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The names of characters and places appearing in fictional stories are purely imaginary and any reference to living persons is only coincidental. The Editor does not accept responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.

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Letters

LETTERS INVITED

The editor invites letters from readers who are welcome to express their views on any subject they like. They must, however, be brief and to the point.

NO HALF WAY

Sir,

Are we sure that one language or one religion or even one race helps national unity or solidarity? The Englishman looks daggers at the Scotchman who in turn hates an Irishman. Why, the West End of London treats the East End as though it is sub-human. Despite this, if it is argued that a national language makes for unity, why not we have one national dress for all persons, males as well as females, in all states of India? The logic could be stretched still further. We can have one menu, one taste, one religion and one political party. All glory to the *One* who manifests Himself as many. Our wise sages have preached the gospel of unity in diversity but our neo-politicians are wiser still

and want to create apples of discord where concord and harmony reigned.

Nagpur.

R. Ramchander.

CHANCE FOR HANDLOOM

Sir,

Rajaji and his good suggestions are *bete noire* with the Commerce and Industries department of the Central Government. It has turned down his proposal to reserve the production of dhoties and sarees to handloom and that the textile mills should not compete with it. Now in the context of the exchange crisis—our inability to pay for imports and the supreme necessity to increase our exports—Delhi will do well to do a bit of re-thinking and kill two birds with one stroke. They can export our mill products and give a good chance to the handloom. This lessens to some extent the exchange burden and solves the unemployment problem of the handloom weavers. Sir Stafford Cripps as Chancellor of Britain did export the British cloth, forced men and women to wear costumes of

lesser length and imported the cheap Indian textiles to fill up the gap. Fortunately we have a thriving handloom industry in our land to fill up the gap instead of our going in for foreign imports.

Madura.

H. K. Murthy

A GOOD SUGGESTION

Sir,

Will you kindly give as much publicity as you can to the good suggestion that Mr. R. K. Sidwa, President of the Federation of All India Local Authorities held recently at Jaipur, has made in urging the State Governments to treat Village Panchayats as a "*wing of the Government*," and to delegate more functions to them. It is a known fact the state ministers treat local bodies as inferior bodies. This superiority complex should yield place to equality. Why are State Governments not loyal to Gandhiji who urged that Village Panchayats should be the basis of our Swaraj Government?

Delhi.

S. R.

BLESSING IN DISGUISE

Sir,

His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam, addressing a large gathering of devotees at the Sanskrit College, Mylapore, advised people to have a proper balance and treat all troubles as blessings in disguise. Even the ultra-moderners cannot but be

impressed with the wisdom and reasoning of the Acharya's address. Lest anybody should misunderstand the import of his great speech, kindly permit me to quote the relevant passage from the Acharya's address.

"When adversities befall us, we blame God and complain that He is blind to our misfortunes. But if we indulge in a little introspection we will realise that our faults are so many that we are utterly unworthy of His grace and that, if, in spite of that, we are able to get food, shelter and clothing, it is due to the abundant mercy of God. We must consider the difficulties we encounter as a blessing in disguise. A mother ties the hands of a child who has the propensity to pick up, and eat mud. This seeming cruelty of the mother is for the good of the child. Similarly troubles are God's grace to save us. In the entire picture of life, troubles form a tiny spot. In our inability to visualise the past and the future, we complain when we suffer in the present. A proper perspective will enable us to understand our present plight in its proper setting."

Madras.

K. Balasubramaniam.

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SERVICE TO THE PEOPLE

SRI Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam in Madras, Sri M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Speaker of the Lok Sabha at the All India Speakers' Conference held at Jaipur and Sri U. N. Dhebar, the Congress President at Ahmedabad have all emphasised each in his own way that service to the people should be the paramount duty of all persons and that there can be no greater ideal to strive for, for individuals, society and parliament.

Viewed from any angle, it is perfectly true that religion and politics join together in underlying the fact that service to people is not only service to God and country, but also a process by the adoption of which man, society and nation get elevated in thought and ennobled in mind. It is no doubt an axiomatic truth that to the extent to which man is enlightened and made happy to that extent the society of which he is a component part and the nation of which he is a proud and loyal citizen are also benefited. Conversely, the measure of the downfall and degradation of the individual, both materially and morally, is also the measure of the social and national shame and weakness.

So, all thinking people, whether religious or secular, unite together on this platform and urge that the supreme duty and ideal of the legislature cannot but be service to people and humanity. Mahatmaji has aptly said, "Working for the emancipation of the country and uplift of the down-trodden is emancipation of the self. It is Swaraj for the country and redemption of the soul from the bondage for the individual." But the tragedy of the situation is that our parliamentarians, barring a few exceptions, regard service to self as greater than service to people and God.

