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| No. 2

THE BLOND BEAUTY

(BY GEORGE LEWIS)

Here is a page from the diary of an Indian student in Chicago who found adventure on what he thought to be a dull Monday evening.

Mondays are always very dull, especially for academies. After two days of crowded engagements like sports, dance, dates, hikes, films and such jovial diversions, there comes the dull Monday.

Even in that sagacious busy city of Chicago it was a dull day. Chicago can be named as the loveliest city of the world. But to me, as an Indian student in the University of Chicago, Illinois, the life outside the walls of the academy appeared as something dizzy. There you will become one among the millions crawling in those busy streets—frantically heading for something, which may be anything from a packet of cigarettes to nuclear research.

madly busy after something or other. Movie houses attract crowds continuously from morn to midnight. Music fills in all walks of life, just like TV, juke box, long playing records, HI-FI phonos and radio. Wherever you go, the rhythm of the jazz and the latest craze, the Rock 'N Roll, will take you to the swing. For the last two days of holidays, Saturday and Sunday, I too had been intoxicated with all sorts of pleasures ranging from a dance at the Foreign Students Association, two movies, three parties, an educational tour to the Medical Research Institute and similar gay activities. And there came the dull Monday, especially the evening. What should I do this evening? But a good idea struck me without

causing much of boredom. The biggest library of Chicago, probably of the whole United States, the Chicago Public Library, was there as a place of interest. It is a must for every student who goes out from United States. It is really a magnificent massive storehouse situated in the Washington Street. Inside that elegant building there are only books, books and books. All very conveniently classified just like the names in the telephone directory. From the pretty information girls behind the counters one can get quick and swift directions to reach for the particular book he is after. For sometime I casually looked around in august admiration, and thought of my favourite author Bernad Shaw. A red head behind the literature desk gave the direction towards GBS. Easily enough, the whole works of Shaw were before me. My fingers reached for "The Black Girl in Search of God", a book my dad had said was obnoxious for young minds. Softly I turned the pages of the book looking for some illustrations, when suddenly something slipped out from the book and fell on the carpeted floor. It was a piece of folded paper in the form of a letter. I stopped and picked it up. It was really an interesting letter written in a woman's hand and addressed to the



reader.

It read: "My dear reader, you may wonder at this. But take it easy. If interested in me, make it a date. The black girl searched God, but a blond searches a gentleman. It is quite a tough job. Judith. (Phone West 14907. Ill.)"

The date scribbled in underneath was about four months back. I read the letter twice and safely pocketed it. I would have been the first person after that date to get that book. Aroused by blandishment and suave curiosity I began to think over the phenomenon behind the letter. After spending an

hour of indecision there amidst the ocean of books, I got out. In the end the letter inside the pocket gave me a soft pat on the fluttering heart—to try the phone.

Impulsively I walked to the nearest drug store looking for a phone. Safely I planted myself on the short seat, lifted the phone, coiled, dialed, and waited. Far at the end I could hear the buzzer humming. Somebody lifted the receiver and a female voice blurted out "Hello" and she seemed to wait for my identity. I became hesitant. What should I say? But with a bold heart asked, "Is it 4907?"

"Yes." It was indeed a voice.

"May I know if it is Miss Judith there?" I said with courage.

"Yes." She abruptly stopped in an alarmed manner, and after a short pause asked, "What's the matter? Who are you please?"

I drummed my fingers on the desk. How I should drive further? "Let me ask you whether you are interested in book-reading especially literature, just like works of Bernad Shaw?" I foolishly began.

"Would you mind to say from where you are speaking or at least who you're?" she cut in with a soft voice. I blushed; but felt safe inside that cosy booth, unseen by anybody.

Stimulating some courage I asked, "I'd like to find out a particular person who had played a mischief. I'm a student in the University of Chicago; and I happened to see a funny letter at the Public Library here. A letter with your phone number and name in it was found inside a book. I am asking this just for fun sake, to know whether you were the person actually."

I felt as if I had done my job successfully and waited for her reply. There was a prolonged silence before I could hear a faint giggling followed by her lovely voice saying, "Yes, yes; I remember. Oh it was really for fun. Excuse me."

Then it was my turn. I said, "Anyhow, if you don't mind I would like to meet you, just for fun sake. How about fixing up a date?"

"Yes, I'd love to..." she replied. "In fact I was kidding. I never expected anyone to take that silly letter serious. But now I'm happy to meet you. When can I expect you here? You can come to my apartment, room number 45, 357, West Madison Street. Got it?" I jotted down the door number, while she again asked, "Will you?"

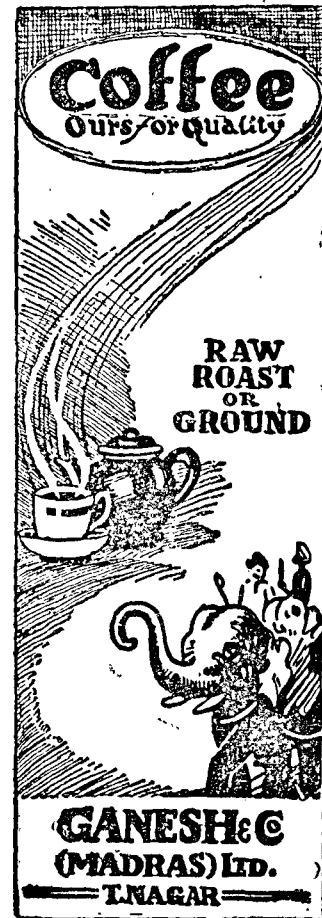
"Sure, by all means." I was excited. "Please meet me at 7 in the evening tomorrow at your door." After finishing much of conversation, I walked

out of the booth as an adventure-hunter trigger-happy and satisfied after a trim-down of a flock of geese.

I dressed up in best grey suit and as the time approached, I determinedly delayed. It's always better to be late for dates; so had said wise men. Let them wait for you; you will be more thought of. I got a cab and reached there easily. Unlike as expected, this house was an extremely beautiful four storeyed apartment house in the crimson brick style in West Madison. Almost all windows displayed soft golden colour from within. The building was a decent one.

A clerk was waiting in the entrance lobby, to furnish the information and phone calls to the rooms. As I asked for Miss Judith, he immediately buzzed an interroom phone and announced my name; and with a smile he gave me the direction toward room No. 45 on the first floor. I pressed the buzzer, it chimed inside; after a short spell of silence, I heard her soft voice, "Yes, come in." I opened the door and gazed in.

There she stood before me, as if struck with bewilderment; probably astonished at my countenance, which required no introduction to reveal my nationality, because my brown complexion needed no further explanation. But she soon



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recovered from her perplexity and invited me to a luxurious seat, which I occupied comfortably, though a bit excited. Obviously, she was staying all alone in that two-roomed apartment, exquisitely furnished with excellent taste. The walls were painted in a superb pleasing shade, where two or three pieces of real art hung adorned in rich frames. Before I could survey the whole room she said, "Really I'm glad to meet you here—you are a student, isn't it?" She had an accent far from the familiar American; it sounded clear continental. Her voice was equally lovely as herself. I was stunned by her luscious beauty and her suggestive sense of propagating it. I found real beauty to perfection. But the thriftiness of her lovely piece of dress kindled an awkward fear within me. What was she out for? I tried to speculate.

She was a figure!—with her lovely legs and the round curves that tried to burst out of the dress. It didn't take a second glance to know whether she had anything underneath the white blouse; it appeared as if just painted with a thin white paint! The black skirt, the part of the ensemble, was too tight around the hips, but it appeared as if designed that way. In every tender movement she made there was a suggestion

of a rhythm like waltz; a flash of the nylon's end was also displayed through the slit that ran up the side seam of her skirt. She was good to watch for endless hours; if you didn't get too closer. Was she a vamp or just a dream? I was dazed.

Briefly I stated all about myself in the way of self-introduction. She listened keenly fixing her eyes on me; studying my gestures and everything. I felt nervous. As if she understood my weakness, she said, "You may be wondering why I made such a silly dating?" She giggled provocatively and stood up, moved languidly towards the adjacent room. I too followed her to that room. It was a small studio. An artist's corner with two or three easels, stands, wet canvases, a vessel full of brushes, and with paint-soaked clothes scattered on the floor. A few unfinished canvases and boards were lying on the floor in a corner. A bright beam of light poured just on the board.

She pointed to all these and said, "Look here, this is my life. I'm an artist. I live here within this room. In fact I never expected I would be able to get a person like you ever for painting! I'm sure you will oblige me by posing for a few hours. Really it will be a classical study! Your Oriental countenance and pro-

file! I think you are the person I wanted most—for a study."

I felt amused. Nobody had ever talked to me like this. I asked: "You mean that I should pose for you now?"

"Oh, not now. As it is convenient for you. If it pleases you, if it delights you, just sit in my studio for a couple of hours during the day time any day." She said this and moved about the studio. I too followed. In fact I had wanted to see some of her works. All the works she had painted were of still-life and some landscapes. No portraits were seen among them.

She brought in a bottle of Martini and a flask of ice, filled in two glasses. She brought the glass close to my mouth and offered. I touched her fingers to obtain it. That gentle touch made ripples of emotions inside me. After emptying the glasses we remained there staring at each other gently but emotionally. I still could not make out what she was out for.

