innermost souls.

Life should be one long reaching out in hope and trust until you reach the great climax of what is called death, but is in fact the rebirth into a glorious life here in the World of Light.

Try and get rid of all negative thoughts, make this your daily practice until you feel confident you have established a firm hold over yourselves in

this way, and you will find in time it will always be easy to look on the positive side.

Never was this more needed in the world than today, and the power of these thoughts are so great, that if one great nation, such as Britain and America could only be made to realise this immense power of good, and could bring all their peoples under this law, there is nothing they could not accomplish in the world.

x x x
LIFE IN THE BEYOND

Two of the most important things here to us, which help to create a wonderful atmosphere, are music and colour, music of an infinite variety, and consisting of more notes than you have ever dreamed of. Colours are brilliant and in many more shades than are known to you on earth. These two form a great part in our lives. You must not think, as I know many people on earth are apt to think, that this is a shadowy dim space; there is a brightness that you cannot conceive, the colours are interwoven in our etheric body and the aura adds to the brilliance.

Our time is completely occupied; you will understand that the word time has a different meaning here, but I do not wish to go into that.

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There is always amongst us a feeling of expectancy mingled with great happiness, for we know that as we progress we shall enter the Sphere Beyond.

Sometimes Holy Ones visit us, and we know by the more rarefied atmosphere and the feeling of holiness, that they are with us. They talk to us of those regions, and at times take us with them for a short while. At other times we are warned that they will be joining us, and we prepare ourselves for the sacred joy of receiving them. In this way there is always a sense of living uplifted in spirit, with the knowledge that we too shall come to those regions eventually.

(To be continued.)

⊕
Great things are done when men and mountains meet. These are not done by jostling in the street.—William Blake.

Observation of the artificial satellite's orbit from various points will enable the geodesists to determine the shape and size of our planet. By studying how the orbit changes with time, the geophysicists will determine the density of the atmosphere at altitudes where it is hundreds of times below the density that can be detected by the most sensitive instruments.

Strange as it seems, the artificial satellite will be able to tell us more about thermal conditions deep inside our planet. By taking the satellite's temperature, as it flies over various parts of the earth's surface we shall be able to collect data on the earth's reflecting and radiating abilities and, consequently, make a more accurate estimate of the thermal balance of the earth.

Equipped with a radio transmitter and measuring instruments the satellite will report the origin, development and fading of various processes in the atmosphere. Flying about its orbit at a speed of nearly eight kilometres a second, it will enable the scientists to draw a picture of the behaviour of the higher atmosphere. If the satellite's orbit is not round but elliptical, then the satellite will give information from altitudes ranging from 300 to 600 kilometres.

The range of information that the satellite can give about the complex of geophysical phenomena greatly depends on the choice of orbit. As distinct from American scientists, who have an orbit inclined at a small angle chosen to the equator, Soviet ex-

perts have chosen an orbit for the satellite over the polar regions, which technically is more difficult to accomplish, but more interesting. Owing to the revolution of the earth, this satellite will, during its life time, fly over diverse parts of the earth and study the higher atmosphere over the equator and away from it.

The main difficulty that has to be overcome in order to launch the satellite is the creation of rocket engines that combine very small weight with immense power. The specific power of the engines must be almost a million h. p. for every ton of the engine's weight, in order to send the rocket up to an altitude of 300-400 kilometres in three or four minutes and give it a speed approximately of 28,000 kilometres an hour.

At present only the most industrially and scientifically developed countries are able to build artificial satellites, and this is why only two countries, the U.S.S.R. and U.S.A., have undertaken to tackle this problem.

x x x
Bacteriophage

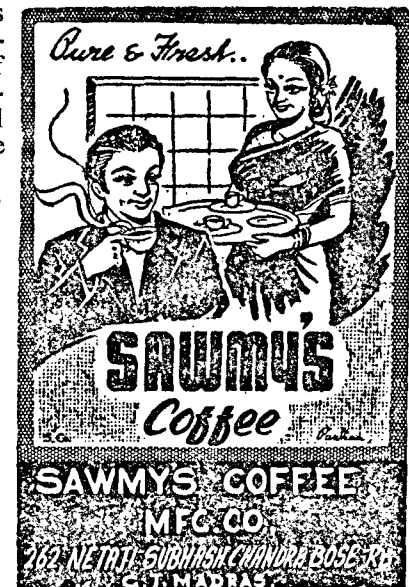
What is bacteriophage?

You would have probably heard about it in connection with the Ganges water. It is that mysterious something which makes it "holy" i.e., keeps it remarkably free from bacteria.

But no one as yet knows what it actually is. Now Professor A. Krish and A. Tikhoninko of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences have decided to unravel its mystery.

Scientists have known that as little as a drop of the bacteriophage can destroy millions of microbes but the "phage" destroying the bacteria are so small that they are invisible despite thousand fold magnification.

It is only the electronic microscope that has enabled the scientists to penetrate into the mysteries of these miraculous tiny particles. The so-called "shadow" method of investigation was employed to solve the problem. Minute metal particles were sprayed on a bacteriophage preparation with the aid of a special appliance. The method enabled the scientists to get a better view of the object under investigation and to obtain a snapshot of the bacteriophage. At first it appeared that each of its particles consisted of a "head" and a "tail". However, continued research made it possible for the scientists to discern some details of the bacteriophage composition. It appeared that the "head" is a thread tightly wound in a spiral, while the "tail" is its loose end. The scientists succeeded in "unwinding" the spiral and in proving convincingly



that the bacteriophage particles represent a chain of protein molecules. Further study has revealed that the thread wound in a spiral, i.e., the chain consists of spheres. Thus bit by bit the scientists have succeeded in unravelling the mysteries of the infinitely small particles of the invisible bacteriophage.