Sri Anantasayanam in his presidential address stressed the fact that, irrespective of party affiliations, all parties should unite together in making the Parliamentary Democracy a success and that the legislatures should be the repositories of political power. In his enthusiastic advocacy he has gone so far as to say that, "We must look forward to the day when any citizen with a grievance can feel sure that, should all other remedies fail, he can look to parliament to render him justice." Does the Speaker really think that the party system of Government is conducive to this? In every country enjoying self-government, the majority party rules and it gets its regime perpetuated by all means, fair or foul, the elections to the legislatures are stage-managed by party funds and tickets and the poor labourer or tiller of the soil cannot stand for election unless some powerful party backs him up with money. Provided the whole electoral system is revised and the law is amended, there is no chance of the ideal, which Sri Anantasayanam has in view—namely that the citizen can look forward ultimately to the legislature for getting redress and justice—ever materialising at all. One party rule, though it is cast in a democratic mould, gradually degenerates into dictatorship and the theory that sovereignty resides in the voters becomes a fiction. In fact, no ruling party thinks of the people who have voted it to power till the next elections are on, and in between the two elections the majority party rules without any let or hindrance,

aggrandising power and prestige and collecting enough funds to sweep the next elections.

It is to remedy this sorry state of things that the Congress President Sri U. N. Dhebar, in addressing congress workers, insisted that the Congress Government and workers should dedicate themselves to the service of the people through constructive work which can bring the congress and government closer to the people. The momentum which the Bhoodan movement of Vinobaji is gaining in the country must be an eye-opener to all political parties and politicians. It is time that the legislators realise that their first duty is service to the people and discharge it without fear or favour. If they set about their task in a truly religious or spiritual fervour, without being slavishly bound down by an inflexible party discipline, superiority complex or shibboleth, they will be contributing their best to make the parliament a true repository of political power.

TRUE GENTLEMAN

"It is almost a definition of a *gentleman* to say he is one who never inflicts pain.

"He makes light of favours while he does them and seems to be receiving when he is conferring.

"He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets everything for the best."

—Cardinal Newman.

Current Comments

INDO-JAPANESE TRADE

PACT

During his ten-day visit to Japan, the Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru has tremendously impressed the government, people and the industrial and trading classes of that country in a measure which would surprise even the most confirmed optimist. The result of his state visit may be summarised in one sentence, "He came, he saw, he conquered." Mutual goodwill and friendship are the forerunners of successful cultural relationship and business deals. The Japanese government is trying to create a 30 to 50 crore Yen fund from which India can draw money to pay for import of capital goods from Japan to aid India's Second Five Year Plan. Negotiations between the representatives of the two governments have already begun.

Another trade agreement has been concluded in New Delhi between the State Trading Corporation of India and the Japan Textile Machinery Manufacturers Association for importing machinery from Japan on deferred payment basis. Ten per cent of the value of goods must be paid to Japan by India on placing an

order and another ten per cent. on presentation of the shipping documents. The balance of eighty per cent of the value will be paid in ten equal half yearly instalments and the interest charged will be six per cent. Along with this if the Yen Fund also materialises at an early date, India's exchange crisis will be eased to a large extent.

There is also a third news item which says that another Japanese delegation will come to India to examine the port and other facilities and advance money to improve them. For the next five years India is due to supply about seven million tons of iron ore to Japan. While the Indian Finance Minister Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari is moving heaven and earth to raise a big loan for India to be conjointly floated by America, Britain and West Germany, Japan has willingly come forward to help India liberally with capital goods on a deferred payment basis.

CONQUEST OF OUTER SPACE

230 "Space" experts from 24

countries met at the Barcelona Astronautical Congress and expressed the belief "that man's flight to the moon will be achieved far more rapidly than most people imagine." Consequent on the launching of the Soviet satellite (Baby moon or *sputnik* as the Russians call it) the Congress delegates said that the next stage towards inter-planetary travel is the launching of rockets with human crew. The final stage in the conquest of outer space, according to them, will be sending "the space ship" to the moon. Some of the enthusiastic delegates opined that the conquest of nature has progressed so rapidly that they can reach the moon in ten years. As if to support it, the Soviet woman physicist Mme. Lydia Kursonova asserted that Russia was now preparing pilots for flight into space. Nations have yet to conquer their prejudices, hatred and selfishness but they are invading into the planets in the name of science, even as they have in the past established vast empires by conquering the seas. It looks as though the devil is clothed with more powers.

NEHRU'S COMMENT

Pandit Nehru is always an original thinker and his first comment on the Russian satellite was, that, while he welcomed the progress of science in inventing the Satellite, other inventions like the Atom and Hydrogen Bombs and Inter-Continental

Ballistic weapons tended for world destruction and consequently instead of paving the way for progress, they retarded it and put the hands of the clock back on civilization. And so, he pleaded that the spirit of man must catch up with the scientific progress and enhance the spiritual standards to prevent the world from destruction. There is much truth in what he says. But will the Big Powers agree to reach an agreement regarding the control of earth satellites? America has already rejected Mr. Nikita Khrushchev's (the Soviet Communist Party Secretary) suggestion that Russia is willing to come to an understanding with the United States of America to bring under international control the Russian earth satellite and pilotless missiles. Instead of the "spiritual" standard which Mr. Nehru ardently desires, the temper of the Big nations seems to be moving in the opposite direction.