Judith swayed close to me and sat on the arm of the seat I occupied. This time it was different! The dark skirt, blessed with the slit over the thighs, gave a superfluous display of the soft richness of her skin. The dim light was playing dangerous shades with the supple muscles of the ivory

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white thighs. Her voluminous breasts which stood out trying to explode, heaved up and down rhythmically. She became emotional in the unaccountable period of silence. I sat deeply engrossed in a sort of mystic enchantment.

I broke the silence. "Miss Judith, excuse me, are you alone here? No one else?" Because I could not believe such a precious thing living all alone.

"Yes. I'm alone here. I'm cut away from all, from everybody." Her expression betrayed she was excited. Her rich,

heavily painted lips quivered as she spoke.

"What's the matter?" I tried to enquire into her mystic loneliness.

I was astounded at her strange behaviour and dismayed, but I became anxious. I could not make out why Judith had tried to fix up a date so strangely with so strange a person like me. She wanted somebody at large!

"You may be wondering what sort of a woman is this," she began. "Yes, I'm a fool; a weakling; more or less a wicked woman. You may get scared. But please don't. I did as a foolish creature.

"It's a different story—my life. Now I'm a lonely creature. I've never moved with any men after that tragic incident. Listen. I'm from Italy. I was brought here by

Fred, my husband. I met Fred in Italy. We both met together and understood that we are for each other; we were married in Italy itself. Fred was a GI during the last war."

Judith stammered out of emotion. I realized she was sad. Two drops of tears rolled down from her dark eyes, like sparkling diamonds falling from an oven. In the next moment she was sobbing, with her face covered with both her hands. I became impatient. I couldn't make out the show. Was she a maniac or a nympholept? I waited for her to go on.

She continued, "Oh! until at last the tragedy, we were living the most envious type of happy married life. Art was Fred's career. He was a real artist. Only last year that

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tragic accident—the sad motor accident took away Fred.” Judith got up from the arm of the seat and drank one more glass of Martini. She moved to a corner desk and pulled out a framed photograph, and brought it to me.

“This is my husband Fred. It’s hardly one year. I vowed to be ever faithful to Fred by embracing Art as my life’s companion. But that foolish, passionate side in me is always trying to drag me into the world of flesh and sin! How fickle I’m to do that silly thing to write such a silly letter in the library book. It was the vain woman in me that did it. It was that stupid flesh and blood in me that tried to cheat my determination and love toward Fred. Excuse me Mr....., I beg you to leave me here. I beg you to pardon my folly.”

That was it. Then I could easily understand, why she had fixed up such an intriguing rendezvous. Only the hushed

up fire in her young body had provoked her to write that letter in spite of the sacred love she had toward her beloved husband.

I got up ready to leave because I felt that I had no more job there. I felt myself a devil before an angel, quite an unwanted element. I felt humiliated. Why was I called in there—what for? But I was satisfied because I was safe and free from such an accusation! Proudly enough I said: “Excuse me, Miss Judith, I mistook an angel for a fiend.” That was what I could say.

When I opened the door and said “Good bye” she said nothing, but kept her flashy gaze steady; those misty eyes appeared frightened and ghastly, the look similar to that from the severed head of a goat on a butcher’s table. Unforgettable!

I walked down the passage with a sort of chagrin. The darkness in the desolate streets embraced me.



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FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

COORG POISONING CASE

(BY S. RAJAGOPALAN)

Murder by poisoning is very difficult to establish in a court of law and seldom is moral certainty followed up by legal retribution. The difficulty could hardly be better illustrated than the famous Lancaster Castle Poisoning Mystery, which was one of the celebrated trials of Mr. Justice Avory (October 1911) where the guilt was all but assumed but still failed to be established. A woman was charged with poisoning her father, sister and brother by administering arsenic which was available to her in the shape of weed killer kept in the household. All the three died one by one with precisely the same symptoms and when the last, her brother James, collapsed suspicion was aroused against her. He had partaken of beef steak which she had cooked for him for his midday meal. He took ill within three quarters of an hour and died within three days thereafter. It was stated that by these murders she had hoped to accelerate her ownership of the family properties.

The case seemed fairly heavily loaded against the accused, what with the hysterical aura

with which men, women and children flocked in their hundreds to watch the trial. Certain facts brought out at the trial, however, helped to save the woman from the gallows. For one thing, the motive alleged appeared nebulous: for it was evident that she stood to lose rather than gain by the death of the victims, of especially her brother James. For another, she too appeared to have suffered from the symptoms of the poisoning. Furthermore, the empty tins containing the weed killer were found strewn about the place. They were most surely incriminating and would normally in such a situation would have been hidden away or destroyed. There was another circumstance which was inexplicable, to say the least. When the beef steak was being prepared in the kitchen, another woman, the cook of the household, was present; and she found nothing unusual there. At any rate if she had resolved upon doing away with her brother in the manner suggested, she would have done it at breakfast time when no one else was present in the

vicinity.

As a matter of law, the judge directed the jury that if the evidence amounted only to this that the accused had an opportunity of administering the poison or that the poison had been accidentally introduced into the food, then she or he would have to be acquitted. In the result the accused was acquitted.

There happened an almost identical case in Coorg, where the basis of the decision was that the poisoner must have knowledge that what he was putting into the food or drink was poison meant to kill the victim.

Chennappa and Narasappa were brothers. They were agriculturists residing in Kanangala village in Coorg. There had been lately serious misunderstandings amongst them following a marriage in their family and a litigation which ensued soon after. Chennappa was married twice. His first wife bore him a son Yengtappa and his second wife was the daughter of one Chennamma, who was living in Mythadi, a village three miles away. Feelings between Yengtappa and his stepmother and step grandmother were not, as could only be expected, cordial, but something happened which drew them close together. Chennamma was not well disposed towards Narasappa, but her son Manjappa took to

wife his daughter Boramma and this was enough to irritate her still further and forfeit all her maternal affection. Manjappa, however, lived only for a short while: he died in 1948, leaving his wife and a small daughter, Puttamma. Both Boramma and Puttamma laid claim to his property and were registered by the revenue authorities notwithstanding Chennamma's objections. She started litigation which did not succeed, although both Chennappa and Yengtappa aided her direct opposition to Narasappa who, naturally enough, expounded the cause of his daughter and grand-daughter. Misunderstandings developed between the two branches, which developed in intensity by and by, and even a projected marriage alliance between Yengtappa and Puttamma, could not help to assuage.

Brothers Chennappa and Narasappa thereafter lived in separate portions of the family house on very strained terms. There was a common loft over the whole of the house to which there was access originally only from a ladder in Narasappa's kitchen. Then Chennappa provided a separate ladder for his family to reach this common loft by a ladder from one of his own rooms. This notwithstanding, it was still possible for any one in Chennappa's house to enter Narasappa's kitchen through

the loft and vice versa.

In Chennappa's portion lived Chennappa, his second wife (Chennamma's daughter) and his son Yengtappa. Narasappa's tenement was occupied by himself, his second wife and baby son and the three sons by his first wife, of whom Eranna (12) was one.

Some days previously to 31-7-1949, Chennappa's family had locked up their part of the house and gone to live with Chennamma, in Mythadi, with a view to assist her in cultivation.

On 31-7-1949, Narasappa's wife cooked meals very early in the morning and all left for working in their paddy fields nearby after locking up the premises. In the kitchen a chatti of cooked fish and potatoes hung on the wall and nearby was a pot of cooked rice.

At about 9 A. M. that day, while all of them were in the fields, it was noticed that Yengtappa was proceeding to his house with an umbrella and a bag. Narasappa's wife grew apprehensive. She had kept some eggs in the loft, which she feared he would appropriate. She therefore sent her stepson Eranna thither to watch him. The boy came back and told her that Yengtappa was in his room.

After their field work, Narasappa and his wife returned



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home accompanied by another man and the boy Eranna. All ate of the rice and curry, which had been made ready in the morning. Narasappa then returned to the fields, but began to vomit and purge on the way. His wife, his son Eranna, and his companion were similarly affected. She called out to her brother-in-law Giriappa who lived nearby. Narasappa was in great distress and hurried home. Eranna, however, died that very night. The companion vomited and purged several times and had hospital treatment for four days.

On the following day at

1-30 p.m. Narasappa complained to the police suspecting that in view of the family misunderstandings it was probable that his brother Chennappa and or his mother-in-law Chennamma would have administered poison through Yengtappa, who would have mixed it up with the food already prepared when he went there at 9 a.m. the previous day. Soon afterwards a cock which had eaten up the vomit was found dead. The police sent up for chemical analysis its viscera and a portion of the curry found in the kitchen. The chemical examiner whose report could be available several weeks later, i.e. on 27-10-1949, found no arsenic in the viscera, but plenty of it, about 2½ grains in the curry remaining in the chatti.

Meanwhile the police had arrested Yengtappa on the evening of 3-8-1949 and had also on the following day searched the premises of Chennappa. They seized three bottles of arsenic which were sent up to the chemical examiner. In one of them ¾ grain of arsenic was detected. After he was arrested, Chennamma, the old woman, was also taken into custody. She provided another very valuable clue. She took the Police Inspector to her plantain garden and took out concealed under the roots of a tree, a bottle which was found to contain no less than

15 grains of white arsenic.

