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KAHANIYA

ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE



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KAHANIYA

ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE

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Vol. IV |

SEPTEMBER, 1957

| No. 5

THE SANNYASI'S BOON

A rather macabre story about a sannyasi who had woven a spell against an unsuspecting woman. The story, we are assured, is built round an actual incident.

'SHIKHA'

Krishnamma had one great grievance against God. He had not given her children. He had given her everything else—good looks, a loving husband, a house of their own and, above all, no mother-in-law to strut in the house ordering her about and picking faults. But what is a woman without a child? She had read in old books that holy men refused alms given by a barren woman. Thank heaven, such a calamity had not befallen her yet,—no sadhu who came begging at her door ever asked her whether she was childless and gladly accepted the rice and the coins she humbly offered. In her simple and guileless heart Krishnamma believed that with the blessings of holy men she would one day obtain her heart's desire.

At her neighbour's the whole day the house rang with the noise and shouts of children playing

and quarrelling. What a contrast to her own empty and silent home! Her neighbour Sitamma was never tired of talking about her eight children. She would recount with great gusto how Kittu upset the pot of milk and the milk ran down his body in streams and the cat started licking it while he howled loud enough to bring the roof down; or, it would be her little Chinu who stealthily substituted salt for sugar in his elder brother's coffee in revenge for his having confiscated his (Chinu's) kite—"The little fiend! How he laughed when his elder brother made a grimace and ran outside to spit out the horrible stuff! But you can't punish him. If you tried, he would look at you with big melting eyes, and what can you do but take him up and hug him in your arms?...And my Indira..." and so on and so forth, till Krishnamma felt entirely

overwhelmed and heaved a sigh of envy and frustration. Did Sitamma derive a cruel pleasure in tormenting her thus? She would not return to her house till she had drawn a tear or two from Krishnamma's eyes. For she was consumed with envy at Krishnamma's life of luxury, with a goodnatured and loving husband. She herself had a drunkard for husband who squandered away his earnings and took little care of his wife and children. She had to toil all day long while Krishnamma led an easy life. So she never missed an opportunity of wounding Krishnamma by reminding her of her childlessness. "You may have all the wealth of Kubera and a husband like Sri Rama himself," she would say, trying to hide her malice, "but if you are not blessed with children, all that is worthless, and life has no joy. Don't you see how in olden days Ashwapati did tapasya and Dasharatha performed a yajna just in order to have children?... As for me, for all my misfortunes, God has sent one great consolation. I don't know what I would do without my eight jewels."

Remarks such as these wrung the heart of Krishnamma and she shed many a bitter tear at her misfortune. Why was God so lavish with one person and miserly with another? She had gone with her husband to all the important places of pilgrimage and she had promised rich offerings to all the gods and goddesses if only she was blessed with a child. But she had not deigned to listen to her.

One day she was in the kitchen clearing away the remnants after her meal. Her husband had left early that morning for the town to make some representations about their village. There had been trouble recently with the headman.

It was nearing midday and everything was quiet. Krishnamma felt lonelier than ever and wondered how soon her husband would be back.

Suddenly there rang through the house a voice deep and full, "Bum Bum Mahadev."

Krishnamma hurried out to the front verandah.

A tall sannyasi stood in the little courtyard, sounding a tiny drum, "Bum Bum Mahadev."

He was unlike any other sannyasi she had ever seen. He had a slim, but powerful and well-knit figure. He had a length of ochre cloth tied round his waist. Around his neck hung a string of rudraksha beads. Two jhulis were slung on to his shoulders. His face expressed both strength and intelligence, and his reddish-brown eyes had a peculiar arresting power. As she looked into them, cold sweat broke out on her body; she was seized with a strange trembling in all her limbs.

"Bum Bum Mahadev," chanted the sannyasi.

Krishnamma recovered; hastily reproaching herself for her negligence, she bowed low before the holy man. The sannyasi recited rapidly in a strange tongue that she did not understand. Hurrying inside, she

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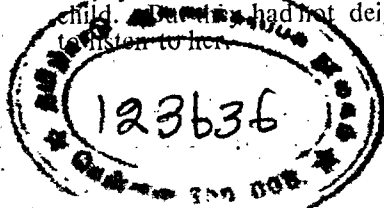
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brought a seer of rice and some sweetmeats and emptied them in his jhuli.

"May Mahadev bless you with long life, wealth and all happiness," said the sannyasi.

Krishnamma's eyes filled with tears. All happiness—does that mean children too? "May God bless me with a child," she said folding her hands and bending her head low over them.

The sannyasi's gaze had not left her face even for an instant. "Have you no children, Mother?" he asked in a kindly voice.

Krishnamma, tears pouring down her plump cheeks, narrated her misfortune, and begged him to bless her with a child.

"Do not be so sad, Mother," he consoled her. "Mahadev, in his great mercy, will bestow a child on you before long." He took a small tin from his jhuli and opening it brought out a little ash. Holding it in his hands, he stood with closed eyes in deep concentration.

Krishnamma joined her palms in prayer and waited hopefully.

At last the sannyasi opened his eyes. He wrapped the ash in a piece of paper taken from his jhuli and gave it to her. "Hold it in your right hand when you go to bed. Mahadev is compassionate. He will give you a child. Do not be sad."

Krishnamma bowed low and touched his feet. He put his hand on her head to bless her. But no sooner than his hand touched her that something like an electric shock ran through her whole body. She started and recoiled involuntarily. When she looked

up the sannyasi was gone.

Krishnamma stood in a dazed way for several minutes clutching the little packet of vibhuti to her heart. Her eyes were again streaming, but now with tears of gratitude. She was sure God had, at last taken pity on her. The sannyasi was not an ordinary one, she could feel it in her very bones. She saw again in her mind his commanding figure, remembered the lightning shock she had felt at his touch, and was convinced that he possessed supernatural powers.

As the day faded into evening, Krishnamma became conscious of a new sensation in her body—it was as if the blood in her veins had turned into a sea of fiery waves, ceaselessly heaving, but, at the same time, there was a sweet, heavy languor pressing upon her limbs and tightening round her body like a serpent. She could neither move nor keep still. And all the while she had delirious visions of a chubby boy, whom she suckled, bathed, caressed, and rocked to sleep in her arms.

Sitamma had come in the afternoon to chat. But today her darts failed. Krishnamma sat heavily, listening as from a distance the familiar tittle-tattle of her neighbour. Sitamma perceived before long that something was wrong and that the talk did not move along the usual lines. "What is the matter, Krishnamma?" she asked. Krishnamma only smiled faintly.

"Oh, don't tell me that you are going to have a child, after all?" cried Sitamma.

But still the only reply she got was a distant smile. The had sat



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on till dark to draw out the secret, and, when she failed, had gone home cross and irritated.

Krishnamma cooked her supper, and tried to eat a little. She was alone in the house. Her servant had gone to attend on a sick relation. She tidied the kitchen and laid out the firewood for the breakfast fire on the morrow.

She washed her face, hands and feet and prepared to go to bed. It was at that moment that she made the terrible discovery that she had lost the packet of vibhuti. With a sinking heart, she began a minute search of the house. At midnight she was still searching crying softly.

Suddenly she heard a rolling sound coming from the back parlour where servants husked rice during the day. The sound grew louder and nearer. She was a brave woman. She walked over to the parlour door, and the next instant was struck with amazement at the sight of the mortar coming towards her. As in a spell, she watched it pass her and move towards the front door. Finding its path obstructed, it hurled itself against the closed door. With trembling fingers she undid the bolts. Hardly had the door opened than out bounded the mortar noisily and disappeared into the night.

How did the mortar walk? Whence came its movement? Was it possessed? And where was it going? In a flash she understood everything. She shot back the bolts and dropped

on the ground, overwhelmed at the recognition of the danger she had barely escaped.

As she lay there prostrate, slowly memory came back to her and she remembered having gone to the back parlour to see if the servants had swept and tidied up properly. Seeing a heavy vessel left out on the floor, she had gone to put it back in its place. She must then have laid the packet of vibhuti on the mortar in order to have her hands free....

She went round to see that all the doors were securely bolted, and then dropped down on her bed, although she was not destined to sleep that night, or for many nights to come.

x x x

Under a tree on the outskirts of the village sat the sanniyasi, rapt, with closed eyes. Hearing, in the distance, the sound of someone approaching, he opened his eyes with an eager expectancy.

How interminable the hours had seemed since midday, each hour growing longer than the one before.....That woman was a find! What a figure! Who could have dreamed there was such a one to be found in this out-of-the-way place? He did not know how long ago it was that he had met with such luck.

But surely that was a sound of someone walking, dragging rather, over the dead leaves on the path!

He smiled, he listened avidly. The approaching sounds grew louder. And behold! From out of the darkness rattled forth the mortar!

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

MANGALORE MURDER CASE

S. RAJAGOPALAN

Sankarappa Shetty and Kaveri were husband and wife, living in Kuthethur, South Kanna district. They were married in 1931 and had four children of ages varying between seven years and 18 months. They were a fairly loving couple. In May 1938, Kaveri went to her granduncle's house for her confinement at Kuthavoor village. Her husband was, as per the custom, to bear the charges of confinement. But this time he was unable to do so and hence she remained at her relation's house. He had, however, been visiting her there from time to time.

For sometime past, Sankarappa Shetty was in financial difficulties. He had laid claim to a property and he had approached

a bank for a loan of Rs. 1,000. On 23-11-1939 he was suspected by the police in connection with the theft of a jewel. His mind too was a bit unhinged. On 26-11-1939 he was travelling in a bus and he alighted at Mulki. A little later he was seen by a doctor amongst others, prostrating before a co-passenger and talking incoherently. He bent his head and touched the companion's feet several times. The next day he was bewilderingly abnormal. He threw some rupees on the road and a large crowd collected around him. He suddenly dealt out a blow at a bystander and wept like a child. Later in the evening he raced from an upper storey and threatened that he would jump into a well.

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On 28-11-1939, Sankarappa arrived at Kuthavoor. His wife, her grandaunt and brother were present. He spent the night with his wife and children in a room in the house. On the following day the entire family took their supper with him at about 10 A.M. He was closeted with his wife. He asked her to give him Rs. 25. She said she would give if he would return her jewels worth Rs. 200, which had been taken by him soon after the marriage and pledged subsequently. About noon the family members went to a building 45 feet away from the room where were Sankarappa, Kaveri and their children. Two hours later, they heard Kaveri cry "murder" and the children shouting, "Father is killing mother". They rushed to the room but found the door shut and bolted from inside. Kaveri's grandaunt and brother peeped through the window and saw Sankarappa inflicting a blow with a plank (on which people sit while taking food) on Kaveri's temple. They raised an alarm and the neighbours rushed to the scene. They forced open the door with a crowbar and found Kaveri lying dead on the floor. Sankarappa was seized and his hands and legs were tied up. He did not offer any resistance. He appeared dazed and stupefied.

The police were contacted and postmortem was held. The doctor found 20 injuries on the body, of which 10 were on the head and 10 more on the other parts of the body. He opined that 17 of them would have been caused by the plank with which she had been struck. He said that

the murderer had either been actuated by a deep-seated motive or had been insane and this he opined from the nature of the attack delivered.

At the sessions trial, a plea as to his insanity was advanced. He made a lengthy statement. He said that prior to the occurrence he was not well and felt as if someone had administered an evil drug to him. He was under a hallucination and he was feeling that an apparition like thing was before him. On the day of the murder his wife told him that he had been accused of stealing a jewel. He did not ask her money and there was no disagreement between them. He did not know what happened to his wife but the next day he was told by the police that he had killed his wife, although he said he did not recollect having done so.

His relations gave evidence as well as those who had watched his behaviour previous to the murder at the bus and the other places. The children did not give evidence.

The sessions judge held that he was guilty of murder and sentenced him to be hanged. At the High Court one judge felt that he was not insane but that his mental condition being what it was, he should be acquitted. The case was referred to a third judge who settled that he was not insane but gave him the lesser sentence of transportation for life.

The circumstances relied on to disprove the theory of insanity were numerous and could not be brushed aside. If he was unsound in mind, it was asked how

was it that he was not so subsequently. There were no symptoms of unnatural behaviour after the murder when he was in the custody of the police at the time of the trial. When a man is worried with his affairs or distracted about his money matters, even slight annoyance might rouse his anger—as indeed it might have done when his wife refused to give him Rs. 20; but it could not be said that he was incapable of knowing that he was doing wrong. They were in the room with the children for some two hours before the occurrence. It was not without significance that the door was bolted from inside the room at the time. There was no evidence as to who secured the door, but it was plain that the attack was made at a time when entry into the room was obstructed and prevented.

The absence of motive would not be decisive. Nor was the circumstance that he had offered no resistance which was not unnatural when a man was confronted with five persons and resistance would be simply impossible. On the other hand if he had offered resistance, he could be reckoned not a sensible

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man. As for the weapon used, the wooden plank was not per se dangerous but it was so by the way it was used. He had really intended to kill her. In the result he escaped being sent to the gallows.

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THE MEEK HUSBAND

He was enlarging on the dangers of certain foods, and with a dramatic gesture he pointed an emphatic finger at a rather harassed looking and inoffensive listener and demanded: "What is it? We nearly all eat it at some time or other, yet it's the worst thing in the world for us. What is it, I say? Do you know?"

There was a moment's silence before the little man replied rather nervously: "Wedding cake!"

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x

v

A man becomes a low caste or a high caste not by his birth but by his conduct.

Only the names and places have been changed in this true tale of mysterious telephone calls.

PHONE CALL FROM THE DEAD

"Are you there? Are you there?"
"What number do you want?"
I countered.

I was given the correct number and exchange.

"Whom do you want to speak to?" I inquired.

The woman's voice at the other end of the line said she wanted me.

I asked her name, and she replied that I wouldn't know her name.

The voice seemed to echo like someone talking in a cave.

Finally, out of curiosity, I admitted my identity and asked what she wanted of me.

"I want you to go and see my daughter, Candida, and stop her crazy infatuation for Rupert Alington."

This statement rather shook me.

I asked her for more information, saying that I did not know her daughter, nor anything about the infatuation she referred to, nor even the doubtful pleasure of knowing the caller herself!

"I can't stay any longer," she said hurriedly, but I'll call you again, and give you more details. Goodbye."

She rang off.

I was deeply mystified, and not a little disturbed.

I was staying with Rupert and Cynthia Alington at their lovely fifteenth-century manor house in Hampshire.

Rupert wrote novels and film scenarios, and Cynthia designed the gowns and costumes worn by his female characters. They had been married seven years and both were good-looking and charming.

Through his work Rupert was often obliged to visit film studios and offices, and in consequence met a great number of girls and women and possessed many "fans".

Cynthia dealt with their letters, pleas for photographs and autographs, but there was nothing even remotely flirtatious about Rupert. He and Cynthia were devoted to each other and the idea of another woman in his life was simply ludicrous.

This Candida's mother must be barking up the wrong tree, I decided.

The Alingtons were attending a literary luncheon in London, and I agreed to take all telephone calls during their absence, as his secretary was on holiday.

On their return I did not mention the peculiar message to either of them, and then forgot all about it.

It was nearly a week later when they were both absent from the house, that I again answered the telephone.

"Are you there?"

The same hollow voice—but more insistent this time.

"You must stop my daughter" she began. "Candida... Candida Shaw. She works as a script girl for Blue Bird Films, and she met Rupert Alington at the studios. Please ring her up and go and see her."

I told her that even if I agreed to do as she asked, her daughter would probably refuse to see me, and anyway, I felt sure the whole thing was a mistake. Rupert Alington adored his wife.

I insisted: "You must have mixed him up with some other man."

However, she was equally insistent, but admitted the infatuation was one-sided, and that he was not at all interested in Candida.

"You must make her see sense," she implored. "If somebody doesn't she's likely to commit suicide, and that would cause a ghastly scandal which would involve your friends. She's written him a lot of wild, passionate letters, and I assure you he's very worried about it."

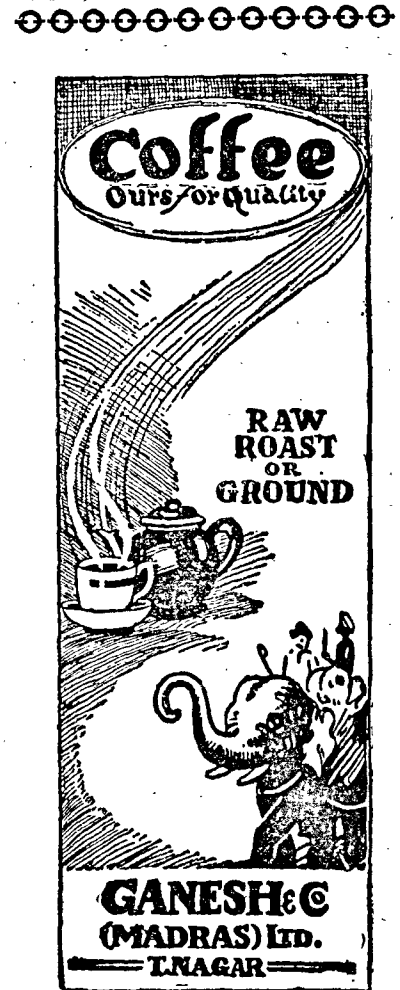
I asked her how she knew the contents of her daughter's letters.

"I was standing behind her, and read them over her shoulder," she calmly stated.

Needless to say, this unpleasant habit did not endear the caller to me, and I decided to hang up and refuse to do anything in the matter.

"I can't wait any longer," she said faintly, and hung up on me.

I thought that would be the end of it, but I did watch Rupert more closely than usual and he, undoubtedly, appeared both nervous and worried.



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He was a very sensitive being, and I could well imagine that he would be very distressed if there were any truth in the woman's statements. But next day I thought it wise to ring the Blue Bird Studios and inquire if a Candida Shaw worked there.

I was rather startled to discover that that part of the mysterious caller's story was true.

Candida Shaw was a script girl in the company and was working on Rupert Alington's latest novel that they were filming.

I inquired if he visited the studios, and was told he was there frequently, helping with the film version of his book.

Still determined not to worry Rupert or Cynthia with the messages, I hoped I'd heard the last of it.

I was too optimistic.

After a few days I was again alone in the house when the telephone bell rang. Again I answered it. Again the hollow-voiced woman spoke.

"Are you there? You see, I told you the truth about Candida working at the Blue Bird Studios and now beg you to believe the rest of my information."

I wondered how she knew about my telephoning the studios, but she by-passed my question. Her voice was urgent.

"Listen. Candida wrote Rupert yesterday and gave him until the end of the week to go to her flat and talk to her, otherwise she wouldn't answer for the consequences."

I told the woman I really didn't see what I could do in the matter, even if her daughter

agreed to see me.

"She'll see you," she replied eagerly. "She'll be flattered. Tell her you want her advice on a film scenario you've written, then force her to see sense. You can do it. You've got the power."

I began to take the situation seriously. Several things appeared strange. Was it only coincidence that these calls came through only when Rupert and Cynthia were in London?

How did the woman know I'd telephoned the studios?

How did she know I was staying with the Alingtons?

I rang the exchange and asked them to trace the last call. Later, the operator rang me and said no call had been put through from London that day.

This really shook me, and I decided to see the thing through.

Rupert was certainly looking desperately worried, and I didn't want either of them hurt. Cynthia was broadminded and sophisticated, but it might be difficult to make her believe that Rupert was completely desinterested in the girl.

I rang her number and a thin, high-pitched voice answered me.

She was Candida Shaw—and her mother had guessed rightly: she was thrilled that I wanted her advice on a scenario and made an appointment for me to visit her flat at 6 p.m. the following evening.

I felt I was "for it" now, and there was no turning back.

All this happened on a Wednesday, and I got rather an unpleasant shock when Rupert told Cynthia that night that he

had to dine with his publisher the following Friday!

I knew by his manner that he was lying, and realized he was going to call on Candida in answer to her desperate letter.

Next day, before I left to keep my appointment, my caller was on the line again.

"Before you go, I must tell you that Candida caught Rupert alone for a few minutes at the studio this morning, and begged him to leave his wife and live with her. He thinks she's mad and won't keep the appointment with her on Friday."

"I can't make the slightest impression on her though I try

from morning to night. I must rely completely on you. Good-bye."

She rang off.

All the way to London I was trying to puzzle the whole thing out, but so many points continued to elude me.

When I arrived at Candida's flat she let me in. To my surprise it was a one-room affair with a divan bed, a bathroom and kitchenette leading off.

I wondered where mother slept, and then took stock of the girl. She was thin and a brunette, and as she talked, her dark eyes constantly wandered to the telephone as though she was

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expecting a call.

After chatting for a few minutes about the supposed scenario, I said, bluntly: "How long have you known Rupert Alington?"

She looked startled.

"I've known him for years," I continued, "and you're just wasting your time if you think he'll leave his wife for you—or any woman."

Colour flooded her face and her eyes flashed angrily.

"What do you know about us? Has Rupert been talking?"

Instead of answering her questions, I quoted some of the passages of her letter to Rupert, and told her I knew of their meeting that morning and her suggestion to him.

"You're not only a stupid girl, but a very wicked one, distressing your poor mother like this. She's in a terrible state about you, otherwise she wouldn't have constantly telephoned begging help from a stranger like me."

"Why don't you listen to her advice?"

"She really loves you and is trying to save you from the most bitter disillusion."

Candida had been pacing the room while I talked—now she sank into a chair, her eyes starting with horror, and her face showing ashen under her make-up.

"My mother?"

"Yes," I replied. "It was she who told me the contents of your letters to Rupert. She said she read them over your shoulder while you were writing. She's tried to stop this folly but she can't make any impression on

you and she's quite desperate."

Candida licked her dry lips; her hands were twitching nervously, she spoke almost in a whisper:

"My mother has been dead for ten years. She was killed in the blitz."

Suddenly everything made sense to me—but not to Candida.

She gave me a truculent look: "I don't believe it. Rupert must have told you and shown you my letters."

I assured her he hadn't mentioned her name to me.

At that moment the telephone shrilled and we both jumped. She seemed frightened and handed the receiver to me.

It was Rupert.

His voice sounded startled when he heard mine.

"It's all right, Rupert," I said. "I'm here with Candida. I know all about it, and she's promised never to bother you again. I'll tell you all about it tonight."

"Thank God," he exclaimed fervently. "I rang because she seemed in such a state at the studio this morning."

I told him to hold on, and handed the receiver to the girl.

"Speak to him, and tell him what I've said is true."

Mechanically she took the receiver, repeated my words, and said "Goodbye".

Then she broke down.

I comforted her and told her to give her mother a chance to contact her personally, but she shook her head unbelievably.

The telephone shrilled again.

I took the receiver off—and my caller was on the line again.

"Are you there?"

I asked if she could speak to her daughter.

"She hasn't the power. Tell her to listen with you."

I held the receiver to Candida's ear and she said she could hear, faintly.

The mother thanked me and told her daughter that she would always be with her, whether she knew it or not.

She gave Candida her blessing and rang off.

I could see the girl at last realized the truth, and told her to contact me whenever she felt life was too difficult ... then I left the flat.

That night I told Rupert and Cynthia the whole story.

They seemed incredulous, when the telephone rang again.

"Are you there?"

Once again my caller!

"They can't believe you. Tell them to ring the operator and find out if a call has been put through from London. Goodbye, and thank you again. Candida will be all right now."

She rang off.

I asked Rupert to get the operator and he was told *no call had been put through to their number for several hours.*

—*Courtesy, Prediction.*

"Are you always as silent as this, Tommy?" asked a visitor. "No," replied Tommy, "but mummy promised me sixpence if I didn't say anything about your red nose and bald head."

x x x
"There was a time when you used to call me Daisy; now it's Mrs. Brown, as if I were a stranger to you," complained a wife during an argument with her husband.

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THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR

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Four long, lonely years had gone by, and yet old Ramdas had not given up hope that some day his son would return. No matter what Kumar had done, the old man had not grown to hate him. He had been angry and disappointed but then there had been only forgiveness in his loving heart. He had loved him more than anything else in the world. Now in the evening of his life he hated to be snatched away without his son knowing that he had no hatred in his heart and that he loved him still.