The newlyweds were having their first quarrel.

"When we were married you promised to obey me," said the husband to clinch his argument.

"Yes, I know dear," replied the wife coolly. "I did it because I did not want to start a row with the priest in the presence of all the people present."

x x x

A man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds.

* * *

If men talked about only what they understand the silence would become unbearable.

ON TEA PARTIES

LOTUS EATER

Every institution has its own good and bad points. On the whole, however, the institution of tea parties is a fine one. Here are some of its merits as well as demerits.

The term tea party itself seems a misnomer, at least as far as South is concerned. We have only coffee parties here. I was one day wracking my brains as to how we have been sticking to this wrong nomenclature when I accidentally bumped upon a D.M.K. friend of mine. When I told him my problem he dismissed it with a contemptuous air. "No man is blind as one who will not see," he remonstrated vehemently. "Don't you see in it an unmistakable instance of the domination of the North over the South? I suppose you know in the North, except where South Indians have established separate colonies, all parties are tea parties and not coffee parties?" His argument was so convincing that I could not contradict him and in spite of ultra nationalism in my heart of hearts, I felt that there might after all be some truth in my friend's declamation.

A time there was when the giving of a tea party truly reflected the popularity of the guest. But to-day it has become either a meaningless formality or one got up by men having their own axe to grind.

This institution helps you—if you are a pushing and adven-

turous sort, to get yourself introduced to people of high social status and their confidence.

Even the westerners with their characteristic reservedness cannot resist an invitation to a tea party. Officials deem it an honour to be feted, however stiff they might otherwise be, in their official life. As for non-officials tea parties are meat and drink to them.

Tea parties enable you to worm yourself into the good graces of V.I.Ps if you have sufficient brains to attend to their animal comforts at such functions. It is not *infra dig* to offer their cup of coffee into their very hands or take their garlands to the waiting car or ply them with an importunate offer of a second helping undeterred by their initial courteous refusal, for you must have the wits to realise that they may not be anxious to be taken for gluttons. I do not wonder at their abstinence, realising as I do, that it is an essential characteristic of gentility not to appear to eat to the fill but just to nibble at a *jalebi* perhaps, or take an insignificant slice of *vadai*, a pinch of *kara-boondi* and a few sips of coffee or cool drink. We humbler folk would consider ourselves starved to eat like this which amounts only to a pretension of eating. I am sometimes left to wonder—may be it is an uncharitable thought against the highbrows—whether after all these gentries do not come to tea parties after

having quite a stomachfull of lunch at home!

But if these honoured guests eat so little because they are afraid the menu will hurt their stomach, I can pardon them. For they have very good reason to think so. Constitutionally these highbrows suffer from a delicate stomach and the preparations at a tea party are certainly no aids to digestion! The vanaspati with which the sweets are made and the old and dirty oil—looking almost like mobil oil—in which the savouries are prepared have made me too suffer. As for coffee we are left wondering whether it is tea or coffee! No guest however great he might be, has sufficient courage to condemn the menu. Though he may be a bully at other times and other places he is so flattered at a tea party in his honour that he has not the heart or the guts to say that the preparations are bad or meagre.

A word about this vanaspati, though it may be a digression. I once asked a hotel proprietor friend of mine why they all prepare sweets from this *ersatz* ghee. He began to loudly extol the virtues of vanaspati for its keeping qualities; sweets made from pure ghee, he said, emit a disagreeable odour after a few days.

On another occasion I had a chat with a hotel server and asked him why savouries gripped my stomach so much. He laughed and said that it was as much due to the oldness of the oil as to the rotten material used. He leaned forward keeping both

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his hands on the table and said in almost a whisper: "Let me advise you never to even so much as look at a *pagoda*, soft or *garam*. It is made of the previous day's leftovers of all kinds of savouries ground together. As for the oil less said the better. For the frying vessel is never cleaned. Everyday fresh oil is poured into the previous day's oil. And if a chemist were to analyse the oil it certainly will show a trace at least of the oil used on the first day the hotel was opened." That made me decide never to visit a hotel again and get poisoned!

But a tea party, of course, is a different affair. Gripe or no gripe, you can't afford to miss it. On it may depend your very future and prosperity too. And what is a gripe before one's career?

A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will.

The Seer of Kamakoti Speaks

VELANDAI

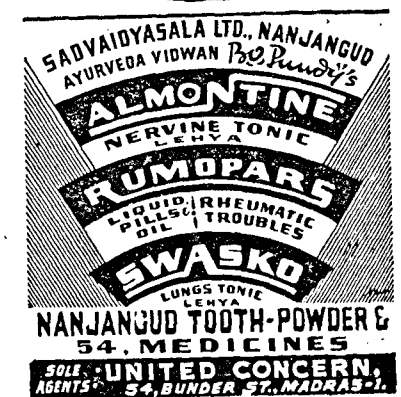
This is the second instalment of the golden utterances of His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam whose whole life is dedicated to the service of humanity

Dwelling on the theme of the oneness of the Trinity and the significance of the "Pavais" His Holiness said: "The common ground on which the followers of the different siddhantas can meet are the Vedas and their Angas. Thus Appar speaks of Siva as 'Narayan' and Nammalvar of Vishnu as 'Mukkannappa' (three-eyed God). Every devotee whatever his Ishtadevata invariably identifies it with the central teaching of the Vedas. The mere chanting of the Vedas with faultless pronunciation in the traditional style will lead an asthika to spiritual salvation. The Veda is the eternal teacher. It is a string of spiritual mantra."