BEHIND THE SATELLITE

The Russian satellite instead of evoking welcome and admiration from scientists all over the world has provoked intense bitterness and international tension. Why? It is due to the fear in America that there is more behind the satellite than what it apparently thought. American defence experts appear to think firstly that the Russians might have perfected an actual I C B M (Inter Continental Ballistic Missile) and secondly that it should have been

used to put the satellite into its orbit. The American argument about the superiority of the Russian guided missiles seems to run as follows:

"If Russia has the capacity to throw this satellite weighing 184 pounds up 560 miles into outer space and keep it travelling at a speed of 18,000 miles an hour—this means it can travel from Madras to Bangalore in forty seconds—it follows that she also has the capacity to send Hydrogen weapons across thousands of miles."

But the American Government is not going to be frightened by Russia's achievement. Perhaps the U. S. A. is already forging ahead in producing guided missiles of a different and superior type. This war of rivalry in inventing terrible weapons of destruction does not auger well for the peace of the world.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS

The crisis in the Middle East, as pointed out by us in our Editorial of last month, has deepened and Egypt has sent a contingent of forces to Syria to defend it against any possible attack by Turkey. Saudi Arabia and Lebanon might send their troops to help Syria. In Jordan the political tempo is rising and people are forbidden to carry arms. While America, Britain and Israel are chalking out their plans of meeting the situation and sending warships to strategic points, Russia has thrown its full weight on the side

of Syria. Syria itself has declared a State of Emergency. In this context, it is interesting to note that Mr. Dulles, the American Foreign Secretary, has said at a press conference that "the American Government does not regard the Eisenhower Doctrine for the Middle East as the final solution for the impasse in that area." If this means that America is not for war, the world will welcome it as a gesture of goodwill. All peace moves are not moves of appeasement or surrender. The situation in the Middle East demands utmost moderation, circumspection and a statesmanship of the highest order. Let us see what the U. N. O. does now that it is seized of this matter.

CIVIC RECEPTION TO E.M.S.

The Communist Party is outlawed in many democratic countries but the Indian Government has not only not put a ban on it but allowed it to run the government in the Kerala State. This shows the difference between the Indian and foreign outlooks. Vellore municipality in the North Arcot District went a step further and presented Mr. E. M. S. Nambudripad, Chief Minister of Kerala, with an address of welcome. It may be a mere interstate formality, a personal honour shown to a man holding a high position irrespective of his politics. Or as alleged in some quarters, it may be that the Communist party is slowly consolidating its position through its parliamentary activities. Without entering into a

controversy as to the political significance of the reception, it is as well to recall the fact that Mr. E. M. S. was a veteran Congress leader of Kerala for a long time and has rendered yeomen service in the battle for freedom under Mahatmaji's gifted leadership. In this connection we may put on record that most of the top ranking communist leaders in India were distinguished members of the Congress Party before they became converts to the communist creed of violence.

DIG AT THE GOVERNMENT

The Chief Minister of Kerala is known as a resourceful and capable politician. Ever since he took the reigns of office he has been improving the chances of his party every shining hour. The municipal reception given to him at Vellore gave him a good opportunity to have a dig at the Congress Governments and a fling at the congress ministers drawing a "fat" salary. The gravamen of the charge against the Central Government is that, "it is asking the poor people to make the Second Year Plan a success by more and more suffering and sacrifice." His general complaint against the Congress governments is that they do not sufficiently tax the rich and lighten the tax burden on the poor. The communist leader painted in glowing colours the achievements of the communist government in Kerala. "Our ministers take a lower salary. The cabinet converted a deficit budget into a sur-

plus one. We are protecting the interests of the people, labourers and agriculturalists," he said. There is truth in what he said. The achievements of his government will no doubt become a trump card of the communist party in the next elections.