Ramdas had been a prosperous jeweller during his younger years. He had amassed wealth and had everything he wanted to satisfy his material comforts. And yet he was unhappy. In his heart of hearts he envied sometimes even the beggars in the street. The cause of his unhappiness was that he had not been blessed with any children. He had devoutly prayed every day that God be pleased to give him a son and heir. What is the use of all his material wealth if there were no children of his own to enjoy it? So he prayed and went on pilgrimages and gave liberally to holy causes. God seemed to have heard his prayer and a son was born. Kumar was the apple of Ramdas' eye and his joy new no bounds.

But before his son was a year old his wife died. It was a great blow to Ramdas but as time passed, the edge of sorrow was

blunted. Ramdas lavished all his affection on Kumar and he grew up into a fine lad.

A few years passed and Kumar had joined the college. There he got into the company of bad boys. Being much pampered and supplied with plenty of pocket money he spent most of his time first on cinemas, then visiting houses of disrepute. He came home at irregular hours. At first his father did not question him but when his son began to demand more and more money Ramdas began to question him and then remonstrate with him. But Kumar gave him all sorts of excuses which could not fool the father.

"Alright son you can have all the money you want. You are my only son and all that I have is yours anyway. But tell me where do you spend all your evenings? Sometimes you don't come home before midnight. Do you think it is right that a young boy like you should keep away from home like that?"

Ramdas hated to ask these questions for he knew that his son would feel wounded but he had heard vague rumours and though he had refused to believe them he wanted a formal denial by his son.

Kumar, it could be imagined, was prepared for such questions. "You have a right to know, father," he said in a pleading, persuasive way. "I did not tell you before but I am taking tuition

from a professor along with a friend and at other times we do combined study."

"That is alright son," said Ramdas but in his heart of hearts he knew that his son was not honest with him.

Days and weeks passed. Kumar's ways had not improved. In fact he had become irritable and his attitude to his father had preceptibly changed. Ramdas secretly nursed his sorrow at the boy's wayward ways. He was aware of the gradual widening of the gulf between them but what could he do?

One day Kumar did not come home at all. He had ceased to ask money of his father. Ramdas at first was pleased thinking that his son had learned a few lessons but soon he was convinced that he was wrong. Something in him told him that all was not well with his son. Added to that there had been rumours that his son was seen going about with a young girl who was connected with films. And when his son did not turn up even at midnight Ramdas felt unhappy and he began to cry.

He had prayed and prayed to God to give him a son and heir. But that son was as good as lost to him now. Of what use all his wealth to him? He went to his safe where he kept most of his precious jewels and diamonds and opened it. It was empty! Ramdas stood there like one transfixed and with his mouth open. It was such a shock to him. Who could have opened the safe and taken away all the wealth except his son? The reason why of late his son had ceased to demand money from him was now apparent. He stood

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All aches and
Pains

there staring at the empty safe for a long time and began to shed silent tears.

Four years had gone by and it had brought a great change in Ramdas. He had sold his business and had become a recluse. He had no servants in his house. The whole day he spent in prayer and waiting—waiting for his son to return.

It was a cold night and Ramdas lay awake in his bed. Suddenly he heard a faint knock on the door. Who can it be, Ramdas wondered. Picking up his walking stick Ramdas went to the

door and opened it. A young man was standing outside. He had a wild look in his face.

"Who are you?" Ramdas asked peering at the stranger. "It is me, Kumar," said the man outside. The walking stick fell from the old man's hand. He stretched out both his hands to embrace his son.

"My son, my son," he said and sobbed like a child. "I have been longing to hold you in my arms. At last you have come back."

"Stand back," growled Kumar and from his trouser pocket he produced a long knife and held it against the stomach of his father. "Stand back, or I will kill you. I have come back not as a prodigal but to take away what all you have. Come, open your safe. Don't make any fuss!"

Ramdas stood stunned and rooted to the ground. He couldn't believe his ears. Was this his Kumar, whose memory he had cherished all these four lonely long years? He stood there unable to utter even a word.

"Come, quick. I have no time to lose; I am on the run. If you want to know, I am a murderer. I have just murdered the girl who I thought loved me. I lavished all the wealth on her. It was she who made me steal the jewels. In my blind love and passion I did so but when she knew that I couldn't get any more money from you she cooled off towards me. But I stayed with her as I had nowhere else to go. It was a dog's life I lived. I endured it for sometime but it was too much and today when she ordered me to go out of the house I lost my temper and I beat her. She called me a

dog and took a knife which was on the table and threatened me with it. I wrenched it from her hand and in blind fury I struck at her several times till she fell down dead."

Ramdas was too dumb-founded to utter a word. Was this all real or was it just a dream, he wondered.

Kumar continued, "The police will be after me. I want to run away somewhere and hide myself. I want some money. Come, quick."

Ramdas found his voice. "I waited all these four years hoping that you would come back to me. I had prayed everyday to bring you back and I had forgiven you your past misdeeds. I have lived only in the hope of having you back here with me. But you are going away. What is there hereafter for me to live for? Of what use is all the money that I have saved? Come son, you are welcome to what all I have. Take it. Take it," said Ramdas and stood aside.

Kumar went in and taking the key opened the safe. His hands eagerly grabbed the bundle of notes and he began to stuff them in his pocket. While doing so he looked at his father. Perhaps it was his guilty conscience that made him do so. Ramdas was standing there shedding tears. There was no hatred or revulsion in his face. His whole attitude showed that he was full of love towards his erring son. Kumar's conscience must have pricked him. For what looked like eternity he stood there staring at his father. Conflicting emotions

assailed him but not for long. The sight of his father shedding tears feeling sorry for his son was too much. His heart melted. He suddenly threw away the money and dropped on his knees at the feet of his father. "Father, father, I have sinned grievously; pardone me. I have done nothing but wrong. And now I have nowhere to go. I have brought disgrace on myself and you. What is the use of this money to me, if the police catch me? No, you keep it," he said and the next moment he took the knife and stabbed himself.

"My son, my son, don't, please don't," cried Ramdas when he saw Kumar raise the knife to stab himself. But he was too late to prevent the act.

Ramdas knelt by the side of his son's body. Blood was oozing out from the wound. The sight made him faint. He

felt a sort of choking sensation, gave a gasp and fell forward on the body of his son, dead.



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THE MUFF

"George," cried Mrs. Brown, "I heard someone moving about downstairs. I feel so nervous."

Her husband crept downstairs and found a man at the cupboard.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"A cat burglar," growled the man.

George returned to his wife. "It's all right, Ethel," he said reassuringly. "It's a cat burglar. Let him search. He doesn't know we haven't got a cat."

"Don't be so silly, John," said a young wife to her husband; "no woman would ever ask another woman's advice on frocks. Why, it's like asking the enemy how to win the war."

"You always have to have the last word, don't you?" said a husband to his wife.

"Well, I always let you have the last but one!"

Through the Gateway of Death Into the Beyond

Albert had passed away into the Beyond. But his soul finds itself bewildered to see his earthly body lifeless and his servants John and Millie and his dog Tippy not recognising his presence in the room in spirit form. Then comes the spirit of his first wife to awaken him to reality.

I wish someone would answer me. This aloneness is becoming unbearable! Who is that standing by the bed? I did not hear anyone come in. It is not John. Who is it? Have you come to help me? I can't see who you are. Will you come closer? Are my eyes deceiving me? Is it really you, Martha? It cannot be for you look like a girl of eighteen, yet you must be almost eighty. It is really you! You say you have come to show me the way, that I am really dead—as dead as I ever will be. You still have your sense of humour, but Martha, why have you come,—you who left me so long ago? I looked for you for many long years even though my parents had our marriage annulled. They said you did not love me, and that when they told you that they had disinherited me you left because you had married me for my money. I did not believe them at first and never wanted to believe them, but after many years of searching for you without any success, I finally agreed to have our marriage annulled. I loved you, my dear, but I became embittered, believing you did not

love me.

Martha, do you mean to say my parents told you our marriage was not legal and that they had had it annulled, and had sent me to a foreign country? How could they do this to us? You say that only after you died and came over here did you learn the truth, and you have remained close to me ever since to make up for lost years. You were often in my dreams, Martha, and in my thoughts always, and as age crept on, I, more and more, lived in the past with you—in our school days, our play days, the years when young love came to us—then came the end of my dreams.

Martha, I married again and had two children, Tom and Tilly, and many grandchildren and some great-grandchildren. Their mother was a good woman. Our marriage was a short one. She knew about you and I think she understood. You say there is a son, yours and mine, and that there are grandchildren. Why did you not tell me about our son, Martha? You did not want him to know he was born out of wedlock and suffer on account of that, neither did

you desire him to come under the influence of my parents. But Martha, we were married. Our marriage was legal. You knew I loved you and always had, and still do. Money did not matter. If you had only waited I would have given up everything and earned our living. I was young and strong. It is too late now, and my son never knew me. I wish I could have met him. You say he is over here with you and that you named him Albert. You gave him my name. Is that he standing beside you now? He is a fine looking man. Son, can you forgive your old father? If this is a dream, I hope that I will never awaken, and if this is death, death brings understanding and truth—happiness supreme!

Martha, before I died, or just before I realized I had died I lived my whole life over again. It was like seeing a play on a movie screen, yet I was the principal actor. I saw many things I had forgotten. You say that is shown to everyone so that we can see our mistakes and misdeeds which we must make right, as only through correcting those wrongs will we be able to progress and travel on.

But how are we able to undo those wrongs when we are dead? Why, I could not even make anyone hear or see me at my home. You say I must right my wrongs, and that after I rest I will have a teacher that will show me how and protect me.

First I would like to go home for a moment and see my family, as I did not say good-bye. The last thing I remember I fell asleep in my old chair, then the rest appeared a nightmare until you came. Martha, you say you will show me my home and my family but that I will not be able to stay. There are Tilly and Tom comforting one another. John and Millie and Tippy are there. I never realized they cared so much. Now here comes Joan with her children. Joan is Tilly's youngest girl, my favourite, as she spent much time with me. She is saying that she will miss the good times we had together. Joan, dear, I am not dead. Is there no way I could make them aware of my presence here, Martha? Why, Joan! I do believe she saw me. She saw me! I heard her tell them but they do not believe her.

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my protector who comes from a higher plane. Is that my protector all in white? What have I on?—a sort of cloak over my naked body. Don't leave me, Martha. I am afraid I may find this is a dream. I did not notice myself travel back here nor how I got to my home. I must have thought myself there. You say that is what you did—that one travels here as swiftly as a thought, but that one cannot as swiftly make right his earth mistakes, since then the travelling is very slow and it takes a long time to work out one's salvation or progression, as they call it.

Well, I am ready for my next step, for you tell me there is a law to abide by here. Oh, thank thee, Lord, for the privilege of meeting with my beloved and my son; help me to become worthy of their love; show me how best I can be of service that I may follow in the footsteps of the Master.

x x x
HOME OF REST

What a wonderful sleep I have had and such beautiful dreams. I feel strong in body and mind. Am I really dead? I feel so alive, so fresh, there is no weariness of mind and body. I wonder if Martha was really here and Albert, our son. Oh, here you are, Martha. Have you both remained here while I slept? How long have I been here? A month, you say? A month of sleep, a month of rest, a month of healing. I did not know that they had hospitals and doctors in heaven. Now, I do not mean that I did not think doctors and nurses went to heaven, but I did not expect to

see them continue in the role of their profession.

You say all who attend the sick and weary here were not connected with the medical profession when on the earth but chose it and prepared for it after coming over here. Am I to understand that people bring their pain and suffering with them? I would have expected all pain and sickness to remain in the worn-out body. Oh, it is only the memory of their illness and suffering they bring with them. It appears to them at first to be real until the ministering angels have explained it away; then they begin to realize that all sickness, pain and grief is to be left on the earth and that they are using the ethereal body—a body that sickness cannot hurt but the beauty and strength of which depends entirely upon their earth life as they lived it, and upon their willingness to undo their wrongs and to make retribution for their misdeeds.

No one is here to enforce his will on you. Here it is up to you to choose what you desire to do. When you need help to do good or to undo a wrong, you are helped; and if a soul is evil and still desires to continue in that way after being shown the way to progression, the choice is his. Good is not forced on him; for progression to higher life can only come when there is the love and the desire for good within the self; and that comes only after you fully understand your earth mistakes—where you sinned because your motive was wrong, where you preferred the evil life because it was to you the

better life, more satisfying, giving more pleasure to the physical sense—and, after all, were you not in the physical? Was not the real purpose of life to enjoy oneself for who knew whether there was life after death or not? No one had come back. Life after death had not been proved.

Martha, you say many still prefer the life they lived while upon the earth and they travel back to their former haunts and use people there for evil, and so remain on the earth until weariness of it all overtakes them and the small voice within reaches out to God or to someone they loved. But, Martha, my dear, did you not say that each one had a protector, someone to show them what was right and what was wrong? Where is their protector and where are their loved ones? Am I to understand their loved ones cannot reach them on account of the wall of mist they have created around themselves by their evil desires, but that the protectors are ever there ready to help them? You say the proteytors show them a light but the mist is thick because the desire for earth pleasures is strong, or they cling to their worldly possessions and will not leave what they held so close to their hearts when on the earth: but as soon as love and humility enter into their minds, the light becomes brighter and the mist clears.

Unfortunately, they have added many years of hard labour to the

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road of progression that they must travel, but now they have begun to know that from God, the great power, comes strength and love, and with that strength for them to draw on, and the hand of willing helpers to show the way and steady them when their step falters, all things are possible.

Life here seems to be more complicated than it appeared to me at first. I wonder, will I be able to learn to find my way?

(To be continued.)

Eardley Norton on Great Men of His Times

Eardley Norton came in touch with G. Subramanya Ayyar of the 'Hindu' in a curious way. The latter along with his co-journalist Viraraghava Iyer ventured to depict Norton as utterly incompetent for the office of a 'coroner', and made it worse by saying that he was selected merely because he was his father's son and that nepotism had full play in the bargain. This was too much for Norton to swallow. It was gross libel on his capacity and character. Did not Sir Charles Turner, the Chief Justice, say that he was uncommonly good for the post? Norton had perforce to draw these gentlemen into an action. Under government orders Norton prosecuted both these gentry before the Presidency Magistrate. But the accused did not defend the action and were prepared to tender an apology. The government solicitor was, however, adamant and the apology with costs alone closed the incident. Norton later felt drawn to these two erstwhile enemies.

"Time brought us three very closely together; Subramanya Ayyar wrote even better than he spoke; Viraraghava Iyer annexed the money bag and with a capacious receptacle across the shoulders made sure of the financial interests of the Indian

National Congress. He was our local Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Norton then narrates of an Englishman Mr. John Adams, a Barrister who took an abiding interest in the working of the Indian National Congress. "John Adams was a pronounced and a distinctive feature in the Congress. A cross-eyed defective vision endowed John Adams with a peculiarly terrifying aspect, wholly unjustified by his normal kindness of heart. He owned a voice which put Mr. Justice Sundaram Iyer as a pleader in the shade. It shook the rafters of the roof. It shook opponents into silence by its reverberations. It checked the noisy expostulations on judicial lips. When at the end of a sentence he ejaculated a stentorian 'What?' men tasted the terrors of the trumpet call which shall summon them to face the ultimate court of appeal. He was the only man—saving always Sir Pherozezshah Mehta—who could make Surendranath Bannerjee blench before a rival volume of sound. Adams was a whole-hearted radical. He and I always attended Congress in black silk hats, partly to show our Parsi friends that there were rivals in the field and partly to habituate all Congresswallahs to

parliamentary costume which has recently skipped over the House of Commons and decorated Lord Sinha's frontal prominences with a coronet excavated from Raipur. John and I quarrelled in court when as Public Prosecutor he made thunderous assaults upon my deafened clients. But in the Congress platform we stood bravely shoulder to shoulder, shared and halved the liberal official abuse, wondered from adjacent seats at Surendranath's polished periods and went home to laugh over events across quart bottles of the driest port which I provided and John punished. He and I were instances of the two labourers in the same field. The government took him and left me. They let him loose to my financial profit, upon the criminal population in Madras."

Mr. Norton was a keen Congressman. To the members of Congress who visited Madras in 1887 he gave an evening party which was spectacular, lavish and splendid. In 1888 Norton went home to England and there by special invitation opened a debate at the Oxford Union with reference to a resolution in favour of the Indian National Congress. Surendranath Bannerjee was also conspicuously alive in that memorable debate. Lord Hugh Cecil opposed the motion and sneered at India's aspirations and contrasted her backwardness to the superiority of western civilization. He went so far as to sample out the Bengalee as a special instance of servility allied to ignorance. This was too much. Norton pithily narrates: "But Bengal more than

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rose to the occasion. I had often heard it narrated that Surendra-nath—he must forgive me if I adhere to a nomenclature familiar to our interviews before he had become a protagonist of titles and authority (Sir Surendra-nath Bannerjee)—was of little use in debate, that he was fettered to the trammels of set speeches, that his head was divided internally into an indefinite number of compartments whence at will he can by a tap upon his forehead roll out endless exordiums and perorations. But that night at Oxford he nailed that lie to the counter. Greeted with warm, generous and long continued cheers when he rose, he turned in the course of his reply upon the astonished nobleman from the university and to the evident delight of Hume in the gallery, gave him a dressing down, which I had never heard excelled. Thundered our orator: 'The noble Lord, the member for University College has been good enough to attack not merely India of which he knows nothing, but that particular section of India of which I am proud to confess myself a native and of which he knows less, in terms in which some present might fairly consider difficult to reconcile with the dictates of hospitality. On that I will not venture an opinion, but when he ascribes to every Indian and more particularly every Bengalee, a perpetual incapacity for political reform, a sombre darkness in which he has been engulfed and from which he never can emerge, let me remind this more enlightened house that my

country has set before the world which has never since ceased to wonder at it, systems of philosophy and a wealth of political principles evolved at a time *when the noble Lord's ancestors were swinging by their tails from tree to tree.*"

Norton adds: "In one compendious sweep of his arm, he bracketed all the ladies and Hume in the folds of that tremendous biological movement. For ten seconds there was dead silence in the chamber. I wondered whether the Oxford boys would say yes or no. Then arose a thunder of rapturous cheers combined with laughter which showed how the satire had gone home. Soon after came the division and contrary to expectation the resolution was carried. I supped that night with the speaker in his lodgings near Carfax. Heraged at his University daring to vote Liberal. 'It was all that d—Bengalee', he said; and we each had another quart of college ale. If I had a coronet to spare I would send it to the veteran orator from Hoogly, who that night so deftly threw his apple of discord into crowded benches of the Oxford Union. He had done great work and good for his country, and incidentally for England. I still hope to see him a Marquis."

Norton then picturesquely describes the 1888 Congress at Allahabad. He says: "It was a notable setting. George Yule, President of the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce, presided and I indulged in fond hopes of the share Great Britain would take in the training of this new

and splendid venture. But Yule was the first and the last British merchant in this land who as President of the representative body of European non-officials was bold enough, and wise enough, to indentify himself with a movement born from loins of his own country. His speech still deserves careful perusal. There was a galaxy of indigenous talent on the platform. W. C. Bannerjee's flowing beard took up much room at the President's table. Telang's refined features and melodious cadences marked the spot where was one of India's finest intellects; Manmohan Ghose's great, round, staring eyes shone like a beacon to those who were faint-hearted or weary; Pherozeshah's organ voice was a

rally call to the weak. Just behind the President, Ranade, no accredited delegate but merely a distinguished visitor, pondered grimly on the sage advice he so often gave as an unpaid standing counsel to the cabinet of the Congress, an appointment from which he was dislodged only by death. His shrewd Mahratta brain was ever at the disposal of the cause. Bengal mustered strong and the Demosthenes of Calcutta thundered his appointed oration. It was at this meeting that an amusing episode occurred. Rajah Sewprasad of Benares must have got in under false pretences. For we all knew that he was an avowed opponent of our creed. However, there he was, and when the Rajah in particular

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rose to move a hostile resolution, I thought I was transferred (before my time) to pandemonium. The delegates looked upon the titular Rajah as a government spy and they treated him accordingly. The Sikhs' whiskers bristled at him. The Mahrattas growled. Bombay stormed at him in various inflections of Gujarati while the Punjab denounced him in the fluentest of Urdu. From the Bengal camp came violent oratorical gestures to the accompaniment of denunciatory quotations from the Mahabharata. Kennedy (an Englishman) abused him alternately in logarithms and Eripedean Greek. Motilal Ghose, wrapped in an ancient chudder, declined to call him 'bhai'; Joseph Adams audibly cursed him in Scotch, Anantacharlu in

Sanskrit; Madras easily took and kept the lead when Parthasarathy Naidu of 'Andhra Patrika' uplifted his voice and reviled him in fifteen different languages. The intruder was quelled. Never had man before such an experience cowed, beaten, dejected, disintegrated. He crawled sore and wounded out of the hall to explain to Sir Syed Ahmed (then in governmental favour) how hopeless was the task of assailing the Congresswallah in his lair."

With such gusto Norton narrates the Congress sessions with which he was bound up heart and soul. Rarely do we have foreigners of his type who are wedded so strongly to the cause of the emancipation of a country enslaved by his nation.

NEW TYPIST

The telephone rang and kept on ringing, but the new typist made no move to answer it. "Why don't you answer the 'phone?" asked the boss irritably.

The girl stopped typing and considered the matter.

"I will if you like," she replied, shrugging her shoulders, "but it seems a bit silly to me. It's bound to be for you; none of my friends know I'm here yet."

"Conscience, my dear," said a blonde to her friend, "is something which makes a man tell his wife a thing he was afraid she'd find out eventually."

"It's really peaceful over here," said a husband speaking to his friend on the telephone. "I'm just having a quiet pleasant evening at home. The wife's so annoyed with me about something that she hasn't even spoken to me for a week."

"What did your wife say when you got home from the club dinner last night?"

"Not a word. I was going to have my two front teeth extracted, anyway."

Silver Screen: The Most Fabulous of All Arts

Below are a few excerpts from the lecture given on the potentiality of the silver screen by Alexander Markey at the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture. Mr. Markey was formerly a literary adviser to a Hollywood studio and is now in Pondicherry for a new type of film to spread India's spiritual culture throughout the world.

The cinema is often referred to as the "silver screen." if it were to take its name from the kind of motion pictures that most often stain its surface, it might more aptly be called the 'crimson screen' or the 'purple screen.' But, whatever the colour the dominant factor that makes the technical miracle of motion pictures possible is light. It was the discovery of electric light that gave birth to the cinema. Without this light, there would be no motion pictures.

The motion picture is the most fabulous of all the arts. It encompasses all the others, story-telling, poetry, drama, music, dance, painting, and sculpture—with an added magic of its own. No other art can even remotely match it for flexibility and inventiveness: no other can compete with it for universality and effectiveness of mass appeal. In the brief span of half a century, this robust offspring of the machine age achieved mass popularity beyond the wildest dreams of its progenitors.

For the first time in the history of man, a magic art-form has come into being that, for good or evil, can at one time reach the mind and heart of almost every human being on earth.

Four out of five people in India cannot read or write. Nearly half the population of the world is illiterate. Most of the other half does precious little edifying reading. But with the exception of an infinitesimal percentage, all the world understands and loves motion pictures. Truly, the cinema is the universal language.

No other means of controlled mass appeal can compare with the impact of the cinema on the mind of man. But only those who have made a professional study of the phenomenon are aware of the truly fantastic inroads made on mankind by the enhancement of motion pictures. The whole trend of mass thought, mass belief, and mass behaviour has gone through a revolutionary change, as a result of habitual response to the subtle fascination of the silver screen. A hundred thousand cinema houses

probably had a greater influence on the mass mind in fifty years than any other means of public contact in a thousand.

The dismal fact, however, is that this unparalleled influence has been largely a detrimental one. Catering to the sensational and scandalous aspects of life has proved so highly profitable a business that everyday scores of films are in production, the main ingredients of which are the sensual and the sordid, materialism and selfishness, adultery and bloodshed—the whole sorry brood of man's grossest nature. Only a feeble trickle of perhaps a few dozen pictures a year are free from the main emphasis on the ignoble aspects of human behaviour.