His Holiness surveyed the present conditions of society in India and stated: "It is indeed deplorable that modern society should forget our ancient practices to the detriment of our spiritual progress. It is regrettable that our ancient popular religious songs and practices should have been long given up and forgotten. Our boys and girls easily learn the history of foreign countries, their literature, ballads and songs. But alas they have no knowledge of the ancient ballads and songs of our own country. In the old days

'Thiruppavai Ezhuchi' used to be sung in praise of the Lord - at sunrise all through the year. Every child learnt to sing it in those days. When the child grew into a man, the memories of his childhood and the songs he lisped then helped him in shaping his outlook and his conduct in life. Godliness was thus imparted to the child even as its mother imparted to it its food, and the child imbibed godliness with as much relish as its mother's milk. So these songs which for thousands of years we young and old were singing must be revived. Our children as of yore, should sing them on rising from bed with great gusto and reverence. That way we can combat the present attitude of apathy towards religion. We may not call this 'nasthikam' which we witness in some of our youngsters. It we accomplish this change in some of our youngsters, at least they may well become pillars of the ancient ideals we want to revive in the people. Even if few of the seeds we sow bear fruit, that would be indeed ample justification for our efforts. In this way alone I foresee the resurrection of our ancient dharma. In many households the grandfather is an old 'asthika',

the father an indifferent man and the grandson probably bordering on 'nasthikam' (atheism) or an out and out atheist. The harmony of the family, its ideals and progress get destroyed and chaos is the result. Dharmic life alone will usher in the utopia for which the world is eager — an era of peace, contentment, and prosperity. Therefore it is that all adharmic life must be put an end to. The moral revival of man is surely waiting round the corner. There is always hope to redeem mankind. The touchstone and talisman is only our ancient dharmic life. In it are embedded all the essentials of high thinking and high living. Our Hindu dharma affords the best means to live a socialistic pattern of life. The true Hindu lives for others. He effaces the 'I' or the ego in man. He serves his family, his community, his village and the nation with equal fervour. To him truth and simplicity are articles of faith for the pursuit of true happiness. To him humanity is one and the God he worships is also one. Maybe, the Trimurthis are different names. They are the manifestations of the one Supreme Being. We worship God in diverse ways in diverse swaroopas. If we forget the oneness of all the gods we will miss true anandam, the eternal bliss of being submerged in the ocean of the effulgence of the Almighty. It is therefore natural to expect the great religious tolerance and catholicity of outlook displayed by our Nayanmars and Alvars who while singing the praise of their Ishta Devata were equally reverential



to the other manifestations of the Supreme Being.

Our aim must be to achieve unity of mankind in the worship of God and in the practice of the Divine moral code. We therefore like to re-stress the significance of Thiruvambavai, which verily is a clarion call to the individual soul to rise up and throw off its own self-imposed fetters that is theo-

logically called 'maya' and to realise its natural spiritual ability and 'swarajya'. The Tiruvambavai of Manickavachagar and the Tiruppavai of Sri Andal represent the essence of the teachings of the Nayanmars and Alwars. These inspired authors had dedicated themselves body and soul to the service of the lord. Their devotional songs are celestial and the redemption of mankind lies in singing of the 'pavais' and living the life of a true bhakta. The 'pavais' are as beneficial to mankind as Vedas and Vedangas. Our ancestors knew them well, practised them, lived long, healthy and wealthy, spiritually morally and materially. Should we not be grateful to our ancestors and to the authors of the 'pavais'? Should we forget them and disinherit ourselves from spiritual emancipation? The child is the father of man, as the old adage goes. So should we not, as well as our children, take to this revival and combat the present apathy towards religion and religious observances? True religion and sincere practice of it exalteth a man. Even the atheist scoffs only at those who parade their religion as a cloak for an unclean and untrue life. Once we revive these devotional exercises in all sincerity and practice an ancient dharma in thought, word and deed we will see the emergence of an utopia of peace, prosperity and goodwill among men. Atheism will then have no place in such an utopia as it can thrive only on the soil of adharma, greed and selfishness.

LOAN SCHOLARSHIPS

The governing body of the Canara Bank Jubilee Education Fund is arranging loan scholarships, totalling to Rs. 10,450/- for the current academic year, to 17 new scholars for prosecuting their technical studies. Renewed loan scholarships have also been granted to scholars who were selected and got the scholarship loans last year. The total number of scholars benefitted under the scheme of loan scholarships is 31. Statewise, the selection of new scholars is as under: Andhra State 2; Bombay State 3; Kerala State 2; Madras State 3; Mysore State 7.

Guest: "I see you are fond of singing."

Girl: "Oh, no, I hate it really. But mummy only makes me do it when she wants guests to go."

"His conversation about himself just goes on and on."

"Yes, it never wanes but it bores."

A woman is an angel at ten, a saint at fifteen, a devil at forty and a witch at fourscore.

Maids want nothing but husbands, and when they have them they want everything.