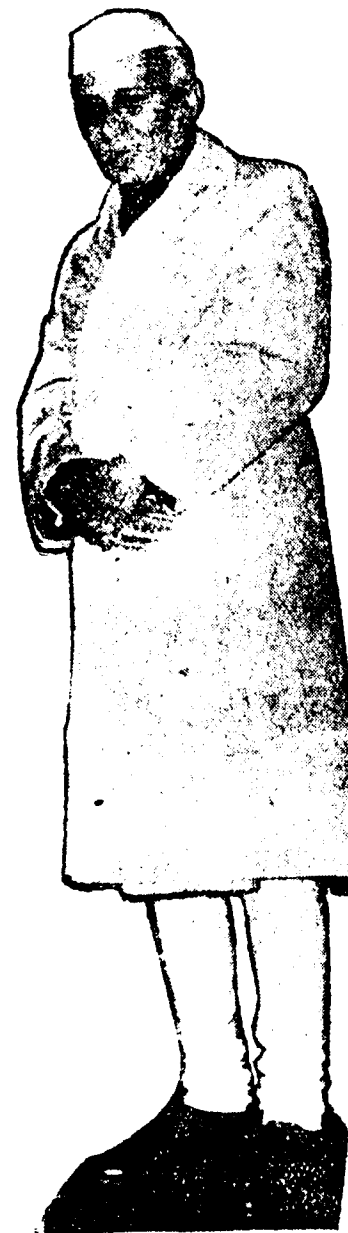
KERALA RIVER WATERS FOR TAMILNAD

In a public speech at Vellore Mr. E. M. S. Nambudripad said that he was willing to allow the surplus waters of the Kerala rivers for use in Tamil Nad. This is a welcome contribution to the solution of the vexed problem of the territorial monopoly of the river waters. Mr. E. M. S.'a gesture must have paved the way for the cordial atmosphere which prevailed at the joint talks held in Trivandrum between the Madras and Kerala ministers. The Madras team comprised the Chief Minister Mr. K. Kamaraj, Mr. C. Subramaniam, Finance Minister and Mr. M. Baktavatsalam. Public Works Minister. Mr. E. M. S. Nambudripad, Chief Minister, Mr. Achuta Menon, Finance Minister and Mr. V. R. Krishna Ayyar, Irrigation Minister represented the Kerala team. Whatever may be the net outcome of the joint talks, it is of great significance for the future relationship of the two governments that they met as friends and discussed the subject in mutual interest. Inter-State rivalry and linguistic fanaticism should not be allowed to torpedo the Indian National unity and the larger interests of the nation.

Nehru: The Hero

PANDIT JAWAHARLAL Nehru, our Prime Minister, will be three score and ten on the 14th of November, 1957, and oh, what a singular, sensational, spectacular, startling success he has been! More surprising still is the fact that out of these seventy, more than forty years have been spent day and night in the service of the motherland, in the emancipation of which from a terrible foreign yoke he played a very significant part.

Though he was born with a golden, not the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, an heir to the vast estate of Motilal Nehru and brought up in all affluence and luxury in London till he passed his teens in an atmosphere of rank materialism of the God-hating modern times, he discarded his bed of roses, angelic wife, family happiness, wealth, health and pride, threw in his lot whole-heartedly with Mahatma Gandhi and embraced



OUR FIRST DUTY

"It is folly to talk of culture or even of God when human beings starve and die. Before one can talk about any thing else, one must provide the normal essential of life to human beings. That is where economics comes in. Human beings today are not in a mood to tolerate this suffering and starvation and inequality when they see that the burden is not equally shared. Others profit while they only bear the burden."

—NEHRU.

his new cult of non-violence and supreme self-sacrifice, dedicating his superb talents and indomitable energy at the altar of the motherland.

This is no ordinary achievement but one worthy of the noblest of the land of sages and savants. He is a conquering hero, yet a lovable personality.

Nehru is a Kashmiri Brahmin but there has not been in his long and continuous public career any trace of casteism or provincialism in his outlook, nor is he a distinguished scholar of Sanskrit or Braminical lore in which the Kashmir Pandits excelled others.

He is cosmopolitan, nay universal in outlook and rises far

above territorial patriotism or linguistic fanaticism. He rebels against all forms of religious dogma, social barriers and political fetters being imposed on any section of his fellow subjects.

He is a born revolutionary in the sense that he wants to uproot the ancient mode of life which goads people to inhere to death-like conservatism and usher into existence a new era and pattern of virile national life which, while accepting what is good, true and noble in our past culture and religion will make way for dynamic, all round, and scientific progress in all spheres of national activity on modern lines.

He worships at the sacred shrine of democracy, not the dollar democracy of America nor the imperialistic democracy of Britain, nor the dictatorial democratic regime of Soviet Russia and aims at the formation of a purely socialistic system of society, from which poverty will have been buried five fathoms deep, unemployment will have been banished to the winds once and for all, and the haves will have come forward to shed their possessive instinct and share their power, plenty and property with the "have nots."

He believes that regimentation of the national forces, radical reform of the law relating to property and inheritance and the quickening of the social consciousness of the

people on right lines will achieve this lofty ideal much sooner than most people think. Finally the message he seeks to give through his speeches and performances is that real equality, fraternity and liberty can be sustained and made to flourish only if, along with political freedom, economic emancipation and self-sufficiency are secured by hard work and planned effort.

Nehru had been the stormy petrel in the Congress ever since he joined it. There was no forward movement in the country which he had not led along with the other brilliant, top-ranking leaders, no civil disobedience campaign against the military might of the British Raj in which he had not played a gallant part worthy of his steel, and no liberation battle in countries of Asia, Europe and Africa to which he had not lent his moral support and influenced the Indian National Congress also to accord its support by moving lengthy resolutions condemning outright the terrible misdeeds of the foreign governments in countries subject to their political domination.

He boldly criticised Hitler and condemned his fascism when his powerful compatriots in Europe and England were in mortal fear of the German dictator and were reluctant to raise their voice of protest against the many inhuman massacres he perpetrated.

The Italian dictator

PROSPEROUS LIFE

"Who does not want to have a prosperous life? But the point is: How are we to reach there, how are we to remove the stones and thorns that lie on the way? If we have to reach the garden of prosperity, we will have to undergo difficulties."

—NEHRU.