Since the advent of television, this process has become accelerated a thousand fold; for a television receiving set is merely a miniature screen. Where there were but twenty thousand old film theatres in the United States, for example, ten years ago, today nearly forty million American homes are little cinema houses in which there is a succession of screened entertainment, free for the turning of a dial, practically around the clock.

Because of the baneful mass influence of the kind of films that predominate, the very invention of motion pictures has become anathema to some of the best minds in the world, who prefer to avoid the cinema altogether. But this is merely dodging the issue. We do not spurn Gutenberg's great invention because of the trash that finds its way into print, or dismiss Edison's phono-

graph as worthless because so much cacophony that is passed off as music, is grooved into records. Nor do we boycott Marconi's radio because of the waves of nonsense broadcast over the air.

The question is often asked: How could an art of such unique promise become so corrupt in so short a time, when all the other arts have enriched the world with so much beauty and rapture? The answer lies in the fact that all the other arts had millenniums in which to develop as pure art in the congenial climate of untainted dedication, and—of supreme importance—for untold centuries, they flourished in the devotional atmosphere of religion, which was the womb of them all.

The motion picture was ill-fated to be born into an age of high-pressure commerce, and before it had a chance to develop as an art wide-awake merchants kidnapped it in its infancy and turned it into a competitive industry. So astute a stroke of business acumen has this turned out to be that the film industry of the world, in all its ramifications, has earned more money in the fifty odd years of its existence than most other businesses in a hundred. The silver screen has turned into a fabulous two-dimensional bird that lays mountains of golden eggs. Is it any wonder that the owners have been holding on to their prize ever since? Occasionally, the captive—no longer an infant—breaks away long enough to take a fling at expressing its unhampered self, and at such stray moments we get a memorable, often superb, motion picture. And there are also instances when prompted by out-

standing creative minds in their temporary employ, the heads of the big film-studios themselves sponsor what they term 'prestige' films. These are almost without exception worthy achievements. But both these instances are rare—the percentage in decimals. So routine-minded has the general public become in its film tastes, and so geared the industry to feeding it with what it considers 'sure money makers,' that the golden captive is soon back in its diamond cage, dreaming of its next break for freedom.

In the accompaniment of laughter or tears, the scramble for the golden eggs never stops in Hollywood and in the other film centres of the world. So all absorbing is this competition that only once in a blue moon—and blue moons are rare indeed in Hollywood—does anyone in films think of aesthetic and cultural, let alone spiritual, values in connection with the films turned out by the motion picture assembly lines. You might as well expect Ford to suddenly turn out cars made of ectoplasm.

There are precious exceptions to the rule, and all lovers of fine things are grateful to the creators of such rare film masterpieces. Not only because they are a joy to behold, but because they are shining proofs that the art of the cinema in inspired hands is capable of the highest reach—proof indeed that to the motion picture nothing is impossible.

However we may assess the blame, the evil motion pictures have wrought is beyond calculation, but so is their unexplored potential for good.

All phenomena, even the most inexplicable, are but so much cosmic grist to the celestial mill of the Divine. There is a wondrous purpose behind the fantastic growth of the film world at the prompting of its merchant kings. Under present conditions, the complex and manifold instruments and technique of film production could in no other hands have been developed to such perfection in so brief a span. Under no other compulsion than that of the competitive enterprise, which prevailed at the turn of the century, could the vast machinery and matchless organization, which make the world-wide mass distribution and exhibition of films simultaneously possible and practicable, have come into being in so short a time. In these phases of the film industry, its founders have accomplished incredible wonders.

Now that the need is so urgent and imperative, it is this marvellously perfected film production machinery and this splendidly organized distribution and exhibition empire that the Divine places at our disposal to reach mankind with the new message of the Spirit.

What is needed is the creation of a constant flow of spiritually charged inspirational motion pictures, whose chief emphasis is on the cardinal virtues and higher aspirations of our being: dramatic treatment of subjects whose central themes are truth, beauty and integrity; tales whose heroes are not quick on the trigger, but men of the more heroic qualities of self-control, forbearance, and chivalry; films

of heroines whose chief concern is not chasing and catching their men, but who endeavour to bring into their relationship with men the divine *sakti* (endowments) of women that can make more god-like human beings of both; stories in which laughter is of the heart, not of the belly; the kind of motion pictures whose creative treatment of such attributes as fidelity, unselfishness and consideration for our fellow-creatures are of so impelling a potency that they will gradually counterbalance the debasing influence of the common run of pictures and television programmes; films, moreover, that do not stress the gross physical and superficial aspects of the life of man, but give pride of place to the profound longing in his heart for something greater than malice and debauchery, something nobler than gluttony and ostentation.

Mr. Markey then dwelt on the importance of carefully choosing the right stories, proper dialogues, subtle selection of the background in particular scenes, colour, sound and music and continued:

Transcending all these is the mystic potential of motion pictures. This has nothing directly to do with the spoken word, visual magic, music, and sound effects, nor with colour. It is a domain all its own, and does not manifest in anything seen or

heard in films. It is innate in that something—unseen and unheard—which often is felt by audiences, but of which more often than not, they are unaware. This esoteric aspect of the cinema is virtually unrecognized by the makers of motion pictures. It, nevertheless, constitutes a subtly powerful ingredient in the finished product.

Though, to the mundane eye, that only leaves an image on the film negative which is palpably within the focal and light range of the camera lens, the character emanations, thought vibrations, and emotional fluctuations of everyone connected with the production of a motion picture find their inscrutable way into the very fabric of the film, leaving on every frame of it an indelible mark that can be felt, though not seen or heard. There have been many pictures that failed to win the favour of audiences for no other reason than this mysterious phenomenon, though the people responsible for it nor the makers of the films were aware of it.

Because of the fine-spun nature of the pictures I envisage, this occult element could be made to play a vitally important part in the gentle spreading of higher thought and deeper inspiration. Creative use of this virgin potential will be of immense value in the production of films dedicated to a greater tomorrow.

A proud father was talking of the intelligence of his son. "You know, dear," he told his wife, "I think he must have got his brains from me."

"He certainly must have done," retorted the wife. "I've still got mine."

The Seer of Kamakoti Speaks

The Siamese Swing Festival

This is the third instalment of the golden utterances of His Holiness Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam.

VELANDAI

His Holiness has a deep knowledge of the history of religions of the world. He will not fail to advert to some special features in foreign lands which would only tend to prove the ancient and historical truths embedded in Hindu religious practices. Thus in the course of a discourse at the Dakshinamoorthy Sannadhi Vellalarkoil, His Holiness said: The books on the history of Siamese ceremonies reveal the fact that a national festival conducted by the State in the Siamese capital from ancient times till the present day is designated 'Triyembavai Tripavai'. In a land which is more than 2000 miles away from the Tamil speaking country, the Tiruvembavai Tiruppavai of South India had given its name to a festival which has survived through the ages to the present time. The festival commences on the seventh day of the Suklapaksha (waxing phase of the moon) to the commencing month of the winter solstice which corresponds to Margazhi. Both the words Triyembavai and Tripavai undoubtedly connote one single



festival observed by the same agency, the festival coinciding with the Arudra Darsana festival of which Unjal Tirunal or swing festival is part. While in India the Arudra Darsanam festival where Tiruvembavai is actually recited, the festival is not called Tiruvembavai festival, a country which had not heard even the name of Tamil for centuries, called the festival Trivembavai Tripavai. This is proof of the fact that in ancient times devotional Tamil had

In Siam, the swing festival of Trivembavai Tripavai is conducted as a national festival, the powers of person who plays the divine role on the festival occasion being, for the duration, unlimited surpassing even that of the monarch. That the festival is not only conducive to a spiritual upsurge but also an occasion to further social, economic, military and cultural development, is revealed from facts furnished by the Western chroniclers of Siamese ceremonies. The swing festival is dedicated to Siva during the first ten days and to Vishnu during the next five. The main features of the ceremonies are these: A high State officer is made to impersonate Siva. He is carried in a palanquin to an arena where the swing is installed. He is recieved with all honours in the north-east corner of the arena and conducted to the northern side. There he takes his seat with his right leg touching the ground and the left crossed over the right knee. If both the

His Holiness exhorts all to be true to their religion and practice the rituals ordained with all sincerity of purpose. To do rituals without understanding their significance and without sincerely praying to godhead through these ancient practices is of no use. Religion must be felt and practised. It should not be of an automation type done without feeling. It should not get fossilised and abused.

If besides being good men, they are also orthodox, religious, sincere, and possessed of spiritual knowledge, then it is indeed a matter for immense joy. A truly spiritual man will not be unduly attached to things of the earth.

To be charitable, to help the underdog, to serve the sick and the maimed are all duties of every true human being. Man has only one right and that right is to do his duty by himself, by his family, by his community and by his nation. Selfishness and religion never can go together. Renunciation and giving up one's needless comforts is the sure step for spiritual progress. Simplicity in life and high thinking mark out a good man. Ostentation, pomp, greed and selfishness are the enemies of man.

His Holiness in the above context further said : Temple towers are standing monuments of human endeavour and humility. They are more essential than even hospitals and colleges. For hospitals and colleges may not always eradicate disease or illiteracy. We see diseases on the increase despite many hospitals; and atheism, artificial life and bad conduct despite all our educational efforts. But a temple tower does much good and no harm. It reminds man of his insignificance, of the grandeur of almighty God and induces him to think of Him. It is a daily reminder to man to do his duty by his Maker! So, let our magnates erect such towers of piety and then on the wake of it



by all means endow for hospitals and educational institutions. Endowments solely for the latter without encouragement being given to temples, churches or mosques and worship therein spell disaster to mankind. The moral code of man can be kept up only by such media as worship of the Almighty. Society and State can be best kept in an orderly fashion only by the right conduct of man. Religion is the best policeman to safeguard man and the State. Man can be righteous only if he worships God and puts into actual practice the divine moral code set out in our scriptures.

Some Profound Mysteries That Still Baffle Scientists!

Homo sapiens—the knowing man. So we named ourselves a few centuries ago when we first began to look at our kind with some sort of detachment. Since the revival of learning we had been using our brains to explore nature and the cosmos, but man himself had remained sacrosanct. Then we came to see ourselves as but one species among countless others which had been evolved with us on earth during the immensities of geological time. In recognition of this we gave ourselves a specific name—and hit upon the attribute of sapience. In so far as the word means wisdom, it was a rash choice indeed but in so far as it stands for the possession of knowledge there was much to justify it, writes Jacquetta Hawkes in *New York Times*.

Undoubtedly, during the last half million years we have been accumulating a vast amount of knowledge. At first, progress was haphazard. Thinkers might get into one line of inquiry—as for example, the establishment of a calendar, which led the ancient peoples of Sumer and Egypt, of Mexico and Peru to such a surprisingly wide knowledge of astronomy. But advances in other directions would not even be thought of, so strong was our native conservatism. Since the Middle Ages investigation has become more and more purposefully directed, until now in the International Geophysical Year

we have the experiment of scientists of many nations agreeing to league together on a chosen line of exploration and research.

This international occasion is a suitable one for reflecting on all the unknowns still remaining—including, of course, those further questions that new knowledge so often poses. If I could direct teams of researchers, toward which scents should I direct their scientific noses?

I suppose every one of us has some favourite topics he would like to see pursued, some of them arising in his own work or interests, others, mysteries baffling to all mankind. Certainly, I have, but before playing the research director, I should like to insist that nearly all the really important questions, the things we ponder in our profoundest, have no answers.

These are questions of the kind which have concerned philosophers rather than pure scientists, and which, if they were wise, they would admit can never be finally answered but only endlessly illuminated.

What are beauty and goodness? What is love, mind or the human soul? How has consciousness come into being? And that query which is so huge it is hardly a query at all: What is the meaning of life?

It is worth mentioning these things here only because there is a grave tendency in modern man to

ignore questions which cannot be scientifically answered, even to pretend that they cannot exist. Science owes its conquests to the analytical method, to breaking the world down into smaller and smaller parts in order to get their measure and to master them. All these issues are of the opposite kind, depending upon the recognition of greater wholes. But let us never assume that things which cannot be measured do not exist.

The first unknown to come into my mind is a very large one, but nevertheless within the permissible range of science. Perhaps I am reminded of it through thinking of the geophysicists, for it is in the line of their researches. I am referring to the origin of the earth—and therefore of the whole planetary system, for if we explain the birth of one globe, surely we shall understand the rest.

It is humiliating that Homo sapiens, who knows so much about the later history of his earthly home, who over great territories can chronicle every modest little earthquake that has thrown up a chain of hills or opened a rift, should still be hotly disputing how the great spinning ball itself arrived on its perpetual orbit. No doubt, something like a certain answer will be forthcoming one day, but it looks as though earth will have carried as many, many times more around the sun before we agree on how this journey started.

While thinking of planets, I must mention another problem I should dearly like to see solved. Is there conscious life on Mars? I know this subject has been so worked to death in countless

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books, films and cartoons that one can hardly mention it without embarrassment. Nevertheless, it would be wonderful to know whether we have neighbours on the planet next door and if so, whether they resemble us at all in either body or mind!

Now, I will move on to my own special subject, the early history of man, and pick out two of its worst patches of obscurity. Not so very long ago men of high intelligence, such as Dr. Johnson, laughed at the wild speculations of antiquaries and declared positively that we should never know more of man's past "than what old writers have told us." Archaeology has, in fact, been able to recall so much of what happened to us before the invention of writing that we are inclined to forget what serious gaps in our knowledge still remain.

The first and worst is our ignorance of the emergence of *Homo sapiens* himself. Of recent years we have learned much about the small upright carnivores, halfway between man and early ape, which hunted in South Africa early in the Pleistocene Ice Age half a million and more years ago. Although they themselves were but later survivors of an archaic type, they were probably very similar to the true ancestors of man who were living at the end of the previous Pliocene Age.

Then we know of a great variety of Pleistocene men and near-men, some of them decidedly simian, with massive, bony brows jutting above their eyes and heavy chinless jaws. Such were the *Pithecanthropi* of Java and Peking and their probable descendants,

the Neanderthal men, who were widespread in the Old World at the time when the glaciers were spreading for that last great terrestrial freeze-up which is still not quite past.

Finally, we know very well how in most regions, and notably in Europe, the low-browed, Neanderthals were succeeded by representatives of *Homo sapiens* so modern in type that they might pass unnoticed among us had they not usually nobler heads and finer physiques. We know of their coming not only by the more effective tools they brought with them but also from their art and from the ceremonial burials where their skeletons lie decked with beads and amulets, accompanied by weapons and food, evidence of those intimations of immortality that have troubled us ever since.

Now, as the tiny changes behind the evolution of a species need very many generations to become established, plainly the ancestors of these gifted hunters must have been evolving for tens of thousands of years in some quarter of the Old World. But our search for them has so far been dogged by failure and sheer bad luck. The earliest tools made by man come from Africa and it has been thought that they may have been made by these sapient ancestors of ours, but when a skull and a jaw of strikingly modern type were found seemingly associated with them, the geological provenance of the bones became suspect and they cannot stand as scientific evidence.

My strongest wish within my

own subject, then, is that someone should find the remains of an individual, approaching *Homo sapiens* in appearance, who was alive during the second interglacial period or earlier. For preference let him or her have died in circumstances—such as drowning while hunting hippopotamuses in a muddy lake—conducting to the preservation of a complete skeleton together with some implements.

These two questions of origin are both of a kind which cannot be exactly answered at a given moment. Many separate facts must accumulate until a general truth becomes apparent. There is a special attraction in another type of question, one which can be solved with the precise finality of a crossword puzzle.

An excellent example can be found in the deciphering of unknown scripts. The ailing young Frenchman, Champollion, is remembered by us all because with the help of the Rosetta stone he loosed the tongues of what had been meaningless signs and enabled the ancient Egyptians to speak to us after a long silence. Almost, equally rewarding was the cracking of that most stubborn cipher, the cuneiform writing used for Sumerian and many other forgotten Asiatic languages.

No script comparable with these in importance remains undeciphered, but two of great interest still challenge our ingenuity—the scripts of the brilliant Minoan civilisation of Crete and of those militaristic Indo-Europeans, the Hittites. Perhaps there is little human interest waiting for us here, yet it is a better thing to

look at words set down by vanished peoples whose slightest communication would be precious, and find ourselves helplessly illiterate.

x x x NEW ELEMENTS

The synthesis of the element 102 has now been announced in U.S.A.

The material universe consists of 92 elements, beginning with hydrogen, the lightest, or element No. 1, and ending with uranium, the heaviest, or element No. 92. (The numbers stand for the number of the positively charged protons in the atomic nucleus.) In addition, nature had also created some hundreds of variants of the elements, known as isotopes, which contain the same numbers of protons in their respective nuclei, but differ in the number of their neutrons, the electrically neutral particles in the nuclei of all the elements with the exception of the light isotope of hydrogen, the nucleus of which consists of only one proton.

In the course of the billions of years of the earth's existence four of the original ninety-two elements had disappeared as a result of radio-active decay. These were, respectively, element 43 (technetium); element 61 (promethium); element 85 (astatine), and element 87 (francium). All these gaps have been filled in by modern alchemic transmutations. In addition, hundreds of new isotopes of the existing elements, nearly all of them radio-active variants, have been created.

Most of this modern alchemy dates from 1940, when the first man-made element, neptunium,

was created by bombarding uranium with neutrons fired from the giant cyclotron at the University of California, transmuting element 92 into element 93. Neptunium, in turn, transmuted itself into element 94, plutonium, the man-made fissionable element used in the atomic bomb, in addition to the natural fissionable atomic bomb element, uranium 235. Both these elements are also used as the triggers for the hydrogen bomb.

Next in order came element 95 (americium); element 96 (curium); element 97 (berkelium); element 98 (californium); element 99 (einsteinium); element 100 (fermium), and element 101

(mendelevium).

Element 102 was created by bombarding curium, element 96, with nuclei of carbon of atomic mass 13 which contains six protons and seven neutrons. The six protons are added to the 96 of curium making a nucleus taking 102 protons.

x x x
After transistors now comes spacitors, another step forward in the amplifying of electrical energy. It is said spacitors can amplify at frequencies up to 10,040 megacycles and can operate at high temperatures. Present electrical equipment expected to benefit by the spacitors are guided missiles, rockets and radar.

THE HENPECK

Mr. Henpeck returned from his wife's funeral on a very windy and stormy day. He had just reached home when a tile was blown from the roof and hurtled menacingly past his head.

"Phew!" he murmured, as he hurried inside. "That's just marvellous. She's reached heaven already!"

* * *
"Whatever made you marry an archaeologist?" said Jane to her friend.

"Simple, dear. The older I get the more interested he becomes in me."

x x x
Little Tommy came home proudly clutching an expensive toy motor car.

"Where did you get that?" queried his mother.

"I got it from Johnny for doing him a favour," said Tommy, putting the car away.

"What was the favour?"

"I was hitting him on the head," Tommy replied, "and he asked me to stop."

x x x
"I didn't run after you when we were courting," shouted a wife at her husband during an argument.

"No," replied her husband. "A trap doesn't run after a mouse, but it catches it."

THE ART OF GETTING ON

LOTUS EATER

There is none in this world, I am sure, who does not want to get on well in life. On the other hand, I am equally sure that everyone will give anything within his means to know the practical know-how of the art of getting on. I propose, therefore, to give a few tips in this connection to such of you who need them. But I must warn you that it needs persistent effort on your part to attain success.

The most important thing to remember is that if you really want to get on you must give up such false sentiments as pride, self-respect, vanity, righteous indignation etc. They are your real enemies. If you cannot forget about them, then you may as well give up the attempt to get on well in life. You will not succeed.

This does not mean that I want you to give them up either. Only I would implore you to indulge in such fancies in secret. Do not parade them before people whose favour you are anxious to win.

As a general rule, you must try to develop the sterling quality of being a yes-man. For heaven's sake and for your own sake too, *do not contradict*. This is the surest path leading to your own disaster. Few people in this world like genuine advisers but would love to have yes-men around them at all hours of the day. It is so pleasing to their sense of vanity and self-importance, and who are you to

make them look small in their own eyes by presuming to be wiser? No man, especially the successful and the rich, would like to be contradicted or opposed. The possession of riches makes them feel that they are wise and who can, except the cynical moralist, say they are not just or right? Fortune, no doubt, is said to favour fools but that is an adage which only emphasizes the element of luck in man's success and is by no means to be understood as meaning that only fools can become rich which obviously is absurd.

There is one invariable method which is an open sesame to success in this world. It is just to watch and study the likes and weaknesses of persons whose favour you need. If your boss is interested in astrology, palmistry, psychology, spiritualism etc., you can do nothing better than to get interested in these subjects and reveal the fact to your boss at some opportune moment. By such means you are sure to become his pet.

There is still another way to success. It is to flatter all who are capable of bestowing any benefit on you. But it must be done in an artful way. Crude flattery to one's own face is only likely to act as a positive repellant. The flattery to be artful must be veiled. Better still, broadcast the virtues of your boss behind his back to those who are sure to convey the fact to them

that you are the author of those praises.

If you are rich it is easy to win the favour of those in power and influence by the modern method of arranging a few tea parties at discretely short intervals. The magic about these tea parties is that you can claim friendship with a perfect stranger after a few tea parties. But this method is expensive and is a tip naturally for the well-to-do.

There is one other thing to remember. You must make yourself serviceable to your boss. Your service may be real or make believe. But it is of the utmost importance that you should appear to be very busy in the service of your boss. I will content myself with giving but one example. Suppose your boss has an unmarried daughter on his hands. This is an excellent opportunity for you to win his favour. All you have to do is to run after bridegrooms' horoscopes and try to get all information about eligible boys. By this process you can almost become a member of the boss's family and if by chance you are able to negotiate a marriage successfully your future career will have been assured beyond doubt.

Above all, do not forget that it is a world of compromises and if you really want to get on in the world you will have to compromise a little with your conscience as well. You need not start! I do not want you to become

conscienceless. I would only request you to cultivate an accomodating conscience when you have to adjust your actions to situations in the present day corrupt world. I would only plead for a certain dilution of abstract moral principles in to-day's degenerate world. You and I have got to live and can't starve, with strict morality on our lips when everybody else has thrown it to the winds. There are, of course, a microscopic section—all honour to them—of people even to-day, who will rather suffer poverty and want than compromise with their principles. You and I are made of softer clay. You and I cannot make our wives and children martyrs to our own abstract morality. Even our highest shastras say that we can deviate from truth if that is necessary to keep the wolf from the door. Have we not heard of acts of thefts on the part of half-starved men and women to feed their dependents, drawing sympathy rather than condemnation from judges who sit in judgment over them?

These, in short, are the general principles of the science of getting on. I would like to move from the abstract to the concrete, from the theoretical to the applied science of getting on profession-wise but space forbids. If you follow the general rules I am sure you can get on well in life and succeed in whatever walk of life you are placed.

"There's one thing to be said for being a bachelor," announced a man in a club; "you don't have to go home and do homework for three kids."

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BR'ER RABBIT IN AFRICA

HOLMAN JAMESON

The crocodile may be worshipped, the boa dreaded, the lion and the elephant respected, but in African life and legend none of them ever earned the popularity of the rabbit.

'Br'er' Rabbit as the epithet explains, is essentially the Brother, the Elder, the Elder Brother, hence the one who knows all about life. The animals with whom he shares the jungle surpass him by far in size and strength, and are by no means devoid of craft and cunning! The lioness unable to cope with the speed of her prey waylays it behind a bush or a grove. The leopard climbs on to a high branch to pounce upon his victims. The boa coils his massive length round the boughs of trees to watch and take his choice of man or beast. He vomits huge masses of saliva causing unwary animals to slide and slip; then he seizes and strangles his prey on the ground.

How is it then that in the face of such high records of craftiness the rabbit still reaps the laurels of wisdom in African folklore? The reason is not hard to find. The cunning and ruse of the majority of animals are spent in attacking and destroying others; that of the rabbit, on the contrary, is used to thwart these selfish and aggressive ends, to safeguard life itself.