Yengtappa was then produced before a Magistrate and he made a confession on 9-8-1949. He said that he had brought the bottle containing the tree-killing poison from Mythady, where Chennamma was living, on the morning of 31-7-1949 and then got into his house without his father's knowledge and then broke into Narasappa's kitchen through the loft and put half the portion of this tree killing poison into the cooked curry in the chatti. He then attended to some work in the cattle shed and stayed in the village for the night. Next morning he heard that Eranna had died, and taking the poison bottle with him from the poultry pen wherein he had hidden it, he returned to Mythadi and gave it to his grandmother, asking her to keep it safe. He informed her and his father about Eranna's fate. He concluded with these words: "I did this act on my own accord. Neither father nor grandmother were responsible for what I did."

On 27-10-1949, a charge-sheet was laid against both Yengtappa and Chennamma for murder.

At the trial, Yengtappa went back completely on his confession and denied every word of it. Consistently enough, Chennamma also denied that she gave him the poison or that she produced it to the police.

The Sessions Judge acquitted Chennamma on the ground that there was nothing more than mere suspicion against her. He convicted Yengtappa of murder and sentenced him to transportation for life. Somewhat inconsistently he refrained from passing the death sentence because he felt that he (Yengtappa) was a mere tool in the hands of his father and grandmother.

An altogether different view of the case was taken up by the High Court on appeal.

The Judges said that he was not the sole culprit in the case. It was not clear whether Yengtappa when he put the medicament into the curry, was aware of the fact that it was deadly poison. In fact, had he emptied out the contents of the whole bottle, no one would have remained to tell the story. On the other hand, he chose to remain in the village that night and was attending to his routine unperturbed. He did not, as could be expected,

throw the bottle away or destroy it. If he had known that it was deadly poison, he would not have remained in the village at all. In consequence he could not be credited with the intention to cause death, which is so essential to prove a charge of murder.

It was possible too that he was a mere tool in the hands of his grandmother or probably his father Chennappa. Curiously enough, Chennappa escaped being in the dock; nor was he examined as witness, especially when a bottle containing arsenic had been found in his house. As Yengtappa was a mere vehicle or tool, he could not be credited with the knowledge that its contents were deadly poison.

While Yengtappa could not be held guilty of murder he could not escape the consequences of his putting the poison into the curry. He was found guilty under 319 & 328 I. P. C. and finally sentenced to twenty months prison.

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Inspector McLean was puzzled by two sudden deaths but not for long.

THE OWL STRIKES TWICE

(BY GEORGE GOODCHILD)

For months McLean and a score of enthusiastic assistants had been searching London for an arch-criminal known in his own circles as the Owl. At least five ingenious robberies, accompanied by violence, were attributed to his leadership, and in no single case was a single bit of the large booty ever traced.

"Beautiful organisation," said McLean. "Every job expertly carried out, with not a fingerprint to aid us. And the descriptions we have of him have absolutely nothing in common. Apparently he's tall as well as short, fair as well as dark. Talks with a French accent also a Cockney one. One might well imagine that Charlie peace had come to life again."

McLean was working late when the telephone rang. McLean picked up the receiver.

"Is that Inspector McLean?" asked an extraordinary male voice.

"Yes."

"Then, listen. I can tell you where to find the Owl. Go to Number 18, Leicester Terrace, Battersea, between eleven o'clock and midnight. There'll be a

burglary there, and you can lay your hands on him. He will probably be dressed—"

The almost inarticulate speech ended in a curious gasp, and then suddenly the line went dead. Brook, who was close to the receiver and had very acute hearing, stared at McLean.

"Is it a trick?" he asked.

"It may be a practical joke, but it sounded very much as if someone gripped our informant by the throat in the nick of time."

"But what a voice!"

"Cleft palate, I think. Look up the directory and see who is living at 18 Leicester Terrace, Battersea."

Brook procured the appropriate volume and turned over the closely printed pages.

"Here we are," he said. "Colonel Robert Melling, D.S.O."

"Sounds respectable enough. I think it needs looking into. See if the Colonel is on the telephone. If so, I'll speak to him."

A few minutes later McLean was talking to the Colonel. He seemed to be a charming man, and could not understand why

the police should be interested in him.

"I can't very well explain now," replied McLean. "But can I see you somewhere in about half an hour, preferably not at your house?"

"I could call on you, Inspector," said the Colonel. "As a matter of fact, I have to catch a train at Victoria in an hour's time, and could easily look in en route."

McLean agreed.

About half an hour later Colonel Melling was conducted to McLean's office. He was a breezy man of about 60.

He stared incredulously when told his house was apparently

marked down to be burgled that same night.

"Of course, it may be a hoax, but I feel it is a matter worth considering," added McLean.

"It is, indeed," said the Colonel. "I have quite a lot of valuable things there. I had better cancel my plans."

"There's no need to do that. I have already sent two men to watch the house. What I want to know is—what persons knew you proposed going away this evening?"

"Difficult to say. I may have mentioned it to a number of persons—at my club, for example. Yes, Sir George Benting

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wanted me to make up a bridge party this evening, and I told him it was impossible, as I had to be in Paris tomorrow morning. That was two days ago."

"I see. Is the place now locked up?"

"Yes. I have the keys in my pocket. I have very good locks, and it would not be easy to break in."

"Certain people would not find it difficult, Colonel. But if anyone should attempt to enter, you can rest assured—"

He was interrupted by the telephone bell, and this time the call was an internal one. McLean took the receiver from Brook. He made a few remarks and then passed the receiver to Brook.

"That was rather opportune, Colonel," he said. "The information given me about the projected burglary was no hoax. A man has been found dead in a telephone box, and I rather think he is my anonymous informer. I think your house is safe, but we shall take the necessary precaution. By all means fulfil your engagement."

When the Colonel had gone, McLean and Brook took a car to a police station in Islington, where the dead man had been taken temporarily. One look at him was enough, for he had a hare-lip, which would account for the queer speech over the telephone.

He had died from a knife in

his back, and there were unmistakable signs that he had been caught fiercely by the throat.

McLean searched the clothing for any tailor's tab or laundry mark but found none.

The pockets had obviously been emptied by the murderer, but in a very small "ticket" pocket inside the right hand pocket of the coat McLean found a dirty visiting card. It read: "Stella Randolph, 6, Gainsborough Mansions, W.C. (Artists' Model)."

McLean and Brook paid a visit to the address on the card. They found the flat, high up in a tall building.

The door was opened by a very attractive young woman, clad in a dressing-gown.

She said she was Miss Randolph, and, learning that the visitors were police officers, invited them into a small and very well furnished sitting-room.

"Now, what's it all about?" asked Miss Randolph, as she lighted a cigarette.

"A visiting card of yours was found in the pocket of a dead man, whose identity we are anxious to establish. Do you know a man about five feet ten inches tall, with a slightly bald head and a hare-lip?"

"Can't say I do. No."

"Yet this man carried your card. Would you try to help us by attempting to identify him?"

"I—I've never seen a dead body," she protested.

"It would only take you a few seconds, and this man doesn't look too bad."

"All right, if you'll give me a few minutes."

Miss Randolph's few minutes was half an hour, but finally they drove her to the mortuary, and there brought her face to face with the murdered man.

"No," she said. "He's a complete stranger to me. Someone must have given him my card. I've never seen him before."

They parted company a little later and McLean went to the photographic studio.

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The manager spoke very highly of Miss Randolph.

Neither he nor his assistants knew any man with a hare-lip, and none of them could remember having given Miss Randolph's card to any person.

The painter mentioned by Miss Randolph had a studio in Chelsea. His name was Andrew Boyton and he was busy finishing a flower study when McLean was shown into his workshop.

"I hope I'm not interrupting your work," said McLean.

"You are but I'm used to interruptions. If it's about that chauffeur of mine leaving my car unattended..."

"It's nothing about a car. Have you a model named Stella Randolph?"

"Yes, I occasionally use her. I hope she hasn't run into any sort of trouble?"

"No. How long has she been working for you?"

"About eighteen months, on and off."

"Do you know much about her?"

"Not a lot. She's very satisfactory."

"Have you by any chance ever given one of Miss Randolph's business cards to another person—perhaps as a recommendation?"

"Never. If I did I might lose her and good models do not grow on every tree."

"Do you know a man of her acquaintance who has a

hare-lip?"

"No. I wish I could help you more, but I really know very little of the girl's private life."

McLean went back to the office with a sense of disappointment. But later in the day, while Brook was still going his lengthier round, he was pleased to hear that the telephone receiver had yielded good finger-prints—not the victim's—of the last person to have handled it.

Then at last came Brook, weary from his many calls. A lot of persons remembered Miss Randolph, but none of them was able to throw the slightest light on the identity of the man with the hare-lip.

"What about you, sir?" he asked. "Any luck?"

"None. What have you learned about Miss Randolph herself?"

"She's got quite a good reputation. The woman who runs the dress department at Jackmans told me they had never had a better model, and was sorry when she left."

"What do you mean by 'left'?"

"Well, apparently the girl found she could get better money by posing for photographers and painters. Now she's one of the store's best customers."

This caused McLean to lift his eyebrows, for Jackmans was notoriously expensive. He recalled, too, the flat where

she lived and its nice appointments—all comparatively new.

"In spite of all that has been said about Miss Randolph's respectability, I find myself a little doubtful," he said.