ALL ABOUT SLEEP

"Is it true that the best sleep comes before midnight?" This and other interesting questions about sleep are answered by Gerald Wendt of Unesco below:

The clock and the time of night or day, as such, have nothing to do with the restfulness of sleep. But it is true that the deepest sleep and the fullest rest come early in the sleeping period. This has been proved by the measurement of "brain waves" in an instrument called an encephalograph, which detects the small electric currents that are set up by the activity of the brain. During the first hour after falling asleep these waves die down to almost nothing but after two hours they stir again and gradually come back to normal by the time the sleeper wakes. Falling asleep is a fast process, but most of an eight-hour sleep is really a very slow awakening. Normally, of course this takes place after midnight.

"Is it true that Napoleon slept only four hours a night, or even less? If so why do most people need eight hours?"

Since the exact nature of the restorative process in sleep is not understood, it is also not known why about eight hours is usually required to complete it. At present this is only an observed fact of nature, though the time required is somewhat different for different people. Some are fully rested in seven hours or less, others need nine hours, or

even more. It is well known that Napoleon slept only a few hours at night during periods of stress or crisis, but it is often suspected and cannot be denied that he may have taken several short "naps" by day to bring his total sleep up to perhaps six hours. Each time he slept he took full advantage of the depth of the first hour or two of sleep, then awakened rapidly and did not waste his time in the slow process of gradual awakening. But such a habit pattern must be acquired early in life. Any person who has already established an eight-hour sleep pattern would find it very difficult to convert to the Napoleonic model.

"Do elderly people need less sleep than young people do?"

This is true in the sense that older people are not so active when awake, do not tire themselves so much, and therefore recover their strength with less sleep. But the general impression that older people do not sleep much has a different cause and is related to the legend about Napoleon's sleep. They do not sleep very long at any one time but they sleep more often. This has been explained by some authorities as reversion to the pattern of childhood, or even of infancy. A very young infant has a rapid alternation of sleeping and waking. He may wake after only two hours of sleep, then has his milk and goes to sleep again. As he gets older the periods grow

longer and he has only four, two, and finally only one sleeping period per day. With old age the process is reversed, the periods grow shorter and very old people may take four or even six short periods of sleep every day. Thus it is quite natural that when an elderly person says he is tired, he means that he wants to sleep soon but does not mean that he wants to sleep a long time. In fact, the same is true of eating. Old people cannot eat much at one time but like to eat often. When an old man says he is hungry, he wants to eat quickly but he does not want a big meal. It is well for the family to understand that with age the life-pattern goes back to that of the early years.

x x x

"What happens when a person goes to sleep slowly and gradually?"

Different parts of the body relax, one after another, in a definite pattern, but the process may be fast or slow in different people and at different times. The first step must be the relaxing of the intellect, the thinking process. After that the large muscles of the legs and arms relax, then the smaller ones of the hands and feet, finally the very small muscles of the face and even the eyelids. The first to fade is the sense of sight, then hearing, then the sense of touch and finally the internal nerves that feel pain or discomfort. By that time the person is fully unconscious and so asleep. The sequence is much the same when a person becomes unconscious through the action of drugs,

including alcohol.

The process is reversed during awakening. Pain is both the most effective preventive of sleep and the quickest awakener. It is easier to awaken a sleeper by touching him than by talking to him, but it is also more of a shock. It is easier to awaken him by an unaccustomed or sudden noise than by shining a light on him. But the gentlest awakening is by light, as by letting in the daylight to a darkened room. After the eyes are open there is often a short period before the large muscles are revived and clear thinking does not usually come until the muscles are back to normal and the sleeper can stand up.

x x x

"When I move about and 'toss in my sleep', does that mean I am not resting well?"

No. Occasional muscular movements are normal during sleep and do not disturb the sleep pattern as revealed by the encephalograph. In fact, the muscles seem to relax better if they change their position several times during the eight hours of sleep. Sleep without movement often results in a "stiff neck" or some other evidence of cramping or muscular fatigue.

x x x

"Some people seem to go to sleep better if they eat a little just before they go to bed, but others claim that this gives them bad dreams. Which is right?"

Anyone who has had a late dinner, or a large one after the Continental fashion, with a relaxed evening following it, seldom has trouble going to

sleep. But those who spend an active evening, or an exciting one, or who have been mentally active after their meal, often find it difficult to relax. Their first need is to slow down the over-active brain. This can be done by eating a light meal. The reason is that the human body does not have enough blood to keep all parts in full action at once. There are three major areas to be nourished by the blood: the brain, the digestive system, and the working muscles. It is seldom possible for anyone to make good use of any two of them at the same time. Thus putting a little food into the stomach sends the blood there and takes it away from the brain. So thinking or worrying are reduced and the relaxed intellect helps in falling asleep. However, if a heavy meal is eaten at bedtime, the stomach and digestive muscles have a period of hard work to do. The sleeper cannot sleep comfortably because the internal sensory nerves feel this muscle action and do not relax. In this stage of partial sleep dreams are common and can even awaken the sleeper. The result is a

nightmare. So light meal can induce sleep while a heavy one can disturb it.

x x x

"Does one dream all night or only just before awakening?"

In one series of tests, made at the University of Chicago, the movements of the eyeballs were automatically recorded during sleep and the sleepers were occasionally awakened to tell of their dream, if they had any. Thus it was shown that eye movements, under the closed lids, usually accompany dreams. When the sleepers were awakened during a period of rapid eye movements they almost always remembered dreaming, but when the eyes did not move there were no dreams. Judging by this test, dreams occur at fairly regular intervals of about an hour and a half, except during the first few hours of deep sleep. Dreams are not instantaneous, as is so often supposed, but dream-action goes on at about the same rate as normal waking action. The dream is remembered, however, only when it occurs just before awakening.