A single case chosen among a host of others will illustrate this point. The Leopard once pretended to be dead and all the

beasts of the forest gathered around to mourn and to weep. They soon noticed, however, that Br'er Rabbit was not among them and they became uneasy. It was as though the absence of Br'er Rabbit foretold an absence of security. There was a flurry of relief when they saw his scurry towards them across a distant glade. All was well again and once more the animals began to mourn and to weep.

But instantly, Br'er Rabbit's ears flickered and drew their attention; then his nose began to quiver, and he turned to the right and to the left, to the right again and again to the left, his nose still quivering: "When did the Leopard die?" he asked, looking at no one, looking nowhere. The mourners stopped their weeping but no one answered.

"Who saw him die?" said Br'er Rabbit, and still no one answered.

"Who closed his eyes?" and Br'er Rabbit blinked, peering slyly at them.

Then someone spoke up, timidly from the rear: "Maybe he closed them himself before he died."

"If the Leopard were dead he would certainly close his eyes more firmly than that," said Br'er Rabbit. And the unwary leopard narrowed his squint a little more.

"If the Leopard were really dead he would surely raise a

foreleg," continued Br'er Rabbit. And the unscrupulous leopard stupidly stuck a foreleg into the air, and the animals rose in fright and backed a little.

"If the Leopard were really really dead he would certainly wag his tail six times," Br'er Rabbit insisted. And the vain and unprincipled leopard gave five wags of his long tail and at the sixth jumped on his legs; but the animals had taken to their heels before he could reach them.

Some say that the Monkey reaps the laurels of wisdom in African folktales; this is a mistake for the Monkey was never taken seriously. He is hardly if ever given the title of 'Br'er'. He is just 'Monkey'. True, his craftiness rarely involves aggression or destruction, but it is selfish and individualistic and is often used for sheer mischief. The Monkey gets his fun by fooling others, whatever the cost to the victim. He is preeminently a mischief-maker, more impish than Shakespeare's Puck. And as for his cunning, there is an African proverb which says: "Softly, softly, catch Monkey!" implying, that for all his wiles, the rascal can be caught with patience and effort. Not so Br'er Rabbit.

The popularity of the rabbit in



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with TATA'S

501

SOAP POWDER

African legend has followed the Africans to America. And today Br'er Rabbit has his place in American folklore, in the famous "Uncle Remus" stories of Joel Chandler Harris. —Unesco.

Jean changed her mind and told her Scots suitor that she could never be more than a friend to him. But she didn't return the ring. It was a disconsolate Mac who sadly related the story to his friend.

"Never mind," said the friend. "There's plenty more fish in the sea."

"Maybe," said Mac, "but I've lost my bait."

Ill gotten money brings nothing but a curse.

ON CRIME DETECTION

BORIS LYAKHOVSKY

Things are not always what they seem to be. An innocuous love letter may contain a secret message, a comb may prove to be a knife and a fountain pen may be loaded with cartridges ready to fire. A crime investigator therefore, cannot go by the mere look of things. In the hands of a criminologist they may turn out to be silent witnesses of perpetrated crimes, witnesses that can be questioned by means of X-ray, photography, spectral analysis, radio isotopes and other achievements of modern science. Thus interrogated, these inanimate things might tell things that have long been forgotten, hidden and destroyed, and turn into merciless accusers.

The Criminology Institute of the Militia, is the largest scientific research establishment of the USSR, which helps the crime investigation authorities to determine the truth, to expose those who are guilty or remove suspicion from those who are not.

The splendidly equipped laboratories of the institute employ experienced criminologists, physicists, chemists and people of many other professions. The equipment permits the most thorough-going investigations. Not a thing is permitted to escape attention, since it is the most insignificant detail which often gives a fresh clue.

In a crime committed near Moscow, thieves forced a shop window with a metal instrument

and got away with many valuables. The inspector's attention was caught by a scratch on the window sill. He also found a scrap of gauze containing a fragment of some sort of dried plant.

It appeared later that one of the local inhabitants had cut his finger a few days before the crime. A leaf from an aloe plant given to him by a friend had been applied to the cut. The injured finger was then bandaged.

The inspector hypothetically supposed that the man with the injured finger had taken part in the theft. The criminologists softened and flattened the dried leaf and compared it with the aloe plant from which a leaf had been cut for the wound. Though the cuts matched perfectly, it was assumed that this might have been purely accidental. A careful study was then made of the structure of the stalk and the internal webbing of the leaf and the plant. Scores of other aloe plants were examined until it was established beyond doubt that the leaf that had been found in the gauze at the scene of the crime had come precisely from the aloe plant belonging to the friend of the man under suspicion.

It was only then that the suspect was detained. He was found, moreover, to possess an aluminium comb which, in the opinion of the inspector, could have served to force the window. The final solution of the mystery, however, was given by spectral analysis

which can determine the chemical composition of any metal and its exact admixtures. The spectrographs of the comb and the metallic dust found on the scratch on the window sill were identical. This furnished a second conclusive proof exposing the thief and compelled him to confess.

After stealing a motor car the thieves try to change its appearance as completely as possible. They repaint the body and destroy the factory number stamped on the motor. Is it possible to decipher the non-existent number which has been filed cleanly away from the metal on which it was stamped?

"It can be done!" say the criminologists. It can be done, because the molecules of the metal parts subjected to force condense to a great depth and can be etched out clearly by the application of acid.

The employees of the Criminology Institute on one occasion managed to count burnt money after a fire. They counted the bills, which had turned to ash,

layer by layer, and thus removed suspicion from a cashier who was thought to have started the fire to conceal embezzlement.

The methods applied by the criminologists to penetrate to the crux of matters have yielded astonishing results. During archaeological excavations of thousand year-old burial mounds some scraps of fabrics were found and turned over to the criminologists by the archaeologists for examination.

The criminologists determined that the fabrics had been made of wool, that they had been painted brown and green and that the paints had contained lead, copper and zinc. This enabled the historians to judge the cultural level of the tribes who had once lived there and to ascertain just what methods of weaving they applied.

Such have been the achievements of the Soviet criminologists. The Criminology Institute has worked out new methods of investigation which are very effective in the struggle against crime and are very helpful to justice.



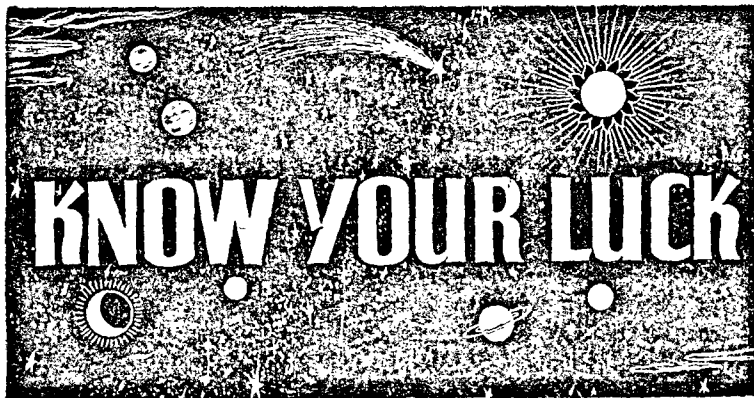
"I'm not surprised that women live much longer than men," said a husband to his wife. "Look how long they try to stay at twenty-one."

A timid little man entered the income-tax office. He approached one of the officials and said: "Do you think it's possible to arrange things so that I keep my tax money and you have my salary?"

"Tell me," queried the wife in an injured tone, "what would you do if you had no wife to do your mending?"

"Well, for a start, I'd be able to afford new clothes."

A wife brings but two good days, her wedding day and death day.



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Though the major planets are unfavourably configured during this month their combination of the relative distances coupled with other planetary positions, presage important events to eventuate during this month. Your speculation or your plan which you have already projected for implementation, will be almost successful even against odds obtaining around you. The solar course through the fifth house in the first half makes you seriously think of your active work in the field of your profession. Mangal along with it makes it a realised fact, especially, if you are in a business concern. Your own people will rally round you helping you when necessary. A chance for visiting your native home may occur during the first half so that you may meet your rare relations and friends. Children will be causing you much

anxiety during the first half. One of them will come up to your entire satisfaction. The second half of this month is more satisfactory when many of your pending affairs will be settled. Financially, the month is lucky after the 8th. Debts, if any, may get cleared in some cases. Health problem may be the one factor for consideration owing to a congestion of important planets in the house of disease from the second half of this month. Stomach trouble will be the chief complaint in many cases owing to gas complaints. People with their dasa ruling them currently from Mithuna may not particularly do well. A marriage may occur in a few cases. Officially promotion may be expected along with a change. Merchants will do well from the 8th onwards. New venture in business is envisaged in some cases. But Saturn and Guru should warn them not to speculate too far.

3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 17, 18, 20, 24, 26 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Planetary position this month radiates beneficial rays over all your affairs in general. The solar course through the 4th house refers to your residential question or house move or investment. Mangal along with him is also favourable for land problems to be considered during the month. A near relation like mother or a child may claim your special attention. Second half will give you mental worry, domestic irritations and concern. Financially the month shows slow gain, quick expenditure and delayed monetary transactions. The retrogression of Budha into the 4th house from the 3rd will cause you some setback in financial matters until the 19th when Budha becomes direct in motion. Your financial affairs also will take a happier turn then. Your children also give you greater satisfaction. Domestically you will not feel happy during this month owing to incongruent and irritating atmosphere obtaining around you. The month is good for investment. Officially the month is favourable for getting your cherished objects through your boss's favour. The month is encouraging in that you will ingratiate yourself into the favours of your department with your efficient and proper direction in the management. Avoid friction with the higher ups in the course of your discussion, or differences with your boss. Merchants will be lucky during this month. They may require more

capital in view of their new business venture. More money may be raised. Partnership business will go well yielding good profits. 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 13, 15, 17, 20, 22, 23, 24, 26 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI.

The planetary alignment during this month promises unique results domestically, financially and officially. Your ruler Mercury is just retrograding with many projects on hand. He enters the 3rd house which is aspected by Saturn delaying some of your important undertakings. But the two malefic planets, viz. Saturn and Mangal, are mutually reciprocal in their positions indicating the happy fruition of many of your objects in a remarkable and unexpected manner. Thus the *parivarthana* yoga between these two malefics is calculated to raise your status to a greater extent than before and you may enjoy the fruits of your endeavours in a tranquil manner without any resistance. The two planets in the 3rd house will certainly make you adventurous enough. People in the journalistic pursuit or writers or publishers may be said to be in the limelight during this month. One of your brothers will claim your special attention. Domestically this month has more harmonious surroundings than before. Important changes in the residence or a new outlook of life for owning or having new domestic life may come crowding into your mind now. Second half may cause you some worry regarding your relationship with

friends and relatives. Investment may be found propitious also. One of your sons may come up well, or there may be birth of a child in a few cases. Officially the month is quite promising. Your sphere of work may change for the better and you may come directly under the care of your boss. Financially there may be improvement from the second half of the month. Merchants will be lucky during this month. Their speculation being more than ordinarily successful, they will fare well.

4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25 are favourable.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planets are more congested in the 2nd and 4th houses during this month revealing your highly strung mind and fear complex about your affairs in general. The solar course in the second house is calculated to give you new experiences of life under stress and strain in financial matters. Second half of the month indicates better financial convenience more easily manageable than before. You may have help from near relations like brothers in financial and professional matters. The malefics in the second house in the first half indicate gain or sudden money from higher circle besides sudden depletion owing to commitments beyond your control. A friction may be there in connection with a financial dealing. Avoid differences with others in financial matters. Eye patients will suffer more in the

first half than in the second. Avoid operation if it comes to that in the first half. Second half is more favourable for financial matters. Money may be raised where necessary more easily in the second half. Domestically the month is more harmonious and happy than before, owing to Sukra entering the 4th house of domestic comforts. A house-change may be desired in a few cases, or there will be strange experiences gained in the domestic life. One of your near relations may engage your attention during this month. New friends will come into your life but beware of their eccentric attitude towards you. Officially the month is promising. New work may be assigned to you wherein you have heavier correspondence than before. Merchants will not be as happy as before. They will be much bothered from financial angle. Business standstill is envisaged during this month.

3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 14, 15, 17, 20, 22, 23, 24 and 26 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary configuration obtaining this month reveals favourable results as to your undertakings. Your lord Surya passing through your rasi in the first half is more hopeful of gaining advantages and the cherished objectives for which you have been aiming of late. During the second half the two planets viz, Surya and Mangal, are coursing through the second house which is the house of finance with the result that your financial side of

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
Uthara-
Phalgun

life is more emphasised than before. There will be much to gain financially through your investment. There will be extra gain through new source of income which you have explored. Expenditure side is increasing also side by side with your income as indicated by the planet Uranus in the 12th. Lending and borrowing for good purposes are indicated. Sound investment may be envisaged on land, house or vehicle. A house move in a few cases may be imminent. Health may not be carefree. Saturn's aspect to your rasi will not tend to good health. Planets in the 2nd should enable you to detect errors in diet or health regime and correct them. Mangal adds energy and optimistic frame of mind. 2nd house congestion of planets in the 2nd half may disturb the eye sight in some cases. Officially you stand to gain much. Nature of work entrusted to you will change. You will enjoy your boss's favour. Merchants will do well. Foreign business is a speciality during this month. Branches may be opened at new centres. Partnership may improve. On the whole this month should be outstandingly important where your highest aims are concerned.

3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 13, 14, 17, 20, 22, 24, 26 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

The first half of this month may not be happy and successful owing to planets in the 12th. Enemical surroundings, secret enemies and self undoing

activities are some of the indications. Expenditure may increase beyond your control. One of your children may not give you the expected satisfaction. Your plan may miscarry or get delayed unduly long. The second half is more promising. You may have too many irons in the fire and overburdened with work and responsibility. You may be overwhelmed with new schemes and blueprints for the next month. There may be extra influence being brought to bear upon you by outside agencies. Avoid unnecessary rub or misunderstandings. Your fate will take a more encouraging turn from the 19th onwards. First half is favourable for marriage. Financially the month is seen improving from the 8th when financial lord enters his own house. New learning or experience may be gained consequently. You may come in contact with near relations and may help them when need be. Take care of your eye sight during this month. The month is propitious in the second half for any investment purpose. Change of car or house may be in the picture of the month. Officially first half is more disappointing. Second half indicates greater encouragement and better change of work entrusted to you. You may gain financially also. Merchants will do well in the second half. Loss is indicated in the first half, if you are not careful in speculation. Second half promises more profits. Partnership will undergo a slight change in the second half.

3, 4, 5, 7, 10, 12, 15, 17, 20, 22, 24, 26 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

The planetary line up signifies an admixture of both good and bad influences. The solar course in the first half through your 11th house with a happy augury of favour from the higher ups and of the financial conveniences in particular is promising. To some in whose horoscope there is an indication of windfall, this is the month of sudden acquisition of wealth unexpectedly. The aspect of Saturn to this house may prove disappointing to those to whom this yoga is denied at the very birth. Your friends may get offended for apparently no reason. Be careful therefore in the first half. Financially the second half may prove expensive and inconvenient. More items of expenditure will come up to our disgust in the second half. Your general health will not be in order, owing to congestion of planets in the 12th house which happens to be in the *roga rasi*. Stomach is the centre of your health problem. Taste or appetite for food will vary unusually during this month. Avoid spices, pungent and sour things as far as possible; for a little excess of these will disturb the balance of your health owing to malefics already tilting the imbalance to your detriment. Domestically you may not be as happy as expected. Planets in the 12th are working against you in your day-to-day routine rounds of duty. You will be unnecessarily worried by incongruent elements around you on account of Mangal, Rahu and Saturn. In a few cases this may lead to loss

of money or costly items through theft and indiscriminate generosity. Businessmen will fare better in the first half, in spite of financial troubles. Second half will prove highly expensive and troublesome in partnership business. There may be an occasion necessitating the dissolution of partnership in a few cases.

3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20, 21, 23, 26 are better days.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary tenancy in the favourable sector throughout the month is an eloquent indication of the happy star-turn stimulating important events during this month. They occupy compelling angles to your advantage so that you may gain through your contact with people in higher level. This is a month of advantages and if you are waiting for really big opportunities to come along, the planets point out this month as a lucky one. Superiors can take a fancy to you now and may help you to go forward with your future enterprises. Planets in the 10th house will try to raise your status by bringing you to the notice of your boss. Your personality will be brought to the fore so that you may earn greater popularity outside. Friends and friendships will appeal to you most during this month in particular. There will be patrons from amongst high class circle. Men of influence, wealth and learning may be your friends in the course of the month. Financially this

month should prove very lucky. Sudden money is envisaged. Sources of income might increase. There will be unusual help and gain of money through agencies. Avoid rupture with friends in monetary matters. Officially you will come up to your cherished goal through sympathy and patronage. Change of work is envisaged during this month. Merchants will find this month more lucky than before. New business is tried during the month. New vista of income is explored. Partnership will be formed. Foreign business will pay well.

3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 21, 23, 24 are good days.

DHANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

The planetary line up during this month is stimulating and compelling as majority of them are seen round about your meridian. This will cause you great anxiety about your profession in particular. Some fear complex is envisaged in the first half owing to planetary trine of malefic planets at work. Consequently there will be great agitation verging on disappointment and difference of opinion or misunderstandings with higher-ups. Second half may prove far better in as much as your ruler Guru has occupied the elevation indicating accent of progress in all matters of professional activities. The ruler of the 10th viz, Budha, the planetary sovereign of your professional interests, is seen regressing and actually going back into the 9th house on the 3rd thereby

indicating that some of your important professional affairs will have a set-back. From the 19th your ruler turns direct on the onward march of progress in the achievement of your desired goal. Planets crowding in the 10th house signal the start of a new era of extraordinary opportunity for you giving you an advance preview of your new horizons of success. Sukra in the 11th house is happy to make you realise your ambition in spite of malefic forces at work against you. Extra influence will be exercised on you by others in your line of activities. Financially the month shows progress though not much saving is indicated by Saturn and Sukra in *dwarda* dasha position. Domestically the month may be harmonious. Merchants will have new ventures envisaged. Profits will be more satisfactory than before. New partnership will be entered into.

3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

Major planets viz, Guru and Sani, are as before favourably configured and the minor ones, Surya and Mangal, aspected by Saturn are as before as bad as they could be in the first half causing you disappointment, disturbed health, accusation by others, financial stringency in the beginning and sudden relief unexpectedly later on and distant journey as well. Wealth of others by will or by way of legacy is adumbrated in the month's record of planetary

play. Second half is more favourable when you can expect favours from higher-ups, success in your aspiration, change of work or job. Sukra in the 10th is a benefic portent of your securing a new professional surrounding in which you will be happy. Influence counts much in the success of your undertaking. One of your children will come up to your surprise. Financially second half may be found luckier. Sudden financial fluctuation is also envisaged during this month, (near about the 20th). Domestically the month is happier from the 2nd half, after the 8th house is free from the malefic influence. Officially the month is good. Businessmen will have to be careful because of the malefic forces of Surya and Rahu at work in the 8th house. In a few cases where radically Sani and Kuja mean unexpected wealth as in the case of Makara Lagna or Meena Lagna, this month may prove extraordinarily lucky in respect of financial gain or welfare. Foreign business will prosper. Partnership will not be happy in the first half.

3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 17, 20, 24, 26, 28 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Malefics in square in the 7th and the 10th houses during the first half do not augur well for your affairs in general. They indicate hard struggle, opposition and difficulties in the way of your progress. An open opposition in the matter of an impor-

tant undertaking will be felt but you will surely win in the end. Second half may not sound well in as much as important planets will be found in the 8th house causing disappointment, ill health, distant journey and rupture with others. Financially the month may not prove as satisfactory as you wish it to be. Guru in the 8th may not help you to gain money as and when desired. Malefics in the 8th along with Guru the sovereign lord of money may bring about unexpected financial embarrassment in the beginning only. Health problem will be your main worry during this month for your wife in the first half and yourself in the second half. Domestically you may not be happy in the first half. Favour may come from a distant place or from higher-ups or elders. Investment may be propitious in the second half especially on land. Marriage problem may become a realised fact in the first half only, in spite of some opposition felt thereabouts. Officially the month does not hold out high hopes of achievement of your cherished desires. Your competitors will carry the day. You may not be in the good grace of your employer on account of his personal grudge against you. Avoid discussion with him. Merchants will have new business deals and venturesome activities. New partnership may be established in the first half. Second half may not be financially favourable to them. Foreign business will pay well.

3, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 20, 23, 24, 26 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planetary style portends a crucial period where your work and money affairs are concerned. It is imperative with this background of planets not to disrupt the current alignment without weighing and judging the situation before you do anything. There is indication of support and team work of many co-workers during this month, besides sympathy and popularity. Many of your important undertakings will find favourable settlement during this month. Second half may find some heavy opposition facing you on the onward march of your progress, but your ruler and Sukra, the benefic stars in the month, are calculated to safeguard your interests yielding you the expected fruits of your labour.

Avoid court cases as far as possible during the second half. Marriage may be an important event in the picture of the month with payment of heavy dowry. Health may be disturbed seriously for sometime owing to stomach irritations. If the dasa bhukti is bad you will do well not to exert much in view of your health, since the gochara results are unfavourable physically. Financially this month is more satisfactory than before. Indebtedness may not be eschewed altogether. Your enemies are at work against you secretly but Guru will be the protecting angel. Merchants will find this month favourable enough. Partnership will prosper well. New partnership may be entered into for the greater benefit of the trade.

3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 26 are better days.

CAPITALISM

The capitalist is interested only in profits. You know, if the whole world would eat castor oil and if castor oil would give him greater profits, he would not be concerned with how castor oil affects the human organism. He would feed everybody castor oil. This would give him great profits and he would be satisfied. This is the essence of capitalist production.—Nikita S. Krushchev, *First Secretary of the Communist Party of USSR*.

x x x
“Yes, I can honestly say my husband is the only man who's ever kissed me,” said a housewife to her friends.

“Are you boasting or complaining?” queried another.

x x x
“They tell me Mrs. Green is a great gossip,” remarked a neighbour to Mr. Johnson.

“That's right, she's got a very keen sense of rumour.”

x x x
Listeners never hear any good of themselves.

Unconscious Humour

The following examples of unconscious humour are given in *New York Times*:

The British Prison Commissioner complained that the girls who were hanging around outside Dartmoor Prison were giving the place "a bad name."

The classification test given new prisoners at the Fort Madison (Iowa) State Penitentiary asks this question: "Have you ever felt urged to commit a crime?"

American Antarctic explorers who uncovered a food cache deposited forty-five years before by a British South Pole expedition found cans labeled: "Keep in a cool place."

A letter addressed to a Shelby County, USA., penal farm inmate who had recently escaped was returned to the sender with the post-master's notation: "Moved—left no forwarding address."

Demonstrators at an African National Congress in Uganda carried this lengthy slogan on two banners: "We Are Fed" on the first, and "Up With the British Government" on the second.

X X X

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

According to a survey conducted in Britain nearly four-fifths of the population read the astrological forecasts published in newspaper and magazines, says Geoffrey in his book *Exploring English Character*.

Women, it seems, form the majority of the readers and a few regularly follow the advice given. Nearly half the population consults a fortune teller at one time or another and fifteen people out of every hundred have some type of charm which they rely on to preserve them from misfortune.

X X X

According to the Reserve Bank of India the civil administration expense of Government of India has risen from Rs. 241,000,000 in 1951-52 to Rs. 335,700,000 in 1955-56 and is estimated at Rs. 432,900,000 in 1957-58.

X X X

Kindness, like grain, increases by sowing.