Mussolini tried his level best to induce Jawaharlal Nehru to agree to an interview with him only to be rejected by the Indian leader with contempt. Nehru proved to be too shrewd a politician and too good a democrat to fall into the wily spider's web so adroitly spread for him by the *Seignior*.

The fact that young Nehru was more than a match for these two dictators when the mere mention of whose names was enough to strike terror into the breasts of the warlords in the several capitals of Europe, only enhanced his personality, fame and political stock.

It was taken for granted even then that Nehruji was the prospective leader of India and Gandhiji's open statement that Jawaharlal was a "gem" among men and his political heir, only confirmed what the

intelligencia both in India and the world was vaguely guessing about.

Pandit Nehru is a gifted orator of outstanding ability and merit. Very few politicians in India or in the world outside can speak as

OUR GREAT MOTHERLAND

"In a sense, my life has been a quest, an attempt to understand this great motherland of ours with its infinite variety and its basic unity. No one who sees a part of India only and not the rest can have a full picture of her. No one who sees the present only and has no realisation of the panorama of her past can understand her, for her roots go deep down into the past of the history of man. Out of that distant past, which is history, and the present, which is the burden of today, the future of India is gradually taking shape."

—NEHRU.

he does, with such impassioned yet measured tones on any subject extempore.

He is a hero not of the proverbial hundred but thousand platforms, not merely winning "the deafening applause of the listening Senate" but universal esteem and approbation. He is an unrivalled advocate of the "Parliament of man, Federation

of the World" and a brilliant exponent of the theory of "Co-existence."

In espousing the cause of the weak and the down-trodden and in demanding in unequivocal terms equality of treatment and opportunities for the suppressed, oppressed and depressed humanity, perhaps he is peerless, one without a second.

Of late his speeches lack some of his original fervour and force., argumentative skill and impressiveness. This may be due to the fact that is constantly addressing big audiences. He is easily making about a dozen speeches in one day and so, certain unavoidable mannerisms, repetition of words and sameness of style are creeping into his public utterances. But this is not to say that they suffer any loss of grandeur and artistic beauty of the spoken word or the loftiness of thought or the variety and versatility of expression of a cultured mind.

As a parliamentarian, if we analyse his record for the past ten years, he stands on a high level and though he is easily excited, he is free from some of those "snarling" qualities which his British or American friends so often exhibit when debating controversial points.

Only once did Pandit Nehru, as President of the Feisipur Congress, exhibit "bad temper" when he was involved in an altercation with Sri

S. Satyamurti of Madras, the redoubtable parliamentarian whose special genius it was to carry fire and sword into the enemy's camp by sallies and sorties on an unimaginable scale.

When Nehru caught a tartar in Satyamurti, the former lost his balance and from the Presidential gadi played the dictator and man-handled a Bengali speaker who defied the time limit and went on speaking. Nehru, who is always meticulously scrupulous in obeying rules and in preserving decorum pulled the erring speaker by the hand.

Up rose Sri Satyamurti from the delegates enclosure and protested against the ungentelemanly act of the President. In parenthesis it must be admitted and Nehru has himself said so in his autobiography that sometimes he suffers from superiority complex and plays the dictator. Nehru retorted and said, "Mr. Satyamurti is a gentleman and I am not."

Not to be outwitted, the Madras orator entered another vigorous protest against the President's remarks and said, "However high and eminent the President may be, he cannot manhandle a speaker on the Congress platform and his autocratic behaviour does not add lustre either to his greatness or the Presidential chair of which he is a distinguished ornament" amidst thundering cheers from the vast concourse of men and women

SPEEDING BACK

"We are in the midst of an international crisis and perhaps, even a greater crisis that confronts us today is the crisis in the spirit of man. We appear to be slipping from the essence of civilization. Ultimately, culture and civilization rest in the mind and behaviour of man and not in the material evidence of it that we see around us. In times of war the civilizing process stops and we go back to some barbarous phase of the human mind. Are we speeding back to this barbarism of the mind?"

—NEHRU.

who attended that Congress.

Nehruji in his concluding speech suitably apologised to Mr. Satyamurti, with tears rolling down his eyes and asked him to forgive and forget the incident. Barring this one, what is on record goes to prove that Nehru is a straight forward politician and never hits anybody below the belt, but ever ready to stand by his friends through thick and thin.

Of all the premiers of the several countries in the world, Sri Nehru is the best known and most travelled, eager to contact the rich and the poor alike and ever willing to give the Gandhian message of love and peace. He

MAHATMAJI'S TEACHING

"I am not a pacifist. Unhappily the world of to-day finds that it cannot do without force. We have to meet aggression and evils of other kind. Even in resisting evil and aggression, we have always to maintain the temper of peace and hold out the hand of friendship to those who through fear or for other reasons, may be opposed to us. This is the lesson that our great leader Mahatma Gandhi taught us, and imperfect as we are, we draw inspiration from that great teaching."

—NEHRU.

wants that nuclear weapons and bombs should be forbidden, that power politics and regional pacts should give way to Co-existence and that by disarmament nations should come forward to raise the economic level of the people and enable them to live happily and enjoy the fruits of freedom without fear. At the present time there is no greater apostle of freedom, harbinger of peace than he.