"Artists' models do not make large sums of money. I think we'll look further into Miss Randolph's life."

The following morning McLean arrived at Miss Randolph's flat with Brook and a search warrant. Miss Randolph looked surprised and resentful.

"This is intolerable!" she protested.

"Oh, you mustn't take it too

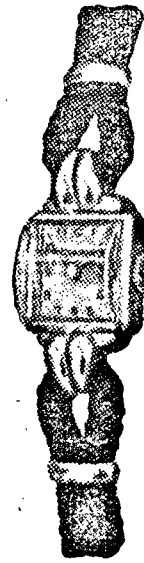
seriously," said McLean. "We often have to take such steps where murder is involved. I won't inconvenience you long."

This second visit bore out McLean's suspicions. The two bedrooms were excellently equipped, and the large wardrobe was stuffed full of dresses, shoes, hats, and what not.

The dressing-chest was equally full, and in a trinket box was a collection of valuable jewellery.

McLean made no comment, but went on with his search for documents. He finally found a small photograph

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album. Turning over the pages, he came upon all kinds of snapshots. Then suddenly he found one of a car, with the driver at the wheel and Miss Randolph about to emerge from the rear door. But his interest was centered on the man at the wheel. It was the man with the hare-lip.

"Look at that!" he said to the girl. "He's the man you saw in the mortuary. Why did you lie?"

"I—I had to," she stammered.

"Why?"

"Because—I was living with him. I mean he gave me the money to rent this flat. I didn't want to be mixed up in a murder about which I knew nothing. You must believe me."

"What was his name?"

"Joseph Bryce."

"Is that his car?"

"I think it was hired. I don't know."

"Did he ever mention a man known as the Owl?"

"No."

"You realise that you have committed a serious offence?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. Up to the time I met him I lived a decent life. But business was bad, and I was tempted."

McLean warned her not to leave her present address without informing him, and then went off with the photo album.

"We've a chance here," said McLean to Brook. "If we can trace the owner of the car it

may lead us to the deadman's address. But the number plate is at an angle, and I can't read the number. We may be able to bring that up in an enlargement."

Subsequent laboratory work on the small snapshot made the indistinct number much clearer. When the inquiry was completed the result was better than McLean had anticipated, for the owner of the car was the painter—Andrew Boyton!

"We'll see what Miss Randolph has to say about this!" said McLean.

Within a quarter of an hour they were outside her flat, ringing the bell. There was no response, and McLean went downstairs to the hall porter and borrowed the master key. McLean and Brook went up in the lift and entered the flat. In the bedroom Miss Randolph was lying on her bed with a silk stocking round her neck. She was dead, and stone cold.

"The Owl got in first," said Brook. "Just as he did with hare-lip."

In a short time a doctor and an ambulance were on the scene. The body was removed, and McLean locked and sealed the flat.

"I've just thought of something," he said. "and I don't want to linger here. It's possible that Colonel Melling may now be back from Paris. I want a word with him. Drive to his house as quickly as possible."

McLean was lucky in finding the Colonel at home.

"Colonel," said McLean. "You told me that your friend Sir George Banting had invited you to a bridge party, but you had to decline because of your appointment in Paris."

"That's true."

"Will you ring up Sir George and ask him if he mentioned your Paris appointment to the other players, and who they were?"

The Colonel got on the telephone, and after a short conversation came back to McLean.

"Banting did mention my trip to Paris quite casually to another man, whom he hoped would take my place, but he too had another appointment."

"What was his name?"

"A painter called Boyton," McLean gave a little sigh, and Brook's eyes almost popped.

"Thank you Colonel," said McLean. "You have helped me quite a lot. Please excuse my haste."

A minute later the police car was making towards Boyton's fine house in Chelsea, but when McLean rang the bell several times there was no answer. A window cleaner, working on the house next door, came down from his ladder.

"I think the gentleman has gone away," he said. "I saw a car arrive half an hour ago, and the gentleman came out with two suitcases."

McLean bit his lip in his

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vexation, and then drove back to Scotland Yard. From there urgent messages were sent out to all airports for the apprehension of Mr. Andrew Boyton, and then it became a waiting game.

"You think he's the Owl?" asked Brook.

"My dear Brook—look at the facts. That unfortunate girl lied about Bryce. Do you think it was Bryce who kept her in luxury? She was clever enough to throw that red herring across the trail.

"But I believe that Bryce was

in love with her, and that in a fit of jealousy he squealed about the planned robbery at the Colonel's house, hoping that we should nab the Owl red-handed. But the Owl must have suspected his hireling of treachery, and closed his mouth just in time.

"Then, when he realised that his mistress was also a danger, he did the same to her. If we get him, I think we shall find that the fingerprints on the telephone receiver are his."

"If we get him," said Brook dubiously.

Then, after some minutes of tension the telephone bell rang, and McLean snatched up the receiver. It was from London Airport, and McLean was informed that Boyton had booked a seat on the plane leaving for Rome in half an hour.

"That plane must be held until I arrive," said McLean.

Followed a swift ride through the London traffic, Brook taking side streets wherever possible to avoid the worst jams. They arrived at the airport five minutes before the big plane was due to take off. McLean saw an official.

"Is the man aboard?" he asked.

"Yes, Inspector. He arrived a few minutes ago—alone."

"Good. I'll take him down."

He and Brook entered the aircraft, and found Boyton reclining in a comfortable seat. McLean touched him on the shoulder, and he looked up and smiled.

"Why, Inspector," he said.

"Taking a trip?"

"We are both taking a trip," replied McLean. "But not in the direction of Rome."

The world is a ladder for some to go up and some down.

Women are saints in church, angels in the street, devils in the kitchen, and apes in bed.

Women must have their wills when they live because they make none when they die.

If there is anything at all worthwhile in our existence, it is falling in love; and if there is any goal left, that goal is falling in love with beauty.

—Walter Mehring.

Friends are like fiddle-strings, they must not be screwed too tight.

Trust is different from hope. If we only hope we may lose courage; but if we fully trust we cannot. Patience, perseverance, hope, endurance they will in the end triumph.

STORY OF PRAHLADA (2)

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

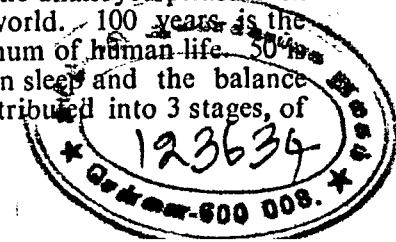
Hiranyakasipu had obtained a boon by which he thought he had become invincible but God appeared in the form of Narashimha avatara

Prahlada moved intimately with the boys in the school. He attended the classes regularly and studied the lessons also very well. But only his mind was not on worldly things; it always centred on God. He always felt that salvation could be attained only through meditation and prayer to God. The boys around him were innocent of all worldly desires. All of them were juvenile minds susceptible of being moulded in proper fashion. Prahlada desired to impress his feeling of devotion on the minds of his classmates and playmates. He drew them all together by love and affection. He began to deliver his message (*upadesha*) to the boys with a pure and embryonic state of mind. They too received the instructions in a pious mood and preferred the preaching of Prahlada to the lessons of their school masters.

Prahlada: Boys! Remember God in the days of thy youth; you must do everything to please God. The life of man is fleeting and impermanent. The man is distinguished

from beasts as he is endowed with reasoning faculty. So you must attain moksha here in this world itself. The end and aim of life is the approach towards God. God is Love, and He is your only friend and guide. The pleasure derived from the senses necessarily results from the contact of the body with the senses and it can always be had everywhere and it is bound to come at stipulated periods as the result of our past karma. You do not make any effort to obtain sorrow and sorrow results from your acts and from the contact of the senses with sense objects. Likewise pleasure will result in the nature of things from the material world. So try to conquer desire for worldly pleasures.

Do not waste one minute of your life. Aim high. Aim at a permanent state of happiness. Get at the Lotus Feet of Sree Krishna. Then only you will have the unalloyed pleasure in this world. 100 years is the maximum of human life. 50% is gone in sleep and the balance is distributed into 3 stages, of



boyhood, youth and old age. As a boy you play at things and at youth you waste your time in passions and during old age you get trouble with disease. When are you to think of God? Is it possible to forget the desire for wealth and women? As days pass on, passion gets rooted in your mind. So man is unable to shake off these desires. He grows ambitious and covets everything. He weaves a web of misery around his existence like the wasp and the thread becomes so complicated that it will be very difficult for him in later life to dishavel them and unravel the mystery of God and man. Even wise men well versed in sastras get themselves entangled in this vicious circle. At home, the pundit is treated like a monkey and if the wife calls upon him to put on a cap he does it with a dance. He is in fact an encased bird fettered at home by thoughtless love. So my dear boys, even now, you can renounce your desires by strong will. The approach to God is easy. Love is implanted in the minds of all souls. Instead of multiplying the desires over earthly things, cultivate love towards God and increase contact with God men. God is impartial and he never discriminates between men of His creation. So all are children of God. We must love one another in the way in which God loves us. God is Love

personified. Spread out the love for yourself into a big love for the entire humanity. Then you will find that God exists in everything in the universe. To serve man is to serve God. This is the Gospel of Love and Service. I heard this message through the mouth of Narada. Boys: We know no other preceptor except you, the two teachers Chanda and Marka. Please tell us how Narada taught you this lesson.