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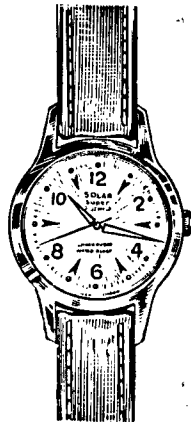
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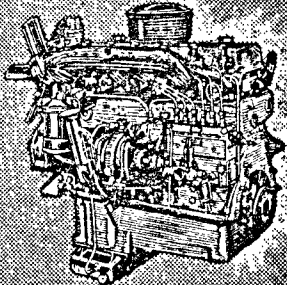
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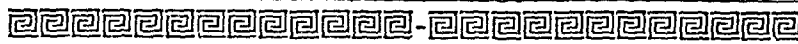
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Vol. IV |

OCTOBER, 1957

| No. 6

NIGHT ENCOUNTER

*He had gone to Bombay, after graduating, in search of a job.
But all his efforts were in vain and he found himself one day
lying down in Chowpathy starving for one full day.*

GEORGE LEWIS

RAJU opened his eyes. The cool breeze from the sea was softly brushing his cheeks. With agony he realized the grim reality of the situation he was put into. He was lying flat over the parapet wall on the Chowpathy, Bombay. The grey night had already enveloped the vast hemisphere above him. Stars had not started to appear—the dark crimson colour still hung in the western horizon where the sky blended with the vast expanse of the Arabian Sea.

Raju lay still. His face showed marks of tiredness which was accentuated by three days' growth of beard. He felt his eyelids had grown heavier; he felt still drowsy. His limbs refused to move. He was starving for the last twentyfour hours.

On the eastern side, just across the dark asphalt-laid street, there was a row of fine modern bungalows gracefully lit and with beautiful swaying palm

trees grotesquely clustered around them. The one building right in front of Raju, appeared strangely quiet. Nobody seemed to be inside. The street was almost deserted. Now and then some passing automobiles rushed in both directions. The Chowpathy seemed no big fascination for the beach walkers at that time.

Raju gazed long at the silent house. The calm atmosphere around the house emboldened his spirits. If only he could get a morsel of anything to eat, if only he could satisfy his tiresome burning hunger!

Raju was starving—because he was jobless! He had frantically tried for an opening for the last four months. He could not believe his own tragic state of life. Was it due to his own false prestige? He had graduated last year from the University. He had left his native place, proudly proclaiming that he would easily get a good job in Bombay. He had very

influential friends in Bombay. But now, after four months' wandering search for the job, life was a torture! Influential friends became heartless spectators. The crowded flat where he was put up with six members in it, became a hell. He was neglected, humiliated and looked upon as an unwanted pest. It was with deep anguish he left the place and he had spent the last coin out of his wallet yesterday! Today he was starving!

The house! There was a small concrete wall in front of it; an approach road with both sides decorated with soft green lawn, enriched with flowered patches. The house had big broad windows, displaying soft bluish light from within. Raju still lay on the parapet-wall gazing at the house. The minutes lengthened into hours. The air became cooler and the dark canopy above had already filled with shimmering stars. The agony from the starving stomach increased tormenting his lethargic body. Vague thoughts fluttered and began to shape some irregular designs within his mind. The quiet house just in front of him became more touchingly silent. Its creamy walls seemed to blend with the darkness around. Something stirred inside his mind. It occurred to him it'd be a rich man's house; if only he could get something to eat! He wanted nothing but food. Nothing else!

Time was 11 o'clock. Raju stirred and got up. Only the street lights watched him. The sea beyond the beach, murmured its endless chorus. He stood there, blinking against the dark-

ness, filled with abysmal disgust. He looked in all directions! Not a living being was noticed. He heard the soft scurrying of the small beach rodents, the beat of predatory wings and the sad far off howling of the watch dogs. Night and brooding darkness have their uses; they can drive a man inward upon himself, until he is face to face with the actuality of the mind, soul, spirit, flesh. But being where he was Raju recoiled in hunger and in fear. He could not accept himself yet the daring act he wanted to do.

Slowly and stealthily he walked across the street, approached the gate of the house. It was locked. But impulsively he jumped over the low wall and hastened over the soft lawn, skirted towards a shady tree close to the house where pitch black darkness dwelt. Raju gasped for air and rest. The maddening darkness engulfed him. The far off street lights were still watching him steadily—but distant and feeble through the rustling leaves in the garden. The house appeared ghastly melancholic. Somewhere it smelt gasoline; there was a built-in garage closeby. Some of those broad windows were opened; thin draperies hung behind them. That was all he could see. The entrance door under the extended porch, was tightly closed. No specific thoughts disturbed Raju, but his dangerous mission was involuntary. He moved further to the left side, edging the house. Two or three more windows: one door towards the backyard. He got on the steps besides it and softly

tried it; it was closed. He was shivering—not with fear, but with hunger and emotions. He managed to understand the complete layout of the house. Fortunately there was no dog. He was saved. There was a row of long french glass windows in one of the walls. It was the dining hall. The windows had no iron bars, but big glass shutters with heavy hanging curtains. Raju tried all the windows. He was shocked with excitement when he found that one of them was kept unbolted. The depth of impenetrable darkness inside the room, as well as within him, provoked him further. A faint smell of some sweet edibles still lingered inside that rich dining room. That increased Raju's hunger. The window was sufficiently big enough to allow him inside. Tactfully and silently Raju managed to sneak inside the room.

As moments passed by, he began to grasp and know the dull shapes of the furniture and other things in the room. There was a big glass-topped dining table. Something like a flower vase was on it. Chairs surrounded the table. In one corner, there was a refrigerator. Its smooth creaminess, faint in that darkness, fascinated Raju. It would contain something to eat! Delicious things! He clicked the handle and opened it—he was shocked and taken aback when that door unleashed a bright beam of light from inside. He suddenly closed it again. Only after a lapse of some time he could assume the courage to try again. He opened



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the door to a small angle and waited. Nothing happened. Everything was quiet around. He pushed his hand in and grabbed a bottle of milk, ice cold! Without hesitation he emptied it holding it to his mouth. The cold liquid passed through his throat vigorously. When he opened the refrigerator again to place back the bottle, the light horrified him; it disturbed his nerves and while he was pushing the bottle into it, oh! hell! it slipped, and dropped down and crashed against the floor producing a terrific noise. The glass pieces went scattering all over the smooth floor with a shrill noise.

An incredible sound hammered inside his ears. Instinctively he ran for cover into the small

adjacent room, and anxiously waited for the disastrous complications that would follow his crime. After a few spellbound moments, he heard soft footsteps approaching the room. In the next second, the room was flooded with light. Somebody was right there, looking for the cause of the sound. As if struck with terror, on finding that there was a thief inside the house, a choked voice asked, "Khon hai uthar?"* It was a woman's voice.

Raju did not stir from the small room. He became desperate like a trapped animal. Still he was not caught. He could not see the person who waited for him in the next room, ready to catch him in the next moment. Assuming a sort of animated courage, seen in animals when they are cornered, Raju blurted out, "Switch off the light, or else I'll shoot you — switch off the light, I said."

The panic-stricken woman bluntly obeyed the intruder's instruction and switched off the light. Once again the whole place was engulfed in utter darkness. Raju staggered through the darkness into the room. The broken glass pieces creaked and shattered underneath his heavy shoes. He hastened his way towards the window, through which he had come in. Through the dim darkness he saw the woman standing closeby. Accidentally he brushed against her — she startled backwards with a gasp. Raju briskly climbed up the window sill. When he realized that the way of escape was before him, his courage

* Who is there?

returned. He looked back into the room. Through the diffused darkness, he could see the woman still standing there motionless. Raju whispered, "Excuse me, I wanted nothing except something to eat; I am not a thief — I had some milk from your refrigerator. that's all." He spoke in English, in a very cautious manner.

"Who are you?" the woman asked. Her tone was not hostile; but at the same time questioning.

"I'm sorry. I was terribly hungry. I'm starving for the last twenty-four hours. I am not for trouble. I am a poor job seeker." Raju spoke with overwhelming pathos in his voice. She did not move, but was steadily watching him.

For some anxious moments both of them remained motionless, silent, appraising each other through the dull darkness. Her white figure began to take shape from the molten darkness. The ravishing fragrance from her body slowly reached Raju's nostrils. It thrilled him. Both failed to estimate the manner of emotions crowded in each other's face.

Raju broke the silence. "I'm really sorry. I was desperate. I am still hungry. Can you give me something to eat?" His tragic whisper cut through the still air.

As if touched by the pity-provoking cry, she moved towards the refrigerator, her slippers gently treading over the glass pieces on the floor. When the refrigerator was opened, the light from it silhouetted her elegant body for inspection. She was a lovely buxom figure in her thirties, provocatively attired in a thin night gown which formed the

golden lining for the shapely curves revealed by her silhouette. She returned and standing at an arm's length away from him, stretched out a vessel towards him. It contained some fruits and cold bread. Without uttering a word Raju started devouring it, avariciously. She stood close by, silently watching him.

After finishing it, filled with awesome gratitude, Raju said softly, "Thank you very much. I was desperate. Don't be scared of me." She said nothing.

There was a curious sense of apprehension in his heart; she was dangerously beautiful; the darkness and loneliness were the only witnesses.

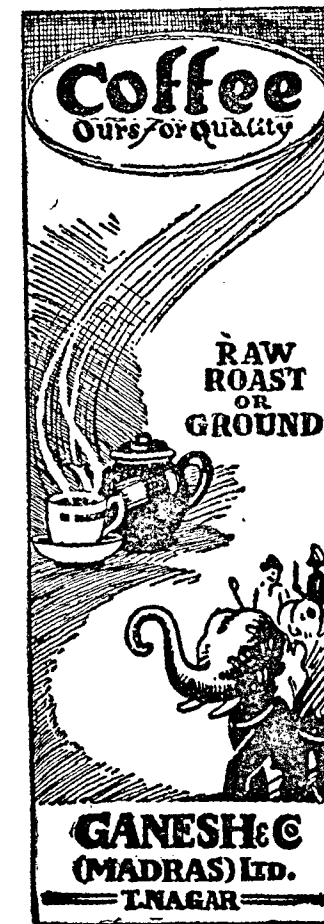
"Is there anybody else here?" Raju evidently wanted to make sure that he was safe.

"Ssh! Don't make noise. Better get away soon with your gun," she whispered.

"Please don't mistake me for a thief. I don't possess any gun. Allow me to enjoy this priceless moment before you, I'll be ever grateful to you for this kindness," he said meekly.

She was breathing faster, emotionally disturbed. There was something mysteriously disturbing in thus remaining in darkness, close to a young man with a tragic face. It was long past midnight. As if struck by a langour running through her fear and excitement, she drew closer to Raju. Face to face! Raju had an intuition of what she desired to ask him, and at the same time too proud to disclose.

He stretched out his hand and ventured a gentle touch on her



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hand, the soft supple hand, the whiteness of which radiated through the misty darkness. At that soul-stirring moment, he was rewarded: her full, wine-red lips, parted in the suggestion of a smile. Her shiny teeth glistened in the night. In the next moment she was in his arms. Her naked flesh, underneath the thin negligee, wriggled spasmodically within the firm grip of his bony hands. She voluptuously cried in soft whisper, "Leave me, leave me and go; that's enough."

When he released her finally, her eyes were like the eyes of a captured bird; a small and gentle creature gazing up at its captor, not asking for mercy, nor death, just waiting like that in the purest agony of terror and passion. Then that lessened, changed, became something else — a shame absolutely naked and pitiful and complete.

"I'm going," Raju said.

"Quick," she answered abruptly.

When he jumped out of the window into the cold night, suddenly Raju remembered about the world outside he would have to face to-morrow. Frantically he turned back and leaned over the window and said softly, "I'll come to-morrow also. You must help me inside."

She said nothing, but stood there watching him with a silent cold stare, and hurriedly pulled down the glass shutter between them. They were separated. Raju disappeared in the grey darkness.

* * *

In the small hours of the next night, in the Chowpathy road, two police beat constables noticed a young man jumping out of a compound wall into the road. He was immediately picked up, taken to the police station and searched. He was in possession of a hundred rupee currency. He dispassionately admitted theft. Raju was sentenced for six months.

THE KATYBIRD

In America there is a kind of tree cricket which is known by the curious name of Katybird, from the sound that it makes.

As the sun begins to set, so the katybirds begin their evening chorus. If the temperature is above 77° they give their full call, which sounds like "Katy did," with every syllable emphasized. Then, as the evening wears on and the air cools down, the song gets progressively shorter and weaker.

Below 77° Katy suddenly becomes innocent of whatever misdemeanour she was formerly accused, for all the crickets now sing "Katy didn't." At 73°, however, they again change their minds and proclaim unanimously that "Katy did."

And so they go on, contradicting themselves every time the temperature falls another three degrees, passing through "Katy didn't," "Katy did," "didn't" and finally reaching "did" at about 60°, after which silence reigns for the rest of the night.

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

BISTUPUR MURDER CASE

S. RAJAGOPALAN

A child however young is competent to give evidence on oath, but it should appear that he or she should be intelligent enough to appreciate the distinction between good and evil and the duty of speaking the truth. Extensive care is to be exercised by the judge before he accepts the evidence. It is conceived to be his duty to examine the child thoroughly and ascertain its degree of intelligence and its appreciation of the obligations of an oath.

Some years ago an English judge asked of a child, "Will you speak the truth?" The answer was, "Yes, I shall."

But continued the judge, "Do you know what happens when

you do not?"

Quick came the reply, "I know I will go to hell."

Thereupon the judge observed, "Oh, she seems to know the wages of sin much better than anyone of us," and proceeded with the trial.

Although a child is a competent witness what it says cannot be taken at its face value always. The testimony, one writer says, is notoriously dangerous unless immediately available and unless received before any possibility of coaching it is eliminated. Children, it is stated, are a most untrustworthy class of witnesses. They often mistake dreams for reality,

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repeat glibly as of their own knowledge what they have heard from others, although the intelligent variety is keenly observant and remember with great accuracy. Children of the age about seven are said to be in a state of maturation when their higher mental processes are forming. Afterwards they become creatures of will, emotion and action.

The joys of childhood are well known. A little mite of three or four will tell us in all seriousness that he had met a bear on his walk. These are not to be regarded as serious moral lapses for the child has vivid imagination and often can't distinguish memories from events which have been merely imagination.

Hans Gross, an authority on the subject, says: "The best witnesses are children of seven or ten years of age as at that time love and hatred, ambition and hypocrisy and consideration of religion are yet unknown to them."

It so happens that the child places great faith in the words of the grown-up people and if a grown-up person brings influence to bear on it especially sometimes after the occurrence of a crime the child will imagine that it has really seen what it has been led to believe.

Bodaram Lodi was residing in a village near Bistupur in Manbhum (Bihar). He had a concubine by name Jalawanti between whom and his wife, as was only natural, there were great ill feelings. On 10-4-1950 one Motiram received information from an old woman that

Mrs. Bodaram had been killed by Jalawanti. He and another, a Havildar, immediately sent a telephone message to the Bistupur police station which was three miles off. The police officer arrived at the scene of occurrence at 2.15 p.m. and an inquest was held on the following day at 10-30 a.m.

There were six grave injuries on the body which were particularised as follows:

1. Lacerated wound 1" x $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 1" deep on the left side of the head.
2. Incised wound 1" x $\frac{1}{4}$ " x $\frac{1}{4}$ " directed upward and forward on the right side of the head above the ear.
3. Fracture of the second and third ribs in the middle on the right side.
4. Blood drops covering an area 2" x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " on the left side of the head under the scalp.
5. Depressed fracture of the left temporal bone.
6. Laceration of the left lobe of the brain.

Jalawanti was arrested and placed on trial for murder.

There was evidence — the principal spokesman was Bodaram Lodi's child Chandra—that Jalawanti and the deceased were quarrelling for sometime before the fatal occurrence and that subsequent to it, Jalawanti had tried to conceal a hammer and a blood-stained jacket in some part of the house.

Jalawanti gave the following story:

She said that the deceased on the fateful day had gone upstairs to bring down a drum containing lime and that she had while doing

so slipped and fell down. In this fall her head came into contact with a hammer lying on the floor and as result of which she sustained injuries on her head and body. She explained the blood stains on the jacket as being caused by coming into contact with the injured body whilst she removed it to the cot. She admitted that she had washed the jacket with soap. She did conceal the hammer in the cattle shed in a gunny bag but pleaded that she did all that to save harrassment from the police.

The sub-inspector found a drum containing lime in the upstairs, with blood stains on it. The serologist found the stains to be of human origin. The hammer too was sent up to him but the blood stain on it was too small for that.

The committing magistrate discharged Jalawanti although fifteen witnesses were examined for the prosecution. But the sessions judge ordered her committal to the sessions.

At the sessions trial witnesses who were examined at the committal court went back on what they said. Evidence showed that Bodaram Lodi was leading a fairly happy life with both the women on the footing of lawfully wedded wives. At any rate he appeared to have treated them as such. His deceased wife had borne him two daughters and Jalawanti one son. Bodaram deposed that he had asked the deceased to take out the drum containing the lime from the upper storey.

The old woman who first gave the information about the

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

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tragedy to Motiram was not examined.

The deceased woman's little daughter aged about seven gave conflicting versions. At the committal court she said that her mother was killed by Jalawanti but at the sessions trial she was positive that she fell down from the roof and died. She explained that she was coerced into saying what she said before the magistrate by the police. She did understand the questions put to her. Nevertheless she gave three different versions. On 11-4-50 questioned by the police, a day after the occurrence,

she said she was asleep when Jalawanti beat her mother on the head with a hammer. It was not clear whether she woke up at the time of the actual assault. Before committal court she gave out that she was roused by the sound and that she saw her mother actually being killed by Jalawanti with a hammer. And finally she told the sessions judge that all these versions were false and were put into her mouth by the police.

As to the relationship between the deceased and Jalawanti there was room for doubt and uncertainty. Some said that the two quarrelled often and that on more than one occasion Jalawanti had assaulted the deceased. But a neighbour stated that the deceased had never complained to him about it, which probably lent support to Bodaram's own version that the two had never quarrelled at all.

The medical officer was also examined. He deposed that the injuries he had noted could not have been caused by a simple fall from an elevation. In cross examination, he also said that if the hammer was so placed standing on one end the injuries No. 1 and 5 could have occurred by a fall on it. This was not impossible since the hammer was a big and heavy one. The floor in the household was cemented and the doctor was of the view that a fall on it could cause fracture of two or three ribs. Injuries No. 1, 5 and 6 which were on the left side could be caused by one blow direct or indirect and injury No. 4 could also be the result of injury one. Thus the medical and other evidence in the

case raised more problems than they solved. At any rate it was doubtful whether the deceased was killed or met her death by misadventure.

It was not clear as to how she got an incised wound on the head and a fracture of the second and third ribs if Jalawanti had struck her on the head only with a hammer. Furthermore there is a difference between incised wounds and incised looking wounds. The incised injury, which had been certified to, could not have been caused by a blow of the hammer which was so big and heavy. Again how could the two ribs of the unfortunate woman be fractured if she was sleeping peacefully on a cot when she was as alleged murderously attacked by a hammer?

Secondly, the blood on it was found to be too little for serological examination, which would not have been the case, had it been used actually to deal out the blow. Again the medical evidence did not exclude the possibility of a fall from an elevated place on to the cemented floor.

All these factors coupled with the oral evidence which to say the least, was inconclusive, threw a good deal of doubt on the case for the prosecution. Although the sessions judge adjudged Jalawanti guilty of murder and sentenced her to transportation for life, the High Court of Patna held that Mrs. Bodaram died of misadventure and acquitted Jalawanti the more so because the evidence of the child witness could not be relied upon.

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Here are some beautiful vignettes of life presented by a much-travelled person who is blessed with an observant eye and a sympathetic heart.

FELLOW TREVELLERS

"OBITUOUS"

These who have made the railway journey from Bombay to Calcutta will no doubt agree when I say that it can be very trying. But let me hasten to add that lengthy rail-trips invariably are, anywhere and everywhere. Boredom is usually the least one can expect. Therefore it is not without a little awe that I regard those strangely imperturbable people—few indeed—who seem to take it all with the utmost composure. Neither dust nor draughts, noise or nuisances appear to have the power to disturb their fixed, yet undetermined, tranquillity.

Unfortunately there are the reverse types who flare up like a struck match at the slightest provocation and have little or no control over their unhappy reactions.

Once I witnessed the fury of a fellow-traveller over a trifling incident. His appearance suggested that of a retired European army officer, thin, red-faced, poker-backed. You had the feeling he might be indignant over something at a moment's notice, and kept himself as taut as a wire.

The train had stopped at one of those way-side stations, named yet anonymous, and a persistent beggar-drone went through his monotonous performance at the

open window. Someone gave him a little cash but he unabatedly continued his chant. It went on and on. Suddenly our ex-soldier, who had been drinking a cup of tea, threw cup and saucer and contents at the beggar's face!

There was an electric silence.

The incident had on me a curiously sickening effect. It was so ugly.

The beggar stood there stupefied as the old soldier, bereft of all dignity, descended to the vulgarity of the barrack-square and with a face grown choleric gave voice to a stream of curses and vituperation.

On reflection one is inclined to feel a little sadness, for both were sick men, both victims of their circumstances—one a pathetic prey of want and hunger, the other of maladjustment, frustration and senile cantankerousness.

Often have I noticed that the compulsive and angry, stand as much in need of sympathy as those they abuse. The onlooker sees only the outward act, and is quick to castigate anger whether it be warranted or not, so that added to his own feeling of shame, the angry one has to bear the spoken or silent criticism of others. We can accuse him of

emotional immaturity, but if we do so, we overlook the fact that in this act of condemnation we make ourselves equally guilty. The truly mature never accuse at all. Perhaps they are too busy trying to understand, knowing as they do, that in that understanding there is hid the key to an all-embracing compassion.

Having travelled somewhat more than most it has been my happy experience to encounter many and varied fellow wanderers. There is a fascination in recalling their different peculiarities and traits and attitudes to life.

Some were pathetic and lonely wearing, as it were, a defensive disguise of happiness and gaiety — until you happened to catch them unawares and you saw, behind the mask, the unmistakable symptoms of despair.

Such a one I encountered on one of those popular pleasure cruises through the Mediterranean. A winter spent in England had left me the worse for wear and my doctor had recommended the change.

She was a woman in her fifties, tall, stately and impeccably dressed, with the unconscious dignity that indicate the English gentlewoman. And it was quite apparent that of the things of this world she had no lack.

Yet when she spoke, it was with a forced animation and her smile was always touched with sadness. She seldom missed any of the gay ship's parties or concerts, yet often enough when my glance strayed inadvertently towards her, I could see that she

was abstracted and preoccupied. She began to talk and so we became acquainted. Later she told me something of her life.

The war had robbed her of her two sons, one shortly after the other. The double shock of bereavement had whitened her hair almost overnight.

With fond care she showed me their photographs. They were fine lads, full of the smiling confidence of youth, happily conscious of being very smart in their new army uniforms.

It had been a terrible loss. Her husband, for many years an invalid, had died soon after they received the news. She was therefore left alone and lonely and time lay heavily on her hands. She said she was a perpetual traveller and had already circled the globe four times, and supposed it was as good a way as any other to spend the remainder of her existence. The belief that after her death she would meet them again was the only thing that sustained her.

Death, that haunting spectre which most men dread, would come to her as a long-awaited friend.

There was nothing I could say or do. Grief had cut too deep a wound into her life and it would never heal. Those lustreless eyes were heavy with the blankness of a defeated resignation.

She was simply waiting...

It would seem that though there is much of laughter and gaiety in the world so also is there much of the tragic. But people, at least most of them, prefer to hide their grief. Laughter is

sociably permissible, tears never. One has to be particularly observant, and we are as a rule notoriously unobservant.

In this faculty of observation I felt I could deem myself more than reasonably equipped, until on another occasion I made the rail-trip from London to Edinburgh, Scotland's windy capital.

It was a slow train and for long stretches, I had the compartment to myself, which like many another, I rather enjoy. You sometimes feel an almost ridiculous elation at being the sole occupant of a public conveyance designed to carry eight and delighted with the unaccustomed privacy.

I was therefore a little irritated when a young man boarded the train at Newcastle, noisily pulled open the door of the compartment and clumsily sat himself in a corner seat.

My solitude had been rudely shattered. I noticed without interest his reddish hair and the strangely contrasting cornflower blue of his eyes.

Unsettled, I took a magazine from my briefcase and began to read.

When after a while I looked up, I was dismayed to find the young man staring over at me with a peculiarly unintelligent stare.

