

Kahar iya

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KAHANIYA

ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE

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Annual Sub. Inland Rs. 3. Foreign Rs. 4.

Vol. IV |

NOVEMBER, 1957

| No. 7

THE PINING HEART

*"To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doomed to all who love or live."*

MAHALINGA PADMANABHAN, B.A., B.L.

"To dream of joy and wake to sorrow....." her mind kept on saying. The words sounded so real and poignant to her. It was more than a week since Mani had walked out of the house after one of those quarrels between them. There had been many such quarrels for the short period of their life together. The shock and disappointment of the first few occasions had gradually given place to total indifference to his vagaries. She could still resume teaching if it came to final separation. But she felt so exhausted and tired to-day. While everyone looked forward for the break of the dawn next day, the Deepavali day, in her heart there was nothing but despair and desolation.

"Give me some coffee if you have, Ma. I don't feel like eating anything," she told her mother who sat agonized at the daughter's married distress.

She retired to her room upstairs. Sudha had furnished it with care and taste in a style

which was at once simple and elegant. It was her long cherished ambition and somehow she had associated it with matrimony. The beautiful statuette of Radha-Krishna adorned the table in one corner.

She went about listlessly looking at the photographs on the walls like a stranger to the house. She felt amused at one of them wherein she looked so stiff and straight like a stick, just as stiff and straight as the Captain's wife next door. She had often thought Captain Krishna deserved a better wife. It was all the fault of the woman that they quarrelled so often and so violently.

She stopped as she came near the writing desk. She sat before the statuette. Her fingers involuntarily ran over its smooth surface. They lingered over those lips that stood so close to each other—"where each is both". She looked at it intently. A strange feeling ran through her frame. It was an exquisite piece

of art, the symbol of an union which the tortured soul, always "a foiled circuitous wanderer", is pining after. Even Mani used to admire it in those occasional tender intervals when his eyes happened to fall on it. He had asked once where she had bought it and had even congratulated her on her excellent taste. But she had not told him. It was a closely guarded secret. She had not told her mother even about how it came into her possession. It was a present to her. She could not refuse it especially when he had offered it. And that note of his...

She opened the desk and took out a letter from a small ivory casket. She carefully unfolded it and read:

Dearest S,

Please accept this humble token of love. But if you think it not proper to receive it, please don't hesitate to return it. But I shall be happy if you decide to keep it.

K.

And he was visibly happy when she made him know of her decision to keep it. It was plain that Captain Krishna cared for her in a different sort of way than others.

"Why don't you open the window? Go now...sleep child... What is the use of feeling it all... It is all our fate...It is all my mistake rather. I forced you to marry. You were so happy as a teacher...Go please and sleep....." her mother, who had come up with the coffee, pleaded.

Explosions of bursting crackers filled the air as her mother opened the window nearest to where she sat. She knew where from all the noise

came. It was from her old student Reva's house. She had been married a few month's before and she and her husband had come for their first Deepavali. Reva had looked so excited and enraptured when she called on her.

"What are you reading, my dear?" her mother enquired.

"Nothing," she replied and moved away from the desk. She resumed her walk round the room. Another of the photographs attracted her attention. It was a group photograph taken on the school anniversary five years ago. It appeared to her as if it was long, long ago. Her lips parted and a smile played round her pretty mouth. The Captain was in the group as the chief guest of the evening.

"Sudha dear, I..." she remembered his addressing her that evening after the function had ended. She didn't know how he had managed to disentangle himself from others and meet her all alone. And how silly it was of her to have behaved as she did and run away from him. She regretted why she had not asked him what it was he wanted and grant it straightaway....

Did he love her? A tender look came over her face as she recalled that scene. But suddenly she frowned as she remembered that strutting wife that ruled his house. But his little children she loved, particularly the sweet little boy who resembled him so much.

But then her mother was keen on her marriage and all it held out. So she staked everything, her hard earned

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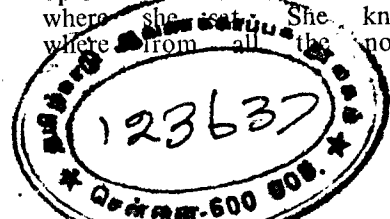
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money and more precious than all, as she realised now, her freedom.

"It is nearing twelve," her mother cautioned.

Sudha moved to her bed. She was in no mood to sleep. She had not been able to for the past two days. She sat gazing at the moon which shone relentlessly,

quite unmindful of the wounded heart that helplessly pined away in secret. Sounds of occasional exploding cracker came from a far off house. Only a few hours more for Deepavali.

"To dream of joy and wake to sorrow," her mind kept on moaning...and tears rolled down her cheeks before she realised she was weeping...

LOVERS DECIDE BY A RACE

In a small country town in Britain, writes *Tit-Bits*, a dainty, black-haired beauty had many would-be wooers, but she was only interested in two of them—a broad-shouldered young lawyer and a well-do-do young farmer. She encouraged them both, flirting with them, but always changing the subject when they tried to propose.

Everyone in the district got to know of the rivalry between these two ardent lovers. Everybody wondered what would be the outcome.

The trouble was that the girl just couldn't make up her mind whom to choose. Months passed and excitement grew as to who would be the lucky man. Some of the local gamblers began to make bets on the result of this unusual triangular courtship.

Then the girl acted. One June evening she arranged to meet both suitors, the lawyer at eight o'clock, the farmer at nine.

"Either of you could make me happy," she told each, "so I'll marry whichever one is the winner of a race next Saturday over a three-mile course. One mile must be ridden on a pony, the second run, the third walked backwards."

And having a rather mercenary nature, she added: "Whoever loses must provide me with a dowry of £1,000."

When the girl's father heard of this strange contest he was furious. But her mother, who had more sporting blood in her veins, encouraged the idea, saying: "Don't forget that whoever marries her will appreciate her all the more and that she'll be £1,000 better off when it's over."

It was an exciting contest. The entire population turned out in a heat-wave to see it decided. The two rivals were neck and neck in the riding and running, but the farmer tripped up while walking backwards and the lawyer won the race—and the girl—by nearly 100 yards.

x x x

To make a great future India, the whole secret lies in organisation, accumulation of power, co-ordination of wills—organisation alone is the primary means for all progress and the only way for the conservation of energy.—Swami Vivekananda.

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RETRIBUTION

For over a week the man was missing but suddenly he appears and murders his brother. The Inspector felt there was something odd and by his tactful handling of the suspect got at the truth.

'RUKMINI'

I was reading the morning newspaper and my eye was arrested by the following advertisement:

MISSING

Kishore, brother of Krishnama-raju, Municipal Chairman, 25 years, fair complexion, lean build, medium height. Reward Rs. 500/- for tracing him.

The photograph of the missing man was also given. I was intrigued by it as Raju was our Municipal Chairman and no stranger to me. We have been meeting at every Ministerial visit, and every public function in the town. Middle-aged and well built, and wearing spotless khadder, he displayed polished manners, and an eagerness to associate with officials. He spoke fluent Telugu, but his English was spoken with little justice to grammar. More about him, I did not know, nor had I ever come across his brother.

I rang up the police station to inform them about it; but the S. I. replied that Raju himself had been to the station the previous evening, and given them a written complaint, and necessary action was already being taken in the matter.

That evening Raju phoned me up, and told me everything about it, and requested me to take

some special steps to restore his missing brother to him. He was crushed with sorrow, and I cheered him up, and assured him that no stone would be left unturned and his brother would be traced before soon. I instructed the S. I. to depute a couple of intelligent men exclusively on that job, and see that the missing man was traced.

A week had passed and no trace of the missing brother was found. At about 9 P.M. one evening I had another call from the bungalow of the Chairman. Perhaps, his brother had returned home, I thought. No, nothing of the sort; on the other hand, it was something shocking. The Chairman, I was told by an agitated servant, had been murdered by his own brother! Fancy the missing brother returning home, and killing his own brother, who was trying his best to trace him by offering a reward of Rs. 500! Funny things happen in this world. To me it was incredible; surely, something rotten in the State of Denmark.

I dressed up and made a bee-line to the Chairman's bungalow. The S. I. was already there, and he was questioning the peons who were scared stiff. The culprit, the missing brother, was already

under arrest, hand-cuffed and held by two constables. Two others were busy keeping out the Peeping Toms. From inside the house came heart rending cries of a woman, perhaps, the unfortunate wife.

Soon after I arrived, I was led into the office room of the Chairman. The unfortunate Chairman was lying on the floor in a pool of blood. The fatal injury was on the forehead; and the expression on his face was hideous as if just before his death he was face to face with a horrible monster, which frightened him to the marrow of his bones.

From the peons I gathered that as usual the Chairman had had his food at 8.30. p.m. and entered the room for his office work. They never saw him alive again. The rest of the household was busy inside: the servants making up the beds, and the wife giving instructions to the cook. All on a sudden a piercing cry came from the office room, and they rushed to the spot in panic. Just at that time the missing brother rushed out of the room. They were stunned to see the Chairman dead. Without losing any time, they chased the murderer, and caught him before he could disappear in the darkness.

"The blow must have come from one of those sticks there," explained the S. I. pointing to a corner in the room, where a few walking sticks were huddled up; and picking up one which was fairly stout and heavy he continued, "Perhaps this. A single blow from this, I think, is



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enough to kill a man." As for the motive it was soon evident that the two brothers had been quarrelling frequently, the younger demanding partition of the family property and having his share.

The younger brother, a hot-blood, it was stated was keen to separate and lead an independent life.

The arrested man was shabbily dressed and hungry-looking. His face was pale as death, and had an unmistakable air of 'let-what-may-come-I-don't-care' attitude. To my enquiry as to what happened, his reply was an indifferent and contemptuous "I know nothing." However he admitted running out of the room, but denied having commit-

ted the murder.

From what I had heard and seen, it was impossible for me to make head or tail of it. I could not believe the versions of any of them; and I suspected a snag somewhere. I thought for a moment, and then decided. I fell foul on the S. I. for arresting and handcuffing the young man, and directed him to remove them at once and take him to my car. I instructed him to finish up the routine, and finally send up the body for post-mortem examination. Naturally the S. I. was upset, and the peons were looking at me with wonder and suspicion; but I could not help.

It was 11 P.M. when we reached home, and I told Kishore that there was nothing for him to be afraid of. He was my guest for the night, and he could make himself absolutely at home. After a bath, I gave him some of my clothes to wear and after the dinner, the best that could be produced under the circumstances, we retired to bed. I waited till he was asleep, which was luckily not long, and locked the room in which he was sleeping.

Next morning after breakfast we met in the office room. The paleness on his face was gone; but he was still looking grave; fear no doubt had left him, but he was not cheerful. It was in this atmosphere that I once again questioned him, and this time to my delight, he made a clean breast of the matter without the least hesitation.

Raju and Kishore were the only children of their father, who left them extensive lands and enormous cash. Kishore was

only 15 when his father died; and Raju automatically stepped into his shoes as the manager of the family.

Ill-educated and unchecked, Raju turned out a veritable villain, and was ruthless and unscrupulous in achieving his ends. In politics a thorough fraud, he captured the Council by playing every dirty trick he could, and his regime was rampant with corruption and misappropriation.

But Kishore was different. He called a spade a spade and fundamentally disagreed with his brother and openly criticised his squandering the family property on wine and women. To Raju, he was a thorn in his flesh; and, perhaps, he also feared he might turn out a serious rival to him.

Before long the clash came. One morning Kishore met his brother, and demanded division of the property. To Raju, this was a bolt from the blue; but he was a hard nut, and knew how to meet any situation. At first he tried to pacify his brother; but when it was clear that it would not work, he appeared to yield and asked for time.

From that day onwards Raju was a different man altogether. His attitude towards Kishore underwent a revolution; and he was no more the miserly and indifferent plutocrat, but an affectionate and patronizing elder brother.

A few weeks later the brothers were off to a distant village. A certain tenant owed them a lot of money. A personal call, Raju had said, would have the desired effect, and if Kishore

was also there, they might be more successful. Hence the visit.

It was getting dark and they were going along the railway bridge, Kishore in front and Raju behind. Suddenly he found himself being pushed from behind. He hit against some hard substance and then the water engulfed him. The river was in floods, but being a good swimmer, he escaped from being drowned. By the time he could reach the bank, he was completely exhausted and lost his consciousness altogether.

When he opened his eyes he found he was in a hut. A passing villager happened to see him lying unconscious on the bank, and had taken him home and saved his life.

On the tenth day when he had sufficiently recovered he got into the next available train, and straightaway returned home. It was night. Seeing his brother working in the office, he walked inside just to let him know that his plan had misfired, and he was still alive. At the sight of Kishore, Raju was terror stricken; his face turned pale and grotesque. He shot up from his chair and tried to run away. Perhaps his guilty conscience thought the ghost of Kishore had come to take vengeance. But while running away his feet caught the leg of the table and he dropped heavily on the floor with a hideous cry.

Kishore was aghast at the turn of the events and he decided to run away but was caught before he could escape.

"I should think," concluded Kishore, "he must have taken me for a ghost come to take revenge,



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and out of sheer shock dropped on the ground and broke his skull." So saying he burst into tears.

Just then there was an interruption.

"May I come in, sir?" came a voice from outside. It was my S. I., and I immediately asked him to come in. He seemed cheerful and gay as if he had come across some good news.

"Here is the post mortem certificate," he continued handing

me a medium-sized cover. "The Chairman died a natural death. Shock and heart failure, and the wound on the forehead is only post-mortem."

I heaved a huge sigh of relief and joy. That means he was dead even before the fall which resulted in the injury to his head. Too happy a death to a man who so brazenly perpetrated such a blasphemous outrage on one who was so innocent, and who was of his own blood!

SPEED IN GAMES

How fast does a cricket ball travel?

Statisticians say that Harold Larwood, the England fast bowler, bowled at a speed of 90 m.p.h., and was once driven to the boundary by Don Bradman at 120 m.p.h.!

It is estimated that the maximum speed at which a table tennis ball can travel is about 50 miles an hour. In lawn tennis, of course, the ball travels much faster. Speeds of 130 m.p.h. have been reached at Wimbledon. The world record is held by "Big Bill" Tilden at 150 m.p.h.

Test carried out in a London club on a first-class table showed that a billiards ball, struck by a hard hitter, travels at only 21 m.p.h.

Football? A very swift penalty kick in soccer hardly exceeds 35 m.p.h. In ice hockey, the fastest of all games, the puck skims over the ice at no more than 88 m.p.h., according to a professor of physics who conducted tests during a match in America.

Golf ball travels at 180 m.p.h. while baseball is pitched at nearly 100 m.p.h.

Scientists in the United States found that boxer Joe Louis's knockout punch moved at the rate of 117 m.p.h. and that Jack Dempsey in his prime punched at 135 m.p.h.

India's greatness lies in her unique contribution to the world of things of the spirit for the regeneration of mankind. Even in her present impoverished state she has not neglected to realise the splendour of the soul. That is her spiritual heritage handed down to us by the ancient saints and sages.—Swami Ramdas.

When a motor-cyclist who had crashed into a telegraph pole and brought down the wires recovered consciousness, his hands were clutching the wires.

"Thank goodness!" he exclaimed. "It's a harp!"

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

Palakole Bank Murder Case

RAJAGOPALAN

Bhima Bahadur and Tukaram, both Gurkhas, were night watchmen in the Imperial Bank of India branch at Palakole, (West Godavari Dt.), the former having been entertained as such since February 1954. Immaneni Hanumantha Rao was the cashier and was working in the Palakole branch for some years until he was transferred to the Bapatla branch in 1952. Even after taking over at Bapatla, he used to visit the Palakole branch and meet the staff and was also closely acquainted with Tukaram.

Early in July 1954, he made his usual trip to Palakole and stopped for a few hours during midnight at the bank premises. He enter-

tained both Bhima and Tukaram and plied them with cool drinks and beer. He then departed to catch his train for Bapatla.

He took leave, and was absent from duty from 16-8-1954 to 15-9-1954.

On 11-9-1954, Bhima was on duty as night watchman from 9 p.m. to midnight until he was relieved by Tukaram. At about midnight, Hanumantha Rao arrived at the premises with a holdall, a hand bag containing three bottles of drinks and a basket containing cakes and oranges. He told them that he was returning from Pithapuram and was to proceed to Bapatla, by the 2 p.m. train. Then he

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proceeded to the staff tiffin room in the upstairs of the building and called out both Bhima and Tukaram. He offered them two tumblers containing drink, saying that it was sherbet mixed with brandy.