●

"My love," said the young man, "pardon me, but when I proposed to you yesterday night you whispered something in my ear. My head was a little dizzy at the time and I am not quite clear in my mind whether you said yes or no. Can you tell me....."

"Ah! I know I said no to somebody last night but I am not quite certain to whom I said it," she replied dryly.

x x x

Suresh was known to be notoriously slow in settling accounts. "I have been to all the shops in the bazaar and I am dashed if I can get what I want!" said he to a shopkeeper friend of his. "What is it you want—credit?" asked the shopkeeper.

THE 'IT' GIRLS OF FILMS

A well-shaped female has always been a vendible commodity in the commerce of motion pictures—and that's strictly in accord with nature's rules. There is nothing wrong with the discriminate displaying of a neatly constructed female form, and there is certainly nothing wrong with a normal citizen liking to look at same. People have been looking at pretty females and enjoying the prospect ever since goodness knows when.

But some of the things they've been showing on the motion-picture screen of late in the fair name of feminine beauty have been enough to make a rake turn red (with the blush of embarrassment, that is, not the political hue), writes the correspondent of *New York Times*. They have also been enough to drive a person to any taste away from movies for a year.

We have particular reference to the frequently repeated display of the Italian actress, Sophia Loren, in a spate of films in the last couple of years, and to the simultaneous outcrop of chesty rivals on the local and foreign scenes. Indeed, the bold Miss Loren was shown here in two Italian films, in which the particular, if not the singular emphasis was upon her conspicuous feminine charms.

We have also seen a rival for Miss Loren from Greece—a lissom actress named Melina Mercouri, frankly put forth in a

seamy Grecian film. And we have likewise seen two American entries, Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe, in a couple of custom-built vehicles on which their chassis have been elaborately imposed. A fellow whose business is going to movies has had a lot to contend with these weeks.

Mind you, we have no objection whatsoever to Miss Loren's magnificent form—or her "build" as it always is referred to by one of our engineering friends. Miss Loren is a singularly handsome female, with a truly heroic shape—it might have befit the wife of Caesar—and a fascinating face. What is more, she can act, as has been proved—especially in light comedy.

However, in her two most recent outings—in "The Miller's Beautiful Wife," and in "Scandal in Sorrento", both with Vittorio De Sica appearing opposite her—Miss Loren's skill at acting is meagerly employed and emphasis is placed entirely on the voluptuousness of her charms. In both pictures—one about the attempted seduction of a miller's beautiful wife by a lecherous Spanish governor and the other about the attempted seduction of a young widow by a middle-aged chief of police—the ideas are elemental and the performances are cheap. All Miss Loren has to do is wear low necklines and move about liberally.

This sort of thing is not only wasteful of acting skills—Signor De Sica's as well as Miss Loren's

—but it is an inevitable offense to people who expect entertainment to rise a little above the level of the bust. Repeated too often, it can only destroy the magnetism of the star. Miss Loren is soon to appear in several big American films. Let us hope that her playwrights and directors do something more than show her to us and say, "Wow!"

COLD RECEPTION

After they had been engaged for several months they had a violent quarrel. Each was too proud to make the first move toward reconciliation.

One evening he had to visit her father on a business matter. When he rang the bell she opened the door. "Miss Blank?" he asked coldly.

"Yes."

"May I see your father?"

"I'm sorry, he isn't in," she replied with equal coldness.

"Do you want to see him personally?"

"Yes," he said, "on important business. Thank you."

As he went down the front steps she called: "Just a moment."

Feeling sure she was yielding, he paused and asked: "Yes?"

"When he returns," she said, "whom shall I say called?"

"Why doesn't Baby talk?" inquired a small girl, gazing at her small brother lying in his cot.

"He can't talk yet," replied her father. "Small babies never do."

"Oh, yes, they do," was the answer. "Job did. I read in the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born."

THE RIGHT MAN

The president of a billion dollar firm grimly faced his board of directors. "I'm going to put it squarely to you," he told the first vice-president. "Have you been taking out my secretary after office hours?"

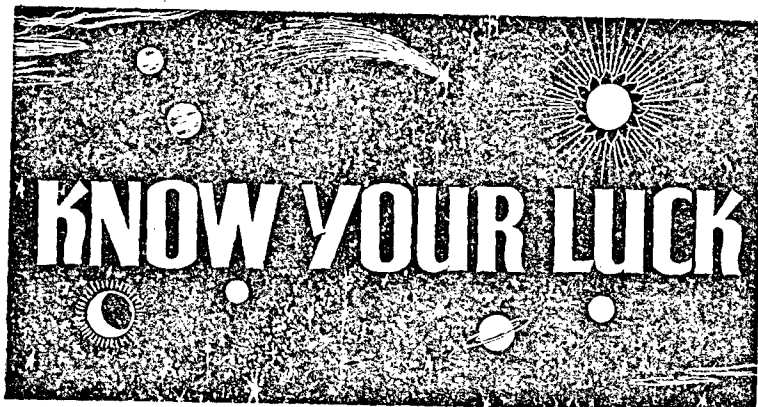
"Gosh, chief," blushed the vice president, "I didn't think you'd mind." In turn, four others sheepishly admitted that they, too, hadn't been immune to her charms.

The newest, youngest member, however, was made of sterner stuff. "I'm happy to say," he said, "that I've had no extra-curricular activities whatever with the young lady in question."

"You're just the man we're looking for," boomed the president, much relieved. "Get right outside and fire her!"

A housewife protested, "I don't like this apartment, Joe. There are no curtains in the bathroom, so every time I take a bath, the neighbours can see me."