Now although I do try to be tolerant with my fellow humans,

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this is the one thing that seems to try me more than most. I object to being stared at, simply get annoyed, and although I have yet to do it, I am tempted to approach the offender and say in terms of lofty condescension: "Were you never taught that it is the height of rudeness to stare at anyone?"

This time I decided to be more subtle. I would defiantly stare back.

There was a long uncomfortable moment, then in a soft Scottish accent the youth said, "Would you be good enough to let me know when we get to Hawick? I can generally tell fairly well by the sound of the wheels on the crossings, but it's best to be on the safe side. I'm quite blind, you see."

It is not impossible he could sense my sudden shame.

* * *
"To err," we might comfort ourselves by saying, "is human, to forgive is divine."

A saying of such beauty as this should never be allowed to be called hackneyed. But it seems we recall more readily the first part and pay less attention to the latter. Our own errors, being the result of causes of which we are aware, don't dismay us so very much, while the trespasses of others are shocking.

For the most part we are seldom slow to condemn what we cannot understand. It could be that in so doing we enjoy a fleeting moment's superiority, even if it be false — and who among us has not at sometime enjoyed the superiority over his friends?

As to forgiveness, I doubt if our humanity makes a habit of it.

Speaking for myself, I have found it much easier to forget than to forgive which is of course not the same thing. Yet not withstanding, I have met a few luminous cases of forgiveness.

Once when travelling by rail from Melbourne to Adelaide, which being over much that was still bushland was about as monotonous a ride as any in the world, I made the acquaintance of a charming woman.

She was what I imagine most women would like to be in their mid-forties, mature yet modest, attractive yet discreet, poised yet never 'genteel'. Her eyes were heavily-lidded and of a magnificent brown, her black hair had running through it a most becoming strand of silver. Her face in repose suggested something mysteriously remote and even Asiatic, but when she smiled, which was rare, her face became suffused with a sudden and totally unexpected radiance.

In those days there was no luxurious Overland Express, as now, and no dining cars, so on reaching the station at Ballarat, where there was a restaurant, I volunteered to fetch some food and fruits for her.

She expressed her gratitude.

When she told me her name was Butterworth, Marie Butterworth, I must have started a little.

The Butterworth case had recently been the front-page scandal of every newspaper in the country. A young woman had poisoned her husband. It appears they had not long been married when the man uncovered unsavoury details of his wife's former life. There followed a series of quarrels and accusations

of flagrant immorality with the husband finally declaring that he no longer cared for her and they must be divorced. In a sullen fury evoked by a scorned love, the young woman revengefully secreted a lethal dose of cyanide in some chocolates for which he was fond. He died in agony.

Due to services of a skilful defence counsel, the young woman though "guilty" escaped the death penalty. It was regarded as something in the light of a "crime passionnel". She was also very young and attractive in a coy and fluffy sort of way, and appeared in the newspaper photographs as appealingly soft and helpless.

My fellow passenger must have noticed my discomfiture as I swiftly recalled the details.

"Yes," she said softly, "he was my son."

Her eyes took on a distant, reflective look and a tear slowly ran down her cheek.

"He was a good boy, you know," she added, "but they

were both so very young and passionate."

I was a little surprised that she should include a sympathetic understanding for her son's murderer, and she spoke of her without the slightest rancour.

Apparently she divined my thought.

"You feel I ought to hate her don't you?"

"Well, it would not be unnatural," I said.

"Perhaps. But it would be rather pointless and unintelligent. I've always found hatred to be like a sword with no hilt. It cuts the hand that wields it."

"Then you forgive her?" I asked.

She smiled sadly. "It takes a great deal of strength to do that, you know," she replied, "but somehow I have been given that strength. Besides, what else is there to do? Hatred cannot restore to me my son."

It was with great admiration and respect for her that I agreed. (To be continued.)

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Lakshmi was a poor village maiden but destiny had chosen her to be the wife of a rich young man!

H. M. PETERS

IT was her nuptial night. It was the greatest moment in her life. She just couldn't believe all the wonderful things that had happened to her in so quick succession. First, of all the rich and beautiful girl relations, they had chosen her to be the wife of Kumar. She was a distant cousin. He and his parents lived in the city and were very very rich. She just couldn't believe it. She was just a poor country bumpkin, a relative they had not even cared to acknowledge all these years.

Overnight her dull world had changed into a brilliant wonderland. Her parents were given a great deal of money. The mortgage on their farm was paid for and they were able to start life anew. Lakshmi was taken to the city. She was given costly and fashionable jewellery and clothes to wear and she was presented before Kumar.

She couldn't believe her eyes when she saw him. He was so divinely handsome. He was far too good a husband for a girl like her. She felt so unworthy before him. He was so modern, highly educated and a king in his own rights. And what was she but a common country wench?

When she was informed that he had consented to marry her,

Lakshmi felt a strange and sudden fear for the first time. Would he feel happy with her? There was an ocean of difference between them. They were of two different worlds. She had tormented herself with such thoughts till the day of her marriage but now all that was over. She had been married. And now the moment of reality had come and she waited coyly and expectantly in the nuptial bed.

The door opened and Kumar entered the room. The romance which she had woven in her mind while waiting in that mild scented room now seemed on the point of fulfilment. For a short spell, shyness overcame her. And she hung down her head.

She half expected her husband to come to her and fuss over her. She wanted him to take her in his arms and kiss her and tell her that he loved her, that love could bridge all differences of status and from now on they were not two different people, but really one.

Seconds and minutes passed.

Lakshmi still sat with head bent expecting him to come near her and whisper tender love into her ears. She sat with her whole body throbbing with passion but for a long time nothing happened. The room was strangely, silent and Lakshmi, puzzled

slowly raised her head. She was expecting to see him standing there in front of her. But he was not there in the room at all. Evidently he had gone out of the room and closed the door.

Fear gripped her heart. Why had he left? Did he despise her for her shyness? Was it wrong for a girl to feel shy on her nuptial night? Or did he leave for the simple reason that he did not love her? Whatever it was she did not know what to do. She tried to cry but this time she found it difficult to do so. She sat there with vague fears about her future. She had to face the facts. Kumar did not love her. How could he? Was it not his parents who chose her to be his bride? Perhaps he had only consented to please them. If that was the only reason why he had married her, she would gladly carry the burden of her pain and sorrow alone rather than make him share it with her for the rest of their lives. She would even leave him if that was what he wanted.

The vows that she had made with all her heart, now seemed to mock and laugh at her.

It was nearing midnight. She lay on the flower-decked bed, but she just couldn't bring herself to sleep. She just wanted to die. Then she heard the door open very silently and to her surprise and joy saw that Kumar had entered the room.

She sat up, a soft smile betraying her feelings. She loved him so very much, she would even die, if that should make him happy. In a little while she



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would know the truth. Kumar came and sat by her side on the bed. Gently he put his hand round her waist and drew her near. For a minute he sat thus without speaking a word. Then he softly said, "Lakshmi", Lakshmi looked up at him with love-filled eyes.

"There is something I have to tell you," he said in a soft and worried way. "You must try to understand how very important this is."

All Lakshmi could do was nod her head. She felt her cup of joy was full.

"You are very young and innocent," he said. "You know nothing of the world I live in. It is not like yours where life is clean, good and decent. I'm afraid I learnt more about life

than was good for me."

He drew her still closer to him. For a moment, she thought he would kiss her. Her heart cried for him to take her in both his arms, and crush her to his heart. But, he did not seem to understand her longing. He continued :

"Lakshmi, what I want you to understand is that I am not the kind of man you fancy me to be. I am bad. I've known other women in my life. I bought them with my money and I ruined their lives. It was wicked, but I didn't care. My parents came to know the kind of life I tried so secretly to live. They tried to get me married to quite a number of decent girls in the city, but somehow they too had come to know of the bad life I had been leading. You were the last hope for my parents. You lived in a village. You were poor and they thought you were the best match they could think of to get me settled in life. When I entered this room for the first time, I came not like a husband who loved his wife, but like a beast to satisfy a base desire. Then when I saw you in all your innocence, the way you were

sitting and the loving look on your face, I realised how unworthy I was of you. The thought disturbed me and softly I walked out to hide my shame and closed the door."

He took her chin in his right hand and tilted her face towards him. He expected to see a look of disappointment, of anger or repugnance. But no, instead there was only love and her two eyes were filled with tears.

"Can you bring yourself to forgive and love a man like me?" he asked. "I will leave you, if you want me to."

What could she say, she who had felt so unworthy of him? Now, he had placed himself before her feet.

"I'll never stop loving you," whispered Lakshmi through her tears. "The past is something dead. It is fit that it should be buried and forgotten. It is the future that we should be thinking of. If you love me truly, then nothing else matters."

A soft smile lit up Kumar's sad strained face. He got up and walked to the door.

"You spoke like a wise, old woman," he said teasingly and bolted the door.

THE YOUNG ADAM

Willie, aged seven, was playing in the back garden when he suddenly smacked the face of one of his little girl friends. She ran home crying.

Out dashed Willie's mother and said, "Willie, you had no right to hit Joan. What made you do it, anyway?"

"We were playing Adam and Eve," explained Willie, "and she went and ate the apple instead of tempting me."

For sound rest at night remember no pillow is as soft as a clear conscience.

THE SCIENCE OF YANTRA

Why is it that some houses or places have an exhilarating effect on us while some others make us depressed or gloomy?

In the course of an illuminating address on "the Metaphysics of Form" before the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture the Hon. Mr. Justice P. B. Mukherjee of the Calcutta High Court said :

In Indian spiritual literature, the subject of form, their metaphysics and their inner significance is known as the science of *yantra*. It is a highly valued system of spiritual discipline in the different schools of Indian *yogins*. It is generally known as *yantra-sadhana*. It represents a most fascinating and romantic technique of spiritual discipline ever devised by man. This *yantra* is mystic diagram which plays the most significant role in mystic doctrines and esoteric practices for higher types of self-realization and spiritual discipline.....

The practical application of the metaphysics of form is of great significance in life.

Take, for instance, the form of any living creature. Take the body of man. It is a form of wonderful significance. A particular posture of this body induces particular forces of thought and power. Change the posture, and you change the thought and your outlook for the time. If you sit down and put up your hands to the cheek, you can only induce pensive or sorrowful mood. You cannot be buoyant and cheerful in that posture. Change the posture, and you feel different. The form that you make with your body, in such ordinary movements like sitting, walking, eating, talking, etc., reveal your whole personality, your thought world, and your mental world. Health and disease depend on physical postures far more than we suspect or know. By changing the shape and form of your physical movement, you can cure or change your mental moods

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and physical ailments. Much of the disease of the human body is due to repetition of bad physical postures impeding the healthy function and metabolism of the body.

Make a simple experiment on a holiday. Deliberately slow down all your movements from the morning. Get up slowly, wash yourself slowly, move round slowly, do not walk at your usual pace, but reduce it to a quarter. Do all this by a deliberate act of the will and mind. You will see and feel a wonderful peace and relaxation descend on you by that simple experiment. If you are a careful self-examiner, you will also see how many times you will unconsciously break the slowness of your movements by the acquired habits of rush and turmoil trying to express themselves. Watch yourself and catch some of your typical postures that you have come to acquire, and you will see that they represent your habitual thoughts and mental ideas. You can change your whole life and outlook by changing your habitual postures.

Every race, or nation, or society, or country, or class, or profession, has its own definite number of postures and movements. The more habitual or comparatively permanent of these postures control a man's form of thought and form of feeling. Every man has a definite number of thinking and feeling postures and movements. A man is unable to change his thoughts and feelings until he has learnt to change his postures and movements. If a man takes a posture

which with him corresponds to a feeling of sadness or despair, then within a short time he is sure to feel sad or despondent. Fear, envy, jealousy, disgust, excitement, calmness can be an intentional change in the physical posture. It illustrates the principle that a form is not only a geometrical figure or a diagram, but a specially constructed shape to induce, bear, and carry a particular pattern of thoughts and forces. To get into that form is to get into that thought. To get into that form is to get the impact of that force which that form creates. Metaphysics of form teaches you the connection between every force or combination of forces and the form it takes.

This applied metaphysics of form has been elaborately developed in India to provide remarkable techniques of spiritual *sadhana* and discipline. The *asanas* and the *mudras* are the most technical applications of the metaphysics of form. Each *asana* represents a configuration of certain forces and moods. When you are in that *asana*, you will induce that mood and feeling. The *asanas* are not mere gymnastics or acrobatics. The *mudras* in particular are accentuation of certain physical forms and postures to operate and release certain forces and energies of the mind and the spirit. The physical benefits of the *asanas* and the *mudras* are great indeed, but far greater are their results in releasing abundant mental, intellectual, and spiritual forces, which lie dormant in our habitual posture, which when released can renovate

ourselves radically to a higher level of fuller and ampler existence. It will not be possible here to analyse and illustrate the inner significance of each of the numerous *asanas* and *mudras* recognized in Indian sciences for spiritual development and growth. The principle behind them is that a form creates a function pattern and power field.

Physiology and biology and the mental sciences are not the only subjects where the philosophy of form has been practically applied. In Indian architecture, specially in temple architecture, the philosophy of forms has inspired new and novel techniques. It is the assertion of Indian metaphysics that the shape, form, size, and direction of the containers in-

fluence the entire life of whatever is contained in them. The shape and size of the room or the house where you live and work imperceptibly influence your whole structure of thought and ideas. There is a very deep and profound reason behind the oft unnoticed fact that you feel depressed when you enter a particular house or a particular room, and that you feel cheerful and animated when you enter another house and another room. Even the form of arrangement of furniture in the room might affect your mental outlook, either by expanding your mind or by inflicting on you the feeling of being cribbed and cabined. The styles of architecture and construction of temples in India have a deep and

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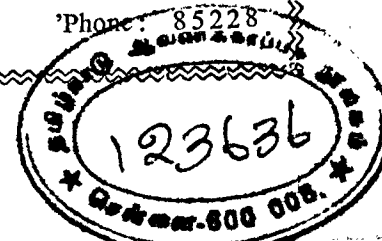
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influences you more profoundly than you suspect. A liquid, solid, or gas changes its property by the effect of the very shape and form of the vessel in which you keep it. The reason is in the metaphysics of form which insists that every pattern represents an operating field of forces, which operates differently according to the shape and form of the pattern. The whole book of nature teaches us by this powerful language of forms. Nature's signature or message is always expressed in a form.

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Animal sounds, from the roaring of lions to the chirping of crickets, are to be kept "on record" in a world collection to be housed in the Library of Natural Science at Cornell University in the United States.

The tape recorder has provided a new tool with which biologists may investigate the way in which birds, animals insects and even fish communicate by sound. The volume of recordings, however, is rapidly becoming unmanageable, and much of it is now stored in laboratories not easily accessible to researchers.

x x x

The cause of all power, as of all weakness, is within. The secret
of all happiness as of all misery, is likewise within.

Guard well thy thoughts, for thoughts are heard in heaven.
As a man thinketh in the heart, so is he.

26

*Albert, who has passed into the Beyond,
meets his parents and his second wife, Helen.*

My father now tells me they have learned the lesson of humility and love the hard way. They were shocked when they saw how selfish and worthless their lives had been; how little help, love or kindness they had shown to others, not even to their own son whose marriage they had destroyed to gratify their own social ambition. Their motive for giving was always selfish. They did not give to charity because they had any desire to help those people, but because of their desire for praise, for publicity and the high opinion of people that held important places. Money had paved the way for them into society and bought them many so-called friends, but after death they found money had no value and they tell me they have a very long rocky road ahead before they are able to travel beyond the fringe of the astral plane. They

I see someone dressed in a light garment. Helen, dear, you have come. You say you never left me, that you spent much time with me and the children and were back and forth every day. I was not aware of you, Helen, although we often spoke of you. You say you have met Martha and that you are good friends. I always felt you understood, Helen. You were a good wife and mother. You look so young now and I am old—it does not seem right. You say that age will fall off as I progress and I will go back to the best years of my life. That is good. You are real, Helen, this is not a dream?

Sometimes I get the feeling that the beauty of my surroundings cannot be real; the wonderment of meeting Martha, mother, dad and you—all of you have changed so! This wonderful understanding, tolerance, goodness and love seems to emanate from all. Father is so humble, and his desire for doing good is genuine. Mother has changed. I remember how she was always wanting

something better and more expensive than her friends: the biggest house, the best horses, carriage, yacht, servants and the first car in her crowd. Money and material things came ahead of her child but now she seems to be imbued with love and compassion towards all. I longed for that love as a child, that comforting mother's love. It was my nurse that kissed away my hurts, not my mother. My old nurse gave me love. You had the true mother's love, Helen, and Tilly is like you—all a mother and wife should be. I hope, Helen, that I will be able to comprehend and adjust myself to this new life. I want to learn.

You say there is no marriage here, that there is a love of all people; but that where true love existed between man and woman on the earth, whether there was a bond of marriage or not, that love continues through eternity. Helen, dear, are you trying to make it easier for me? Are you

telling me that Martha's love and mine will continue, that you will not be in the way? You were always understanding and unselfish, Helen. I never tried to deceive you. I tried to be a good husband to you and a good father to our children. It is good to know that you and Martha are friends. God bless you, Helen, and thank you.

Perhaps, someday, the three of us will sojourn to the earth and watch the children, but they will be thinking we are dead and buried in the grave, all but Joan, our grand-daughter. Helen, she is Tilly's daughter. Tilly married Bill's son. I am sure Joan saw me when I visited them. She told Tom and Tilly but they did not believe her. I hope she will not let them convince her that I am dead for I am very much alive. God bless you, Helen dear, and thank you for those words of comfort and for your understanding.

(To be continued.)

TOO CAUTIOUS

A nice young couple were very happy until the wife's meddling brother came for a visit. His stay drew on and on—much to the dismay of both—but after the second year the husband hit on a plan.

"Tonight let's start arguing about the soup," he told his wife. "I'll say it's too hot, you say it's too cold, and whoever he sides with, the other will tell him to leave."

Well, they started the argument at dinner—but nothing happened. Finally they appealed to the man.

"What's your opinion—is the soup hot or cold?"

"Are you crazy?" was the answer; "I'm staying here two more years!"

x x x

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

MESSAGE OF THE NINE YOGIS

G. KRISHNAMURTHY AIYER, B.A., B.L.

In the 11th skanda of *Srimad Bhagavata* the following episode is narrated in the form of a story by Narada to Vasudeva:

Emperor Nimi, also known as Videha, once performed a great yajna. At that time nine yogis appeared before him. Nimi was delighted at their presence and offered worship to them. Each rishi then took his seat at the request of the emperor. The nine yogis were the grandsons of Priavratha and the sons of Vrishabha yogi. Vrishabha yogi had 100 sons of whom the eldest was Bharata, familiarly known as Jadabharata. Nine became kings of nine islands. Eightyone got married and took to worldly life and became masters of karma-yoga. The last nine renounced the world and acquired yogic powers. They could travel freely and with ease in all the seven worlds and were always deep in meditation of God.

These nine yogis were Kavi, Hari, Anthariksha, Prabuddha, Pipalayana, Avirhotra, Dhru-mila, Chamasa and Karabhajana.

Nimi put to each yogi one question and it was answered. The following are the nine questions put by Nimi and the corresponding answers given by the nine yogis.

Question 1.

Nimi: I consider all of you to be saints devoted to God Vishnu. To be born as man is a rare privilege. But the body is perishable in a minute. To get darsan

of nine yogis at a time is salvation itself in life. In this cycle of evolution with never ending births and deaths I wish to know the nature and scope of everlasting bliss. Contact with good men even for half a minute is a treasure for every afflicted man. So I ask you to tell me the easy means of salvation. I want to know what is meant by Bhagavata Dharma.

Kavi: Fear is born of dual idea. The moment man's mind is away from God's feet, fear is generated. We have a wrong notion about the values in life. What is permanent must be distinguished from the transient objects of enjoyment. When mind grips closely the feet of God in meditation, fear is absent. God himself has, as in Gita, told us the easy means by which even the uneducated can attain the highest bliss. "Dedicate every act of yours to Myself. That is whatever you do, eat and whichever sacrifice you perform and whatever penance you do, whether it is spiritual or temporal, all acts done by you have to be dedicated unto Myself." This was the gospel preached by Krishna to Arjuna. Renunciation in mind of action and fruits constitutes Bhagavata Dharma. Even if one does not read either *Sruti* or *Smriti*, this rule of law protects him. He never slips from the right path. Even with both eyes blind, a true devotee may run fast in the path of Bhagavata

Dharma ; he will neither stumble nor fall down. Such is the easy straight road to salvation. A true devotee must feel and work as the result of maya and surrender himself to God and worship Him as his own self, as his favourite deity and above all his guru or spiritual guide. He must always keep company with good men and listen to the great deeds and attributes of Lord Krishna. He must shake off his shyness and pronounce the lord's name without any fear or a narrow sense of honour. The true devotion later transforms itself into knowledge. A true devotee has to cultivate a sense of detachment of wordly things and affection towards the gunas and form of God. Just as a man who goes to a field and after agricultural operations returns home and feels first a fatigue in his body, then a thirst and hunger and also gets somewhat upset in his mood and the same man after he takes in a cup of water and a morsel of food, feels that every time he takes a cup of water and a morsel of food, the degree of fatigue, hunger and anger slowly diminishes and ultimately vanishes and he gets himself restored to his original frame of mind and body, so also a devotee by contact with great sadhus and meditation of God slowly increases his appetite for devotion, vairagya and knowledge and ultimately reaches the consummation of happiness. The mind of the devotee will enjoy for ever the shanti or the harmonious attitude by which every conflict is resolved in mind. No problem exists for the devotee

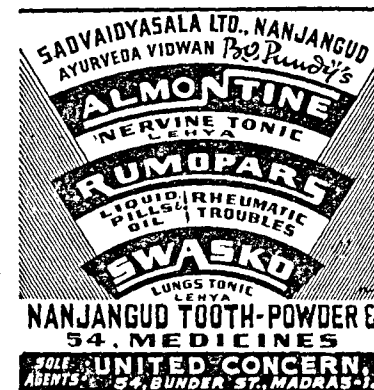
and even if it arises it is easily solved by the grace of God. Mind is always peaceful and happy. This is Bhagavata Dharma.

Question 2.

Nimi: What are the characteristics of a true devotee? How does he move about? What does he move? What does he talk about? By what attributes can we distinguish him from others as a true devotee?

Hari: There are three categories of devotees (1) The Best ; (2) Ordinary and (3) Beginner. One who perceives God in himself and feels His manifestation in the world outside and correlates the cosmos with the spirit within, ranks as the highest and the first among the devotees. The devotee in the second rank has four attitudes of mind and exhibits love towards God, friendship with devotees, compassion towards beginners and indifference towards the God haters. The third kind of devotee usually worships God in some image with faith and devotion but neglects the devotees and other lovers of God. He must be termed as the last in the rank but he is styled by the dignified name of a beginner (prakruta). The reason is though a beginner, his mind is rightly concentrated on the image of God and ultimately he is sure by degrees to acquire the qualifications peculiar to the devotees in the first and second rank. So all the three categories of devotees are entitled to respect. The difference between them *inter se* is only in regard to degrees in the stage of

evolution. The image worship is sanctioned by sastras and the worshipper of an image is much nearer the Creator than the critic who criticises him. A bhakta never gets mystified by ups and downs of his career, never gets confused with the worries of the family life and is never swayed by the ills to which body is subject. His mind is concentrated on God only. He is bereft of desires. In fact if you sow a seed of desire in his mind it never grows. His mental atmosphere is not conducive to the growth of worldly desires. He never aggressively thinks of his caste and ashrams. His mind is attuned in equality with all castes and religions. He does his duty enjoyed by the sastras without ego. His sole object is to serve humanity and he directs his financial resources to the betterment of mankind. A true Vaishnavite does not distinguish his own coin from another's or his own body from another's. He sacrifices his all for the good of the society and derives delight from altruistic dedication of his services to God and his fellow men. Even if three worlds are offered to him he would not deflect his mind from the continued meditation of God's feet. The pleasure that is derived from contemplation of the Lord's lotus feet is unlimited. His whole frame is electrified with the cool radiation of the moonlit rays that springs from the mind's eye during contemplation of God Vishnu. A true Vaishnavite, therefore, is one who would not permit God to take leave of his mind even for a moment but



fetters him with bonds of love during meditation and instals him permanently in his mind. (This is exactly the import of the song "Vaishnava Janatho....." the favourite hymn of Mahatma Gandhi.)