Prahlada: My father was absent from the kingdom. He was doing penance in the forest and mountains. When the Devas headed by Indra invaded our kingdom and all of us fled for our lives, Narada intervened and cautioned Indra thus: "Do not touch the mother. She bears in her womb a pious devotee endowed with dynamic spirituality. You will be burnt by the fire of bhakti if you disobey my command." Indra then desisted from pursuing us. My mother was taken to the cottage of Narada. Narada then gave this upadesha to my mother and with special intent to transmit it to the baby in the womb. So even from the womb of my mother I had this samskara.

Continuing to deliver further his message Prahlada said: Life is but a dream. It is impermanent. Body is perishable. The soul is everlasting. This we see with our own eyes in

our daily life. After the parting of the life the body loses its power to understand and act in this world. So within this body we must realise the power that inspires it. By reason we can discriminate animate from inanimate. To love God is easy. He has his seat in our minds. He is always alert and with His keen vision looks at us. Only we are indifferent and we will not look at Him. He yearns with a desire to help His devotees. But we will not avail ourselves of it. He is mercy itself. Even birds, animals and trees have attained the Lord's feet. So contemplate on Him. Love humanity and God will appear as Universal Love before His devotees. He will manifest himself in the entire universe as pure chaitanya.

The boys were moved and they felt the presence of God within. They began to do bhajan and the chorus of voices was heard by Hiranyakasipu. He asked the teachers about this and the teachers could not tell him the reason for this wave of devotion in the school. Hiranyakasipu got enraged at this and directed that the boy should be brought up before him. Prahlada bowed to his father and stood in silence with respect. Hiranyakasipu asked, "What is the source of your strength? You disobey my order. On whom do you rely for your protection? Not one in the world has courage to defy me except you."

Prahlada answered thus: The only source of strength for you, me and all movables and immovables, in fact, for the entire universe including

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Brahma, the Creator of the world is one Divine power that animates cosmos. He is the lord, the time factor, the power underlying the senses and the force that creates, destroys and protects the universe. I implore you to abandon the asura bhava. If your mind is calm and impartial you will find no enemy in this world. The unconquered self is the only enemy of mankind. Conquest of ego is the worship of God. Some kings think that by invasion of other tribes they become the supreme lords of the universe. But they little realise that they cannot subdue the true enemies in the nature of passions and senses within their own minds. We must learn calmness of mind and devotion from bhaktas.

Hiranyakasipu roared with indignation: Fellow! You utter nonsense. Certainly you desire to die. At the moment of death the words are incoherent. You are a fool to think that there is some other God except myself. If you are sure of the existence of a mightier Being other than myself, please show me the place where he resides.

Prahlada: God is everywhere.

Hiranyakasipu: If so, why not in this pillar before me? I will chop off your head this very moment. If there is a higher power let it protect you!

Thus Hiranyakasipu terrified

the great devotee, his son. He spoke cruel words and with rage drew from the scabbard his sword, rushed to the pillar before him and struck it with his mighty fist. That very instant a big noise with thunderous sound akin to that of the uproar of a lion was heard and the terrible noise stunned all living beings. The voice was unheard of. The source from which this uproar came could not be seen. A great alarm overwhelmed the mind of the asura father. As if to establish the truth of the words uttered by the devotee that "God is immanent in all things," there appeared from out of the pillar a unique being which was neither an animal nor a man but which combined in itself the form of both.

Hiranyakasipu exclaimed: Oh horror! What a strange being! Narasimha is fearful. I shudder at his sharp teeth, grand mane, ears standing erect, terrifying jaws and devouring mouth. The Lord has manifested Himself in this partly human shape with sparkling eyes and sharp claws just to kill me without infringing any of the conditions of the boon granted to me by the Creator at the conclusion of my penance. Now I realise that human wit can always be overreached by divine wisdom.

So saying he attacked Narasimha but God gave him a blow in the cheek, put him on His lap and tore him to pieces with His claws. Hiranyakasipu was thus killed by Hari at the entrance of the palace during the evening. The letter of the words in the boon granted to Hiranyakasipu was thus kept up.

Then the Lord Narasimha ascended the throne and sat on it in state. Goddess Lakshmi and the devas tried to pacify Him but they had not the courage to approach Him. Prahlada was fearless. He bowed and with tears of joy ran up and sat in the lap of God. God put His hand on the head of Prahlada and blessed him with His divine touch. God Narasimha fondled and caressed Prahlada as a lion its cub. Prahlada was in a state of spiritual beatitude. The whole world fears a lion but its cub would be playing about its beard. Here was a devotee whose pure mind was attuned to the consciousness of God by daily habit. Then Prahlada praised the Lord. Lakshmi came and saw Him but feared to approach the Lord. Then Prahlada requested Her to take the seat along with her husband on the throne. Prahlada stood nearby the marvellous and divine couple Lakshminarasimha with bhakti.

A doubt often arises in the mind of man whether God



exists. If He does exist, what are His form and quality? God is certainly not visible. It is, therefore, easy to deny the existence of God. Man in his power and wealth is apt to forget God and in course of time like Hiranyakasipu thinks that he is the lord of the universe. This erroneous ego is the basis for atheism. Hiranyakasipu like some modern savants of atheism threw a challenge to the very existence of God. Prahlada answered it in the affirmative. Though God is not seen by man who introspects, He is perceptible to the pure mind that introspects. If the mind of man is filled with passions and desires, the three gunas blur the vision of God. Hiranyakasipu said there was no God. Prahlada felt the presence of God in the pillar and prostrated to Narasimha saying "I see Him even now before me in this pillar." Hiranyakasipu revelled only in the name and form of outer

cosmos. He lacked the mind and culture to see the hand of the Creator behind it. But Prahlada always had no faith either in the form or in the name of outer cosmos; but he had the insight to realise that form and name in the cosmos could not appear without the ultimate cause (chaitanya) behind it. That cause was God and He manifests Himself in several forms and names. So the challenge of Hiranyakasipu was properly answered by Prahlada by asserting the presence of God both within and without. God responded to Prahlada's devotion and the truth that God exists everywhere was established beyond doubt. Desika, a modern poet and a devotee of Vishnu, states in a sloka, "Even now every pillar in this world is pregnant with God; only there is no devotee like Prahlada to bring out the divine presence and exhibit it before the world. To say that God does not exist will lead us nowhere. We see the whole world, sun, moon and stars knit together by a supreme power and they seem to obey the law of a higher power. If we believe in God the fear of law coupled with a sanction behind it make us do the right thing and avoid the wrong thing. But if we think we are the masters of ourselves then the power to govern our-

selves being induced by ego we are apt to do the wrong thing and avoid the right thing. The sages therefore thought it wise to accept a divine sanction. What is the use of a rule of law if there is none to enforce it?

Atheism as such cannot sustain itself merely on the basis of a moral order. A spiritual sanction is necessary to enforce a rule of morality. Therefore it is that atheism, as such, has had no hold on the minds of cultured people in the universe. The verdict of all religions in past ages is against atheism. To accept everything except God is to try to cultivate a field without the seed.

God is the giver of all gifts. He is the embodiment of power and mercy. We feel His presence in every word, thought and deed in human life. If in spite of our past efforts we do not get the necessary result, we turn to a superior Cause. Why should we not pray to that Cause of Causes even in our successful endeavours? God will certainly bless us with a pure mind and uniform success in all our efforts. This then is the message which Prahlada gave to the world: "Think of God and do the right thing. He is everywhere. Only we must pray to Him. He certainly will respond to our prayers."

Beauty is potent, but money is omnipotent.

RAMBLES IN COURT LIFE (25)

THE GARSTIN DACOITY CASE

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

We have adverted to in earlier issues the outline of the famous case—the Garstin Dacoity case; we had pointed out how the young zamindar of Bodinayakanur was charge-sheeted along with many others for an alleged dacoity against Mr. Garstin, the first Member of the Board of Revenue. The prosecution sought to make out in the first instance that this was the result of a private animosity between Mr. Crole, the Collector of Madura, and Mr. Garstin, as a result of which it was suggested that Mr. Crole had instigated the zamindar and his men to commit the crime. The case ultimately ended in an acquittal by the brilliant cross-examination of Mr. Eardely Norton of the prosecution witnesses. It is our present purpose to detail how Mr. Garstin fared at Mr. Norton's hands during cross-examination.

To a question from Mr. Norton Mr. Garstin replied: "I was travelling on my own business. I went up to spend the holidays at Devikolam. As a fact I spent all but a few hours at a bungalow belong-

ing to the North Travancore Company, at least one night at a place called Annekabadu.

Mr. Branson (appearing for the prosecution): I submit it is irrelevant.

Chief Justice: It may be relevant.

Norton: Why did you go there for?

G.: I went to spend the holidays.

N.: With whom?

G.: With a certain party.

N.: What made you spend the holidays there?

G.: I went there to see some land.

N.: Your own, I suppose?

G.: No.

N.: Was it ever yours?

G.: Yes.

N.: Till when?

G.: Till eighteen months ago.

N.: Eighteen months ago, that was eighteen months before this occurrence, you transferred that land and you ceased to have any interest in it?

G.: I went to look at it. It had been transferred to a trustee, for the benefit of my wife and children.

N.: What money did you

take with you?