"That's all right, Rachel," her husband soothed. "When the neighbours see you, they'll buy the curtains."



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Gochara major planets viz. Aswani Bharani ¼ Kritika ill-placed causing you delay and disappointment in the onward march of your expected progress. The solar course through the IV house in the first half makes you domestically inclined while in the 2nd half it will make you evince greater interest in the welfare of your children or business speculation in which you are engaged. One of your children will surprise you while another claim your special attention in regard to his health. If you are already away, you may have an opportunity to visit your native place and associate with your close relatives and friends. Your finance will improve slightly from the 14th. In a few cases indebtedness may also result owing to many reasons. Investment on land may be one of the causes. Legal procedure may be another cause. Your wife's health may

cause you great anxiety. Enemies will increase during this month. General health will be below par, stomach trouble being the chief complaint from 21st. Officially the month offers encouragement. Businessmen will become more speculatively inclined but will not fare well on the whole. Partnership will suffer.

6, 7, 13, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23, 27, 29 are good days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

This is a much more favourable period than the last. The solar course through the 3rd house in the first half is calculated to settle good many pending affairs. A journey may occur. You will be greatly interested in household affairs. Journalists, publishers, and authors will find this month very lucrative. There will be public appreciation of their merits in

the course of the month. In the second half you will evince greater interest in domestic and residential affairs; very likely there will be a change of house, though obstructed by circumstances beyond your control. Guru passing through the 5th house is happily configured for a healthier frame of mind, and for better domestic life along with your family and children. There will be greater optimism about your affairs in general than before. One of your children will come up to your expectations and make your life happy and gay. The month is propitious for any investment problem. Financially, the month will prove encouraging. Vahana yoga is envisaged in a few cases. There will be promotion or desired change officially. Departmental favour is evident. Merchants will be speculatively inclined and bag heavy profits.

2, 3, 7, 13, 18, 22, 23, 27 are lucky days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI.

This is a very lucky month; for planets are more favourably placed in the 1st. half. Financially this month presages better conveniences. Help from friends and relations is envisaged. Eye patients may not fare well in the 2nd week. A journey may occur in the 2nd half. One of your brothers will claim your special attention. Journalists and writers or authors will claim better success during the 2nd half. Domestically you will be happier in the first half than in

second half when you may have troubles from family and children. This month is favourable for dealings in property from the 2nd half, and for any landed interests as well as vehicular happiness. Guests and relatives will squat at home unusually this month. Your general health is alright in the 1st half. Health will be disturbed as the month is under way. This month is encouraging in official life. First attempt for any change may not be fruitful. Second one will be successful. Business people will do well during this month. Excessive indulgence in speculation may be avoided as far as possible. Prosperous conditions with increased turn over, grain business development etc. will occur which will lead to higher heights of prosperity.

2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 18, 23, 26, 27 and 29 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

This is a month of mental restlessness regarding your household affairs, domestic or residential problem, and of help from government officers. Second half shows more hopeful financial gains, but realised late owing to malefic aspect of Saturn. New source of income is explored and new learning or experience in money matters and family life gained. Major planets like Guru and Saturn are both unfavourably configured causing delay, disappointment and sudden journeys. Your children will cause you disturbed life. Finan-

cially you will not be able to keep up your commitments in time. Brothers or sisters may be sympathetically disposed towards you and will be of tangible help to you in your needs of life. Pan-chama, Saturn aspected by Mangal is bad causing mental strain and stress in the surroundings in which you are placed. There may be friction, quarrels and excitement beyond control over affairs overwhelming your mind. Domestically you will not be happy and gay. Neecha Sukra in the 3rd house from the 2nd half will bring about unhappy surroundings, differences with near relations, elders, if not with parents. General health will be wanting owing to malefics in the IV house. This is not a propitious month for any investment purpose. Officially nothing is envisaged by way of encouragement. Any attempt for improvement may end in disappointment. Merchants will not do well here. First half may prove slightly better. Financial depression may face them in the 2nd half.

1, 2, 5, 7, 10, 13, 16, 20, 25 and 29 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

First half of the month is not fruitful as desired by you. Heavy expenditure, anxiety in all your undertakings, a journey to the north, pessimistic turn of mind and more imaginative than realisable finance are the outstanding features. Second half is more promising when general success and satis-

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
Uthara-
Phalgun

faction, auspicious celebrations and academical success are important results of the transiting planets. Financially the month registers improvement as it is under way. Mangal and Soorya in your rasi are planets of actions and the aspect of Saturn to them will not be helpful to you to gain your objectives during the 2nd half. They indicate differences of opinion, obstacles in the way of your progressive march, and opposition from undesirable quarters. You may become highly excited over any opposition that you may meet with. Great care and prudence on your part will minimise such troublesome time of yours. The month may not be free in the matter of your physical health. Colds, digestive upsets, liver or stomach complaints, biliousness or heated system etc. may be the disturbing factors. Planets in the 2nd house viz. Guru and neecha Sukra, will cause unnecessary wordy warfare with near relations as well as with outsiders. Avoid friction with people with whom you are in correspondence. A journey is envisaged during this month. Officially there may be slight favour gained in the 1st half, while there may be disappointment in the achievement of your cherished goal. Merchants may find the month luckier from the 2nd half onwards. Foreign business will be more encouraging.