Question 3.

Nimi: I wish to know the nature of maya to which all people are victims. Your words

are the only balm to the pain born of samsara. So please tell me of maya.

Rishi Anthariksha replied: Maya is illusion. It does not exist in fact. But it is a potent force by which even pundits get deluded. It is the direct cause for the creation of this universe. God creates the universe only with the aid of maya. It is nature (prakriti). It has three attributes, viz., satwa, rajas and tamas. When these gunas are pressed into service by the Creator, maya creates, sustains, and ultimately destroys the world. God is a spider and the maya is the thread in this unique cobweb of creation. The illusion of maya is due to the fact that the mind confuses the real with the unreal and mistakes the one for the other. The analogy of a man who fears a serpent on seeing a rope is in point. The truth is that there is only a rope but no serpent but the mind is subject to genuine fear and the whole frame shakes in dreadful pain and even sweating continues. When the mind gets at the truth, then illusion disappears. So when due to maya the mind misconceives the truth and mistakes the attributes of the body with those of the soul the mind is in perpetual fear. When by constant practice and by initiation from a guru the mind distinguishes the animate from the inanimate, permanent from the transient, all-pervading consciousness (chaitanya) from the limited and destructible knowledge, the fears of samsara vanishes and maya ceases to exist. Mind devoid of maya perceives only the truth, God. God is

now, in the real state of knowledge, the only truth, cause and effect of the creation. So the spider weaves out of its own saliva the thread of life, sports within the cobweb it has created and ultimately disappears. The effect has gone but the original cause, that is creative energy, is always permanent. At a time when the world rapidly moves towards destruction we call it pralaya. Thunderstorms and thunder rains submerge the world, and the entire universe becomes one with the ocean. The expanse of maya is complete but God unswayed by maya is found in the midst of the ocean as a child sleeping without care. The waves of samsara affect mankind but could not touch the mind of the child creator Lord Krishna in the ocean of milk. Thus then is the maya from which all men desire to release themselves. Control your mind, conquer senses, discriminate with intellect, then alone you can distinguish the real from the unreal.

Question 4.

Nimi: You say it is difficult to get rid of maya except by subtle discrimination but we are not so technically qualified or well versed in the knowledge of the sastras. Please tell me the method by which an average man can dispel maya without effort.

The fourth rishi Prabuddha replied: The entire humanity seems to think that happiness consists in a married life. The couple perform numerous acts in their life with a view to avoid all misery and get the maximum of happiness but as time goes on

they realise that instead of happiness they are subjected to hardship and misery throughout. Every couple complains of frustration and in fact experience confirms that they get the opposite of what they desire. They have two objects in view when they get married, (1) acquisition of wealth and (2) begetting children. When both are achieved and when they live in plenty with numerous children around them, they think the consummation of married life has resulted in complete happiness. But in a moment, trials and tribulations of domestic life torment their minds. In acquiring, protecting and augmenting and spending the hard earned wealth, the mind is subject to lot of misery. In fact the distress of the mind is much greater when money is earned. After all, the enjoyment of riches is shared by many and constantly induces one to rob others of it. The agnates wish for his early death and the heirs fight for a share even before his death. The man of wealth is bound to die and the riches earned by him are bound to perish. The man never realises that no permanent benefit can be conferred on him by the perishable riches when his own life is impermanent. It is unnecessary to argue that his wife and children who are self-centered and who fuss about him for pleasure during his palmy days do not mind his presence or care for his comforts during his unfortunate period in later life. So the man must get himself detached from misery. Then only he can think of God. Even during his active

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life as a householder he must allot time for contemplation for his soul's benefit. This he need not read from sastras. This lesson is derived from experience in this world. It is a paramount duty to get a preceptor in life. But the preceptor must be one who is not only well versed in sastras but one endowed with rich spiritual experience born of renunciation. The preceptor will discipline your mind and you can learn Bhagavata Dharma from him. You must take lessons from him in regard to the practical problems of life and the progressive evolution of soul. First you must get your mind

detached from worldly things and desires. Secondly you must contact sadhus and learn from them compassion, friendship, humility. The guru will tell you what samskaras are necessary for purity of the body and will then tell you what further samskaras are necessary for the purity of the mind. The two vows of truth and silence alone are genuine aids to realisation. Sadhus will not waste their time but will always sing the praise of God. You can listen to the glorious leela of Sri Krishna and you can yourself sing and contemplate upon the greatness of God. Slowly the mind becomes saturated with love of God and love of humanity. Then you begin to serve the devotees with the same spirit with which you serve God. The mind first practices devotion as a means to an end. Even

during the time of sadhana the mind gets free from all cares and anxieties of the world and enjoys the happiness in the company of the sadhus. The happiness so enjoyed by the devotee is itself the greatest gain to the atma. Even apart from the company of the sadhus the mind will always concentrate itself on God and His gunas. You can form a bhajan party and spend your time in harikirtana and all the leisure moments you can devote either to service to devotees or to the contemplation of Hari. Your entire frame will be thrilled with delight and maya will not approach you at all. The easiest method of conquering maya is therefore (1) by initiation, (2) by satsang, (3) by bhajan and (4) dhyana or meditation.

(To be continued. Copyright by the author.)

THE SELFISH MAN

A worried looking father was sitting patiently outside the maternity ward.

He had waited there for hours and then at last he came rushing down the stairs. "Its all over," he shouted gleefully.

"What is it," he was asked, "a boy?"

"No, a girl." Then he added: "Thank goodness she'll never have to go through what I have to-day!"

The wise husband soon learns that the only way to have harmony in the home is for him to play second fiddle.

PERFECT!

A teacher was explaining to her class the meaning of the word "collision." She said: "It occurs when two bodies come together unexpectedly." She pointed to one child. "Now, then, give me an example of a collision."

There was a moment's silence, then came the reply: "Twins!"

Some people may brag that they still have their first shilling, but the man who is really rich is the one who still has his first friend.

BLOW YOUR OWN TRUMPET

LOTUS EATER

Do you want to prosper in this world? Are you anxious to be the leader of men? Do you desire to rise to the pinnacle of fame? You can achieve all of these and more if you know how to blow your own trumpet, in season and out of season and at all available opportunity, and din your worth, real or imaginary, into the ears of everyone around you. Believe me that blowing your own trumpet is the best method to achieve success.

You need on no account feel shy to blow your own trumpet for the simple reason, everybody around you is doing it. What are glaring advertisements in the

dailies except blowing the trumpet of a particular brand of article? Expert salesmanship is nothing but the perfection of the art of blowing one's own trumpet. "No pass, no fee," "If not cured, money refunded," "Award of Rs.....if proved false", and so on are all examples of blowing the trumpet in an aggressive manner to arrest attention.

Blowing your own trumpet may smack of rank immodesty. But there are very many occasions in our life when it is not only desirable but even essential.

When you are seeking a job it is necessary that you should blow your own trumpet so that the

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prospective employer may know what you are worth; similarly the parent of a bride cannot afford to fight shy of blowing the trumpet on behalf of his daughter. The musical talents of the bride, her capacity for hard work, her fairness of face, slimness of appearance and graceful height, all these have to be categorically stated without feeling any shyness about doing so.

A glance at the matrimonial columns of the daily papers will show both brides and bridegrooms do not make any bones about blowing their trumpets without the least reserve about their personal appearance, age, social status, their likes and dislikes, their prospects and many other details which would be helpful in evaluating their suitability as life mates.

For obvious reasons we cannot blow our trumpet before people who know us inside out.

Professional musicians and artistes are never shy of blowing their own trumpets. They sometimes boast of many performances before zamindars and rajahs, just like the professional astrologers who boast of testimonials in thousands from judges,

ministers, rajahs, business magnates and so on. The trick is employed to impress the listeners or readers with their importance which is mostly imaginary. But such boasting or blowing of the trumpet is necessary if one is to get into limelight.

The younger generation has always to put up with patience whenever the elders blow their own trumpets.

An elderly judge just about to retire always used to chastise juniors who bungled in stating the facts of any case. He used to say, "When I practised at the bar, I would not dare to open my case unless I had complete mastery over the facts." A hefty looking judge used to say, "When this court was young—by which he meant to refer to his own august self—it used to take a daily walk of five miles every evening."

Blowing one's own trumpet is a weakness which is almost universal among all classes of men and women and in all countries and you will always gain rather than lose by doing a little bit of self advertisement in a judicious way.

MIDGETS DEMAND HALF FARE

Midgets in America have petitioned airline companies for half-fare rates, arguing that for them to pay full fares is "discriminatory and illogical." Recently, the Society of Midgets held its first convention in Reno, where the matter of air fares was raised. The average midget present weighed 5 stone 5 lb., but the weight allowed for the average aeroplane passenger is 14 stone 7 lb. "We are quite willing to sit two to a seat," the midgets told company officials.

X X X

By your own thoughts you make or mar your life.

THE CHEMISTRY OF VISION

Prof. George Wald, Harvard University biologist, is the world's leading authority on the chemistry of vision. After more than twenty-five years of research on the chemical basis of vision in the vertebrate eye, including the human organ of sight, he has arrived at the point at which he is able to synthesize the light-sensitive pigments produced in the retina and to perform in the test tube the chemical reactions that take place in the living eye when it is stimulated by bright or faint light for seeing in the daytime or in the dark, writes William L. Laurance in *New York Times*.

The reactions reproduced in the "chemical eye" in the test tube, Professor Wald told a recent meeting of the American Philosophical Society, are not different in kind from those taking place in the living eye of animal or man in the process of vision. By reactions such as these, he said, the physical stimulus, light, is transmuted by the retina into physico-chemical processes in the nervous system, the visual nerve impulse being carried along the optic nerve to the brain, where it is translated into the sensation of vision.

But, Professor Wald explained, in reproducing the chemical processes of vision in the test tube we are still a long way from creating an artificial vision. "What we do not understand, and have no present way of approaching," he emphasized, "is how such nervous processes be-

come sensations. This seems to present an altogether different type of problem, one that involves higher levels of organization than the molecule, and probably higher than the single living cell."

At the very beginning of his search a quarter of a century ago, when he was still in his twenties, Professor Wald discovered that one of the major chemical constituents of the retinal pigments was vitamin A, the essential vitamin found in butter, fish liver oils and other animal products, but not in plants. This vitamin, he found, was necessary for night vision and dark adaptation, its absence in proper amounts being responsible for night blindness.

Since then he found that there were two forms of vitamin A—vitamin A-1 and vitamin A-2—which play an important part in the chemistry of vision of the vertebrate eye. Besides, he found, there were two specific types of proteins named opsins, which combine with the two forms of the vitamin. One of these opsins is found in the rods, the receptors of night vision in the retina, while the second opsin is found in the cones, the retinal receptors of bright light vision. These rod and cone opsins each combine with one of the two forms of vitamin A, thus uniting to give four combinations. These are the four known light-sensitive pigments of vertebrate vision.

Many of the basic phenomena of vision have their source in the physical and chemical properties

of these four retinal molecules. Light excites the eye through its effect upon these four photosensitive pigments of the retinal receptors, namely, the rods and cones. The capacity of these pigments to absorb various wavelengths of light determines the sensitivity of vision in the visible spectrum, from red to violet.

Similarly, light and dark adaptation reflect the bleaching and resynthesis of the four visual pigments. As the pigments are bleached in the eye by light, the visual sensitivity falls; this is light adaptation. As the pigments are restored in darkness, the visual sensitivity rises; this is dark adaptation. Night blindness appears in vitamin A deficiency as the result of the decline, first of vitamin A, followed somewhat later by the decline of the other constituent of the visual pigments, the opsin.

The development of these biochemical systems of vision sheds light on vertebrate evolution, Professor Wald reported. Some vertebrates use vitamin A-2, others use vitamin A-1, while others have the ability to change from one to the other. These facts provide telltale evidence on the evolutionary process over the course of millions of years.

Professor Wald explained that vertebrate vision began with vitamin A-2 in the fresh water ancestral vertebrates. These animals migrated out of fresh water in the course of their evolution in two directions, to the sea and to the land; and both migrations brought them over to the use of vitamin A-1 in vision.

Besides the vertebrates, only

two other phyla of animals have "invented" good, image-forming eyes: the arthropods (insects, crabs, and so on) and the mollusks (octopus, squid). Though these eyes have no anatomical relationship to the vertebrate eye, Professor Wald said, they all have essentially the same biochemistry.

x x x SPACE EXPLORATION

Two balloon ascents were made into the stratosphere recently in U. S. In one an air force physician went up while in another only scientific instruments were placed. The purpose of the study was to find the relative value of sending up men or machines for space exploration.

The trained human brain attached to well-developed sensory organs is far superior for general purposes to any circuit of vacuum tubes or transistors or other scientific "sensing" and computing equipment.

On the basis of weight and size alone, human brains win easily. One estimate has it that at two pints and two pounds, the brain has ten billion neurons roughly comparable to ten billion vacuum tubes—but it would take all the water flowing over Niagara Falls to keep the comparable vacuum tubes cool.

Human brains are light, small, versatile and infinitely more intricate than computers attached to instruments can be. But they have some drawbacks. A human body must be attached. Temperature must be right—not too hot or too cold. Oxygen must be supplied to the human body and carbon dioxide removed. Food

and water must be supplied. And humans pose other problems. Psychological tensions can throw off the working of the brain as a computer. Dr. Simons believes that his test flight established that these tensions can be overcome. But they are always present.

Many of these disadvantages are done away with if space exploration can be accomplished by instruments. Instruments have no fears or food problems. Observations, although each instrument is limited in versatility, can be made much sharper—and consequently more accurate—with instruments.

x x x WHY DO PEOPLE GAMBLE?

Why do people gamble?

Gladwin Hill, writing in *New York Times*, says:

Two business men whose work brings them often to Las Vegas met for lunch the other day at the sumptuous buffet which is a regular midday adjunct of the Thunderbird Hotel's gambling salon. En route to the chow line, one said, "Wait a second while I cash a check."

"I'll wait for you at the crap table," said the other, jangling a couple of silver dollars.

By the time his friend rejoined him a minute later, the waiting one had accumulated \$10 on a couple of quick bets. He was too engrossed to pull away. The lunch date evaporated.

"I finally got out of there," he informed his friend somewhat sheepishly the next day, "at 5 o'clock. I was about \$30 ahead at one point. Wound up losing about \$15."

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A tour of Las Vegas casinos readily shows that gambling cuts straight across social, economic and intellectual lines. At one extreme, in the ebbing and flowing sea of faces around the tables, are occasional atomic scientists from the near-by Nevada test site, whose deep knowledge of mathematics and the laws of probability (a key tool in the analysis of fission) is a foundation stone of national security. At the other extreme are bums off freight trains, wagering a few pennies in downtown kenogames (a variation of bingo) for possible

pay-offs of thousands to one (against odds of *more* thousands).

Between these extremes, the dalliers with the bouncing dice, the whirling wheels and flashing cards range from holidaying corporation executives to presleyish members of the latest lost generation. Predominant numerically is the great, motley of American middle class—doubtless because (1) God made so many of them, and (2) that is the stratum that Las Vegas, the super-market of gambling, was deliberately

styled for.

Why do they gamble?

There is a widespread notion that people gamble simply in the hope of making money. The facts contradict this. Buttonhole people at random, amid the clangour of the ubiquitous slot machines and round-the-clock drone of crap table attendants, and you will find the almost unvarying response to the question "Why do you gamble?" is a rather surprised "Why, for the fun of it..."

THE HONEST FRIEND

A business man in Madrid going to Paris on business went to his friend's house to say goodbye. It was the eve of a draw for a lottery in which the first prize was £20,000.

The man seeing the other off mentioned he was going to buy a ticket for the lottery. "Buy me one, too," said his friend. On his return from France, the other told him: "Your ticket won first prize."

"But how did you know which ticket was which?" asked the returned holiday maker.

"It was simple," was the reply. "I put one ticket in an envelope marked with my name and the other in an envelope marked with your name."

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AT YOUR SERVICE!

A golf club grouser was complaining bitterly at the "nineteenth" about worm casts on the greens.

The captain came in and was immediately buttonholed.

"Isn't this the time of the year to treat worms?" the grouser asked.

"Yes," replied the captain. "What'll you have?"

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NEXT TURN

A boring speaker went on and on, and the audience dwindled until there was only one man left.

Addressing the sole survivor, who was sitting in the front row, he congratulated him and said: "You at least are a gentleman."

"Not at all," came the reply. "I'm the next speaker."

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Every great work is the result of vast preparatory training. Facility comes by labour. Nothing seems easy, not even walking that was not difficult at first.

The Seer of Kamakoti Speaks (4)

Sankaracharya's Tribute to Freedom Fighters of 1857

This is the fourth instalment of the golden utterances of His Holiness Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam whose Kanakabhishekam was celebrated with eclat last month at Kanchi

VELANDAI

At the conclusion of the fifth Veda Bhashya congregation held last month His Holiness gave a discourse beautifully and very appropriately adverting to the coincidence of the Veda Sadas with the countrywide celebration of the centenary of the freedom fight of 1857.

His Holiness said: The Vedas protect us in this life and in the life hereafter. Those who follow the vedic path and practice it reverentially not only get the good things on earth but are also assured of Moksha or eternal bliss. The Kathopanishad contains the Nichiketa Upakyanam. Nichiketa, although a boy, desired to have an insight into *Atma gnana* from Yama. Yama tried to dissuade Nichiketa by promising him all kinds of wordly happiness and similar boons. Nichiketa adamant in his purpose to learn *Atma gnana* could not be tempted. He told Yama, "Your very talk suggests that *Atma gnana* is superior to all the worldly riches and passions. So please grant me my prayer." Yama was pleased to teach Nichiketa the secrets of *Atma tatwa*.



The Vedas disclose *Atma tatwa*, a knowledge of which is essential to every believing soul. It can be said with reasonable certainty that the Veda mantras which are still being heard are those texts that were handed down from time immemorial from rishi to rishi, from guru to desciple. This constitutes our Vedic heritage. Those who recite the Shukla Yajus, and Sama Sakhas are not as many as those who

recite or study the Krishna yajurveda. In the mantra beginning "Ratrim prapadye" in the Sama Vidana Brahmana of the Sama Veda, the Devi or Divine mother is extolled as "Shikandancee, Kanya Kumari" thereby reminding one of Kanyakumari at the southernmost tip of our continent. In the Kanopanishad of Talavakara Sama Veda, the Devi is praised as "Uma Haimavathi" or the Uma of the Himalayas. The former Vedamantra has been taken into account by the great advaitic scholar Appayya Dikshitar for his Durga Chandra Kala Stuti. His Vedamantra if chanted in all devotion will lead to all-prevailing bliss, the real goal of human birth, without the least attraction towards material attainments or sensual pleasures. It has been said that a handful of grass should be given to a cow every day to please the Devi. During British rule there were occasions when there was a setback of our ancient culture and traditions. It was so especially during the Company's rule because of the activities of early missionaries. This led to the freedom movement of 1857. The Rani of Jhansi, Tatia Tope, Nana Sahib and many others fought for the preservation of our ancient dharma and culture which form the basis of our social, moral and legal codes, nay our very life. Our striving for the preservation of our heritage would have become impossible but for these martyrs of the 1857 struggle. Their martyrdom paved the way for the Proclamation of Queen Victoria, which

gave us our religious freedom even under foreign rule. We shall here and now pray for these great souls to rest in peace and pray that the Almighty may make their souls ever happy, by reciting the Ramanama a thousand times.

This call to recite the Ramanama, evoked an immediate and resonant response from the big assembly and the entire gathering led by His Holiness entered into a solemn chanting of the Ramanama for over quarter of an hour.

His Holiness thereafter exhorted the audience to stand fast by their duty of safeguarding the Vedas and said that if the people took care of the Vedas the Vedas would surely take care of them. The Vedas commanded the performances of various karmas. The performance of these karmas enabled one to attain that state of mind which would make one understand and realise Brahma Vidya. The supreme object of the Veda was the dispelling of ignorance and attainment of the light of knowledge.

The tragedy now is that the Vedas are nearly in the stage of being forgotten and neglected. The Vedas which had been of yore recited by many and whose meaning had been known to many a Brahmin in the last generation is now facing a crisis. The devotees who can recite the Vedas are getting fewer and those who know its meaning are getting to be still fewer. What is still worse is that the man who is capable of reciting the Vedas and who officiates as priest at rituals does not know the meaning of

the Vedic mantras, which he uses. Nor do those who perform the rituals know their meaning. It is a sad spectacle of blind leading the blind. The unbeliever now makes capital of this situation and spins out a further argument that such Vedic learning is of no use at all to mankind. The critic only means to press that if there is no one who can lead us in Vedic learning then why bother about it at all. So is it not desirably urgent to revive and rekindle the urge to recite the Vedas and to get true knowledge of their meaning? The present Veda Bashya Conference for the last one week is really intended to focus public attention in this regard. Kings of yore did this but in the modern set up of democracy that duty has fallen on the discerning section of the public.

x x x

The Kanakabishekam of His Holiness was held on 6th September and large was the concourse assembled at Kanchi to witness this great religious ceremonial. After the pooja His Holiness was seated on a dais and was bathed in waters brought from the various sacred rivers of Bharat. This was followed by presentation of a golden "pattadai" which His Holiness adorned. The junior Sankaracharya as his first disciple then performed the Kanakabishekam placing gold coins with flowers and kunkum on his head, one after another to the chanting of mantras. The coins valued at Rs. 40,000 will form the nucleus of the Veda Trust.



*Clothes
brighter*

with TATA'S

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SOAP POWDER

After the ceremony was over His Holiness stood up. The innumerable garlands accepted from devotees and the rudrakshamalas bedecked the neck of His Holiness. Resplendant in his attire, serene in his appearance, benevolent in his looks and most patient in his deportment, His Holiness stood and turned slowly around giving darshan to the devotees assembled on the occasion. Blessing one and all, he said:

"This kanakabishekam is not to me but to the memory of

Madras & Allahabad Congress Sessions

V. G. RAMACHANDRAN M.A., B.L.

our Paramacharya, Adi Sankara. I take it that way. The chanting of kanakadara stotrum by Parama Acharya brought a rain of gold. May you all recite those verses in piety and sincerity so that Bharatamata may have always a golden age. The "pattadai" you have given is made of silk born out of probably the killing of some silk worms. But the ancient "pattadai" of our

Mutt, which I am now wearing had been spun out of nonviolent labour, without killing any insect. It is this holy robe that will give us golden results. I take your tributes to me as homage to Adi Sankara who alone dispelled ignorance and established the sanmatha. May his benevolence and mercy extend to one and all of us and may we so conduct ourselves that we deserve his benedictions. I bless you all."

THE 'YES' MAN

A man was running along shouting at the top of his voice: "No! No! Certainly not!"

A policeman stopped him and asked what was wrong.

"It's all right, officer," was the reply. "I'm a 'yes' man on holiday."

"You seem to be very proud of your son," a neighbour said to Mrs. Tucker.

"Really he doesn't amount to anything," confessed the woman. "But after all the money we've spent on him I simply don't dare not to be proud."

Several schoolboys were discussing shaving. Most of them hadn't had that experience yet, but a few had made tentative experiments with a razor.

"I've shaved for two years," one boy bragged, and then in a less heroic tone, "and cut myself both times."

The doctor was getting fed up. His patient was nearly always drunk, feeling terrible, and turning up for treatment. On one of his usual visits, he groaned: "What do you think I should do, doctor? I'm feeling worse than ever this morning."

"Well," replied the doctor, "you could try getting some blood in your alcohol stream."

Father of the girl to the suitor: "So you don't smoke, drink, or gamble, huh? Then get out of my house! No prospective son-in-law of mine's going to be held up to me as a shining example!"

"She says she's got legs like Marilyn Monroe's."

"The only resemblance I can see is that she's got the same number."