G.: I took about Rs. 200.

N.: Are you sure you did not take Rs. 2500?

G.: Certainly not.

N.: Why Rs. 200?

G.: To pay my expenses and back.

N.: And nothing to spend on this land?

G.: No.

N.: When you got up there, did you spend any money?

G.: No. I spent no money there. I was there only six hours.

N.: Who is superintendent of that estate?

G.: A man named Anthony.

N.: Did you find Anthony there?

G.: No. I did not.

N.: On your return did you make any remittance to Anthony?

G.: Very likely.

N.: What was that for?

G.: I always sent the money on behalf of the trustee.

N.: Am I to understand you kept an account with the trustee?

Branson: I must take objection here.

The Chief Justice said that it might turn out in this cross-examination that Mr. Garstin had gone up there with considerable sum of money.

Branson submitted that at present it was irrelevant.

C. J.: There may be

nothing. I cannot say. I must allow him to go on.

N.: Who is M. Fonceca?

G.: He is employed in the North Travancore Company.

N.: How long have you known him?

G.: Five or six years.

N.: Would it be seven years?

G.: I really cannot say.

N.: On the 14th October 1885 Government sent round that circular insisting on your giving up land. How long after that circular did you transfer the land?

G.: Government gave the consent.

N.: Government gave the consent or insisted on your getting out of the land?

G.: They consented to my transferring it. They insisted on my getting rid of it.

N.: Are you in the habit of remitting money to M. Fonceca? Is he in your service?

G.: No. He is not in my service. I have twice remitted some sums to him.

N.: What was that for?

G.: I repaid Fonceca the cost of things sent to the estate.

N.: I see; he was a forwarding agent?

G.: Yes, once or twice.

N.: Did you in December 1885 send Fonceca a remittance?

G.: I may have done so.

N.: Mr. Fonceca says,

"I received a letter from Mr. Garstin on the 10th December 1885, handing me a Post Office order for Rs. 25/- in settlement of my account with that gentleman." Did you keep accounts with him?

G.: I dare say I did. For instance, when I sent stores to him.

N.: Did you know him as anything besides agent of the North Travancore Company?

G.: I understood from him that he was also in the employ of the zamindar.

N.: Anybody else?

G.: He told me he purchased Europe stores for the zamindar.

N.: Are you interested in securing promotion for Mr. Fonceca?

G.: I wish to do something for him if I can.

N.: Give him promotion or better employment?

G.: He asked me to get him employment on the railway.

N.: And did you try?

G.: No.

N.: You have never tried. Perhaps you will after this case is over?

G.: I do not know.

N.: Have you recommended him to anybody upto date?

G.: Yes, I have spoken about him to Colonel Walker, who is the Conservator of Forests.

N.: When did you speak to Walker?

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G.: At Mr. Fonceca's request some months ago.

N.: Since this dacoity?

G.: My impression is that it was before.

N.: You cannot swear for certain that it was before?

G.: No. Fonceca was long anxious to get away from Bodinayakanur.

N.: Did you supply him with clothes occasionally?

G.: I do not think I did.

N.: You did not give him a complete outfit from Oakes & Co.?

G.: No.

N.: You supplied the wife with clothes?

G.: I think I did so.

N.: When?

G.: I must explain I had a cousin who died on those hills accidentally and his body was brought to Bodinayakanur by Fonceca and he acted very kindly in laying the body out and sending it up in a coffin to be buried.

N.: Do you know whose bullocks you used between Allynagaram and Bodinayakanur?

G.: I do not know.

N.: Did you pay for them?

G.: Yes.

N.: To whom?

G.: The driver.

N.: Did you ascertain they were the zamindar's.

G.: No.

N.: Have you been in the habit of using the zamindar's bullocks on that stage?

G.: On one occasion I know the zamindar supplied me with bullocks and I thanked him for his kindness.

N.: Can you suggest any reason why the zamindar should abet this dacoity?

G.: No I could suggest no reason which would be sufficient to my mind.

N.: Am I to understand you to mean that this dacoity was simply for the purpose of loot?

G.: No.

N.: What had been suggested to you as the motive of this dacoity?

G.: It had been suggested that I had given offence to the zamindar by listening to a

complaint of one of his tenants.

N.: Who suggested that?

G.: I think it was Fonceca who told me that I had given offence to the zamindar.

N.: When?

G.: Well, I do not know.

N.: Was it before or after the attack?

G.: After.

N.: How long after?

G.: I think when I went down to Madura.

N.: Somewhere about March?

G.: Yes.

N.: Could you carry your mind back a little earlier as to when this suggestion was first made? Colonel Gurthrie asked you whether it was true that a complaint had been made to you against the Bodinayakanur zamindar?

G.: I think it was before Fonceca mentioned it to me.

N.: Did you accept that as a sufficient reason for the dacoity?

G.: No. I thought it possible that the zamindar might have taken offence.

N.: After your conversation with the tenant you saw the zamindar that very morning?

G.: Yes.

N.: Did you mention to him about the conversation between yourself and the tenant?

G.: I have no recollection of having done so.

Chief Justice: The tenant complained very properly to you. Why should you think the zamindar would be annoyed with you about that? I cannot see why he should be annoyed with you.

G.: It was a very trifling reason. I was told that he was annoyed at it.

N.: Was any other reason suggested by Mr. Garstin?

Branson: I really do not know this is relevant as to what reason a third person suggests.

C. J.: I do not think it is irrelevant. He may not be able to show any motive for the zamindar's abetting an attack on him.

Branson: I would ask the court to note my objection.

C. J.: No, indeed, I won't.

N.: Did you make a statement in the lower court as to any motive?

G.: I do not remember making a suggestion unless in reference to the forests.

N.: I think I was told by Fonceca that the zamindar was annoyed at the action of the Government in wanting to buy certain forest land. It was suggested by the Board of Revenue on the recommendation of the Forest Committee, that 22 square miles of land be taken up as Forest Reserve. Can you tell me how many years ago was that Forest Committee in existence?

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G. SWAMINATHAN, M.A., B.L.

Secretary.

G.: About five years ago.

N.: Did you Mr. Garstin take any steps to verify the statements of Fonceca that the zamindar was annoyed at this?

G.: No. I did not.

N.: You went so far as to file a letter in the lower court in connection with that matter.

G.: I think the proceedings of the Board of Revenue was filed.

N.: These proceedings were filed by Mr. French, counsel for defence. How did he get them?

G.: They were given by me for perusal to the Superintendent of Police.

N.: At whose suggestion?

G.: The Superintendent of Police asked me to let him see the correspondence. He is Mr. Arbuthnot.

N. (After reading the statement of Mr. Garstin in the lower court and the file referred to which was marked as Exhibit B.): Did you accept Exhibit B. as sufficient reason for enmity between yourself and the zamindar?

G.: No. Personally I did not think the fact of Government taking over the land was the cause for an enmity between the zamindar and myself.

N.: Are you a member of the Board of Revenue?

Branson: I object to the question.

C. J. overruled the objection.

G.: Yes.

N.: It was the court and not the Government that decided that the property was not the property of the zamindar?

G.: Yes.

Mr. Norton further ques-

tioned about the alleged complicity of Collector Crole.

Branson: I stated long ago that so far as I was concerned Mr. Crole's name would never cross my lips.

N.: Has Your Lordship read the calendar of the District Magistrate committing the prisoners to the sessions? The District Magistrate instituted that Mr. Crole was at the bottom of it.

Mr. Branson found the error of the prosecution in dragging a motive from a reference to Mr. Crole in the lower court. Mr. Norton made capital out of it and was out to show that it was a conspiracy between Mr. Garstin and Mr. Sullivan of the Board of Revenue to undo Mr. Crole as he interfered with their scheme in making a profit in the matter of Forest Reserves in which matter the zamindar had also opposed Mr. Garstin. The zamindar was hence out of spite lugged into the case as a conspirator to the fictitious dacoity. Mr. Garstin fell to pieces in the long and clever cross examination and Norton won the case.

Worry is like a rocking chair; it will give you something to do but won't get you anywhere.

Grace in women has more effect than beauty.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

FRAGMENTS OF TRUTH FROM THE UNSEEN

This is the concluding portion of the book by the spiriqualist medium Beatrice Russell.

There are two kinds of thoughts, there is much you suffering, that which we bring will have to learn before you on ourselves which comes can be at peace. from within, and that which The effort made during your comes suddenly upon us from earthly life are of great importance, for this kind of suffering can be entirely sublimated and transformed by the suffering we make for ourselves by our thoughts, right thinking. Selfishness is jealousy, envy, fear, anger, the root cause of these and the despondent thoughts thoughts, and the realisation arising from lack of faith. How of this is the first step towards are you to deal with these, the cure. Self must be forgotten in help for others, and which oftentimes if not in helping those people for checked threaten to overwhelm you and make you whom you have perhaps an long for death? Yet, death active dislike, you will begin would not free you, for if you to understand them better, and pass over into the World of even have an affection for Light weighed down with these them. As you get more control dreadful chains of wrong

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over your thoughts you will find it becomes easier day by day to repel those which are inducive to this suffering. Banish them utterly with stern resolve, and replace them with constructive thoughts of certain actions you intend to take—little kindnesses, small attentions.