2, 3, 7, 13, 18, 20, 22, 27, 29 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

This is a lucky month for you

Uttara-
phalgun
Hastha and
Chitra

regarding finance, help from outside, patronage and domestic life. A move for a change of residence may be welcome to you in the 2nd half. Guru, the lord of the 4th house, and Soorya in the IV sign, are the planets encouraging you to foresee the necessity of such a change in the first half itself. Mother's interests will also be respected and protected. Financially speaking, the lord of income in the 12th house along with your lord Budha, do not auger encouragement and satisfaction for some time only in the first half. Second half is more convenient as to money angle, since the lord of income is entering your rasi. There may be opportunities for investment on land or house then. Avoid differences with others in finalising the deal or with those with whom you deal in financial matters. Eye patients will have to take timely notice of their increasing complaints or defects lest it would be too difficult to improve even after an operation. Planets in the 2nd point out unexpected gains in money matters and if you are not careful, you may also find yourself involved in unnecessary financial tangles. Heavy expenditure awaits you particularly in the 2nd half when the solar course is passing through the XII house which is aspected by Saturn. Officially this month is luckier as it comes to the end when official favours are envisaged. Merchants are lucky if they eliminate the risky adventures or speculation. Partnership

will undergo some changes for the better.
2, 3, 4, 7, 13, 18, 19, 20, 23, 29 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Planetary positions are favourably configured especially during the first half of this month. The solar course in the X house emphasises your professional ambitions and altitudes calculated to bring you up to the notice of your superiors or elders so that you may occupy a radically changed position through unusual associations and openings before you. You may feel impelled to do something highly individualistic which gives you a scope to extend your field of thought and action in business or official enterprise along new and unexplored lines. Your superiors may take a fancy to you and back your enterprises. There will be friends and friendships attracting you in the first half when you should be careful to discriminate amongst them as to who is really sincere and helpful lest you should be beguiled by them to your detriment. Those who are lovers of art, acting, dancing will fare well during this month in particular. The month also emphasises histrionic abilities which can reach better heights than ever. Domestically first half may prove better. Financially though heavy expenditure is ahead of you, you will have satisfactory conveniences. Special care is to be exercised lest

Chitra
Swathi and
Vishaka

2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 11, 16, 18, 23, 25
are better days.

Planetary configuration seems to presage happy

rest. You will be lucky to have co-operation and patronage of those interested in your welfare now and future security of the same. You will have some temporary setback perhaps by the mutual afflictions of Mangal and Sani. But the position of Guru is an outstanding feature calculated to improve your position in spite of all the obstacles overwhelming you. Financially the planets are favourably situated so as to accord you better conveniences besides chances of gain of sudden money during the month. From the 21st onwards when Budha, the lord of your gain, enters his own exalted house, there will be a happy and tranquil flow of monetary affairs. Friends will cooperate with you and you will be able to earn more than ever. You will have unexpected patronage

2, 3, 5, 7, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20, 22, 25, 26 are good days.

Planetary configuration radiates greater benefic

Moola, Poorvashada & Uttarashada

les greater benefic influences on your life this month when compared with the last one. Though the solar course during the first half is adverse enough causing misunderstandings, quarrels with friends and relations, elders in particular, mental upset, seeming setbacks in important matters of your official life owing to the indifference if not the displeasure of your boss against you, the month would prove favourable for other activities in which you evince much interest. Second half registers better improvement as you will find less obstructions and resistance in the onward march of your life. You will move in higher circle of official and social life. Financially, the malefic aspects of Sani and Surya in the first half in particular

3, 6, 7, 13, 18, 19, 23, 25, 27
are better days.

Planetary map during this month envisages

Uttarashada
Sravana
Dhanista ‡

in the 10th house
results of mixed
character. Major
planets like Guru
and Sani are favourable to
you in all your undertakings.
First half indicates obstacles and
unexpected handicaps in the way
of your activities. Soorya in the
VII is not favourable for any
legal case. Second half brings
better relief legally. Avoid friction
or quarrel with those about
you in service or in the home
circle. A friend of yours may
act fraudulently towards you.
Avoid differences with people and
discriminate between friends in
all your dealings as otherwise you
may repent later on. Health may
not be good. Avoid seasoned
dishes or stimulants in the second
half. Mangal in the 8th is not
good for your social life. You

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 13, 14, 18,
19, 21, 23, 26, 27 are better
days.

Major planets viz. Guru and

Sani continue in their adverse positions. Malefics in the VI & VII houses cause delay, quarrels, disappointments and unnecessary excitement and irritation over your affairs. In a few cases, house problem will be the chief subject matter causing anxiety and mental depression. The solar course through the 6th house during the first half stresses your health problem for special consideration, since the planets are drifting to more non-

congenial positions as the month is under way. Some of the important affairs regarding your outside activities will be well settled during the first half. Any court case had better be heard in the first half only to your advantage. Your enemical surroundings will be vanquished and you will win over your enemies or find it easy to effect a fair compromise with them since your ruler Sani is on a higher level. During the second half there may be greater opposition in any controversial matter. Planets in the VII and VIII especially in the 2nd half are unfavourably configured against you. There will be consequently unnecessary accusations and irksome position in any controversy and also blame by the general public. Avoid, therefore, any quarrel or dispute. Since the lord of III in the 7th is aspected by Sani, you will wound the feelings of others in your field of activity thereby causing unnecessary split or rupture. The mutual aspect of Mangal and Sani are calculated to bring about unnecessary excitement, hasty and impulsive action and obstinacy beyond your control. Financially there will be pressure felt in the 2nd half. Avoid financial dealings with others lest there should be misunderstanding brought about. Much financial fluctuation will be the order of the month. Officially you may have tug of war with the employers. Second half will be better, having gained some advantage in service. Merchants will be facing great business difficulties on account of un-

expected business difficulties beyond their control. They may have to appeal to the Government for better facilities. Partnership will be under troubled waters.