Bhima fell in and drank a full tumbler, but Tukaram refused. Then Hanumantha Rao pressed the tumbler to his mouth, but as the drink was bitter, Tukaram would not take it. Meanwhile Bhima went downstairs, and complaining of a "hot" sensation, lay down saying that he was dying.

Hanumantha Rao had followed him, all the while persuading Tukaram to partake of the drink. Tukaram, however, spurned it and in the process a small portion of the liquid fell on the Cuddapah slab floor. Hanumantha Rao then went upstairs with the tumbler and washed it with clean water. He then came downstairs and was accosted by Tukaram as to what he had given Bhima. He said nothing, but asked him to fetch a soda; but Tukaram refused saying that he would not leave the strong room. Hanumantha Rao himself went out and brought a soda bottle, but Bhima could not drink it. He was in agony. Hanumantha Rao wanted a doctor to be sent for but Tukaram would not move an inch, leaving the strong room unguarded. Then Hanumantha Rao left the premises with his kit promising to get hold of a doctor, but he never returned, having taken care to proceed to the railway station enroute Bapatla.

It was now 2-30 a.m. Tukaram ran up to the bank daffedar who

came on the spot very soon. Bhima was sinking. Then the cashier and the agent were contacted and they arrived with a Civil Assistant Surgeon at the premises at 4-20 a.m. By that time Bhima had died.

The police were informed at 7 a.m. On the following day, the Circle Inspector of Police, Bapatla, searched the premises of Hanumantha Rao, but nothing was found. He was also absent. Three days later, Hanumantha Rao himself came to the station and asked the Inspector as to why he had searched his house in his absence. The only reply he gave was to hand him over to the Head Constable who took him thereafter to the Circle Inspector of Narasapur the next day.

Hanumantha Rao made a statement before that officer which was taken by a village magistrate. He also took him (the magistrate) to several places between 18-9-1954 to 21-9-1954 and showed him a number of shopping centres in Guntur, Punnur, Bapatla, Vijayawada and Gudivada. Then a series of facts came to light. About three months prior to that date, Hanumantha Rao had been busying himself with the purchase of apparatus to break open iron safes. He had bought two tinkers at Bapatla, and twelve second hand iron safe keys for Rs. 15, saying that he wanted them for his family iron safe.

On 2-9-54, 3-9-54 & 4-9-54 he had obtained a prescription from a registered medical practitioner at Ponnur for the supply of two ounces of brandy on each of the dates by representing that his

wife was suffering from bronchitis and needed it. On the strength of the certificate, he purchased two ounces of brandy on each of the days from a chemist at Ponnur.

On 10-9-1954 he had engaged a tinker-maker at Guntur, one Masthan, on a remuneration of Rs. 25 and all found, to open an iron safe at Palakole which he said was his family iron safe and which, he told him, had to be opened as misunderstandings had developed between him and his brother.

On the following day, that is on 11-9-1954, in the early hours of the morning, he left Guntur by train along with Masthan for Palakole, carrying with him a tool bag; and both were noticed moving about by a railway police constable. In the middle of the journey, he bought two orange crush bottles from the ice-vendor at the Bapatla railway station and took them in his bag.

They reached Palakole at 10 a.m. He left Masthan at the station and went out alone. He returned about midnight and sent Masthan back to his place, saying that his services were not needed, as his brother had come. In the meantime, events were moving swiftly at Palakole.

As soon as the police came on the scene, an autopsy, on the body was conducted at 2 p.m. on 12-9-1954. The features noticed were these:

The body had two bruises on the head, which, it was opined, might have been caused by falling on the ground.

The pericardium and heart were livid in colour and contained

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

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Pains

dark blood. The lungs were congested and livid; and all the solid organs in the abdomen were congested with dark blood. The inner aspect of the durameter, was also found congested.

The cerebro-spinal fluid was slightly blood-stained. The mucous lining of the trachea, larynx, cesophagus, was found soft and livid and the tongue seemed slightly swollen.

The viscera was sent up for chemical examination.

The doctor certified Bhima had died of shock, anoxaemia and failure of heart on account of some poison which might have

acted rapidly. He however reserved his opinion till he had seen the report of the chemical examiner.

The chemical examiner detected sodium nitrate equivalent to about one grain in the stomach contents and a quantity of nitrate too small for estimation in the intestinal contents and the blood from the heart.

Alcohol was also found in the viscera.

The doctor now said that death was due to sodium nitrate poisoning.

On 12-9-1954, the police had recovered the clothing worn by Bhima and took out the stone slab on which a part of the drink offered by Hanumantha Rao to Tukaram got spilled and also the scrappings from the wall and floor of the tiffin room in the upstairs.

The chemical examiner detected sodium nitrate in small quantities only in the floor scrappings. No vomitted matter was noticed.

The hold-all and the tool bag were recovered eight days later, also a newspaper used by Hanumantha Rao to wrap up the brandy bottles and on which he had scribbled a few letters.

Taking all these circumstances into account, it did not take long to conclude that Hanumantha Rao had contrived to do away with Bhima, and to break open the bank iron safe and take away whatever he could carry. He was therefore chargesheeted for murder, and the case against him was proved by the direct testimony of Tukaram and by the series of witnesses who had aided him and seen him and who had no reason to implicate him on a

false capital charge.

The Sessions Judge of West Godavari found him guilty and sentenced him to death.

But there were some features in the case which required re-appraisal. That Bhima had been killed did not admit of any doubt. That his killing had been by poison, was equally clear. That the poison used was sodium nitrate was perfectly plain. It was no doubt an ingredient of food, but the presence of that chemical in the unused drink and in the spillings on the floor, made out that he had partaken of a liquid which contained it. But these did not conclude the question, because, a fatal dose, in technical parlance "a lethal dose", of sodium nitrate is calculated at 20 to 30 grains. But only one grain had been detected in Bhima's stomach. It was possible that nitrate being easily decomposed might have been destroyed in the system by the time the autopsy had been conducted.

There was, however, no ground for concluding that the full lethal dose had been administered. Perhaps a smaller dose had been given and that might have been aggravated by interaction with the other food substances. This seems the more rational since Hanumantha Rao would have wished only to render the deceased unconscious for a while, during which time he could have carried out his nefarious design and bolted away.

The prosecution had not proved that he had administered the lethal dose. At any rate, there was a reasonable doubt whether

he had given the full quantity of 20 to 30 grains. Therefore the learned judges of the Andhra High Court, on appeal, acquitted him of murder, but convicted him of poisoning under Sec 328 I.P.C. and sentenced him to prison for 7 years. (Copyright with the author.)

THE NEED OF THE TIMES

Looking back over the twentyone civilisations I have studied, I am not sanguine about man's ability to make a good moral decision if he aims only at a wordly goal. Love of mankind has been a force of history—but only when it was a by-product of an intense love of God. The greatest need of the modern world is a rebirth of supernatural belief. Without it, man—unregenerate man—is hardly to be trusted with the dangerous toys his laboratories have hatched. —Professor Arnold J. Toynbee.

THE ASHRAM IN PONDICHERY

Recently I went to Pondicherry. I could not go there before that, when Aurobindo Ghosh was living. I spent thirty years when I was young in *chintan*, *manan* and service. If Gandhiji were alive today, I would have continued that sort of work and never started on this walking tour. In that work I had entire satisfaction those days and to-day in this work also I have that much satisfaction. I have studied Aurobindo Ghosh's works from my early days, but I could not contact him or see him in his Ashram. I saw him in Baroda in my childhood and after he dropped his body I came to Pondicherry during this yatra. Where great men have lived, the atmosphere has its own sanctity even after they have dropped off their mortal coil. I was happy to see Pondicherry. —Vinoba Bhawe.

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THE LONG LOST LOVER

The blind fortune teller had told her that good days are ahead but the widow never suspected that the prediction concerned about her lover and not her son who had been absent for long from home.

HSU TI-SHAN*

Deep in the shade of a big banyan tree in a narrow lane in the little fishing village of Tsangghai there once lived an old woman and her daughter-in-law. Theirs was a lonely life. The old woman, Yun-ku by name, was widowed when she was only twenty, within a year of her marriage and a son had been born to her posthumously. Cheng-jen was his name and when he had grown up and married, he had like other young men gone to the city to seek his fortune.

A blind fortune teller used to visit the fishing village and Yun-ku always made it a point to consult him about her son's future. One day when the sound of the gong announced the arrival of the blind fortune teller in the village Yun-ku, the old lady, as usual was waiting for him at the door of her hut.

She had a special reason to consult him. For nearly a year she had not heard from her son. She therefore greeted the fortune teller eagerly.

"You want me to tell your fortune to-day?" asked the blind man.

The old woman laughed. "Every day that my son is away from home, I am afraid I must

trouble you. But I am beginning to doubt your predictions. All these years you have been saying that we will be together again. But I haven't even had a letter from him. I think you'd better turn your gong over to me and take up another trade," she said jestingly. "You are a very unreliable fortune teller!"

The blind fortune teller joined in her laugh. "You are teasing me. But that is the way your fortune is. About your son you have to wait. Even if you took my little gong and smashed it you couldn't make his good fortune come a minute sooner. But I have some good news for you. You will soon meet someone whom you have longed to see and you will be happy."

"I want to meet my son. Who else is there for me to meet?" replied the old lady testily.

"I believe some good fortune is on your way. Why not you go to the city and seek your son? You have been to his place several times before, haven't you?"

"Of course I can see him if I go there. Do I need you to tell me that?"

"Then go," said the blind

fortune teller. "Something tells me that the trip will bring you happiness."

"Very well," replied Yun-ku. "Unless there is news from him in another month or so, I definitely will go."

A month passed by and still there was no news from her son. So one day Yun-ku accompanied by her daughter-in-law set out to seek her son Chen-jen in the city. They travelled by ship and landing in the city the old lady took the road to where her son lived. She had made this trip two or three times before, and she knew the way well. At last she recognised the familiar gate and

walls of the house where her son lived. Only this time they appeared more resplendent than before. "You see your husband has become rich," said Yun-ku with pride addressing her daughter-in-law.

Before them lay a small garden. On each side of the path from the main gate to the house was a row of evenly trimmed shrubs.

"My son knows how to enjoy himself alright," Yun-ku muttered. "This courtyard used to be a field of rubble and now look at it. He's lavished plenty of money on himself, without a thought to his old mother who spent her every penny to pay for

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*From Chinese Literature

his education. Of course he couldn't save anything while he was in school those ten or twelve years. But now that he's able to put something aside, he can only think of spending it on himself!"

By then the women had reached the house. They could see a painting of some flowers hanging on the wall inside, and they recognized it as a picture the son had taken from home. Reassured that they had come to the right place, they sat down in the anteroom. The old lady kept peering toward the interior of the house, but there was no sign of her son.

"Is anyone at home?" she called out finally, in some annoyance. "I've been waiting here a long time. Why hasn't there been even a shadow of a person come out to greet me?"

This brought forth a young servant. "Who do you wish to see?" he enquired.

"Who do I wish to see!" the old lady retorted angrily. "Are you pretending you don't recognize me? Hurry and ask your master to come out."

The old lady obviously was not to be trifled with when she was aroused. "Madam is some close relative of his excellency, then?" the servant asked respectfully.

"'Excellency' indeed! The nerve of him—putting on airs before his own mother!"

This came as a surprise to the young servant, for his master's mother was living right upstairs, and now here was another one.

"But madam surely can't be my Master Hsiao's—"

"Master Hsiao? My son is

Master Chin."

"Perhaps madam has come to the wrong gate. My master's name is Hsiao, not Chin." The exchange grew livelier, with both sides becoming more and more confused, until the noise brought out another servant. He recognized the old lady.

"Why, how are you, madam?" he cried. He was the son's cook.

"So you're still here, Sung," the old lady said to him. "This hateful little flunkey insists his master's name is not Chin. Don't tell me 'my son has changed his name?'"

"Doesn't madam know?" asked the cook. "The young master hasn't been living here since the beginning of last year. He sold all these things to the new owner. I'm not working for him any more either. The owner of this place is named Hsiao."

It seemed that Cheng-jen, the son, had been engaged in business and doing fairly well. But times had changed, and soon he was reduced to living from hand to mouth. Finally, he sold the house and furniture for whatever he could get.

Yun-ku asked for his present address. "I haven't seen the young master for more than a year. I really don't know where he is now," said the cook. "I remember him saying he wanted to leave this town."

The cook saw them to the gate and gave them directions to the main street. They walked aimlessly for a while. "Now where are we going?" said the daughter-in-law in a tearful voice. The over-sensitive old lady thought she was ridiculing her. "We'll just

follow our noses!" she snapped. Daughter-in-law dared say no more.

Having failed to find the son and being unfamiliar with the town, the two country women, each carrying a small bundle, could only wander from street to street. When Yun-ku had walked almost to the point of exhaustion, she turned to her daughter-in-law and said:

"We had better find a place to put up for the night. But whether there is an inn around here...I have no idea."

They had stopped on a street corner to talk things over. At that moment, a motor-cycle drove slowly by. Because it had sounded its horn, they glanced in its direction while stepping to the side of the road. And then the old lady was stupefied for she recognised her son. But before they had a chance to cry out, the

vehicle was already far down the street.

"Riding that motor-cycle—wasn't that your husband, Cheng-jen? How could you be so slow-witted? Why didn't you call to him to stop?"

"Oh, it was such a shock! Besides, how could I just call out like that on a public street?"

"So you wouldn't call! Well, now we'll see where you sleep tonight." While they were trying to sort out their thought, a policeman, twirling a big black club, came ambling down the street, whistling a vulgar ditty. Observing these odd-looking women, he walked over to question them. When they told him they were looking for lodging, he pointed to a building a distance off and said: "That place over there is an inn." Too tired to walk any further, they went in the direction indicated.



The advertisement features a large, elegant cursive 'Pilot' logo at the top left. Below it, a fountain pen is shown diagonally. To the right of the pen is a small bottle of Pilot ink and a box labeled 'WORLD FAMOUS PILOT INK'. The text 'FOUNTAIN PEN AND INK' is prominently displayed in the center. At the bottom, it reads 'THE PILOT PEN CO. (INDIA) LTD.' and 'OFFICE: CATHOLIC CENTRE, ARMENIAN ST. MADRAS. FACTORY: RED HILLS, MADRAS.' The entire advertisement is framed by a decorative border.

The women assumed that the streets of a big town were as simple as those in their little village, that everyone took the same route every day. And so the next morning, before she had even washed her face or combed her hair, the old lady hurried to the corner where she had seen the motor cycle the previous day. She had some difficulty in finding the place, for she didn't know the town. She stood on the corner for hours, and though many motor-cycles passed, none of them was ridden by her son. Finally, the policeman again came up and questioned her. She replied excitedly, with many vigorous gestures, but the policeman couldn't make head or tail of what she was saying. He had to ask her to move on and not block the busy intersection. Muttering under her breath, the old lady slowly returned to the inn. The daughter-in-law was waiting at the doorway for her.

The old lady came and sat down, breathing hard. For several minutes she did not speak, but only shook her head. "Come what may, I must find him," she said after a long silence.

Although the daughter-in-law was feeling badly, she suppressed her own emotions and made an effort to comfort the old lady. "We're sure to find him sooner or later," she said. "But I don't think we can do it by standing on the street corner every day. Wouldn't it be better to hire someone to make a search for him?"

"You hire someone, if you're so rich!" retorted the old lady

angrily. After a pause she said. "I know that street now; tomorrow I'm going to wait there again. It was dusk when I saw him the other day. If I go in the afternoon the next time, I'll be able to find him."

"You ought to let me go," the daughter-in-law urged. "I'm stronger and can stand a longer time."

Yun-ku shook her head. "No. People's hearts here are very wicked. The less a young woman goes out alone the better."