You cannot and must not judge another. When tempted to do so, ask yourself what you really know of that person's inner life, temptations and sorrows. Is your own life so perfect? Are your actions so just that you can sit in judgement?

This first kind of suffering, therefore, which we bring on ourselves through thought, can be if dealt with rightly, completely overcome. But

what of the second kind? Those dreadful calamities that we cannot foresee, which appear through no act of our own, and which crush us by their finality and fill us with despair? A man is suddenly stricken blind with no hope of recovery, a woman in prime of life is told she is suffering from an incurable disease; a mother loses her only son; a young girl is overwhelmed by the death of her lover. What more thoughts, you ask in anguish, can deal with these calamities?

These sufferings are a very part of life itself. Suffering is a test. Learn to welcome it as such. You will feel after an experience of this kind that much of the dross has been purged from you; you will know in an inexplicable way that you are not the same and that you have penetrated further into the mysteries of life. You will understand that nothing happens by chance, but that all things have a purpose and the fact that you have been given the chance to face this trial and rise above it, is a proof that there are no heights to which you cannot rise.

On Death

Deep fear takes possession of most of us when they think of the inevitable ending of this life on earth; this is so

According to WHO experts the influenza that has been raging in the city for a fortnight in epidemic form and which is spreading to other parts of the country, is of a mild form. Yet life has become disorganised to a great extent. In some establishments, over fifty percent are on sick list. Long queues of patients were seen waiting at every dispensary. This month's issue of "Kahaniya" too has suffered in consequence. We hope the readers will excuse the slight delay in bringing out this issue and also its shortcomings.

—Ed. K.

strongly ingrained in people that it has become a part of their very being. The whole environment of a sick person is calculated to inspire fear; the anxious faces of relatives and friends, the negative thought that "all is over", memories of the gloom of funeral etc. How different it could be!

Through right thinking the patient would realise that in facing the change, he was

being translated, as it were, into a new and beautiful country, and that in doing so, he was shedding his physical body, and perceiving for the first time his etheric body in which he would have a wonderful feeling of well-being. It would be like going to sleep in a dark dreary room, and awakening in a garden of radiance and beauty beyond description.

A woman's advice is a poor thing, but he is a fool who does not take it.
—A Spanish Proverb.

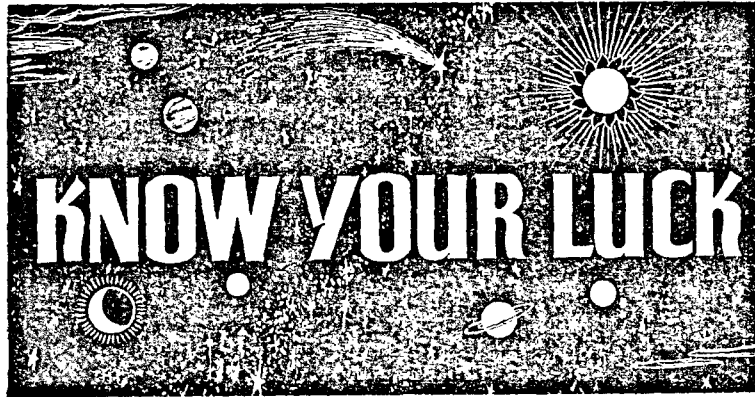
A woman's strength is in her tongue.

A maiden with many wooers often chooses the worst.

A man among children will be long a child, a child among men will be soon a man.

No one can define unhappiness. You have to be unhappy or understand it.
—Rube Goldberg.

If you want to go higher remember that advancement must be paid for with the coin of work.



BY P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

The planetary map during this month is more encouraging than the last month. The first week may disturb your health; financially second half is more advantageous. Money may come through a distant place or from your near relations. You may interest yourself in the affairs of an elderly person with whom you are connected. Your ruler Mangal becomes debilitated from the 11th June. You will show more interest in domestic matters than before. A house move may be an important factor engaging your attention or in a few cases, it may be that you may find it propitious to build or construct a house. One of your children will claim your

Aswani
Bharani
‡ Kritika

special attention in the 2nd half. Domestically you may not be happy on account of your wife's disturbed health. Any marriage proposition is likely to be achieved in the 2nd half. Officially 2nd half shows greater encouragement. There may be an occasion for you to go on a short leave. Second half envisages an important journey or help through correspondence or from an officer. Merchants will not find the month bright and lucky. Impediments are there in the way of their business march. From the last week when Guru enters the 6th house, dull business and financial pressure will characterise the troublesome feature of the month. 5, 7, 8, 13, 19, 21, and 29 are good days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

This is a very active month socially, financially and even domestically. Your ruler's position in the 2nd house at the very beginning of the month coupled with Budha's entry into your rasi is a very encouraging testimony to your financial structure of the month. The mutual reception between these planets (parivarthana) confers sudden money gain and good financial arrangements. A journey may be envisaged during this month. 2nd half indicates new source of income explored or greater financial conveniences specially from the 25th. Unexpected money may be gained at the end of the 1st week. Domestically important change may be effected by the 1st half. Second half envisages guests and relations to be honoured at home. Your mother will wield greater influence on you during this month. Expenditure will be increasingly felt specially in the 1st half. Health of your wife may engage your attention in the 2nd half. Eye patients will fare worse during this month. Biliousness, nervous debility and rheumatic pains characterise your general health. Officially first half may prove discouraging, while the second may prove advantageous and gainful

‡ Kritika,
Rohini & ‡
Mrigashira

through your boss. Guru entering your 5th house from the 19th may disturb your stomach for some time. Your children will thence claim special attention from you. Merchants will feel the second half more encouraging and financially more gainful. Partnership may improve in the second half. New sources of gain may be explored by then.

5, 6, 8, 10, 13, 19, 24, 27 and 29th are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary positions are not favourably configured for you domestically and financially in the first half. The solar course through the 12th house in the first half envisages heavy financial commitments but Guru's aspect to Budha in the 11th house will ease the hard tension that may be noticed in the first week. Friends, relations etc. will come to your rescue. The mutual reception between your lord and that of the 12th house viz., Sukra shows that there is a chance of your having greater commitments than before. In investment or financial plan involving risk it is better to act with caution. Mangal, the lord of the 11th, comes to the 2nd house on the 11th indicating

Mrigashira
Ardra &
Punarvasu

that the financial conveniences may get special accent. Domestically you will not feel happy owing to irritation and unwelcome surroundings during this month. The last week when Guru enters the 4th house may register an improvement gradually in the domestic life. A change or investment on land or house may prove to be important factor overwhelming your mind in the last week. Officially you may not feel happy during the first half. The second half indicates some official change from the 19th onwards when change of work or a new boss may be envisaged. You may occupy a more responsible post. Merchants will find the month more encouraging from the 2nd half. New exploration of financial resources may be tackled successfully by them especially in the 2nd half.

5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 15, 19, 24, 27 and 29th are good days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

The planetary alignment confers more favourable opportunities in social and financial condition of life in first half. Surya in the 11th is very helpful and gainful to you both in financial and social life. Sudden money may be gained through friends and relations. You may be favoured by officers

‡ Punarvasu
Pushya &
Ashlesa

and outsiders in the sphere of your activities. Second half onwards, the solar course in the 12th house, and Mangal through your rasi, may not help you much in gaining your objective. More disappointments than realisation is characteristic of the month's events. Expenditure will be unexpectedly high in the 1st half. Unnecessary money may be spent in the month. Avoid becoming excited, aggressive and upset over little things or events. Your own people are behind the picture of your troubles during the month. One of your children who has been causing you unnecessary anxiety will receive your special attention. Domestically you may not be happy during this month. Disquieting an incongruent elements are waiting to overpower you during this month. Avoid impulsive and hasty step in all your word and deed especially after the 11th of June. Officially first half is more favourable than the 2nd. New contact or changed official outlook of life will present itself as a new feature of your career during the month. A transfer may be envisaged in the last week. One of your brothers may require special attention from you. Merchants will find this month more lucrative in the 1st half. Foreign business will pay them more. Partner-

ship business may labour under unexpected disadvantages. A new solution for the trouble facing them becomes an imperative necessity.

5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 17, 19, 21, 24, 27, and 29 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO Planetary configuration

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
‡ Uthara-
Phalgun.

sounds very favourable for your affairs during this month. The solar course passing through the 10th and 11th house is certainly calculated to press you to go forward to the notice of your superiors, to bring altered circumstances or new conditions for your consideration and action by changing the current outlook of life and planning. Sukra in the 10th house helps you to win friends and increase popularity through your professional or social connections with superiors. Since Sukra is the lord of the 3rd house you are well advised to pay close attention to news and letters that can lead to your advantage. The full moon on the 12th will bring much activity around your base of operations where there may be a need for some emotional poise. Mangal passing to the 12th house on the 11th of June should warn you against friends, reactions against you

or disappointment through them. Domestically the month is fairly good. Investment may be found propitious during this month. An officer friend of yours may help you in the second half. Financially the month is fairly good and from 25th of the month, friends' help will be tangible. New source of income may be explored. Socially you become more active and interested. Businessmen will do well during this month. New business avenues will be opened to them. Partnership business also will prosper.