If Mahatma Gandhi bestowed on him the political leadership of India, all Asian and African countries want his leadership in

some way or other. Japan's right royal welcome to him last month is a true index to his popularity not merely in that country but in all the countries he has so far visited.

Incidentally it shows how within a short compass of a decade of India attaining freedom from serfdom, it has rapidly risen under the able stewardship of Nehru in the estimation of world opinion.

Nehru has won notable laurels and perhaps still more are waiting to crown his many-sided activities and talents. He is a lofty thinker, accomplished writer, gifted speaker, seasoned parliamentarian and a consummate statesman who can excite awe and exact admiration from friends and foes alike.

Commendable and unique as are his achievements so far, he has yet to go a long way to carry through his five year plans and make the country industrially strong and banish poverty from the land.

May the Almighty bless him with more birthdays that he may live long to see the fruition of his labours and grand schemes and leave his imprint in the pages of history as the preeminent architect of Nava Bharat.

—V. N. R.

SHORT STORY :

Fool's ⁴⁷⁰ Paradise!

IT was exactly eight o'clock when I entered the Central Station with a holdall in one hand and a trunk in the other. Finding that only ten minutes were left for me to catch the train I made haste to the platform.

I was not a little perturbed to find the compartments fully packed. To my delight I found some four or five ladies dressed in the modern fashion standing in front of a carriage that was next to the engine. A doubt began to assail me whether it was the ladies compartment. With a little hesitation, I asked one of the ladies, "Is this ladies compartment?" With a stern look in her eyes she coldly replied, "Only women are travelling in this compartment, and here are no men!"

The situation seemed to me highly baffling.

As I stood contemplating, I noticed the ladies looking at me

with their eyes wide open as if they were going to swallow me up!

I gained courage, but my inner voice told me, "Why are you afraid of these ladies? Let not the colour of their sarees and the blouse obscure your vision. It is not ladies compartment." From another corner a note cautioned me, "What! are you going to get into the ladies compartment, to find yourself in the lock-up? Be careful."

THE situation seemed to me most embarrassing. But, I was stirred by a sweet voice from inside the carriage. "Why, Lila" asked the lady from inside, "he should not get into the carriage? He has been struggling hard for the past few minutes It is really a pity!"

I turned and looked at the window. A beautiful face confronted me. I did not know how

BY

N. Subramaniam

I picked up courage. I was inside the carriage.

I was highly pleased to travel in that compartment. The cheerful face of the friendly lady seemed to me that she was acknowledging my presence without any streak of discontent.

"I really thank you for making me some room," the words slipped off my tongue.

"This is not my property; all these women are not my co-travellers. They have come to the station only to see me off!" The lady replied to me with a gentle courtesy.

Then I came to understand the trick played by the ladies from outside. All men passengers who approached the compartment were diverted by these ladies to seek accommodation elsewhere, on the pretext that it was a ladies compartment. Their attempt proved futile in my case, because of the timely help which the lady had been kind enough to extend. But, I could not understand why she was so kind and sympathetic towards me. I felt as if I was in a happy dream.

* * *

I TURNED my attention towards her and had a close look at her. She looked more beautiful in the glimmer of the flash and neon lights that illuminated the station. Her dress was simple and artless. Her blue blouse and

the green saree with yellow dots added a colour and dignity to her charm. She was rich in personal attraction and in every movement of her body she possessed a grace of her own. Above all her voice was sweet, gentle and melodious! In short, I was obsessed by her angelic beauty!

I was eager to learn all about her. I recollected some incidents in the life of my friend Ramesh! ... He was searching for a bride for several years. At last he found his bride at a railway station. He met and fell in love with a lady who had travelled along with him in the same compartment! He married his sweetheart in spite of his father's protest!

"I want to sleep for some time. Will you please help me to close the window shutters?" she asked me. When I heard her pleasant voice I was transported to the Seventh Heaven!

* * *

WHEN the Mail reached Salem station, people rushed into the compartment. Unaffected by the tumultuous noise she was in sound sleep.

"Are you not going to get up? Don't you see so many people standing here?" asked a man who entered there. He was stout and sturdy and dark-complexioned with a harsh and severe voice. He was rash and impudent in his behaviour.



"Why are you giving unnecessary trouble to that lady? You have enough space here." I told that rash man in a grim voice.

"It is not your house to claim the right for you and your wife. In that case, you should have bought a First class ticket" he replied in his harsh tone.

By now, she got up and asked me not to pick up a quarrel on such a petty matter as that. But, that country man still persisted in getting her up from that place. I was much annoyed at that. After exchanging hot words, we came to blows. I suddenly pounced upon him and seized his shirt and hit him

on the back. My fists kissed his lips.

She could not be a passive on—looker of this fight. She requested me to stop the quarrel and offered a seat next to her.

The other travellers tried to put an end to this quarrel by separating us. Thus the fight ended without the interference of the Railway Police. But the result was, I sat by the side of her and in my old place he took his seat.

* * *

SINCE it was overcrowded she could not sit properly and also felt uneasy.