And so each day she stood on the corner, but the motor-cycle she had seen before never came her way. A month quickly passed. They were running out of money and would soon have to leave the inn. Yun-ku decided to return home first and then make further plans. The daughter-in-law didn't want to leave immediately, but knowing the old lady's stubborn disposition, she could only swallow the protest that was on the tip of her tongue.

x x x

When they went on board, they were given a small cabin near the side of the ship. Not long after they set sail, a strong wind began dashing spray against the cabin window. The ship rolled and tossed until they were dizzy. The second night at sea, they were wrenched from their dreams by a loud sudden crash that was followed by terrifying cries. The daughter-in-law leaped from her bunk and ripped open the cabin door. She could see passengers dashing madly about the deck like mice in a cage. Hastily returning to the cabin she told

the old lady:

"We must get outside quickly!"

The two women rushed out of the cabin, tightly holding hands. Frightened passengers crowded and pushed one another on the wet, slippery deck. Because of the gale and the angry waves, many of them lost their footing and rolled into the sea. The two women stumbled, and Yun-ku let go of her daughter-in-law's hand to steady herself. In the next instant the younger woman was swept away in the milling crowd. A young man helped Yun-ku up and she threw her arms around a mast.

At dawn the stricken vessel was still afloat. It had run aground on a reef, and its entire stern was under water. Many lives were lost the night before; the daughter-in-law being one of them. Yun-ku wept bitterly but no one tried to comfort her. Each was bewailing his own personal tragedy, and heart-broken weeping was common enough.

For several days the ship remained on the reef. The storm gradually abated, and a hope sprang up in the survivors that another ship might pass and save them. Sometimes hopes are fulfilled. When the passengers saw a column of black smoke coming nearer from the horizon, Yun-ku forgot her loss and joined her voice to their pleading shouts.

It was after she and the others were taken aboard the rescue ship that she again thought of her daughter-in-law. She knew that the ship was bearing her back to the port she had just left, a place



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she didn't want to go to, and this upset her still more. She had left there a few days before because she had no alternative, and now she was being returned to the same place. The old lady couldn't restrain her tears.

Mr. Chu, the captain of the ship, took pity on her and on hearing her story, felt very sorry for her and invited her to stay at his home after they landed; there she would be able to rest and make inquiries about her son.

Mr. Chu did his utmost to help find the son, but with no success. Though the old lady found it rather embarrassing to stay so long in another person's home, she had no way of returning to her own village. She was really too old to look after herself. Before, her daughter-in-law had

taken care of her, but now the daughter-in-law was gone. The mists in the evening of life were indeed frightening, painful. But her aged host and hostess were happy to have her and did everything to make her forget her troubles.

The days slipped by. One day Mr. Chu's wife, an intelligent woman, reminded him:

"Didn't you say she's from the village of Tsanghai? My sister's husband is also from Tsanghai, and his name is Chin too to which family Yun-ku belongs. Maybe they're related. Why not ask him about her son?"

"According to your brother-in-law, Tsanghai is full of people named Chin, and many of them travel to all parts of the land. They may not be close relatives. If they're distant relatives what good will it do? I've asked the old lady if she knows Sze-ching, and she says there was never anybody by that name in her village. Sze-ching left there over forty years ago and has never gone back. He might not recall her anyhow."

"There's nothing strange about her not remembering his name. Country boys always go by some nickname or other, but they adopt a proper name if they leave their native village. How could you expect her to remember him? It's much easier for a man to recall a girl's name, which doesn't change. Since Tsanghai is a small place, he's sure to know her. She's over sixty now. That means she was about twenty-five or six when Sze-ching came here. Right? I still think you'd better ask him."

After talking the matter over, it was decided that Mr. Chu would call on his brother-in-law, Sze-ching. Although the two were related by marriage, they seldom met. Sze-ching's wife, younger sister of Mr. Chu's wife, had died many years before. She left only one child, a son named Li-sheng. Because there were no women in Sze-ching's house, except for the traditional exchange of gifts at New Year's time, there was little visiting between the two families. Sze-ching was a very affable fellow with a fine sense of humour. After his wife died, he had turned all of his affairs over to this young son and retired to a country retreat outside the town.

Sze-Ching was surprised to see Mr. Chu, his brother-in-law, call on him.

"It's been a long time, brother-in-law. There must be something special to make you come all the way from town and honour me with a visit."

"Naturally," he said. "One doesn't disturb an important personage without real cause," said Mr. Chu with a smile. "There's something I have to ask you about. But you haven't been back there for so many years, perhaps you don't know."

"Is it something to do with my native village?"

"Yes. I haven't told you yet. This summer when I was coming back from Hongkong, my ship rescued several dozen people from the sea."

"I heard about that. I wanted to call on you and inquire after your health."

Mr. Chu smiled. "Thanks.

Among those rescued there was a woman aged over sixty. She came here recently to look for her son. Unfortunately she couldn't find him and started to return home with her daughter-in-law. During the voyage the ship was wrecked by a storm and the daughter-in-law was lost. Because she was all alone, I brought her home to live with us temporarily. She says she's from Tsanghai. My wife and I have been very worried about her these past few months. If she goes home, there's no one to look after her. But staying here and not being able to find her son has made her ill with anxiety. When I ask her about her family affairs, she answers in a very confused manner. So I've come to ask for your assistance."

"I was never an official of Tsanghai. I may not necessarily know her. Still, someone about sixty—I ought to know quite a few of that age. What's her name?"

"Her name is Yun-ku."

Sze-ching's interest mounted. "Is she the Yun-ku who married Jih-teng?"

"She hasn't said who her husband was. But her son's

name is Cheng-jen. She told me so herself."

"Say, that's right. Sister Jih-teng did have a son of that name. I'd better go and see her. Then we can be sure."

In less than ten minutes he was ready and hastened to the town.

Sze-ching entering the room looked long at the old woman and asked her, "Aren't you Sister Jih-teng?" Yun-ku stared at this old man with the grey hairs and grey eyebrows.

"You're not Brother Jih-hui?" she asked faintly.

"Of course I am!" Sze-ching's grey brows danced delightedly.

"Yun-ku seemed to be suddenly restored to health. She sat up and gazed long at the old man standing before her. "Ah, you've aged so," she said, shaking her head.

"Me? Old?" Sze-ching replied with a laugh. "I still expect to live another thirty years. But I never thought I'd see you again in this world."

Tears ran down Yun-ku's old cheeks. "Nor I," she said. "After you left, you never wrote. If I had known you were here, Cheng-jen wouldn't be lost today."

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Mr. Chu and his wife looked at each other in bewilderment. They hadn't the faintest idea what this was all about. Sze-ching sat down.

"You two must be quite surprised. Let me explain. She and I are relatives. We're both well along in years now; there's no harm in telling something that happened in our youth. All my life I never loved and respected any woman more than Yun-ku. Her husband and I were clan brothers. He was my elder, but she's five years younger than I. Less than a year after her marriage, her husband died. Shortly afterwards, she gave birth to a son. I knew her before she was married. We were always together. I went to see her often after her marriage too." Sze-ching paused a moment, then went on:

"We lived at opposite ends of a small lane. Whenever I went out I had to pass her door. But the world is full of coincidences. When her son Cheng-jen grew to be five or six, he began to look the very image of me.

"Then when she thought she saw him here," Mr. Chu interrupted, "it must have been your boy Li-sheng who went by on the motor-cycle."

"Oh, you've seen Li-sheng?" Sze-ching asked Yun-ku. "He doesn't know you. Even if he had seen you, he wouldn't have known who you are." Turning to Mr. Chu, he continued, "I've told you that the people in my village were very ignorant, and they loved to gossip. I was the only son of a declining family. There were many in the clan who

were always looking for a chance to take advantage of me. A couple of rascals used Cheng-jen's resemblance to me as a means for blackmail. They threatened to 'expose' me before the magistrate for getting gay with a widow, for ruining her faithfulness to her husband's memory. For the sake of us both I took a bit of money with me and ran away to this place. Actually I had never been a merchant. It was just luck that I was able to set up in business here. Anyhow I never went back. I was afraid of being blackmailed again."

Sze-ching looked at Yun-ku. "Since you've come, there's no point in your going back. I'll prepare a place for you to live, then I'll think of some way to find Cheng-jen."

He didn't talk much longer for he wanted to let Yun-ku get some rest. Following Mr. Chu out of the room, he told the old gentleman he would move her to his country retreat. Since the two were relatives in the same clan, Mr. Chu of course couldn't insist on her remaining.

For the bed-ridden Yun-ku, this sudden meeting with the lover of whom she often thought but never could speak, the man she had so longed for in her youth, was the best possible medicine. The careworn look was erased from her face.

x x x
Lying in bed, she recalled the days of her youth and her passion for Jih-hui.

It was soon after her husband's death. She was only twenty then and though a son had been born to her posthumously she

couldn't suppress her womanly longing for romance and love. A widow's life was becoming increasingly burdensome to her, particularly because her husband's cousin Jih-hui was living at the opposite end of the lane.

Jih-hui was a handsome youth and the only scholar in the village. Everyday he had to pass down the lane to go to the village and as befitting a clan brother he stopped opposite his sister-in-law's hut and made kind enquiries about her and her child.

Gradually there had grown between them a deep friendship and each secretly loved the other.

It was the time of the festival in the village temple and a

drama was being held in the huge temple courtyard. People from miles around had flocked to see the drama and they sat through the whole night till the dawn of the next day.

Yun-ku too had gone to see the drama but before midnight she had got bored and returned to the hut. The baby was sleeping peacefully. The room was hot and as was her custom, she took a stool and sat outside the door to get some fresh breeze.

The lane was deserted; the bright moon was spreading its silvery rays lending enchantment to the surroundings. From the temple courtyard came faint sounds of the cymbals. But Yun-ku was blind to all these. Her youthful heart was longing

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for love. Her body, supple and strong, craved for the embrace of masculine arms. Oh! How she longed for Jih-hui to come and claim her! But that was impossible. The thought made her sad and in spite of herself she began to cry.

How long she sat there thus she did not know. Her reverie was, however, broken by faint sounds of footsteps coming from the other end of the lane. She peered down into the lane and saw that it was Jih-hui. Evidently he too had got bored with the drama.

Jih-hui saw Yun-ku sitting alone and coming nearer discerned that she had been crying.

"Not asleep yet?" he asked coming nearer and added, "What is troubling you? Why are you crying?"

Yun-ku made no answer. Instead she took his hands in hers and pulled him slowly towards her.

Jih-hui felt greatly embarrassed by her touch but hiding it he asked, "Does holding my hand help you stop crying?"

Yun-ku pulled him a little closer and said passionately, "Today I am not letting you go."

Jih-hui was terribly frightened. His pulse quickened. But he controlled himself and spoke in a serious tone:

"It is evident that the drama has made you unhappy. It is not that I don't feel the same as you. My heart longs for you. But I wouldn't take advantage of your weakness to-day. I don't care so much about my reputation. You have a son. He is still a baby. Would it not harm him and his

future wrecked if people start a scandal about us? My love for you is deep and I would beg of you to wait for some years till I come up in the world and am able to provide for you and your son....."

The talk, however, was interrupted by the crying of the baby inside.

Yun-ku let go of Jih-hui's hand and went into the hut. When she came out again, Jih-hui was gone. And as she stared down the lane into the darkness at the receding figure two arms suddenly enveloped her from behind. Twisting her head, she saw the village rascal.

"What are you trying to do?"

"I heard everything you two said. You wanted him to spend the night. Why not me?"

Yun-ku was frantic with terror. She wanted to cry out.

"If you scream I'll drag Jih-hui back here and confront him," the rascal warned. "I'll accuse him before the council." As he spoke, he ran his hands boldly over Yun-ku's bosom.

Unable to call for help, she tried soft talk as a last resort. "You can't get what you want unless I agree. You can hold me from now until tomorrow, but unless I'm willing, what good will it do? But if you let me go a minute, I'll move the baby into the next room..."

The man eagerly released her before she had even finished her sentence. "And then you'll be willing," he said fawningly.

Yun-ku glanced at him coyly, and the moments he went in she tried to shut the door. But the cunning man anticipating the

move thrust a foot over the threshold. Yun-ku closed the door hard, and put her whole weight against it, pinning his foot in a painful vise. Howling with agony, he begged for forgiveness.

"So you thought you could get something cheap, you stinking fool! Come on in—if you can! Shameless, stinking monster. You stink worse than any real dead stinking dog."

The man pleaded for mercy and she finally let him go.

That night taught her a lesson. Thereafter she never sat alone on the door step to enjoy the evening breeze.

A few years passed. Cheng-jen, her son, was now nearly five. He looked remarkably like Jih-hui. The village gossips insisted that the child's parentage was doubtful. A thousand evil tongues put the blame on Jih-hui besmirching his good name. It was more than he could bear.

One night there was a heavy thunderstorm. Frightened, Yun-ku had closed her door and windows tight, and lay down on the bed beside her child. In the early hours of the morning, she heard a light tapping on the little window facing the lane. Yun-ku was too afraid to ask who it was but when he called her name she recognized it was Jih-hui and opened the window.

"It's you. I couldn't imagine who it was! Wait a minute. I'll light a lamp and open the door."

"No, it's too late at night. I won't come in. We don't need a lamp either. I'll just stand here and tell you something. I'm leaving tomorrow, first thing in



the morning." There was a flash of lightning, and Yun-ku could see that his face and clothing were soaking wet. Before she had a chance to see whether those were tears or raindrops on his cheeks, Jih-hui continued: "For your sake, I can't stay in this village any longer. Anyhow, here I can have no hope for my future"

As the woman looked at him, he drew a title-deed from his sleeve and handed it to her through the window. "This is all I can give you now. The deed says that I've sold my land to

Cheng-jen. I've already spoken to the county land registrar about it! It's alright. When Cheng-jen grows up you can sell it for his tuition."

After giving her the deed he started to withdraw his hand. But it wasn't the deed she wanted it was the hand she hastily grasped. The deed fell to the floor, but the woman seemed to be unaware of it. She kept caressing Jih-hui's hand not saying a word.

"Have you forgotten that I'm standing out here in the rain in the middle of the night? Let me go. If someone should see us, it wouldn't be good."

The woman wouldn't release him. After a long time, she said, "I was going to ask you something, but I've forgotten.....Oh, that's right, you haven't told me where you're going."

"I am not sure. I haven't yet decided."

She reluctantly released his hand and for sometime both of them remained silent. The rain was pouring down and a brilliant flash of lightning showed that Jih-hui was thoroughly drenched. He, however, recovered and with his parting advice, "Send Cheng-jen to school and bring him up well," he departed.

x x x
More than forty years they had separated with never a letter from him. And now fate had brought them together. Yun-ku felt as if she had refound a lost treasure. No message or news, no son or daughter-in-law, could have moved her as this reunion did. Her happiness was great and soon she recovered her health.

When Yun-ku was able to leave her bed, Jih-hui, or Sze-ching, as he was now called, came for her in a car and took her to his home and there the old couple at last began the life they had always longed for. Yun-ku upbraided Sze-ching for never having sent her any word.

"I didn't want to cut myself off from you," he replied. "But if I told you where I was then it might not have been to our benefit. I thought to myself—you had Cheng-jen; there was sure to be a lot of gossip after I left. If I went back to see you, I knew you wouldn't let me go so easily again the next time. If I insisted on staying with you, I'd be brought up on charges. Leaving you again—that would be unthinkable."

"After I took a wife, I forgot you. I didn't really forget you, but since thinking of you made me miserable, I learned to pretend that you didn't exist. And because I was married I all the more didn't dare go back to see you."

As Sze-ching was talking, he saw his son Li-sheng stop his motor-cycle on the edge of the grove. "The 'Cheng-jen' you saw that day is here," he said to Yun-ku.

Li-sheng entered. Sze-ching told him to greet Yun-ku as "mother." To the old lady he said, "Doesn't he look like your Cheng-jen?"

"Yes, very much. No wonder I mistook him. But looking at him closely, I can see that he's much younger."

"Naturally. Cheng-jen is more than ten years older. Li-sheng is

only thirty-four."

At the mention of her son, Yun-ku again felt distressed and her eyes wandered vacantly. Sze-ching consoled her:

"Anyhow, my son is yours. Sooner or later Cheng-jen will be found. We'll give the job to Li-sheng. Let's spend our old age in carefree pleasure."

Hearing this, Mr. Chu, who was present, laughed heartily. "Who would have believed that an old gentleman like you would have a heart so young?"