5, 6, 7, 8, 12, 17, 19, 24 and 27 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO Planetary map favours

‡ Uttara-
phalgun
Hastha and
‡ Chitra

second half more than the first half. Guru in the first half till the 19th is unfavourably situated causing delay and anxiety in your undertakings. You will also be worried on account of your children's affairs. Second half onwards you will find yourself working with least resistance. Financially the month is favourable in spite of heavy expenditure and commitments in the first half. Avoid financial dealings as far as possible in the first half. Your ruler in the 8th house and Mangal in the 10th in mutual

exchange may disturb your health or cause a sudden journey to a distant place. Second half, onwards you will be favoured socially and professionally too. You may attend important ceremony and meet men of high position and influence to your advantage. Officially the month is encouraging enough, specially the second half. Your boss will be favourably disposed towards you. You may have therefore a desired change. From the 19th to the end of the month you will have a pleasant official life. Merchants will find this month lucky. Foreign business will flourish as the month is under way. Don't give credence to all that you hear for the first ten days officially or privately.

5, 6, 7, 8, 13, 17, 19, 24, 27 and 29 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

This month's planetary set-up is calculated to cause you unnecessary worries and mental agitation. Your ruler in the astama along with Surya may disturb your health or cause a distant journey. Guru in the labha-rasi is favourably aligned to your successful life in your work-a-day life. Favour of big men and influence will be valued much during this month. If you are an

† Chitra
Swathi and
‡ Vishaka

eye patient you will fare worse during this month in the first half. Second half onwards when the solar course is through the 9th house, you will feel encouragement in your professional activities. Last week onward there will be greater success and general satisfaction. Financially though pressure may be felt till the 11th, conveniences will improve. One young man; if not your wife or husband as the case may be, plays an important part in the financial side. In the case of the unmarried men, marriage may be successfully negotiated. Domestically the month may not prove satisfactory. More mental pain will be yours during this month. Health also may not be good during this month. Officially you have great anxiety. One young officer may give you much headache. Be careful of loss of money if you should be in charge of cash. Merchants will be lucky during this month. Foreign business proves a greater success. Differences or misunderstandings may crop up in partnership business from the second half.

5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 15, 17, 19, 24, 27 and 29 are good days.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

In spite of the two benefic planets like Sukra and Guru remaining in the square

‡ Vrischika,
Anuradha,
& Jeshta

positions, you will not feel happy or undisturbed both officially and domestically. Your ruler Mangal in the 8th and Saturn occupying your lagna are disintegrating factors without the expected harmonious surroundings. You may be blamed by your relations. There may be a distant journey if not already. Marriage question, if any, will be solved during this month. Separated couples may meet under favourable auspices. Domestically Guru's aspect may modify the unfavourable planetary conditions to some extent. The house problem will overwhelm your mind in the second half of this month. General health may be disturbed in the second half also. Financially this month is fairly good since the lord of the income is coursing through his friend's house viz. Simha. You may get the necessary help from elders, seniors or men at the top of your department. Second half depicts better financial facilities through friends and relations. New friends of higher type will be made in the second half. Officially you will not be carefree: either you may take leave or have slight change in the nature of rank and duties assigned to you. There may be oppositions also from your rivals. Merchants will be happy and lucky during

this month. New partnership may see the light of day. New business may be explored. Foreign business will be found encouraging.

5, 6, 7, 10, 12, 15, 17, 19, 24, 27, and 29 are better days.

DHANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

The general set-up of planets during this month does not seem to be favourably inclined towards your affairs of life. Mangal, Saturn and even Surya in the second half are afflicting planets in your objectives. These cause you not a little anxiety as to finance, health, children's affairs and domestic life. The solar course in the first half may be calculated to settle some of your important affairs as to monetary differences and your pet objects. Your general health may be disturbed owing to stomach trouble and eye complaints also in some cases. Legal aspects may have to be viewed seriously during this month. Domestically the month is not a happy one. There are many disturbing factors. One of your children may cause you anxiety after the 11th. A near relation may unnecessarily dig at you. Friends may prove insincere or inimically disposed. Financially this month may prove more pressing in spite

Moola,
Poorvashada
‡ Uttarashada

of your finding timely help from friends and relations. The very beginning may cause you greater anxiety than before. Officially first half may prove more encouraging than the second. There will be great anxiety as to your official position. Second half may see some of you facing professional problems or taking leave temporarily, either in this month or in the course of the year during the tenancy of Guru in your 10th house. Merchants will not find this month lucky. Their commitments are heavier. Their financial pressure will be increasingly felt. Partnership will be under disturbed water. New partnership will be proposed.

5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 13, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24 and 27 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

This is a month of mixed results of both good and bad character. First half is more favourable than the second. One of your important cherished objectives will be accomplished in the first half. A son of yours will play an important role in the domestic circle. Financially this is a month of high pressure. Second half perhaps may be slightly better but items of expenditure are quickly rising

beyond your expectations. A friend of yours may play an important part to your disappointment. Domestically the month is better in the first half. Some of your important pending matter may be advantageously settled in the second half. A house move may be in the month's picture. One of your brothers may come to limelight in the second half, when Guru comes to the 9th house. A journey is also envisaged then. An important ceremony may also occur in the second half. Letters, correspondence or publications may receive special emphasis during this month. Your wife will be disturbed in health or undergo an operation. Beware of the loss of an important domestic article in the month. Officially the first half may have greater encouragement. Second half is rather disappointing if you put forward any claim. Merchants will find this month very dull. Speculation will prove rather encouraging in the first half than in the second half. Foreign business will improve in the second half.

2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 15, 19, 22, 25 and 29 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Planetary configuration reveals greater predominance of benefic influence in the

first half rather than in the 2nd. The solar course through the 4th house emphasises your domestic pursuit or interests, residence, relations and auspicious ceremony in a few cases. Domestically you will be happier in the first half. A marriage may occur in the second half of the month. Financially first half is by far the better. Financial pressure will assert itself in the later half when Mangal enters in the 6th house on the 11th and Guru enters the 8th house on the 19th. Though pressure may be felt, second half will find sudden fluctuation financially to your surprise. This is a propitious month for investment on land and building. There may be dealings in land in a few cases. Land trouble may occur in the second half. Officially the month is promising. There may be an expected rise or change of work as per your expectation. Second half may prove officially more responsible. In a few cases some of you might apply for leave or get transferred to a desirable place. It may not be easy for you to satisfy the vagaries of your boss who still continue to frown, fret and exact work. First half may prove decidedly better. Business turnover is more lucrative. Partnership may be encouraging. New partnership may be desired in a few cases or floating of new

companies may be envisaged. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 27 and 29 are good days.

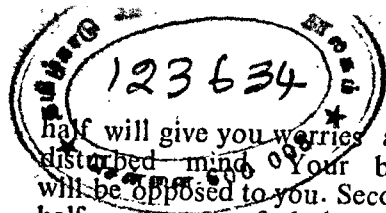
MEENA RASI or PISCES

This is a more favourable month than the last one. The solar course in the 3rd house reveals your connection with elders to your advantage. There will be profitable correspondence and you will evince interest in your brothers and sisters. Avoid differences with elders. Financially this month may prove slightly better. Second half when the solar movement is in the 4th house and Mangal, the lord of money is neecha, you may find yourself beset with thorny problems of finance. Guru in the 7th house from 19th should make it possible for you to find the necessary financial conveniences to meet all your pressing demands and financial commitments. Some of your own relations are directly responsible for the financial inconvenience causing you disturbed mental conditions for some time more. If you escape borrowing in the first half you will have no necessity for it in the second half. Expenditure is heavy and increasing. Good causes may characterise the manner of expenditure. Officially first

† Poorvabhadra
Uttarabhadra
Revathi

† Uttarashada
Sravana
Dhanista †

† Dhanita
Sathabhishta
& † Poorva-
bhadra



half will give you worries and second half. There will be
disturbed mind. Your boss new partnership formed and
will be opposed to you. Second new business angle explored.
half you may feel happier. Correspondence will certainly
Your boss will begin to appre- bring in new customers and
ciate you, and you will have new articles or commodities
less disappointment than into business. Distant busi-
before. Change of work is ness will also prove lucrative.
likely from the second half.
Take care of the finance in the 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 15,
office if you are in its charge. 17, 19, 21, 27 and 30th are
Merchants will do well in the better days.

HIS MODESTY

One day an old man in a sheepskin coat brought a manu-
script to the offices of the magazine "Russkaya Mysl," (Russian
Thought), which was published at the end of the 19th and early
20th centuries. The manuscript was a story written by a peasant
named Semyonov. The secretary told the old man to come back
two weeks later for an answer.

This the old man did. The secretary asked him to wait, and
told the editor that he was there. But the editor was engrossed
in conversation with some of his authors and forgot about the
old man. More than two hours passed. Finally the editor came out
into the reception room.

"Are you Semyonov?" he asked. "We have read your
story—"

He broke off with a start, for suddenly he recognised that the
old man was Leo Tolstoy. Tolstoy was quietly sitting in a corner
waiting to be received. He had come especially to arrange to have
that story by an unknown peasant published!

Men are of four kinds :

He who knows not and knows not he knows not is a fool—shun
him.

He who knows and knows he knows not is simple—teach him.

He who knows and knows he knows not is asleep—wake him.

He who knows and knows he knows is wise—follow him.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom
friend, experience your wise councillor, caution your elder brother
and hope your guardian angel.

The most trifling occurrences give pleasure till the gloss of
novelty is worn away.

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