"You please sit comfortably, I will stand." I said to her with the benevolence of a gentleman.

"No, no! sit here. You need not stand" she earnestly told me. She opened her flask, poured coffee into the cup and offered it to me graciously.

With a word of thanks I drank it.

"I thank you for the trouble you took," she said with a feeling of gratitude. The train was travelling fast towards Coimbatore.

"Are you going to the city or to the cantonment?" I asked.

"For contonment!"

"I will help you to reach the place safely!" I told her boldly.

"I AM thankful for the help you gave me. And I do not like to give further trouble," she said. The Mail reached the contonment platform.

I first got down with my hold-all and helped her to bring hers to the platform.

The next second I was hit terribly hard on my back.

"What! Sunder! why have you come here? Do you not know that I am residing here?" asked my friend Ramesh!

"What Ramesh! Everything seems to me a wonder."

"Before I could finish my sentence, Ramesh exclaimed, "Oh! both you and Neela travelled in the same compartment?" and turning towards her, "Neela, do you know who this Sunder is?... He is my friend who gave out lame excuses for not attending our marriage!" he shouted.

"Oh!... Mr. Sunder has been of immense help to me during my journey!"

When I heard that I thought I was really in a fool's paradise!

††

STRANGE REUNION

RAGHU had not been a week in Madras before he began to feel seedy and restless for want of a companion. He spent his evenings in some lone corner on the Triplicane beach.

chain" he suggested out of solitude.

"I can't bear the touch of the goldsmith made thali. It looks profane somehow."

"You can at least have the thread renewed."

"That I can, with the husband's permission."

"No husband will object to it, I'm sure."

"But mine seems to have vanished!"

HER smile was ravishing. Raghu feared that he would lose his head if the tete-a-tete should be prolonged.

"I've to go a long way. I shall be glad to escort you home, if you don't mind."

"The thread is worn to a shred! You can use a gold

"Yes. It is already late. But I live quite near, in the women's hostel yonder. Besides, this place is a special area for us and well-guarded. Men are not allowed here."

"I didn't know that at all. In fact I am new to the city....." said Raghu.

"Oh, then I should feel obliged to Providence and you all the more. By the by, are you staying with your people?"

"No. I'm living alone."

"Perhaps you're going home for Deepavali?"

"My father has written to me that he is not celebrating the festival this year and that I need not disturb myself."

"In that case, may I invite you to spend the Deepavali with us?"

"In the hostel?"

"No, no. My parents and little brother are put up in Royapetta. I shall be there by afternoon to-morrow. You can join us during supper and spend the next day too with us. Pray, do come."

"I'm not sure. But I shall try to be present."

"Shanta Vilas'-Nehru Road," that's our address. Eight o'clock is our supper-time. I shall wait for you."

RAGHU did not sleep that night. Thoughts were welling up in his brain — horrid ones that wronged both the girl and him. If, in spite of her marriage, she lost her heart to an utter stranger like himself, there was a matter between herself and her conscience. What worried him more was his own harassing past.

He was the only child of well-to-do parents, born rather late in their lives as a result of their pilgrimage to Sethu. He just grew into the common sort of self-willed milksop that fourteen years of fond indulgence could fashion out of mortal clay, when his marriage was arranged.

Of course, he could not understand anything of the great thing that was happening to him. Much less did the wee girl, who sat weeping beside him throughout the memorable day unable to bear the strain of the long marriage ritual. But the rest of the company rejoiced. For the bride's father was a rich man and was spending money lavishly.

The festivities would have lasted for four days, had it not been for a trouble that arose on the morning of the second day. A member of the groom's party was constrained to walk to a distant temple, because no conveyance was available at the moment he started. Was it not the duty of the bride's people to cater to the needs of the groom's party? In fact, the bride's father had placed a car at the disposal of the groom's party

for the entire period of their stay. But the chauffeur had been late.

Raghu's father viewed the incident as an affront to his dignity and grew wild. Notwithstanding the importunities of the bride's father to condone the mistake, he remained obdurate to the last. The solemn ritual of the previous day was set at naught, the wedding presents were returned, and Raghu and his parents left the place immediately.

Five years later, he was permitted by his father to marry any other girl. But by then, he had developed a conscience, which began to whisper that by such a course he would be ruining the happiness of the girl to whom he was already wedded. Meanwhile he got out of the university with distinction and was eventually selected for the Financial Civil Service.

He had never swerved from his vow of celibacy till that day, till the hour he set his eyes on the girl in the beach. After deep cogitation he decided that the new girl he had seen on the beach was really infatuated with him and therefore he need not wait for a second marriage and deny this one the happiness that was her due.

* * *

AT exactly 8 p. m. Raghu found himself under the imposing portico of "Shanta

Vilas." The girl received him with a smile of welcome on her lips.

"I'm glad you've come. Father has been waiting for you."

He was taken into an inner hali where everything was kept ready for supper. An old man invited him to sit at the foremost leaf. A boy came out from somewhere and sat beside Raghu. When the lady of the house approached Raghu's leaf to serve 'Payasam,' he said, "Children should be served first."