Sze-ching smiled. "I'm her brother-in-law. It's quite right that I should look after my windowed sister-in-law. Would

you have me send her to a home for the aged?"

The indulgent talk of these elderly people embarrassed Li-sheng. He excused himself, saying that he wanted to go to town. Mounting his motor-cycle, he rode off.

The chime clock on the wall struck the hour, and its musical clang reminded Yun-ku of the gong of the blind fortune-teller back in Tsanghai. "Now you've found everything," she seemed to hear him say. "You ought to pay double for my prediction about your good fortune. And I don't suppose you dare say anything about breaking my little gong any more!"

A TRUE LOVE ROMANCE

In the picturesque church of San Pedro, Teruel, Spain, lie buried side by side two lovers whose true love romance has stirred the Spaniards for centuries.

Handsome Diego de Marcilla and beautiful Isabel de Segura had loved each other passionately since childhood, but Diego was penniless and Isabel's father decided that she should marry Senior Pedro de Azagra, a fabulously rich merchant.

Finally, in response to Diego's pleadings, Isabel's father agreed that if he returned with wealth within five years he might marry Isabel. The delighted Diego went away and within three years he had made so much money that he was one of the richest men in Spain.

He was returning to claim his bride when he was captured by the Moors, who still held Valencia, and was imprisoned there. Vainly he pleaded for his release, but he remained the Moors' prisoner for two years. Then his captors let him go and he hurried to Teruel, arriving just too late to marry Isabel. Her father had pledged her to Azagra.

Overcome by the shock, Diego fell dead, and the grief-stricken Isabel died next day.

x x x
A poor clerk married a wealthy woman and retired. One day he and his wife were out walking when they passed two clerks who had known the husband before. "There goes John," said one of them, "with his labour-saving device."

This is the concluding portion of the article wherein the author describes his meeting an Indian yogi.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS

'OBIQUITOUS'

I have long come to the conclusion that human beings act mainly according to their temperament, and not as we would fondly imagine to the dictates of an intelligent and enlightened reason. A happy supplement to the old adage, "As a man thinketh, so he is," might well be, "and as he feeleth so he lives." The delineation of one's own temperament seems to me the principal ingredient in any recipe for success in life. And by success I mean the achievement, in some measure, or some satisfying aim or fulfilment. It is not difficult to see that those whom we deem successful have found some mode or medium of expression which suited their particular temperament. They have found their metier.

The famous composer or musician might quite well be able to count with accuracy his earnings, but forcibly feed him a mental diet of mathematics, deny him the expressive power of music, and he will wilt and die, at least spiritually.

On the other hand, to the mathematician, figures, signs and symbols are not at all dry, but things of beauty and power and conciseness—at least so my old maths. teacher used to insist.

To each we must admit, his own, and it is a rare thing to find someone applying himself with

equal dexterity to temperamentally opposing arts, as did the versatile da Vinci, that mysterious virtuoso, who could with one hand as it were, design a canon and with the other paint a masterpiece.

Yet even he in one sense failed in life. Loneliness—and only the lonely heart can know the anguish of this affliction—lay like blight across his life. "Leonardo," he used to ask himself, "why, why are you so lonely?"

All of which prompts us to once more question the meaning of success.

There are perhaps many who fondly believe that it lies in the possession of wealth, yet I have known people who were laden like camels with the good things of this earth, obviously 'successful' and just as obviously miserable and discontented. Others I have known, the Montmartre 'children of Bohemia', or of the Quartier Latin, who never knew from one day to the next where their food was coming from, and cared little. They could be vividly happy, infusing into life a colour and drama quite unknown to the wealthy. A bottle of light French wine and a loaf of bread shared with a friend became, magically, an exciting feast. With their victuals they knew how to share their lives.

But apart from the few who

were endowed with talent or genius they were 'unsuccessful', and often enough when the enthusiasms of youth deserted them, they came to view it as all rather pointless. Maturity brought them disillusionment. Clearly to be successful in the game of life, one must be happy, and happiness if it is to be worthy of the name, must be consistent, unalloyed, unchanging.

"Impossible," you say sceptically. "Life must have its ups and downs in any case. It would be extremely boring otherwise." Which, I feel, resembles the story of the lunatic who ecstatically enjoyed the intervals between the blows he gave himself with a hammer. And is the reasoning very good? Can there be two opposing states of consciousness at once? Is it possible? While one is happy one is not bored, nor can boredom proceed from happiness.

"It is still impossible," you reply. "It's unheard of. Life just is not like that." "Very well," I argue, "is real happiness, then, never to be within our reach? Or are we condemned like donkeys to run after a dangling carrot held a few inches from our nose, but ever just beyond us?"

I would be inclined to capitulate and agree had I not met once, long ago, a happy man.

It was during the war, that is, the last war, or had I better say, the latest war.

I was a young soldier of three and twenty, stationed with my unit in the hill station of Shillong. We had not long come from the stifling Indian plains, and the place struck me as being uncom-

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monly attractive. Beauty, like a charming ghost, haunted the place and when it snowed that Christmas, nostalgia was added to an almost painful loveliness.

It was strange to think that in such a place we were being trained to destroy and to kill. The Japanese had already advanced far into Burma, and we were soon to be brought into action against them.

We were to be given a final furlough, perhaps the last chance to enjoy the pleasures life offers, a last chance to appease the vivid and exulting hungers of youth. The lust for life ran potent in our blood, so much of which was

later to redden the green of jungle and swamp and shell-shattered hillside.

Each one of us seemed hell-bent to pack as much gaiety and excitement into those frantic days of freedom as we possibly could. Life is perhaps never sweeter than when Death stands grinning over its shoulder.

I had chosen along with a few others to go to Calcutta.

We had anticipatory visions of wine, women, and the latest swing music and nights of abandoned recklessness. Graphic and colourful descriptions of what this one or that one would do were common, but often as not the one who voiced the most unbridled intentions seldom indulged in anything more hectic than a Y.M.C.A. bun and a cup of strong tea.

As for myself, the tranquil effect of Shillong, of hill and flower, had already had its effect. I found that on occasion when there was a lull of quiet in the distracting din of barrack life, I was visited by strange and unusual thoughts which however hard I tried to dismiss, persistently returned.

I was enamoured of peace and didn't know it, and once, when alone in the park, I sat beneath a tree and felt a curious thrill of pure enchantment.

Yet normally I was as everyone else, and as keen to enjoy myself as they were. I had the same robust thirst for experience, but perhaps underneath, there was a painful questioning and a driving discontent. I was cynical of all good.

The great day came and each

were given his 'leave-pay'. It seemed an enormous sum. In a rickety bus we rolled down to Gauhati. From there we were to entrain for the big city and the bright lights.

It was on the station platform that I somehow became separated from my companions and I found myself alone; I had lost them in the bustle and excitement.

Unconcerned, I pushed my way into an empty compartment, threw my kitbag on the rack and slumped into the seat. I was hot and wet with exertion and the dim and cold compartment came as a welcome relief.

It was a few seconds before I realised I was not alone. Sitting in the far corner opposite was a young man.

Now comes something, extremely difficult to describe, something which might well be attributed to any other factor than what it was, and what it was lies beyond adequate description.

The impact of personality on personality, soul on soul, is sometimes accompanied by a kind of shock, a 'psychic' or 'soul' shock. It may happen rarely, perhaps, but happen it does, and thereafter everything is changed. It is a spontaneous conversion, wordless, silent, without baptism, ritual or rite. It is a sudden and mysterious contact with the truth.

Supposing, I may put it, you accidentally, unpreparedly, found yourself in the company of a saint, a being who was manifestly pure, untouched and uninfluenced by any pathetic and dusty worldliness, who unbelievably and incredibly carried about him an

aura of sanctity and peace and desirelessness, whose eyes held a strange, yet not unfamiliar wisdom and gentleness—would you remain unmoved?

There, opposite me, I beheld someone who was serenely, completely and intensely in love—with God.

I looked and looked again, until my eyes were blurred and dimmed with tears and I could see no more.

Yet no word was spoken, nothing at all had passed between us except that I had seen, recognised, and had reacted to, a superlative and unique goodness.

Lest it be thought that I am by nature something of a sentimentalist, let me hasten to say that I have on occasion, both before and after this meeting, had recourse to the company of

priests and ministers, missionaries and even sannyasis, yet though all admirable and worthy, none ever made the overwhelming impression on me as did this unassuming and lonely stranger.

Doubtless, those versed in the subterranean subtleties of modern psychology, Western style, could, with all the confident ignorance of the learned, soon establish some plausible explanation, and I wish them well. As for myself I am content to believe that there are things that lie forever beyond the mere mental ferrettings—interesting though they may be—of our distinguished analysts and scholars, things which the half-lit reason of man presumptuously attempt to label, limit, obscure or deny, because their instrument of illumination fails adequately to illumine, fails simply to compre-

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hend and see.

The train had long started on its way before I could recover my composure. And yet we had not spoken. It seemed somehow unnecessary, and in that silence I knew that he understood, better than I, what was happening within me. There had broken in upon me, like a flood, the softening influences and recollections of my childhood, when all my world was vibrant with a waking wonderment, when the green grass whispered to me its songs of simplicity and the blue sea and I laughed together in joyous and mutual recognition; when the stars of night were my kinsfolk, and the wind's sigh, the autumn rustle of leaves or the winter's slowly falling snow all spoke to me in some secret language that only children, poets, or lovers, can ever know.

The callousness and cynicism which over the years had subtly grown about me like the disfiguring mould of some poisonous blight, now fell away from me, and a dark weight was literally lifted from my heart. The colourful world on which I had for long cast the shadow of my own stupidity and blindness and ugliness was new and sweet again, and there came to me the soft cadences of a secret and reassuring harmony. A new hope and happiness and faith sprang up like living waters from some hidden fount within me and I knew, with an abounding gladness that I had found my soul again.

I have said that my fellow-passenger was young. He was. But the statement would be misleading if I didn't add that he was also

old, older than the hills, and that whereas I was as other men, a creature of time and circumstance, he was of the Eternal. He had escaped the trammels of life, escaped from the stupifying licence of self-will, from the blind and arrogant egoism of our kind, and I gazed upon that serenity with all the yearning wistfulness of a prisoner.

The train slowed to a stop as we reached a station.

The platform was thronged with people. Food vendors and beggars raucously added their cries to the general hubbub and turbaned bearers held aloft trays of steaming tea. Our compartment, which had become like an oasis of silence, was invaded by the noise and bustle of life.

For the first time he spoke and I noticed a look of gentle raillery in his eyes. "Would you care for a cup of tea? It is the last opportunity we'll have for some time." He was perfectly natural and unaffected and spoke his English with an unclipped fluency. I said that I was hoping he would suggest it, and we both laughed as a bearer as if by some pre-arrangement appeared at the window. The tea was hot and deliciously refreshing. We introduced ourselves which seemed to me, and I think to him, the merest of outward formalities, for we began to converse in a manner which suggested we were life-long friends. It was, on reflection, quite amazing how this should have been so, for he was of the East, a son of India with a culture and background alien to my own, and I foreigner from the West.

But later, as the train rolled on and on and the setting sun cast its miracle of colour across the sky, it was he alone who talked and I who was the absorbed listener. It was then he unrolled before me the majestic panorama of Indian thought and philosophy and by some alchemy of soul I began to love the things which he loved and perceive them through his eyes and with his vision. He did not teach, yet without effort and with humility, he performed the teacher's highest function: to kindle in his pupil the same fire which dwells within himself.

Sankara, Buddha, Krishna became for me not the carven images fixed into the mosaic of an historic past, but real and living figures; I thrilled to the incarnate love that was Sri Ramakrishna and the poems of Tagore breathed through me their poignant sweetness.

Time sped. It was now quite dark and the train's occasional stopping at little dimly-lit stations went hardly noticed. My watch told me it was after midnight, and we had lapsed into a felicitous silence.

The passing scene from the window was steeped in the sombre and soothing light of the moon; the steady rhythm of the train-wheels and the occasional low hooting of the engine were like a melodious chant enhancing the silence of the night.

My friend slept, or appeared to do so, but sleep was not for me. I had found another 'me' of whose existence I had either forgotten or had never before known. A whole new realm lay

open before me, ready to be explored. Treasures beyond all price lay scattered about my feet and I hardly knew whether I had hitherto been blind and now could see, or if I were now merely enchanted and spellbound and would later wake to the dust and ashes of a drab and mundane reality.

That I was a soldier, trained, hardened, psychologically adapted to the merciless arts of war, I had completely forgotten. I looked at my dun-coloured uniform, the course Army equipment, the badges of rank of which I had been so proud, and I felt a pang of revulsion. This too was real, shockingly real.

My friend stirred, opened his eyes and smiled encouragingly.

"Be patient," he said. "Do not rebel against circumstances. War is sometimes necessary, but it will pass, and you will be free."

It was apparent that he was as familiar with my psychological processes as with his own, yet at this I could feel no surprise.

"But why is war necessary?" I asked.

"What you are saying is why is suffering necessary. It is because we lend ourselves to forces of ignorance, and where ignorance is, suffering too must come."

"Then the purpose of suffering is to teach?" I said.

"Yes. To teach and to correct. But sometimes the mould has to be broken and cast again because we stubbornly refuse to change."

I thought of the unchanging blood-chequered career of mankind with its periodical rebellions

and wars, and was doubtful.

"But is it really possible to overcome the limitations of human nature?"

"Well," he said, "those who humanity holds in highest reverence are those who have overcome their humanity. They are the path-finders, the leaders, the adventurers in the unknown uplands of the spirit. But sooner or later all must follow. There is no need to doubt. You may feel that the history of man proves otherwise...but what after all is the history of man? Viewed from the Eternal it is only the beginning of beginnings, only the first few stumblings and gropings until he learns to see more clear and walk upright towards the light. Be assured, the ultimate destiny of man lies in a splendour far beyond his wildest imaginings."

His own radiant aspect and quiet voice conveyed a power of conviction. And always it was not what he said, as the incommunicable way in which he said it, that indicated that he himself partook of the truth.

Thus we talked or were alter-

nately silent until the dawn came and by the light of the morning sun I saw that we were approaching the city, the big city for whose garish attractions I had longed. Now it all seemed laughably childish and empty, a pointless stimulus, the mere froth and bubble of a vapid inconsequence.

Nothing would ever be quite the same again.

The train slowed and drew into the station. I looked at my friend and then around the compartment and felt strangely reluctant to leave.

He stood up and smiled. "We may meet again one day," he said. "Goodbye."

The train had stopped. He opened the door and stepped out into the milling throng.

I watched him wend his way until he was out of sight.

Then I knew I had given him something of myself, something unasked and freely given, and I was left feeling a little bewildered and alone.

Fellow-traveller, happiest of men, your eyes held the secret of eternity, your smile the assurance of a wish and disinterested love.

PAID FOR DOING NO WORK

Before the war in Soochow, China, there were a number of men and women who sat about and did nothing—and got paid for it. Their contracts stipulated that they would not be paid if they did any work.

All that was required of them was to let their nails grow, and when they were about an inch long they were pared and sold to a local chemist who, using a secret formula, compounded them into a powder for sore throats.

Whatever you harbour in the inmost chambers of your heart will, sooner or later, by the inevitable law of reaction, shape itself in your outward life.

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Robert who has passed into the
Beyond describes the joys of heaven

HAVEN OF REST

Whoever would have believed that heaven was like this—trees, streams, valleys of beautiful flowers; how much better and more beautiful this is than the heaven of “halo and harp”! I never fancied myself with a harp and a halo and I am glad they allowed me to put on a suit instead of the cloak I was wrapped in first when I came over, but I am told the time will come when I will not mind dressing like the others and the material of my robe will depend on my progression and what my earth life was. However, I am quite happy and content with this and doubt if I will want to change. Still, if all dress in this way, I suppose I will have to follow the custom.

The ladies, bless them, look beautiful this way and if wings were in order for them to wear, I would say they'd look like angels. But I am told that there are no winged angels here and that that belief went out with the belief that all played harps, but the halo still exists and seems to surround the whole body and is called the aura. Some auras are very bright and beautiful similar to the rainbow on the earth or the brilliant northern light, and some are very dull, almost grey. I am told that we reflect our inner self by our aura.

There are many new comers here like myself and they are

more or less resting. Some are very unhappy.