At the Madras Congress Norton saw Madan Mohan Malaviya ushered into public life under the auspices of Rampal Singh. Humorous, broad shouldered and habited in a well fitting frock coat, Rampal told how, being but imperfectly acquainted with the English language, he kept his eyes glued on the President's hands in the Legislative Council of the North-West Province. When it was time to vote for a measure the President always called out "thumbs up" and Rampal turned up his thumb; the bill was carried. If authority wished to reject the bill the President shouted "thumbs down!" and Rampal turned his thumb down and the bill was thrown out.

"Madan Mohan," writes Norton, "was a very charming entity. He was the so called child of all parties—the Puck of the Congress. He has gone long past me in life's race, and on the few occasions I met him he was surrounded by a viceregal atmosphere. He moves in the odour of Foreign Secretaries; there linger about him impalpable reminiscences of Lieutenant Governors; unattachable scent of Finance Ministers clothe him with fragrance and when he swims into my orbit I detect the grace-

ful undulations of an aide-de-camp followed by a long procession of scarlet-coated chobdars. His industry is unfailing, his courage unquestionable. He is the only man I know who can confront a disquietened Viceroy with a speech of one hour and forty minutes. I believe him to be thoroughly honest as a politician."

Norton continues:

Before Madan Mohan Malaviya attained to his present dignity, the most remarkable Congress feature on the horizon of the North-West was Ajudianath. Like his younger colleagues he was always dressed in spotless white. He was a very remarkable personality. Acute, subtle, impassioned, Ajudianath argued a question of limitation on a second appeal with all the fervour of Burke impeaching Warren Hastings. Across his snowy coat fell the black clusters, broad and wary, of a massive beard. His upper lip was covered with a full and flowing moustache. His head was crowned with a peculiarly shaped, pointed, white linen cap. In his vehemence he looked like Joshua foiled in an almost successful attempt to enter the promised land. With his uplifted arms and a voice resonant and quivering

with the intensity of his belief in his thesis it was a sight to watch him on the platform of the National Assembly. It was long before he ushered to the Congress creed. Bonnerjee, a personal friend, had often ineffectively tried to persuade him to give us his support. He withstood all seductions till he had read all that there was to read of Congress literature. Satisfied at last that the truth was with us, he telegraphed to Bonnerjee that he would attend at Madras.

Thus he broke in upon my admiring gaze. It was there he invited the Congress to meet at Allahabad. At Allahabad he told us how Sir Auckland Colvin had thrown successive impediments in the path of his endeavours to procure a site and home for the meeting, how he tried to boycott its efforts. But Ajudianath was not Ajudianath for nothing. The Congress was still far off. He had taken time by the forelock, so he induced landlords to serve notices to quit upon many of the leading officials in Allahabad as he needed their houses for the accommodation of the political lepers (leaders) who would later invade the city! The move succeeded. Sir Auckland retired discomfited. A site was secured. A splendid pandal was built and retained for the use of the delegates. Tents sprang up like mushrooms and the threatened officials were left in quiet possession of their homes. Thanks to the energy of Ajudianath as the Chairman of the Reception Committee, the inaugural speech of Yule, the delightful antics of the harlequin from Banares, and the

opposition of Motilal, this Allahabad Congress shares with that of Bombay the claim of being the most interesting meeting I ever attended.

Talking of the executive Norton narrates:

India has been filled to overflowing with politicians and placemen (V.I.Ps.). They labour according to their diminished lights for rank and stars and pensions. They quarrel over tawdry inches of riband and plaster their bosoms with medals in remembrances of occasions at which they were never present! Heavy guns thunder out their departure and approach and when they are satisfied that they have thoroughly disturbed their neighbours' rest, they go home (England) and give themselves a G.C.I.E. Then the newspapers scramble over each other to acclaim them statesmen. Little Lords in England mumble at their greatness, and in India Governors break out into hysterics as they recall the moral sweetness and intellectual precocity of the latest entrant into the Valhalla of the forgotten nobodies.

Recounting his visit to England and his efforts to focus Indian reform on the English public, Norton says:

I was curious to know how the great demagogue Bradlaugh, then in Parliament would treat Indian questions. I had not known him personally but I had seen and heard him defend himself by the side of Mrs. Beasant when both were indicted in the King's Bench for the publication of the "Fruits of Philosophy". From that scene

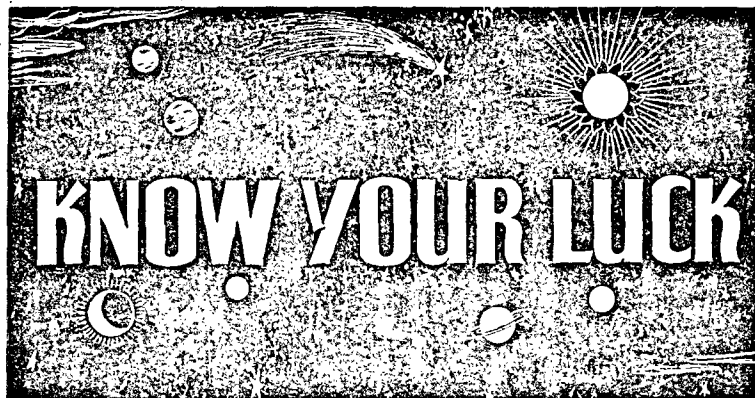
I had carried away two lasting impressions. I was struck by Bradlaugh's sincerity. I was transported with his courage. A man of great proportions, God had been as lavish with his brain as with his bone. Bonnerjee and I were dressed in black coats and black silk hats and our attire forced us into prominent positions on the platform, where we were given seats on either side of Bradlaugh. He spoke for an hour and he spoke without any notes. He spoke not merely fluently but his speech indicated a study of materials for which I was not prepared. The trend was liberal and sympathetic and as I listened, I solved for myself the question of the leadership in the House of Commons for the Congress. It must be in Bradlaugh's hands. When he had finished, a steward came up to me and asked me to speak a few words. I passed the call on to Bonnerjee as my senior. Stroking his magnificent beard Bonnerjee rose and having his subject at his fingers' ends, quickly grasped the attention of his audience.

In my mind, at any rate Bradlaugh was from that night non-official Secretary of State for India. I wanted someone who would, if necessary, take off his coat to fight the passive mass of prejudice and bigotry, which percolating from Whitehall, moves like an ice-floe through the deodars, melts in the warmth of Ootacamund and Mahabaleswar, stiffen slightly again in Darjeeling and Nainital and

He who fails to start will never reach the goal.



overrun every district in India, unchained and unchainable. We adjourned to his hotel and there Bradlaugh set his seal as a political leader on my heart by tossing off at an unbroken draught the contents of a large tumbler crepitant with sparkling Burgundy. He had spoken at nine in the morning, he had spoken again at one and finished up with India at six. It was a Homeric proceeding and so was the draught Homeric. Bonnerjee himself, no mean adept at sparkling wines, watched Bradlaugh with brotherly admiration and with discriminative pride. A man who could swallow like that could swallow a Viceroy or a Lieutenant Governor without blinking.



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

The solar course during this month transits your 6th house causing greater anxiety, fear complex, delayed success, differences with relations, fear of law, and enmity with neighbours. Budha enters his exalted house Kanya on the 2nd which may bring about a new surrounding. You may come in contact with people who may advance your interests in life and through whose help your objective may be achieved. This is a month where great consideration in your word and deed is essential in all matters. It will be safer or rather more advisable for you to proceed on your line of action with proper consultation and guidance from others in your field of work. The month is not good for health. Those patients who have been suffering before will have a new turn of surprise. Stomach will be disturbed often. Appetite will suffer. All the three

planets excluding Budha are of fiery nature thereby generating excessive heat in the system. Financially this is a month in which you will feel greater need of money than before and you will find necessary help forthcoming through proper channel. Temporary borrowing may be unavoidable. Second half may prove somewhat more lucky than before on account of the conjunction of Sukra with Saturn. This combination may bring about a windfall in a few cases, as indicated and warranted by the planet in the radix. Officially this month is lucky, there being change of work as also a new boss in some cases. Domestically you may be worried more. Your wife may suffer in health. Merchants will find new venture being more successful than before. Partnership may undergo a thorough change. Financially second half will be more lucky.

3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 13, 17, 19, 20, 22, 26, 31 are good days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Planetary configuration radiates greater benefic influences during this month. The solar course through the 5th house makes you highly introspective. It gives you abiding interest in practical sciences. Lawyers and doctors are at their best during this month. Sun along with other planets causes great anxiety about children's affairs, your relationship with parents, and your investment problem. A desirable domestic change is attained as per combination of benefic planets. Guru, Budha and Sukra in Tricona and Kendra will certainly cause an upsurge of optimism and desire for greater knowledge to be acquired besides your coming in contact with men of high culture and ability and influence. Students and research workers in particular will be in their limelight during this month. Financially the month is very encouraging. The combination of Budha and Guru, dhanalabadipathis, offers a very stimulating financial support on account of which there may be a windfall in some cases and satisfactory financial conveniences and stability. Investment will be very propitious during this month. Buying and selling will prove lucrative. Marriage proposition will yield favourable results. Those already married may feel disturbed home surroundings on account of malefics in the 7th house. Officially you may gain more than in the last. You may easily ingratiate yourself into the boss's favour during this

month. You will prove a capable officer in directing, managing and conducting the affairs entrusted to your care, to the entire satisfaction of your boss. Merchants will do well. Speculation will be running in their blood more than ever. Partnership business will be successful and prosperous. 2, 3, 5, 7, 13, 14, 15, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 26, 31 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI.

Planetary map reveals greater benefic influences over your affairs of life. The congestion of the planets in the 4th house has a special significance to your possessions, belongings, assets, investment if any, residence and a house move in a few cases. The benefic planets, viz. Guru and Budha in the 4th house, signify that the month is distinctly eventful in this respect. Domestically these planets bring about important changes for the better, so that life may have greater amenities than before. Presence of Mangal in the 4th house along with other planets is rather troublesome causing rupture, differences, and inimical trouble. This is mainly caused by no less a person than your near relation, cousin, uncle or brother or friend. Mangal's position in the house conjunct Budha, the lord of the 4th house, favours investment problem to be solved in this month. There may be differences or disappointment in such ventures, unless this feature is in alignment with the trend of planets in the radix. Financially this is a more encouraging month since labhadi-

pathi Mangal is aspecting his own house and is conjunct Budha, your ruler. Moon's conjunction with Mangal on the 22nd will prove very lucky financially. Meanwhile his opposition to Mangal on the 8th will also help financial conveniences in particular. Avoid rupture. Officially this month is favourable for your achievement as cherished. Avoid discourses with your boss lest your interests should be prejudiced in his mind. Journalists, publishers and authors will have significant success during this month. Merchants also will be lucky during this month. They may open branches elsewhere and explore the avenues of income during this month. Partnership may undergo slight change.

2, 3, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26 and 31 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planetary line-up does not disclose this month as a very lucky one. ^{‡ Punarvasu} Planets are passing through the 3rd house and 5th house more than other houses. They affect your 3rd house affairs viz. brothers, sisters, short trips, letters, papers, correspondence, writing capacity and all important undertakings requiring deeper considerations. Mangal in the 3rd house brings new friends but his contact with Budha in the course of the month may cause rupture with either friends or relations. One of your sons may come up during this month. As

an author or a publisher you will have greater chance to come forward and be acknowledged as a successful writer. Your correspondence will evoke the expected feelings and responses as desired. One of your brothers will take special interest in your affairs or visa versa. A journey is lucratively undertaken. Saturn in the 5th sector shows the tendency to draw in and deepen rather than expand in all subtle subjects. His significance is your fear complex in feeling whether your affairs are rightly taking shape. He disheartens you in seeking channels for your creative work on account of chilling influences. Sukra conjunct Sani in the 5th house should urge a strong and emotional stimulus. Considerable control of feeling in the form of anger and resentment will be necessary for constructive work. Financially this month registers better improvement. The course of dhanadipathi through the 6th sign of the zodiac may bring about extra commitment on your part for which necessary financial help may be raised easily. Mutual help is indicated between you and brother, or a relation. Money may come from a distant place. Officially this is a month of realisation of your cherished plan. Merchants will be more inclined to speculation than ever. Financially there will be held up profits, they being more in the books than in actual realisation.

3, 5, 7, 8, 13, 14, 17, 18, 23, 26, 31 are lucky days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

The planetary combination during this month is constructive

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
‡ Uthara-
Phalguna

and encouraging enough. The solar course through the 2nd house excites the affairs of the 2nd house with special reference to improvement of the sources of income, gain of extra practical knowledge and undertaking of new ventures requiring capital and co-operation. The planets in the 2nd require strenuous work on your part more than before for the success of your undertakings. Their aspect to the 8th house raise a subtle significance promising rich reward to those who understand the 8th house significance. The combined effect of the planets in the 2nd and their aspect to the 8th house will be a great consoling force to those in the domain of philosophy and religion or spiritual realisation. With Saturn, a mystic planet, in the mystic house, there is not only the spiritual advancement or culture but also material benefits in the world of practical affairs as well. Neptune in the 3rd house along with Rahu will prove an inspiring influence favouring intuitive faculties as the month is underway. Second half indicates a journey, greater interests in correspondence, writing work or helping brothers and sisters and working selflessly also for others. Financially, the month should prove increasingly fortunate on account of the happy configuration of the planets in the 2nd house. Money may be obtained from distant place, unexpected quarters, elders and from associations and companies. Legacy may be viewed favourably

in this month. Domestically, the month may prove more happy. You will have guests and so heavy expenditure may follow. Vehicular happiness may register improvement. Agricultural pursuit and investments will pay lucratively. Officially this month is encouraging and prosperous. Merchants will have an easy time of it. Partnership will fare well. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 and 31 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary style radiates greater benefic forces in your affairs of life. ^{‡ Uttara-phalguna} The solar course through your rasi ^{‡ Chitra} reveals that you must be very careful about your health and diet in particular. The three planets Surya, Mangal and Guru along with your ruler Budha, a temperamental planet, from the 2nd October will bring about an important change in your constitution, diet, appetite and general health. Great care should be taken about your health when the least indication of unfavourable turn is noticed. Sun in the 3rd has great significance during this month as he affords stability, depth and responsibility in your routine chores, and capacity for steady application with broadening horizon, wider contact and new mental concepts which are stimulating and enlightening during this month. Financially this month does not seem to be encouraging on account of heavy expenditure of unexpected nature arising in the course of the

month. Sukra conjunct Sani is not happy indicating heavy fluctuation, pressure and disappointment as well, when money is most wanted. Help from dear friends or relations may be expected in a few cases. Investment during this month may not prove sound on account of legal defects that may be discovered later on. Second half will be more active in financial matters since Surya, the planet of action, enters the second house on the 17th of October. But greater care in financial matters and dealings may be necessary owing to your sudden involvement of financial affairs beyond your control. Eye-patients will suffer more in the second half of the month. Domestically the month may be slightly better than before. Change of house or investment on land may be found advisable. Officially the month is favourable as it causes change of work or even a transfer in some cases. Merchants will do well during this month. Partnership will be labouring under greater disadvantages than before.

2, 3, 5, 7, 14, 15, 18, 19, 22, 24, 26, 31 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

The solar course through the 12th house indicates your high expenditure beyond your control, the abiding interest that you take in your pet hobbies, acquisition of knowledge in the practical worldly affairs, success over your increasing enemies all around you, your stubborn attitude with your

‡ Chitra
Swathi and
‡ Vishaka

people around you, your unusual impatience at the trend of affairs and finally your pessimistic attitude as a result of overwhelming forces against you in the surroundings. Second half is more encouraging and conciliatory with the surroundings. General health may be disturbed as a result of the excited nervous system in the first half. Financially, first half may not be so encouraging. More of your income is outstanding and not realised. There may be unexpected gain also to be realised as the month is under way. Source of income increases in the second half. Investment on land may be thought of but not surely. Second half will prove better for the same. Domestically this month is better in the second half. Friends and relations will be always rallying round you then. Avoid borrowings during this month. Officially this is a month of great worry and trouble through your colleagues as well as your boss. There will be secret work against your interests through your co-workers which you will notice more perceptibly in the second half. Friends will help you more in the second half. One of your brothers will require special attention from you. Merchants will find this month not favourably disposed in their business, especially in the first half. Second half may show improvement. Partnership will cause much anxiety. Correspondence may be an encouraging factor during this month.

2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 15, 18, 22, 24, 31 are better days.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary alignment presages favourable influences

at work in your affairs of life. The solar course through the 11th house refers to your friends and friendships and gain through them, your improvement in your environment, your increasing social activities, and patronage from your admirers and friends and lastly your popularity in the sphere of your activities. You will do well to enlist the aid of your wellwishers and acquaintances whenever you need their help to advance your interests during this month. This is a month of the year well suited to increase your standing with friends, relations and social groups. Altruistic endeavours and community interests should be uppermost in your mind now. The month is very important for realisation of your hopes and ambitions and development of your business or official life. The full moon on the 8th of this month may be construed to indicate a change of heart with a broader outlook of mind at home and outside. Events unawares may put a strain on friendship during the second half which may be forearmed against. Avoid impulse and headstrong attitude and over generous inclination during this month as a result of your ruler Mangal's conjunction with Guru, a generous and sympathetic planet. Financially the month should prove very helpful and gainful of financial advantages accruing to you specially in the first half. Your give and take

‡ Vishaka,
Anuradha,
& Jeshta

policy applies well this month. Second half many prove more costly affecting your plans and the budget. Scrutinise the new individuals that come into your fold with selfish motives. Officially this month promises much. You may gain your boss's favour by your own submissive attitude. Business men will prosper in this month. Their partnership will prove very lucrative. Their expenditure will go beyond their control.

2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 18, 22, 23, 25, 26, 31 are better days.

DHANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

Planetary indications are congenial enough in your affairs of life. Moola, Poorvashada, ‡ Uttarashada your suggest that promising opportunities for job hunting, promotion, residential improvement, favour from superiors and financial security, may be found right in your own backyard if you will take pains to uncover them. You are well advised to put future security at the top of your programme. The solar course through the 10th house is preparing you for unexpected or sudden development favourable to your prospects for further progress. The first half in particular will surely raise your stature in your field of activity which will open a new vista, —a wider field to utilise your outstanding courage and intuition. You will be thus enabled to build up greater self assurance to march straight to your goal. Positive action may largely help you to gain your cherished ambi-

Moola,
Poorvashada
‡ Uttarashada

tion during this month. The full moon on the 8th is calculated to bring about a need for attention to resources and joint monetary projects without risks. Your ruler in the 10th along with the 5th lord and 9th lord and also with the exalted 10th lord viz. Budha in the 10th house, is distinctly fortunate in bringing you in contact with men of influence and culture who will help your professional ambition and attitude towards your security goals. You will certainly feel impelled to do something highly individualistic on totally new and unexploited lines. Financially the lord of gain, viz. Sakra, enters the 12th house forming a conjunction with Sani, the lord of the 12th. This shows that you will have very good prospects of financial advantages and at times windfall too. But greater care is needed to avoid all risky ventures in financial matters. Investment on land or house or a vehicle will be advantageously considered. Officially you may stand to gain higher heights and boss's favour. Merchants will be lucky in bagging heavy profits during this month. They had better eliminate risks in speculation, to avoid losses in the month. Partnership will be fairly prosperous.

2, 3, 4, 7, 14, 17, 19, 20, 29, 31 are lucky days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

Planetary map reveals better benefic influences operating during this month. Planets in the 9th, 10 and 11th signify that you achieve

greater success in the field of your activities more than before and that you feel more optimistically inclined than before. The solar course passing through the 9th house indicates distant journey, favour from distant source, philosophic attitude and success in any practical as well as mystical field, as indicated by Surya and Sani. Surya also relates to your interest in your father-in-law's affairs or parental connection. Religion, publication and journalistic pursuit will be more attractive and lucrative too, during this month. The second half when the sun is moving in your 10th house, will be more fortunate than before. The month on the whole should be more satisfying in the accomplishment it brings in its train. You will also gain decisions or actions from others which will contribute importantly to your career and personal interests. Surya will be conjunct Neptune forming the new moon conjunction which reveals subtle surroundings and threatening credit, draining vitality under unnecessary stress and strain. Avoid confiding secret aims in your programme to others. You may come in contact with headstrong, unsympathetic and unfavourable friends whom you may try to avoid or not act up to their advice. Circumstances may challenge your confidence in unusual ways. Financially the month seems to be progressing with greater convenience of money and help from outside. Conjunction of Sukra with Sani after Sukra's entry in the 11th house is gainful of financial

aid through a lady. In some cases it may indicate romantic episodes. Domestically this month will prove better both at home and in society outside. This is an important month also for investment problem. Legal aspect may not be found helpful or fortunate. Officially, improvement is registered. Business men will have greater success in foreign business in particular. Partnership will prosper well.

3, 4, 7, 8, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 26, 31 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Planets in the first half may not, perhaps, prove advantageous in your affairs during the first half of the month. Probably this is rather a tricky

month to handle and one which calls for much patience, wisdom and deeper knowledge in the field of your activities. The month favours the spiritual side in the case of persons so inclined. Intuitive faculties and inspiring influence are stimulated. Your ruler in the 8th sign of the world as well as planets in the 8th house of your rasi are more subtle than practical. Those in the realm of the optimistic surroundings will have also a promisingly rich reward but the spiritualist will fare the better of the two in his domain of philosophy and spirituality on account of his greater success in the spiritual level. Materially there may be sudden financial gain. Help from the higher-ups is indicated. Officially sudden rise to a higher place may

be an important event where the radix indications warrant it. Health may not be satisfactory during this month. Stomach will always prove a headache to you or secret troubles will keep on oppressing you. Distant journey is marked. Domestic environment is often seen disturbed, denying the comfort that you need greatly for your body. Merchants will do well in their speculation but very guardedly, lest there should be heavy loss if the element of risk is not eliminated in their business. Partnership will be under troubled waters.

2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 13, 14, 17, 19, 22, 26, 31 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planetary alignment during this month characterises the month's events as an admixture of both good and bad. The first half finds greater benefic influences at work while the second half indicates health trouble, distant journey, eye complaint, any trouble through court if you pursue legal actions. First half is favourable for money and envisages favours from near relations and also in your career field. More money may pass through your hands. Avoid differences and disagreements in all financial deeds. Monetary transactions may result in inimical relation since both the planets, viz. Mangal and Guru, are passing through enemies' houses. Domestically the month may not be as happy as before. The three

planets offer much resistance and discord in the domestic harmony. This is a month propitious for selling and buying things, either in land or houses. Officially this month offers greater encouragement. If you are in for a transfer, your move will be quite opportune during this month. Favour of your boss is indicated more in the first half than in the second. There may be false news or accusation against you from the second half. Avoid contact

with others as far as possible. Merchants will have a luckier time of it during this month. Partnership is welcome under favourable terms. New business deed may occur to their satisfaction. Second half may not perhaps prove so encouraging financially. There will be unexpected general business reactions against them. Partners will have dissatisfaction.

2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 26, 31 are better days.

WARNED!

"I love your daughter very dearly, sir," said the young man. "I would suffer deeply if I ever caused her a moment's unhappiness."
"You certainly would," replied the father. "That girl is her mother all over again, and I know."

"Haven't I shaved you before sir?" inquired the barber. "No," replied the new customer. "That's a war wound."

"Men are like wine," said a blonde; "age sours the bad and betters the good."

"Isn't your little son sweet?—and so polite, too," said an old lady. "He just told me I was pretty."

"Did he?" replied the mother, looking at the boy anxiously. "I must take him to an oculist."

"My husband is frightfully run down," said a young wife to the doctor.

"Business worries, perhaps?" he suggested.

"No, it can't be that. His business has just been wound up."

"It was at a cricket match that Roger first proposed to me," said Jane to her friend. "He was bold that day."

"Not really," remarked the friend, "he was caught!"

The soul that is impure, sordid and selfish, is gravitating with unerring precision towards misfortune and catastrophe; the soul that is pure, unselfish and noble is gravitating with equal precision towards happiness and prosperity. Every soul attracts its own, and nothing can possibly come to it that does not belong to it.

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