2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 13, 14, 18, 19, 23, 27 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planetary map is indicative of

greater predomi-	
nance of benefic	
influences over	
your affairs than	
before. The solar	

course through the V house and VI house create mental agitation, high strung mind and unnecessary excitement over family affairs, finance, health and residential problem. First half may prove slightly better. You will find delay and opposition by enemies in all your important moves. Avoid coming into rupture with your relations and friends especially in financial matters. Your enemies are more in the second half, while at the same time, your power of resistance is equally effective against them. Avoid quarrels, differences and disappointment with brother or sister, and also rupture with others by your harmful correspondence. Letters will play a great part during this month, regarding your profession and your social standing. Domestically you will not be as happy as you wish to be because of incongruent and irritating factors working around you. You have your enemies just before you and in your everyday contact; your

silent and diplomatic relationship alone will be your saviour against good many odds against you during this month. Your ruler in the 7th is out for an open attack thereby creating larger circle of enemies against you which may be avoided as far as possible by your studied patience and quiet nature. Financially this month envisages the utility of economic measures. There will be at times hard pressure and dire need for financial aids, while at the same time it is not surprising to state that you will be also lucky enough to enjoy the benefits of a windfall in the course of the month owing to the mutual reception of dhanalabhadi-pathi. Officially first half may cause you unnecessary fear, while in the second half there may be slight changes regarding your work and your connection with your superiors. There may be in some

cases a transfer also. But it would be to your advantage not to indulge in controversial matters with your boss, lest he should be prejudiced against your interests. Planets in the VI, particularly the fiery planets in fiery signs, viz. Surya and Mangal aspected already by Saturn of the 12th house, aspect the 12th house giving handle to your enemies to work against you. These aspects cause not a little unnecessary financial handicap, but also heavy expenditure. Merchants are lucky during this month in the first half. They may be rash in their speculations in the first half. Second half shows stalemate, disappointment and delays caused by the heavy afflictions of the planets concerned. Partnership may be labouring under heavy disadvantages.

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 16, 18, 19, 23, 26, 27 are better days.

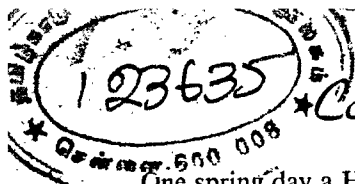
FLOWERS LOSING SCENT?

Will many flowers have entirely lost their scents by the year 2057? Worried by the gradual loss of fragrance in some flowers due to hybridization or interbreeding, some botanists are beginning to fear that in the next hundred years their subtle essences may disappear.

This may be a groundless theory but it has been noticed during recent seasons that violets have lost much of their perfume.

Musk mysteriously lost its scent all over the world some years ago, and plants that seem to be following suit are wallflower, mignonne and sweet pea. A gardening expert said recently: "I deplore the tendency to work for size and colour in so many of our flowers at the expense of scent. The scent of a flower often adds to its beauty."

Scent-makers confirm that white and cream-coloured blooms are best for fragrance. Hardly any orange-coloured flowers are of value for making scent. A few pale yellow flowers such as the American jasmine are useful. Pinks yield their scent only after having been in full sunshine for at least three hours. Only seventy-seven varieties of yellow flowers are scented, compared with 951 which have no perfume.



Costly Kisses

One spring day a Hungarian, Jovan Petrograv, was sitting in a park cafe near Zagreb when he noticed an attractive redhead sitting near him. She smiled at him, but a moment later she was joined by a man.

Jovan found himself longing to kiss the girl, but the other man's arrival seemed to make that impossible. Suddenly, the pair surprised him by coming across to him.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, but we need your help," said the stranger. "You see, I'm a married man and this is not my wife. My father-in-law has just come into the cafe. Will you please sit with this lady to save me getting into trouble?"

Jovan assented, feeling certain that the redhead would give him a kiss or two if he helped them. Soon the girl suggested a stroll in the park.

There, on a bench, she expressed her heartfelt gratitude to Jovan and threw her arms round his neck, allowing him to shower her with kisses. Five minutes later the man came back, thanked Jovan very much for his good turn, and vanished with the girl.

Jovan returned to the cafe and sat day dreaming about the lovely girl for the next hour and a half. Then, noticing it was getting late, he put his hand into his pocket to pull out his watch. But it had gone—together with his well-filled wallet and gold fountain-pen. Those kisses he had won in the park had proved very costly.

X X X

BLOODY SOCCER

When two soccer teams strode on to a football field at Coyolito in South America, an excited roar greeted them for it was seen that both captains packed long barrelled revolvers on their hips. It promised to be quite a game. And it was.

The two captains, Jesus Rivers, of the local sports club, and Ricardo Ayala, who led a team of railway workmen, were bitter enemies, and neither trusted the other it seemed, not even on the football field. The watching spectators were in a mellow mood, too; corn liquor, a local speciality, had flowed freely and the supporting factions were ripe for trouble.

It came when the referee made an unpopular decision. The captains drew their pistols and the crowd stormed on the field waving knives. When squads of police arrived and finally restored order, six people had been killed and six more badly hurt. Ayala had been shot and wounded, and Rivers hacked to death.

X X X

"Hey waiter, hey—," called an impatient diner.

"All right, sir, but we'll have to send out for it," replied the waiter.

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