A young man was brought in who had been killed in an accident with his aged father. He was very unhappy and wanted to return to his wife and babies. He only stayed here a short time, just long enough to convince himself his father was here too. It seems that the father had understood a good deal about life after death and will be allowed to go with his son and remain with him until the shock of being separated from his family by death diminishes.

I heard him tell the boy there was a way to communicate with the earth, but to be able to help his family he would first have to learn to accept death and adjust himself to this new life. I felt very sorry for the young chap. The old gent seemed to accept death as a release from the infirmities of old age. Before they left, the old gent's wife and mother came to them. The joy of that reunion was wonderful to witness. The boy's mother tried to comfort him but he was inconsolable, and from what I gathered he was being taken to his home and then to another place of rest, for the place where I am resting is only for the very old.

There is another resting place for people that have not reached a certain age. This is a very interesting place I am

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told. Soon I will be shown more of its beauty. It does not seem possible that there could be greater beauty than I have now to feast my eyes upon (and speaking of eyes, I do not have to wear glasses now). It is so lovely here words are inadequate to convey such loveliness to mortal mind, and as I look on it a feeling of contentment and peace comes over me. It is like drawing on some life force, and with each intake of breath, more strength and peace are gained. Before I came here my body was old and I was tired and, because of my age, I spent many long lonely hours alone, for money does not always buy things that satisfy the soul. Yes, there are pleasures to be bought but few are soul-satisfying, yet we hold on to life; the shrivelled old body is well cared for and we fight off death as long as money and medical skill are able to.

If only we had some way of lifting the "curtain" and seeing what death has to offer. How different it would be! It would do away with this uncertainty and fear of death and we, that are old, would be glad to let go and pass through death's doorway into this beauty and tranquility—perhaps too many would be seeking this peace before their time.

My protector is here. I had not noticed him. He is saying

no one must seek or desire death until the soul is ready. All should live until the soul is ready to go and becomes easily detached from the physical body; then death is welcomed. But, unfortunately, there are many conditions on the earth—disease and earth's elements, man's brutality and carelessness—which cause premature death; and a good deal of trouble and unhappiness is caused by many of these souls when they reach our side as they do not reconcile themselves to death.

They hold on to the earth through family ties, and earthly pleasures draw them like a magnet; many continue visiting their homes and other places where they formerly found their pleasures and it is often very difficult to bring them to their place of rest or to the "adjusting plane". While old people, even those who were evil when upon the earth, as their bodies and minds become heavily weighted by age and infirmities, welcome death as a release from the world's weariness, the hardest thing for them is to adjust themselves to the reality of the "after life" which, at first, is so similar to the earth life, except for the greater beauty. Most of them have to unlearn much of their religious beliefs, and the ones that did not believe in god will have to learn about him and his love.

(To be continued.)

An optimist is a woman who is convinced that the laundry has shrunk the waistline of her dress.

x x x

That man is richest whose pleasures are the cheapest.—*Thoreau.*

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ON IN-LAWS

(By LOTUS EATER)

It may be a disturbing thought derogatory to one's own sense of pride but none-the-less true, that a general metamorphosis takes place in our conduct towards our parents soon after our marriage. By the word 'our' I only mean the male sex. I ask, why should one feel drawn more to his wife's relations more than to his own near ones with whom he has lived and among whom he has grown? Why should a bridegroom regard his mother-in-law, brother-in-law, sister-in-law and father-in-law with greater respect than his mother, brother, sister and father? How truly inferior is he in this respect to his wife who exhibits no such base change in her own conduct!

One excuse is said to be that this is but an extension of one's love to his wife. The explanation seems plausible but it does not completely satisfy me. Perhaps psychologists will extend their research at some future date to this branch of behaviour of the male sex.

Take the case of the mother-in-law. Fortunately in India the mother-in-law holds no terror to the son-in-law, as in western countries. But it is as well to remember that there are two varieties of this species — the mother-in-law of the bridegroom and the mother-in-law of the bride. And while it is true that the male sex can defy his mother-in-law without the least tremor in his being, the female counterpart cannot be

said to enjoy this privilege. Daughters-in-law in general in India are mortally afraid of their mothers-in-law and I am afraid will be unable to shake off their fear within any foreseeable future!

This may at first puzzle us. Perhaps a probable reason for this might well be that the daughter-in-law is always confined to the home and exposes herself to the rigid control of the mother-in-law. It is rarely that the mother of the girl comes and lives with her daughter after her marriage.

Again as between a young daughter-in-law and an elderly mother-in-law, it is hard to expect a large measure of give and take policy. The latter always tends to dominate the former.

The father-in-law, on the other hand, is more sympathetic with the daughter-in-law. Perhaps this is because of the chivalry of the male in general towards the weaker sex.

Why does the bridegroom lean more towards the wife's family? Perhaps it is because the son-in-law is regarded with great respect in his wife's home than in his own. The parents of the bride are anxious about the happiness of their daughter and they do everything possible to please the son-in-law. He is usually lionised however many his faults and drawbacks and it is natural that he should feel more at home with his wife's relations than with his own. His every wish and whim is pandered to by the wife's sis-

ters or brothers whereas in his home unless he happens to be the sole bread winner of the family he does not command so much respect or obedience from his own sisters or brothers.

It is not always that a daughter-in-law is persecuted by the mother-in-law. If the daughter-in-law happens to come from a rich family then it is she who usually dominates the mother-in-law. That is why perhaps parents usually select daughters-in-law from families of equal or less status than themselves.

Speaking about the domination of the daughters-in-law by their mothers-in-law in India an ex-Governor once suggested that the custom prevailing in Malabar of the bridegroom going and living with the bride's family may be adopted widely.

This I feel is a counsel of despair. I am sure with the spread of education among our womenfolk, the attitude of the mothers-in-law towards their daughters-in-law will gradually change.

The Indians generally believe that marriages are made in heaven and it but stands to reason that the home should not be made a hell for the daughter-in-law. Let the mother-in-law remember that she too was once a daughter-in-law and that in her daughter-in-law's happiness lies the happiness of her son too.

X X X
Seize the present day, trusting the morrow as little as may be.
—Horace.

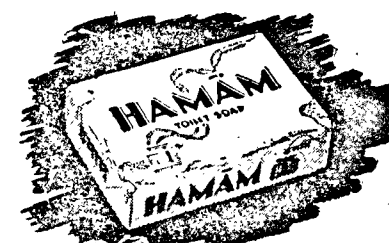
It is notorious that memory strengthens as you lay burdens upon it, and becomes trustworthy as you trust it.—De Quincy.



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களிலிருந்து தயாரிக்கப்படும்
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இதமளித்து, புத்துணர்ச்சியுடன்
வைக்கிறது.

டாடாவின்
ஹமாம்
லாய்லெட் சோப்



THE BABY MOON

Oct. 4 will remain a memorable day in the annals of science for it was on that day the Soviet scientists launched into space the first artificial satellite—the baby moon as it is called. It is man's greatest triumph as yet, the first stage in the conquest of interstellar space. The human mind staggers at the vast possibilities this conquest of space has opened for future generations. A flight to the Mars and Moon is now almost within his grasp and may be man in some future date may cruise and explore the distant galaxies which are now visible only through powerful telescopes.

The Soviet baby moon is 38 centimeters in diameter and 83 kg. in weight and it was hurled to a height of 900 km. over the earth's atmosphere by a three stage rocket. This moon has been circling the world fifteen times a day. And trailing behind it were the carrier rocket and the protective cone!

It was only just fifty years ago that man first conquered the air. The Wright brothers when they flew the heavier than air machine for a few seconds in 1903 would not have imagined that their discovery would open up new worlds for man to conquer. Scientists who have made this baby moon possible believe that a flight to the Moon and Mars is possible in the next decade. May be some of you who read this may actually journey to the Moon in the not distant future!

VANASPATI TO BLAME

Hardening of the arteries, which is becoming a major health hazard may be due to the increasing use of saturated fats like the hydrogenated oils (vanaspati) according to studies by Abbott Laboratories of Chicago. When rabbits are fed saturated fats, such as hydrogenated coconut oil the animals do experience narrowing and hardening of the major arteries they report. Such an effect is not noted when identical animals are kept on unsaturated fats such as sunflower oil, they said.

Saturated fats (hydrogen-rich, generally solid at room temperature) and unsaturated fats (largely liquid at room temperature) are believed by some to be the crux of the problem of dietary fat and artery hardening. One theory is that saturated fats do contribute to artery-hardening and unsaturated fats do not. This was indicated in the Abbott tests on rabbits. And Dr. Douglas V. Frost, reporting the results, suggested that "human beings appear to react to fats in the diet in the same manner as rabbits."

x x x

HEART ATTACKS

Heart attacks, one of the most dreaded of the diseases of modern life, do not happen to women before the menopause or change of life as often as they happen to young men.

Why? Do female hormones have a protective effect?

The answer has been found for this question. In the journal of Endocrinology researchers have revealed that administration of female hormone gave marked relief to heart sufferers but they add, "although it was the consensus that this was successful therapy the men developed enlarged breasts and other secondary female sexual characteristics. Such results precluded continuation of the therapy."

POLAR ICE MELTING?

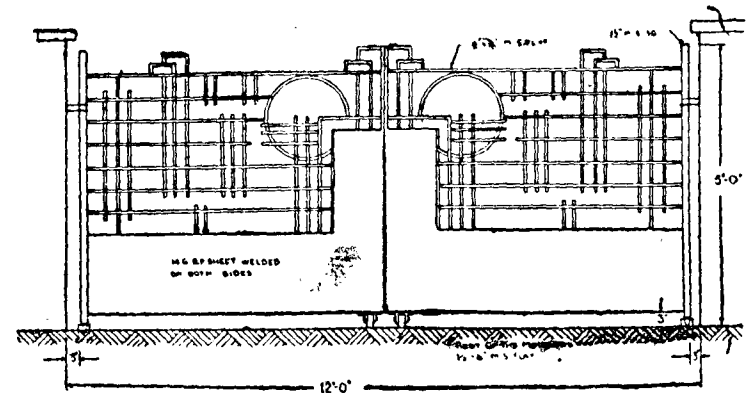
There seem to be indications that the ice caps are receding at both poles. It is maintained that, if

the ice caps melted, the quantity of water in the oceans would be increased to the extent of submerging great sea ports like London and New York. Is this fact or theory?

To this question by a reader Gerald Wendt, editor of Unesco Features, replies:

It is a fact that glaciers are receding in all parts of the earth, which indicates a slight warming of the average temperature. But it has not yet been established that the polar ice-caps are also melting. This would require an extended series of measurements of the thickness of the polar ice

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which have not been made. But this is one of the objectives of the present International Geophysical Year.

The thickness of the ice on the Antarctic Continent is especially important since about 90 percent of all the earth's snow and ice is there. It has been estimated to be between 2,000 feet and 8,000 feet thick on the average. At some points it is certainly 10,000 feet thick. If all this ice should melt, the level of the ocean would rise at least 85 feet and possibly 400 feet, which would indeed submerge most of the great seaport cities.

A Californian expert, Professor Robert P. Sharp, has estimated for the American Geophysical Union, that the average thickness of the Antarctic ice is in excess of one mile and that its complete melting would raise the sea-level all over the earth by 200 feet. He calls this ice "something of a Sword of Damocles hanging over the heads of all peoples living close to the sea." However, he also advises a relaxed attitude towards this possibility. It cannot happen fast. "Conceivably," he says, "it might happen in 10,000 to 20,000 years."

x x x

THE DETERGENTS

Why do detergents wash cleaner than soap?

Instead of the old-fashioned bar of soap and the scrubbing board, modern housewives now use soap powders (still based, as for centuries, on chemically-treated animal fats or vegetable oils), but more frequently they use detergents.

Let us be quite clear, however, when speaking of detergents, that soap itself is a detergent. That is, it removes dirt—which is what "detergence" means. Strictly speaking, therefore, these new chemicals should be called "soapless detergents". They were made by nature millions of years ago, and come from mineral oil, deep in the heart of the earth. They are produced during the distillation of petrol or gasoline. Their commercial use has developed since the second world war, and their development was encouraged by the shortage of fats and oils during and immediately after the war. But they are not just substitutes for soap. They have scientific values in their own right. They make water wetter.

Water, in order to dissolve or remove dirt, has got to permeate it. It has got to wet it. But oil and grease repel water—that is why a sheep's fatty fleece acts as a waterproof. And that is why water runs off a duck's oily back. If you were unkind enough to wash a sheep or a duck with chemical detergents, the sheep's fleece would no longer be waterproof and the duck would sink because its feathers would become water logged.

Now why does this happen? To understand the action of detergents you have to know something about what is scientifically called "surface tension". To make "surface tension" very simple, one might think of a globule of oil or a blob of grease as a tiny balloon. Just as the balloon has a thin rubber coating, so the oil or grease has an invisible skin which prevents the water from

penetrating. What the detergent does by its chemical action is to destroy that skin—remove the surface tension—so that the water, being now wetter, can dissolve the oil or grease. So a greasy plate, or an oily cloth, is properly cleaned by a detergent.

This, of course, has very important uses in industry as well as in the home, and there are some medical scientists who hope that the detergent action may even be of some value within the human body. One of the things which causes diseases of the arteries and the heart is the clogging of the blood vessels with fat—like the furring of a waste pipe with grease—and the doctors are looking for a detergent which, carried by the blood stream, would prevent this clogging of the blood vessels. But they know they have to be very careful. Mineral chemicals of this kind are always liable to have injurious effects on the body. That is why it is advisable to wear rubber gloves when washing with detergents in the kitchen sink or the washing machine.

x x x

WHY IS SEA-WATER SALT?

"Why is sea-water salt and how does it retain its saltiness when such a great volume of fresh water is pouring into it hourly?"

When the hard rocks of the earth's crust are thrust up to form mountains they are exposed to the weather and thus to the chemical action of water, oxygen and carbonic acid from the air, and to alternate heating by the

sun and cooling by frost and ice. They slowly crumble, which speeds the chemical action and permits the attack by plants also. The result is disintegration into gravel, sand and ultimately soil. Most of the products of this decomposition are solid materials that remain near by or tumble down the brooks and rivers. But others dissolve in the rain-waters and remain invisibly in the waters of the rivers. Thus all "fresh" water—except pure rain water—contains a small but definite quantity of these dissolved "salts". Water that is called "hard" contains relatively large quantities. All rivers run to the sea and carry the salts with them. In the course of the millions of years of geological time the salt has accumulated in the sea because the evaporation from the surface takes only pure water and leaves the salt behind. As the rain falls and returns to the sea in rivers it brings more salt with each cycle. Thus the saltiness of the sea is slowly but steadily increasing. The fresh water from the rivers does not dilute the ocean and make it less salty because just as much water evaporates as the rivers pour in. The level of the sea remains constant and so the salt content slowly increases in the course of the centuries. At present the salt content of sea-water amounts to 35 parts per thousand. This means that one metric ton (2,000 pounds) of sea water contains 70 pounds of salts. With only minor variations due to local conditions, it is the same in all the oceans, the world over.

MOSCOW MISSILE

How do the Russians do it? For the fourth time in the post-war period, writes Harry Schwartz in *New York Times*, the West is asking that question, prompted this time by the most ominous development of all: the Soviet announcement of a successful test of a "super-long-distance, intercontinental, multi-stage ballistic rocket." The widespread surprise which greeted this Soviet claim makes plain that Western public opinion, and probably many Western leaders as well, did not ponder long enough or draw the proper conclusions from the answer to the question the first three times it was raised.

The first time was in 1949 when President Truman astounded the world by announcing that U.S. had detected a Soviet atomic explosion. That announcement was met then by widespread incredulity. How could the "backward" Russians achieve an atomic explosion only four years after the United States had done so? After all, it had cost the United States two million dollars to produce the atomic bomb during World War II. That enterprise had been so complex and difficult that some responsible persons had suggested that the Russians might never be able to duplicate the feat, while less optimistic "experts" had spoken of twenty to forty years as the time required.

Comforting answers were found that first time. The Russians had "stolen the secret of

the atom bomb," some suggested. "German scientists built the atom bomb for them," others said, citing the employment of German scientists in the Soviet Union. The voices of those who pointed out that there was no "secret of the atom bomb" and that the Soviet achievement was a tremendous feat of engineering and industrial construction tended to be drowned out in the chorus of consoling answers.

But only four years later, in August, 1953, the West was startled again — by evidence that the Soviet Union had exploded a thermonuclear device and had, or would shortly have, the hydrogen bomb. And this time the margin of Western superiority was obviously very thin, for we had exploded our first thermonuclear device less than a year earlier.

Once again those who wished to minimize the Soviet achievement fell back upon "Soviet espionage" as the answer. Had not the brilliant physicist Klaus Fuchs been found to be a Soviet spy? Had not another brilliant physicist, Bruno Pontecorvo, defected in the Russians?

In 1955 the mystery of Soviet "military miracles" was posed a third time. This was when the Russians showed off new long-range jet bombers with engines far more powerful than any the West had. The news caused a stir, but — perhaps because jet engines seem less menacing than atomic or hydrogen bombs — public interest was short-lived. In Washington, among many policy-

makers there was a grudging admission that the "Russians are good," followed often by the consoling phrase, "but they aren't ten feet tall," implying that it would be silly to get too alarmed over this latest evidence of Soviet capability.

Now, however, the question, "How do the Russians do it?" must be faced squarely and realistically. Americans have spoken too often of the intercontinental ballistic missile as the "ultimate weapon" to be able to deny the seriousness of the claimed Soviet success, a success no responsible high-level Western political leader has denied.

The old, consoling explanations must go out of the window this time. The Soviet I. C. B. M. cannot be the product of successful espionage, for the West has no

such weapon now; in fact, it would be most useful if our intelligence services could learn something in this field from the Russians. Nor does it do any good to speak about the German's contribution to Soviet success. Large numbers of German scientists are working for us, too, probably a more brilliant group than Moscow has. If German scientists were all that were required we would have this "ultimate weapon." Assuming a minimum of truth in the Russian announcement, the hard fact is that the Soviet I. C. B. M., like the earlier "miracles," is primarily the product of Soviet science, engineering and industry, which have now proved that Russia is inferior to no other nation, including our own, in the field of military technology.

SYMPATHY

"I'm not really to blame, your worship, I was foodless, friendless and homeless," pleaded the burglar.

"My man," replied the magistrate, "you move me deeply. Food, shelter, and companionship shall be yours for the next nine months!"

The society of pious men is like the water in which rice is washed. This rice-water has the potency of dissipating alcoholic intoxication. So does the society of the pious relieve worldly men, drunk with the wine of vain desires from their intoxication. —*Ramakrishna Paramahansa.*

Among the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher who, being asked what "countryman he was" replied that he was "a citizen of the world". —*Oliver Goldsmith.*

A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. —*Oscar Wilde.*

WORLD BENEATH THE SEA

RITCHIE CALDER

We are apt to forget that seven-tenths—nearly three-quarters—of the earth's surface is covered by sea. We know less about the geography of this unseen world than we know about the face of the moon. But we are learning.

The deepest man has ever descended into the ocean is just over 13,000 feet. But there are gorges in the sea—the Philippine Trench in the Pacific, for instance—that are 6½ miles deep, further beneath the surface of the sea than the peak of Everest is above it. With modern methods of echo-sounding, scientists are now charting the ocean floor. With modern instruments, they are discovering the nature of its rocks and the wealth of minerals they contain. We know enough to realize that a fantastic landscape is concealed beneath the sea—great mountain ranges, volcanoes and deep canyons through which sometimes run submarine rivers.

For thousands of years, ships have rocked and tumbled on the heaving waves—waves which can be as high as 60 feet, capable of tossing a giant liner as though it were a Kon-Tiki raft; waves which tear down cliffs, etch our coastlines, smash concrete seawalls.

It is only recently, however, that scientists have begun to understand the nature of these waves, but today research is being actively pursued in a number of countries. Dr. G. E. R.

Deacon, Director of the British Institute of Oceanography, and a member of the Unesco committee which deals with the scientific problems of the sea, has been telling me some interesting facts about a new instrument, the "wave-machine", which the Institute is now using.

"There are a great many storms or generating areas propagating waves," he explained, "and in the pattern which you see on the surface of the ocean these are combined together. The visible waves are, in fact, the sum of a number of component wave-trains which are travelling at different speeds and in different directions. To make sense of this, one has to have an analyzer which will tell you how the energy is distributed between waves of different lengths and this is precisely what our new instrument is doing. It is largely electronic, and does for the sea very much what the radio set will do for the atmosphere, it picks out the waves from various generating areas, so that you can separate them."

Our weather is largely determined by the behaviour of the oceans. And one of the objects of the International Geophysical Year, in which the scientists of over fifty nations are combining to study the natural phenomena of the earth, is to learn more about this relationship between sea and air.

The oceans act as a great thermo-accumulator or bank of heat. The incoming solar heat is stored in the oceans and then given off in times of cold so that the oceans have a tempering influence on the world's climate. To understand the weather, one has to understand the oceans and conversely, to understand the oceans you have to understand the circulation of the atmosphere.

This is apparent when one realizes that 90% of the surface currents of the sea, including the great Gulf Stream, the Kuroshio Current, and the corresponding whirls in the oceans of the Southern Hemisphere are primarily wind-driven. Indeed, the storage of heat in the oceans is due to the stirring caused by the atmospheric winds. The study of meteorology alone will not give a full picture of the heat and water balance of the atmosphere. What affects man, as far as the atmosphere is concerned, is the heat and the water he gets out of it.

Meteorologists exploring the upper atmosphere and studying air currents high above the earth, send up balloons which relay information back to earth by what is called radio-sonde. Oceanographers, who want to study currents far below the surface of the sea, have been trying to develop a similar device. This has now been done, and Dr. Deacon explained how it operates.

"We use two long aluminium tubes," he said, "which contain batteries and a simple electronic

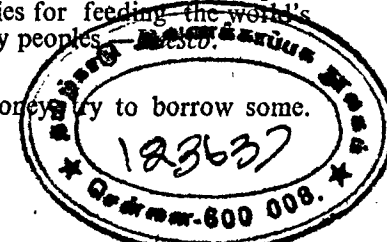
circuit. Outside the tubes there is a transducer which is like the sound producer in echo sounding, and you can choose the depth at which it will float fairly precisely.

"When it reaches the required depth, it sends out sound pulses, and these pulses can be heard by a ship. We have just used this instrument below the Gulf Stream, off the coast of the U.S.A.—one of the tubes was followed for 23 miles in 66 hours—and we found currents there, 2,800 metres below the surface, which travel at a speed of about a third of a knot.

"These are quite big currents, nearly as big as some of the surface currents, and it is obviously very important to know about such phenomena. They displace a lot of water, affecting the surface currents. They also affect the distribution of heat in the ocean and, by carrying nutrient salts about, will affect the productivity of the sea."

This is an important point, for the ocean which covers seven-tenths of our globe is a vast reservoir of food resources. It is full of life, not only animal life but plant life as well. We have barely begun to exploit the sea as a source of food. Yet the world population is multiplying so quickly that the problem of feeding it from land resources increases every day. The sea is indeed a vast unexplored world, a vast menagerie of living creatures, which offers untold possibilities for feeding the world's hungry peoples.

If you would know the value of money, try to borrow some.



ON LAWYERS & POLITICS

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

Talking of lawyers and public life Norton says:

In India many lawyers are landholders—some to a large, others to a mediocre extent. They are as qualified to speak of the people's wants as are the lawyers at home in England to monopolise the best prices of a political career. Mr. Asquith's Cabinet contained a large leavening of lawyers. A little Welsh attorney is today Premier and a cynicism which derides the fitness of advocates to voice and press for the people's needs come with poor grace from an Executive, the President of which education is controlled by an Indian gentleman who starting life as a 'vakil' ended his professional career on the High Court Bench at Madras. In that Cinderella among Presidencies, ahead in many respects of other Provinces placed nearer to the sunlight of the Viceroy's throne, the Executive indented on the law for support. V. Krishnaswamy Iyer was as sound there as he was as a High Court Judge and as he had been in earlier years at the Bar. P. R. Sundaram Iyer died in harness on the Bench before translation to the Council of Fort St. George—which translation would assuredly have been his fete. And it is an interesting and suggestive comment that every Indian High Court Judge with the exception of Muthuswamy

Iyer, whose elevation preceded the birth of the Congress, was an avowed Congresswalla. All save one. Bashyam Iyengar held aloof from the Congress because, as he told me, he could not see all things from the Congress perspective. But he subscribed to our funds, too sagacious to gainsay or withstand a movement the origin of which was beyond criticism, and the development of which in loyal hands was certain, laudable and triumphant.

Adverting to the part played by Englishmen in the shaping of India's destiny he says:

While I am sitting ensconced metaphorically in an armchair reviewing my past—today is writing history rapidly across the face of India—history in the making of which, if I live, I shall have to take my share. I drop therefore what has been, to touch upon the things that are. For the political position today, England is primarily responsible and in the second degree, the Congress. India is inheriting the legacy of England's statesmenlike tuition, trained and tended by those who for the most part are dead. I will not say there are no wise heads among the present Indian leaders of the people, but I venture to affirm that the wisest have been removed. The opinion will be unpopular and I see myself converted into a target for expotulation, ridicule and abuse. But

none of these things hurts. Time softens all acerbities and death removes the sting from obloquy. What matters denunciation if the truth is recognised?

I owe this country India much, more than I can ever repay. I owe it many warm friendships, unabated trust in my professional merits, uninterrupted good health, a modest provision against the time when I can work no more, every gift save one that men's free votes can accord, from a Municipal Commissionership to election to the Viceroy's Council—and I owe it to the truth. I have no axes to grind, no disappointments to avenge, no supercessions

to deplore. To the best of my abilities I have helped my Indian fellow citizens in the past, to reach their present political status and if evolution has been slow, it assuredly has been sure and progressive. Certain as I am that the future has still greater gifts to offer, I am anxious that my Indian friends should be ripe for their reception and by self respect earn recognition of their capacity for still greater powers. In this view I am deterred by criticism of a possibly unfriendly character. Even a whetstone has its uses.

Speaking of India's top leaders demanding full freedom from the

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British yoke Norton said: "I understand, in some measure I regret, the latent hostility which lies embedded in the demand for the whole loaf or nothing. Let us be true to the facts. No good can come hiding or denying the truth. I have lived in India for forty years. My profession has brought me into touch with the scattered units of the educated masses—certainly more close and confidential than that accorded the official Englishmen, and probably more intimate than enjoyed by the nonofficial Englishmen. The process of enlightenment has not been altogether flattering but I have never sought to evade its results, or to discount its value. The old feeling of personal regard for the Englishman is dead. The intricacies and the trust of the seventies are no longer possible. The growing rivalries in the fight for life, in the jostling for success, are partly accountable for the changed conditions, but partly also, the arrogance of racial superiority which, as the years have rolled by, have embittered social relations and aroused resentments not limited to the suspension of genuine social courtesies. The Englishmen cannot be held blameless for this awakening of illwill. It was bound to come with the recognition of the Indian, that man for man he was rapidly pushing forward and establishing his claim to intellectual equality with the human article from home! But it would not have developed so rapidly, nor into channels mortised with racial resentment, if the Englishman in India had been less

reluctant to admit, that if the theory of his established church be true, the same divine hand has fashioned the black man and the white. Indians still recall Lord Salisbury's contemptuous reference to Dadabhoi Naoroji. Today some of them not merely resent, but are beginning openly to strike back at open assertions of individual or national superiority. In private life such claims would be censured as unpardonably uncourteous. In public affairs they should be censured as politically dangerous and unwise."

Such was Norton's robust good feeling towards India's aspirations and self respect. He added: I need not travel for an illustration. In the Bar Library in Calcutta there sit daily 170 Barristers, the enormous majority of whom are Indians. All of them to secure their gowns, have been in England—many of them have been educated at public schools. Still more at Oxford and Cambridge. They belong to a profession which at home holds high social rank and which whether for good or ill, wields enormous political power in England. They contrast not to our credit, their treatment of Indians at home with their treatment in India. A few are superficially patronised in private. The great majority are socially ostracised, politically their treatment is even more unwise. The Bench and its honours are shut against them. They see the highest prizes handed over to aliens from England. Justice in the districts is administered by a class which professes little sympathy with themselves and none for the traditions, which

clustering around the profession of their choice, invest it with a romance and with privileges which in England have received the respect and the hallmark of the centuries. Their discontent is assured and justified. Its genesis is the severest censure of the failings of what stands for modern and well endowed statesmanship.

If courtesy can no longer be exacted on the old fashioned principle of inborn nobility, it should be rendered, however grudgingly on the lower footing of expediency. Khan Bahadurs and Raj Bahadurs permanently fix and assess the loyalty of which Lieutenant Governors prate so eloquently in self contradictory manifestoes.

TOO SUDDEN

He, to a girl friend at a party: "Is that a particular friend of yours you just spoke to?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you ask him to join us, then?"

"Oh, this is so sudden! He's the new minister."

x x x

It is in the small matters of conduct that we pass judgement upon ourselves and declare that we are civilised or uncivilised. The great moments of heroism and sacrifice are rare. It is the little habits of commonplace intercourse that make up the great sum of life and sweeten or make bitter the journey.—*A. G. Gardiner.*

x x x

Take my word for it, the silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool.—*Kipling.*

x x x

The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.—*Charles Lamb.*

x x x

The Lord prefers common-looking people. That is the reason He makes so many of them.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

x x x

When once the itch of literature comes over a man nothing can care it but the scratching of a pen.—*Samuel Lover.*

x x x

There are two things to aim at life; first to get what you want; and after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second.—*L. P. Smith.*

x x x

I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude.—*Thoreau.*

x x x

The two things that a healthy person hates most between heaven and hell are a woman who is not dignified and a man who is.—*Chesterton.*

THE HINDU DHARMA

'VELANDAI'

The Sanskrit College, Mylapore, Madras, has been the scene of great religious fervour and devotional atmosphere during the navarathri and the following days when thousands congregated there to pay their homage to His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam. His Holiness had been camping there from 3rd October and young and old, women and children, from all parts of the city went there morning, evening and night for the privilege of his darshan and to seek his blessings and hear his inspiring discourses on Hindu Dharma and our great heritage.

Addressing the bhaktas who had gathered on Vijayadasami day His Holiness said :

I visited Madras last about twentyfive years ago. Those who had darshan then, must have grown up. I wish they retain and live up to the message I gave them then. A new generation has since come up and so it was my duty to visit Madras again just to impart the same message to the new generation. I am always reluctant to go to cities. I like villages where there is calm and repose. But devotees in Madras said that if I visit Madras it will enable all old people and children to see me and benefit themselves. But from the huge multitude I see now and the stampede that has to be averted I am afraid no old man or child will venture to see me in a crowd. They delight to see me all alone in village surroundings. But the middle aged men and women here alone have come to see me. It is their bhakti that impells



them all to see me, however much diverted they may be in religious practices. But by thus meeting I am praying to the Almighty to elevate my bhaktas to the region of religious sadhana. By just a little concentration and practice all of you can take to the old

sanatana life with its code of religiosity and simplicity.

The hatred cult against caste system is not due to any inherent defect in the caste system. If as of old all caste men are simple and pious there will be no rivalry. It is only when you aim to ape western fashions and look ostentatious, the erstwhile poor neighbour scorns you. If the Brahmin and other so called higher castes—to me all are equal but only with different allotted duties—give up their luxurious life and live simply and humbly, all jealousy will vanish. The new political slogan of raising the standard of living is not at all necessary. In western countries where this has been attempted, it is the result of wars of aggrandisement, mercantile plunder and artificial booming up of standards. Invariably this has resulted in a mechanical, artificial and luxurious life at the expense of moral values. The result is the religious background has slowly vanished and people are sinking into the oblivion of irreligion, deceit, dishonesty and the worship of mammon instead of the worship of God.

So I am for keeping down the standard of life. If you live a simple life, your soul is saved. The temptation to do evil is less. Sanatana Dharma always thrived only in such a background. So I am anxious for the salvation of your soul. Your earthly salvation in terms of riches is no good. But that does not mean I want you to be poor. By all means work hard, and earn all the money honestly. But never

spend more than you should. There should be no disparity in the spending between a rich man and a poor man. The extra money with you, you can utilize to help people less well placed than you. You can use it for the community. So long as you consider your property as a trust not only for your family but for the community and the nation, you need not be afraid that your neighbour or other castemen will hate you. You can keep up varnashrama only by living a simple and moral life. If you do all this, then may work is done. The Mutt lives for the people. I for the Mutt and you live for me. If this chain of duties is kept up always there is no need to despair.

Even the atheists who quarrel with caste system do so because of the misguided caste arrogance or unequal distribution of wealth. Once you all are simple and pious, these atheists will admire you and join hands with you.

So on this Vijaya Dasami day we shall all take a vow to serve truly and well our goddess Jagannata by living a pure and simple life, ever ready to carry out her wishes as revealed in the sastras. If we do this our nation, Bharat, will rise high above in the moral plane and will soon take her high place in the comity of nations as an exemplar of righteousness, plenty and love of peace. We are richer when we spend less and that is the art which the householder, the community and the nation should nourish and foster, May goddess Kali bless us all with peace, piety and plenty.

The great end of life is not knowledge but action.—Huxley.

LOVELY FESTIVALS OF JAPAN

Navarathri was observed all over South with the traditional display of dolls last month. Japan too has a festival akin to this. In the following article the author describes some of the Japanese festivals which are akin to some of our own.

R. B. PINGLAY

Like the Navaratri of the Hindus, when dolls are arranged in houses, in the months of September-October, Hina Matsuri, otherwise known as Dolls Festival, is held annually in Japan in March. The dolls are displayed artistically. This festival is meant mainly for girls and young children, and hence goes by the name of girls' festival. Household articles and other accessories are all included in the display. The chief dolls are the Dairi Sama, representing the prince and the princess, dressed in resplendent ancient court dress of silk. They are attended by three maids of honour, five musicians, two guardsmen, and three footmen. Peach blossoms, symbolising happiness in marriage, are other decorations on the stand. There are strict rules of etiquette to follow when viewing the dolls and the visitors should abide by those instructions. This is a gay festival.

Tango-No-Sekku: In contrast with the girls' festival, the boys' festival is known as Tango-no-sekku. This is a splendid event which falls on May 6th. The boys also display dolls but they are masculine, representing feudal generals with a paraphernalia of swords, armour, helmets, banners,

bows and arrows. In the open yards of the house, paper or cloth balloon carps are hoisted on tall bamboo poles to fly in the air like fish. This carp is a symbol representing tenacity, strength and determination.

Jingoya and Jusanya: Moon viewing is a traditional autumn event. The moon is fairest in the autumn, and hence the custom of the Japanese from ancient times to hold a special party for enjoying the sight of the full moon. On the moon-viewing night, a small table is placed in the open with offerings of food and wine. Rice wine is served to guests. The guests apply themselves to whatever they fancy most some improvising poems to the moon, some singing merrily and others enjoying the good food before them. The children are made to sit facing the moon in the open air and before them dimplings, fruits, vegetables and wine in jars are placed.

Shichi-go-san: Another pretty festival handed down in tradition dating back over four hundred years is Shichi-go-san (Seven-five-three) which is held in November 15th. This is a festival held in honour of children attaining the age of five for boys, and three and seven for girls. On this day

children in their best attire are taken to local shrines by the parents and elders to express thanksgiving and to invoke blessings of the God. This is purely a festival for the uplift of their children and mothers in ceremonial attire and coiffure lead their children to the shrines.

Cha-no-yu: The tea cult of Japan is an important feature in the culture and heritage of the Japanese. The atmosphere in the tea room of ten feet square is something holy. There is a spirit of equality and fraternity among the members in the tea room. Guests are entertained with no discrimination. All worldly considerations are cast aside. The commoner's knees touch those of the nobleman, and they talk with due reverence to each other.

The tea room in one of the Zen temples attached to Daitokuzi, which is the headquarters of tea cult, is thus described:

'There stands an insignificant looking straw thatched hut, low

and unpretentious to the last degree. The entrance is not by a door but a sort of aperture; to enter through it a visitor has to be shorn of all his encumbrances, that is to say, to take off both his swords long and short, which in the feudal days a Samurai used to carry all the time. The inside is a small semi-lighted room about ten feet square; the ceiling is low and of uneven height. The posts are not smoothly planned. They are mostly of natural wood. After a little while, however, the room grows gradually lighter as our eyes begin to adjust themselves to the new situation. We notice an ancient looking kakemono in the alcove (tokonoma) with some handwriting or picture of sumiye. An incense burner emits a smoke of fragrance which singularly has the effect of soothing one's nerves.....attracts the attention of the entire gathering of visitors, four or five especially invited to sip a cup of tea, in order to forget all the worldly cares that may be oppressing them."

TOO OBVIOUS

At the auction of a famous racing stable a young man in the very latest riding togs bought a swaybacked animal that looked too old to be true. A farmer who had been watching inquired, "What on earth are you going to do with an old nag like that?"

"Why," the young horseman replied loftily, "I'm going to race him."

The farmer took a long look at the horse. "Well," he observed, "I'd say you'll win."

x x x

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.—Thomas Moore.

x x x

The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

Secret of America's Greatness

What is the root cause of the great material progress of U. S.?

Dakshina Ranjan Bose, who had been to that country as a leader exchange grantee, in the course of a lecture before the Institute of Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Calcutta, said :

Ever since my first landing on the soil of America, the one question that always haunted my mind was: What is the root cause of the great material progress of that country? Wherever I went across the vast continent, that question was always in my mind. I sought its answer in the course of my travels; in my meetings with all sorts of people, from commoners to leaders; in my visits to newspaper establishments, libraries, and educational institutions. Everywhere I sought to get at the secret of their success; and I was not late to find it: it lay in their high sense of, and devotion to, duty, their regard for discipline, and, above all, their ardent patriotism.

Not a single individual in any American city forgets for a moment that it is his bounden duty to keep his city clean, and everyone knows it well that only by the concerted effort of all the citizens can their city be made a better and healthier place to live in. When he works, he does so with his whole heart. He is not satisfied until he has done it fully

and perfectly.

This sense of duty finds expression in various arts of public morality. Innumerable instances charmed and asounded me even in their ordinariness. It is the practice in America, as in many countries of Europe, to leave newspapers in heaps on news-stands or *kiosks*. People take out their favourite papers and leave the price money there. There is no one to oversee them, and generally no cases occur of theft of papers or money. It is just a matter of conscience.

In many market places there are no shopkeepers to sell wares. Buyers choose their wares, take them according to their requirements, and leave back the money. The sellers rely on the buyers. This much basic reliance is the first word in all corporate living and social progress.

I found the same spirit prevailing in trams and buses, where the same person acts as the driver and conductor. In fact, there is no need for conducting. Beside the only entrance door near the driver's seat is kept a slot-machine. People put their fares into it as they get in. There is no cheating no row, no flurry, and no quarrelling with the conductor, as is the daily practice in our trams and buses. Such things are inconceivable in America. Work and discipline go hand in hand. And the nation progresses.

Wise men have their mouths in their hearts, fools their hearts in their mouths.

A POLISH FOLK TALE

There are many fairy tales throughout the world relating to the Initiation of a Disciple. The story of the little cobbler given below originates from the district of Cracow in Poland, where it used to be told by Polish peasants. The moral of the tale is: Help Nature and Nature will respond.

Once upon a time there lived a poor, aged shoemaker. His only son was a very handsome youth. One day his father called him and sent him into the world to find a better future for himself. He gave him two rucksacks for his journey: one containing loaves of bread; the other, a shoemaker's tools. And so the young fellow began his journey through various lands in search of work.

One sunny morning he found himself following a path through a forest. Suddenly he noticed an ant-hill which had been destroyed by a mischievous hand. His heart was filled with pity for the tiny creatures. He knelt on the ground, rebuilt the ant-hill and replaced the scattered eggs.

A little further along the path through the forest he noticed a beehive hidden in the trunk of an old tree. But some mischievous hand had plundered the hive and swarms of bees were buzzing unhappily round the tree. The shoemaker's heart was overwhelmed with pity for the little creatures. He repaired the broken hive and put a wax frame into it. He smiled happily as the golden bees settled down joyfully.

The young shoemaker continued on his way until he arrived at the bank of a beautiful river filled with shoals of goldfish. A small wooden bridge spanned the river and silver swans glided on the surface of the water. The shoemaker was enchanted by the picturesque scene. He took out the remaining piece of bread from his rucksack and threw the crumbs into the water for the goldfish and the silver swans.

Long and weary was the shoemaker's journey; he was often hungry and various dangers threatened his life. But he finally reached the gates of a large city.

He settled down in the city and began his work. Soon he made a reputation for his skill as a shoemaker. One day he was called to the royal castle and received an order for a pair of slippers for the young princess. As soon as he saw the face of the beautiful princess he immediately fell in love with her. But alas! the queen mother was a powerful enchantress, and nobody had so far dared to ask her for the hand of the young princess. But the shoemaker was a daring fellow and decided to ask the wicked queen for the hand of her beautiful daughter.

When the queen heard his request she said: "Whoever wants to marry my daughter must be prepared for three tests." The shoemaker did not lose courage and asked for the first test. The queen ordered a sack of poppy seeds and a sack of sand to be

mixed together and said to the shoemaker: "If you do not separate the seeds from the sand before daybreak tomorrow, you will never see the princess again!"

So the unhappy young man sat in the closed room provided for him. He thought of his task and tears of despair began to roll down his cheeks. Suddenly a strange noise was heard in the room. The shoemaker looked up and could hardly believe his eyes. Through the barred window thousands upon thousands of ants entered the room. They started carefully to clean the poppy seeds, putting aside every grain of sand. Soon the work was completed. The shoemaker thanked the tiny creatures with all his heart.

How great was the surprise of the queen when next morning she saw all the poppy seeds separated from the sand! She then gave him the next task to perform, and this time a more difficult one. She locked the princess in her room with a golden key and threw it into the deep waters of the river, leaving the shoemaker to find it.

The shoemaker's heart was full of despair as he stood on the bank of the river. It seemed quite impossible to find the key in the deep waters. Suddenly he heard a splash on the silent surface. It was a silver swan swimming towards him with the golden key in

its beak. The swan came as a messenger from the goldfish who had found the key at the bottom of the deep river.

Next morning the queen was very surprised to see the golden key in the shoemaker's hand. But immediately she gave him the last and the most difficult task. She led him to a room where three aged, ugly spinsters were spinning. "Now," said the queen, "you must guess which one is the princess. But, if you guess incorrectly, you will marry the oldest and ugliest as a punishment!"

The shoemaker looked at one, glanced at another. He was baffled by the task and was unable to utter a sound. He looked hopelessly around when suddenly a swarm of bees flew in through the open window. Humming and buzzing, they circled over the head of the ugliest of the spinsters. The shoemaker immediately perceived the meaning of their action. "That one is my princess," he shouted, and ran towards the spinster pointed out by the bees. And lo! in her place appeared the lovely princess, freed from the enchantment of the queen.

The little shoemaker married his beloved princess and a great feast was joyfully held in the royal castle.

— *Theosophical Movement.*

Time and circumstance, which enlarge the views of most men, narrow the views of women almost invariably.—*Thomas Hardy.*

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased.—*William Hazlitt.*

A true tale from earley American history when might was right.

THE LAST OF THE BOATMEN

Mike Fink of Pittsburgh usually known as "the last of the boatmen" was a fair specimen of his race. His ruling passion when young was to become a boatman and soon it had its gratification. He served on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers as a boatman, until thrown out of employment by the general use of steamboats.

When the Ohio was too low for navigation, he spent most of his time at shooting matches in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh and soon became famous as the best shot in the country.

Mike weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds; height about five feet nine inches; countenance open; skin tanned by sun and rain, form broad and muscular, and of Herculean strength and great activity. He was a wit, and on that account gained the admiration and excited the fears of all the fraternity; for he usually enforced his wit with a sound drubbing, if any one dared to dissent by neglecting or refusing to laugh at his jokes; for, as he used to say, he cracked his jokes on purpose to be laughed at in a good-humoured way, and that no man should make light of them. As a consequence, Mike had always around him a chosen band of philosophers. An eye bunged up, or a dilapidated nose or ear, was sure to win Mike's sympathy and

favour.

Among his chosen worshippers who would fight their death for him, as they termed it, were Carpenter and Talbot. Each was a match for the other in prowess, in fight, or skill in shooting, having each been under Mike's diligent training.

Mike at one time had a woman who passed for his wife; whether she was truly so, we do not know. But at any rate, the following anecdote is a rare instance of conjugal discipline.

Sometime in the latter part of autumn, several keelboats landed for the night near the mouth of the Muskingum, among which was that of Mike. After making all fast, Mike was observed, just under the bank, scraping into a heap the dried beach leaves, which had been blown there during the day, having just fallen from the effects of the early autumn frosts. To all questions as to what he was doing he returned no answer, but continued at his work until he had piled them up as high as his head. He then separated them, as if to ascertain whether it was a good bed or not. Getting up, he sauntered on board, hunted up his rifle, made great preparations about its priming, and then called in a very impressive manner upon his wife to follow him. Both proceeded up to the pile of leaves, poor "Peg" in a terrible

flutter as she had discovered that Mike was in no very amiable humour.

"Get in there and lie down," was the command to Peg, topped off with one of Mike's very choicest oaths. "Now Mr. Fink,"—she always mistered him when his blood was up—"what have I done? I don't know, I'm sure..."

"Get in there and lie down, or I'll shoot you," said Mike and uttering another oath, drew up his rifle to his shoulder. Poor Peg obeyed instantly and crawled into the leaf pile, and Mike covered her up with the combustibles. He then took a flour barrel and split the staves into fine pieces, and lighted them at the fire on board the boat, all the time watching the leaf pile, and

swearing he would shoot Peg if she moved. As soon as his splinters began to blaze he took them into his hand and deliberately set fire, in four different places, to the leaves that surrounded his wife. In an instant the whole mass was on fire, aided by a fresh wind which was blowing at the time, while Mike quietly stood by enjoying the fun. Peg, through fear of Mike, stood it as long as she could; it soon became too hot, and she made a run for the river, her hair and clothing all on fire. In a few seconds she reached the water and plunged in, rejoiced to know she had escaped both fire and rifle so well. "There," said Mike, "that will learn you not to be winking at them fellers on the boat."

TOO GREAT A RISK

He went to the insurance office to have his life insured. "Do you drive a car?" asked the agent.

"No," said the man.

"Do you ride about much in buses and taxis?"

"No."

"Do you ever fly?"

"No."

"Sorry, sir," snapped the agent, curtly; "we don't insure pedestrians."

X X X
One enemy is to many and a hundred friends too few.

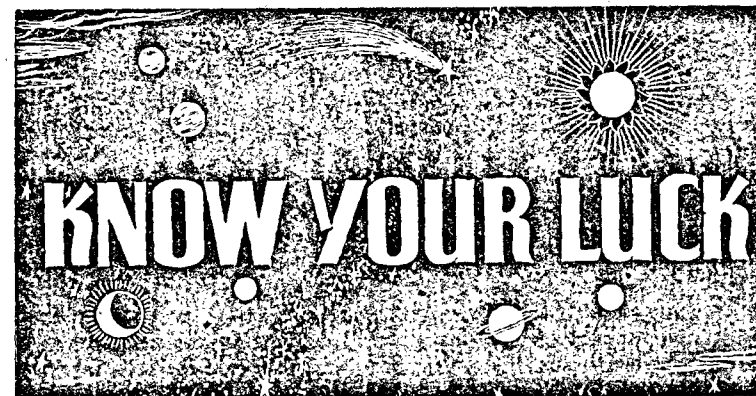
X X X
It is a good tongue that says no ill and better heart that thinks none.

X X X
If you lie upon roses when young, you will lie upon thorns when old.

X X X
Love and scandal are the best sweetness to tea.—*Henry Fielding.*

X X X
If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master.

X X X
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—*Shakespeare.*



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-4

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Though the major planets are continuing in their respective houses unfavourably the other minor planets are coursing through the house of your individuality wherein you will come to the forefront more than ever, in the first half. The five planets in the 7th house are no doubt offering a heavy resistance in the way of your progress, yet, each of them has a special significance in your line of action or work. The oppositions at the outset may change to sympathy and help in the second half. Your planet Mangal is coursing its way through the 7th house of individuality in the sphere of your work bringing you in contact with others who may advance your interests in life. Children may cause you anxiety more than ever during this month. Creditors may make your life unhappy for some time; yet you

will muster moral strength enough to keep up your poise in the midst of your tribulations and public activity. Guru and Sukra in mutual kendra is a redeeming feature to overcome all obstacles in your field of activities without feeling the resistance on your way. The 7th and 8th house planets may go to the length of maligning you in the eyes of your enemies. But the two benefics are in alignment with your hopes, aspirations and realisation thereof. Financially in spite of pressure you will be able to meet all your demands. Officially your claim is being duly recognised. Merchants will have heavy opposition. Foreign markets will respond more favourably. Partnership may not fare well. Financial difficulties are seen increasing. 6, 10, 11, 16, 19, 25, 27, 28 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Major planets like Guru and

‡ Kritika, Rohini & ‡ Mrigashira Sani being favourably configured, other minor planets may not bring about an irksome position in the affairs of your activity especially in the first half. Guru in the 5th being alone, aspects lagna, 9th house and 11th house and therefore is calculated to mark a favourable accent on the monetary affairs and responsibility in your routine chores and capacity and steady application with a broadening horizon, wider contact and new mental concept which are at once stimulating and entertaining and compelling. Sani in the 7th offers you equally an advantageous and optimistic position in your career so that you may not lose the tempo of encouragement and optimism. Planets in the 6th will no doubt bring about worries, inconveniences and pressure all round your activities, but the second half shows greater improvement and success following your undertakings. All court cases, if any, will find settlement to your advantage. Avoid friction and misunderstanding at home and also outside in your service. 9th December may worry you to your disgust. Officially, the month is encouraging enough owing to your boss's appreciation of your duties. Domestically you may not feel happy as expected. Your wife's health may cause you anxiety. Domestic harmony may be wanting. Financially 2nd week onwards will find better conveniences. Some old dues may be collected. Expenditure is seen rising up. For merchants first half seems to be more favourable

for their business success in spite of obstacles in the way. Second half may bring about disturbed relationship with partners or customers.

5, 8, 10, 16, 19, 22, 25, 27, 28 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI.

Planetary positions confer greater benefic influences than before during this month specially in the first quarter. Planets in the 5th will no doubt make you high-strung mentally and make confusion worse confounded if you fail to put your foot in the right doorway of opportunity. Second half may improve matters and find settlement favourably of some important pending matters. Children will cause you great anxiety and disappointment also in some cases, especially in the second half. One of your brothers or a near relation will claim your special attention. Avoid rupture with him as far as possible. Second half may disturb your relationship with elders for some days. Financially second half is more convenient. An old source of income may be revived. Distant money may come through such channels. General health will be disturbed in the second half. Avoid friction with relations. Domestically this month is more harmonious because of the two benefic agents like Sukra and Guru in mutual kendra. Officially this month does not hold out more hopes of favour of the department than before. New work or duties may be assigned to your advan-

tage. One of your children will come up to your expectation in spite of the troubles thereabout. Marriage question may prove successful. Businessmen will be luckier during this month. Speculation will grow stronger than before and new connections may be established advantageously. Partnership will fare well.

6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 14, 16, 20, 24, 25, 29 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Major planets are unfavourably situated and they do not forbode a favourable picture of the month. The solar course passing through the 4th house and 5th house during the month excites domestic affairs in particular, house move if any, unpleasant arguments with those around you, vacillation in your domestic and children's interests, confusion owing to wrong impression about your surroundings and your disappointments because of your badly timed showdowns. There may be settlement of outstanding interests besides extra efforts made to improve your security and that of your family. They may reach a turning point in the tide of your affairs which place family and parental considerations above all. A new orientation and colour in all your activities will be a paramount necessity during this month. Domestically you may not feel happy owing to bad combination of planets unless extra attention is given to improving home comforts including interests in agriculture or gardening. New

acquaintances may become major influences gained in your line this month if you take care to nurse the friendship properly. The month shows high tension and the consequent readjustment in the domestic circle. Your family may cause unnecessary distractions at home. A house move may be seriously considered. Financially there may be pressure felt. The lord of the wealth being debilitated you may require more money to be raised than you think necessary. Second half may not place you more conveniently than before. Officially there will be disappointment in a few cases. Transfers, termination of service in some cases or differences with the boss may be the special feature of the month. Businessmen may not find this month encouraging. Speculation will misfire. Financial difficulties may be found increasing.

2, 7, 10, 11, 13, 16, 20, 21, 23, 27, 28 are good days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planets indicate an admixture of both good and bad results during this month. Guru in the 2nd house indicates financial solidarity in spite of heavy pressure, gifts from others and an upsurge of pessimism during this month. Solar course through the 3rd house may bring about trips or short journey, visits, better relationship with people around you, heavy correspondence, restoration of old friendship and finally some emotional decision with those with whom you differ. Surya

along with Kuja, may disturb the brotherly relationship in the beginning but improve the same before long. Second half causes important changes in the domestic circle but beware that you don't incur the displeasure of those around you in your attempts to keep the domestic life on an even keel. Avoid friction with the elders as far as possible. Domestic life in its harmonious condition will be yours in the second half. You may achieve it to the extent to which you try to keep its tempo by patience, forbearance, and enthusiasm. Financially the month finds improvement from the second week onwards. Budha, financial lord, enters 4th house indicating financial help to old people, connection with old associations or companies and through properties. Agriculture will pay well during this month. Iron business will prove fruitful. Officially there may be slightly better advantages. Second half may perhaps cause some misunderstandings with the boss which may be avoided by tact. Merchants will find this month more successful for speculation. Partnership may get disturbed owing to rupture among partners.

2, 5, 6, 8, 11, 16, 19, 22, 24 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary positions confer luckier influences at work during this month. The two benefic planets, viz. $\frac{1}{2}$ Uttara-phalguna, $\frac{1}{2}$ Chitra, Hastha and $\frac{1}{2}$ Chitra, Guru and Sukra, are important factors

in determining the fortune of this month. These two planets help you largely in gaining your position socially, domestically and financially. Sukra, the lord of the 9th, is gainful of favour from higher-ups like company, association, society and government, particularly in the second half of the month. Additional acquisition of knowledge is a special feature of this month. Respect and honour will be achieved in your surroundings. There may be a ceremony in connection with your children such as a marriage function etc. You may meet men of high spirituality and may gain through such association moral courage in your sphere of career. The two acharya planets, viz., Sukracharya and Brahaspati acharyas, will enthuse you spiritually as well as materially. A journey is indicated in the second half. Financially first half may prove more expensive than the second. Heavy expenditure is in store for you in connection with your old scheme to be implemented upon. Elders may help you with their blessings on your onward march of life. Investment like buying and selling will prove advantageous. Officially this month is favourable enough for gainful advantages. Your boss will appreciate your work more than before. The aspects of two planets Sani and Mangal to the 5th house may cause you some extra anxiety in respect of your children's affairs, your disturbed health owing to gaseous attack abdominally. Merchants will find this month lucky enough. There may be some trouble financially in the first half. General tone of business is

well kept up.

6, 10, 11, 16, 19, 22, 24, 25, 29 are good days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

More malefic influences of planets are revealed during this month than in the last. The malefics, viz. Surya, $\frac{1}{2}$ Chitra, $\frac{1}{2}$ Swathi and $\frac{1}{2}$ Vishaka, Mangal & Rahu in particular besides Neptune may not be construed well for your physical health. They generate more heat than before heating your system and disrupting your general health. The major planets Guru and Sani are also unfavourably configured. It may not be easy for you, therefore, to attain the cherished ambition through different sources of your activities. First half may affect your eyesight to a lesser extent than the second. Solar conjunction with Sani on the 9th Dec. is not favourable for your mental peace at home and outside life. Avoid friction with seniors or parents. A friend is likely to be affected adversely against you. Financially first half is luckier than the second. More money will pass through you though savings will be poor. Second half perhaps may cause greater pressure for money than before. Conservative policy in financial matter may be safely adopted. Domestically planets don't harmonise amongst themselves and so you may not be happy in the home circle. Avoid rupture with others in the second half. A journey may be envisaged in the second half. Officially first half is more favourable though you may not achieve your cherished object. Second half may

prove a disappointment in any official aspiration. Merchants will find the first half more lucky than the second. Partners will be labouring under greater handicap in their business than before. A disruption or a dissolution may not be too much to be predicted in this month.

6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 16, 19, 20, 21, 25, 29 are better days.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary positions are rather reckoned to be weaker than before. $\frac{1}{2}$ Vishaka, Anuradha, & Jeshta, They indicate troubles from enemies through machinations against you behind your back. The forces of malefic planets may go to the extent of disrupting your current alignment against your interests unless you are more forbearing and gentle. There may be enough provocation and excitement over which you may fail to exercise any control. The only redeeming features are the benefic planets Sukra and Guru in the house of production and gain of divine grace. Second half may not be in any way more favourable than before. You may not have good understanding with your elders at home. Your surroundings will look gloomy and not encouraging. Financially though the benefic planets are envisaging timely help, planets in the 12th denote heavy and unavoidable items of expenditure rising one after another to your disgust. Great precaution is needed because of your self-undoing policy socially and financially lest there should be unending trouble.

les afoot. Officially the month does not hold out hopes of realisation of your plans. Heavier work may be shoved on you without any gain. Avoid your boss's displeasure at all cost. Domestically this month does not provide better harmony than before. There may be differences or misunderstandings in the home circle as also in official life. Merchants will in no way find this month better; many of their hopes will not be realised there being inordinate delay. Partnership may go on well in spite of discontent and dissatisfaction.

4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 16, 19, 24, 25, 27, 28 are better days.

DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

Planetary positions confer greater degree of general success and benefic influence over your affairs during this month particularly in the first half. Planets in the 11th house coursing through the house of gain should enable you to gain advantages through friends, relatives, and agents; more friends than before will rally round you and keep your life in an even keel. Your lord in the 10th house is supposed to aspire to higher position than before and the chances for such realisation are centred round about the middle of the month at the latest. The second half may not prove so favourable as two malefics, Sun and Saturn, will be in conjunction on the 9th of December. There may be

troubles through elders or your officer causing you some mental dejection temporarily. Financially this month may not be worse than the last in spite of heavier expenditure beyond your control. Investment will not be happy and propitious. There may be some trouble in a few cases through court of law in financial matters. Next month promises greater success therein. Domestically this month is better in the first half than in the second. Private enmity will be evident from the second half. General health may not be satisfactory in the second half owing to some unexpected troubles in the functioning of your system. Eye sight, if already weak, will cause you greater anxiety in the second half. Officially you may gain through the favour of your boss in the first half. Any attempt for such a favour may be postponed to the next month with greater benefic result. Change of work not liked by you may transpire during this month. Merchants will be lucky in the first half. There will be financial trouble facing them in the second half although general finance may be safe. Partnership will prosper well. Changes in business methods by exploring financial avenues may be found desirable.

4, 6, 10, 11, 12, 16, 19, 20, 23, 25, 28 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

Planetary positions radiate

more benefic influences over your life. The solar course through the

10th house in the first half makes you very active, industrious and persevering in the realm of your activities. Your aims and ambitions will be higher than before to attain greater recognition, reputation and popularity. With Guru in the 9th house the solar course presses your career interests, your credit in the eyes of people and your parent's affairs. The month is important on account of its good opportunities for action which will put you ahead in your activities. The second half is equally good when Sun is passing through the house of your ambition for improving and raising your status in the eyes of top people who may help you in your onward march of life's success. Guru in the 9th is an important aspect providing an excellent mental influence provided you don't neglect what is close at hand and allow your mind to wander. It will be advantageous for you to take new ideas and wider vistas from which your luck may stem. Sani in the 11th in this month has a special significance in as much as it changes its sign before Surya comes back to this month again next year. It is therefore significantly a lucky month, which solidifies your position in the community and brings association and help from elders or old friends and new alliances. Financially the month promises great conveniences than before. Avoid friction with elders. Domestically you may aspire to higher

heights and expect greater favours shortly. Business men will find foreign market is more gainful than ever. They may avoid friction and complication with partners.

4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 16, 19, 20, 22, 25, 28 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Planets have changed for the better during this month. Their conjunction is in the 9th sector causing an upsurge of optimism and desire for self

assertion. The Solar course through the 9th house reveals your planning, distant interests and relation with elders and also those who are far away from you. It refers to religious aspiration and philosophical attitude towards those with whom you deal. A distant journey may occur. An important religious ceremony may occur. Children will give you greater satisfaction than before. Distant letters or correspondence with higher ups or society or companies may be expected to give you the cherished relief during this month. Second half will make you more concerned with your profession in particular. Great care will be needed before you disrupt the current official alignment with others. Sudden misunderstanding may be envisaged if you are a little overproud and self conceited in your contact with higher-ups. Avoid quarrel, misunderstanding or friction in the second half. Separated couples may join under favourable auspices and a few others may find

differences and disharmony at home. Financially this month may prove somewhat better in spite of heavy expenditure increasingly felt, owing to the aspects of Saturn and Mangal in the 12th house. Investment may not prove propitious. Domestically there may be slightly better understanding in a few cases only owing to Sukra's position. Socially there may be greater activity and comfort. Officially there may be greater aspiration than realisation. A changeover with greater responsibility may come to some of you. Merchants will have success in their business speculation with foreign market. Steel and iron will pay them more besides oil and mineral.

4, 6, 7, 10, 11, 13, 14, 19, 20, 22, 25, 29 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

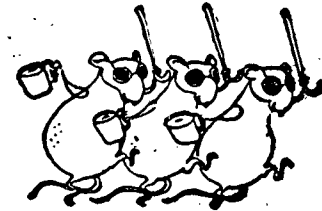
Planetary positions threaten irritations, difficulties, disappointments, distant journey, rupture, ill health, disharmony at home and anger with elders. The solar course in the first half indicates these tribulations perhaps more in the first half than in the second. The only redeeming feature in this month is the mutual square position of the two benefic planets, viz. Guru and Sukra, in the 7th and 10th sectors. These may be calculated to reduce the tempo of your difficulties to the minimum bringing in their train better understanding apparently and greater popularity in your outside life. Correspondence,

papers and distant news will interest you much and may accord you the cherished objectives. Since planets of the 8th house are concerned it may not be too much to predict the sad news of a demise of a friend or near relation of yours. Your brother or sister will claim your special attention. People in the mystic or occult department or protagonists of these occult subjects will be in their limelight and evince greater enthusiasm in their research work. Financially the month may reveal unexpected and heavy fluctuations besides strain and stress. The stimulating Mangal, the lord of the 2nd in the 8th, should really make financial matters also very active in the second half. Owing to other planets' positions in the 8th house and also Surya conjunct Sani after the middle of the month, new large scale financial understandings had best be postponed to a future date. Avoid discussion of financial matters with others with whom you had dealings before. Officially this month may cause you some unnecessary anxiety though nothing bad may eventuate. Sukra, the lord of the 8th, may cause you some fear complex unnecessarily. This month will provide greater turnover in business speculation though there may be some unexpected losses here and there in the first half. Second half may prove more encouraging and lucrative. Foreign business will succeed more than local.

4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 16, 19, 25, 27 are lucky days.

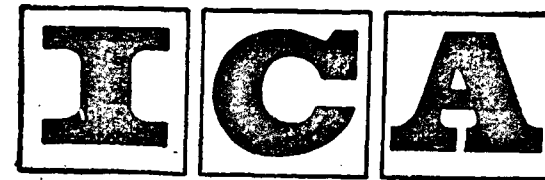
13, 14, 20, 21, 22 may prove somewhat troublesome.

FILL UP and FEEL THE



DIFFERENCE

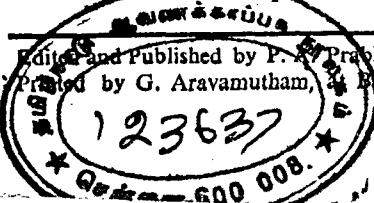
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Edited and Published by P. V. Prabh, B.A. (HONS), at 32, Pelatope, Madras-4.
Printed by G. Aravamutham, at Rajaji Press, 187, Mount Road, Madras-2.



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