THE lady paused, and then deliberately lifting her eyes, surveyed Raghu from head to foot. She respected his scruples.

The supper over, they repaired to the verandha for 'Pansupari.' The father of the girl became a little cordial now.

"Meena is a good girl. Kindly take care of her." Raghu was taken aback.

"I met her for the first time only last night."

"I don't know that. But I find that she is taking more interest in life and has been talking of you."

While Raghu was thinking of a suitable reply, the boy rushed in and asked him if he had tasted 'Mangushtan' fruit. Raghu replied that he had not even

heard of such a thing. The boy at once began dragging him by the hand and led him to a distant corner of the garden and showed him a few sprouting leaves and a small plant.

"I'm growing the tree. When it bears fruit, I shall give you some to eat." Raghu laughed outright, and presently he asked the boy his name. In reply, the boy made him stoop down and decipher in the faint light of the street-lamp the letters, R, A, M, U, on the grass. Then Raghu was forced to give his name with the correct spelling and then he had to disclose that his father's name was Ganapathi Iyer and that his native village was Paloor. The boy then assured him that he would be able to read his full name with the initials on the grass during his next visit to the house. Suddenly the boy remembered that he was thirsty and ran inside. When he returned, he brought a wry face.

"Mother blames me for keeping you here so long exposed to the cold. Please come in."

Raghu was led into the nearest room, where he found a bed in the centre and an easy-chair in a corner. The boy left him there and disappeared. Raghu drew the chair near the window and reclining in it, he fell into a brown study.

HE was awakened by the sound of footsteps. Opening his eyes, he saw Meenakshi

standing near the bed and intensely gazing on him.

"You're our only succour now. You must comply with my request" she said earnestly.

"What little I can, I don't grudge."

"I WAS sure you would agree. You see mother is so stupid. She was saying that her son-in-law would surely turn up this Deepavali and has made all preparations to welcome him and to celebrate the occasion in a fitting manner. Now that he has not come, she says that unless Deepavali is celebrated for me this year in the way she has planned, my entire future will be unhappy."

"But how can it be celebrated in the absence of your husband?"

"Mother says that some one can act as his proxy. I request you to come to our rescue."

"Is there anything dishonourable about it?"

"Nothing"

"What is my part?"

"You'll have to take an oil-bath in the early hours of the morning. Then you'll be given some presents. You've already agreed to dine with us tomorrow noon."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"I agree."

Meenakshi thereupon sat on the bed and began to string the pendants and beads in the frayed 'Thali' on to a new thread. Then she brought the ends of the string near her nape and wanted him to tie them into a knot.

"You said yesterday that your husband's permission was necessary for this!"

"Are you not his proxy?"

He did as he was desired. But instead of going away from the room, she came closer to him. He thought she was getting brazen.

"HAVE you not visited your father-in-law's house during Deepavali?" she asked him naively.

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Because you look so inexperienced. You don't seem to feel at home in your part."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. When one meets his wife after a pretty long absence, he doesn't stand far away from her."

"In fact, I have not been to my father-in-law's house at all."

"In that case, you must allow me to put you in the way."

Please come closer. If I touch you, you should not look daggers at me!"

This was too much for Raghu to endure.

"I THINK I was too weak. I ought not to have allowed you to come near me. You don't seem to feel that what you are doing is improper."

"Certainly not!"

"Are you not false to your vows of wedlock?"

"No!"

"I am not your husband. I am only his proxy."

"No. You are my husband. Only after making sure of that, did I request you to act as his proxy."

"What?"

"You are Ragupathy, my husband, son of Sri Ganapathi Iyer of Palur."

"How did you learn it?"

"With the help of Ramu. My mother was the first to find out the truth. Then she deputed Ramu to verify it."

"What will my father say? He will surely disinherit me."

"That is not much. For my father will chuck me out of the house at once, if he knows that you are my husband."

"What shall we do?"



"YOUR father wants you to re-marry and so does mine. We shall tell them that we have re-married. I shall come and live with you tomorrow."

"What about your studies?"

"I shall attend college from your house."

"And then?"

"When the first child appears", she answered archly, "we shall tell the truth to our parents."

"They'll get wild."

"Only with us. But they will fondle the child." **

A HUMOROUS SKIT:

HAVE YOU SEEN THE SATELLITE?

BY "RAVI"

I WAS one among the crowd that gathered yesterday on a hill top near our town to see and if possible hear the satellite. As somebody said that it was visible only at sunset and sunrise, we selected a time at sunset to watch the satellite pass by.

A man near me told me how he had seen the satellite on the previous day. He said it was just as big as a foot-ball vomiting fire with a zoom as it passed by. But another among us, told me that it was very small with an orange colour going from west to east. But a kid asserted that his teacher had told his class that the satellite was travelling from north to south and was green in colour.

But the version of another man standing nearby, who was smelling of toddy, was altogether different. He told us how at midnight he was disturbed by a noise in his backyard and how he opened his door. Alas! what did he see? The satellite was standing in the backyard and a

Russian came out of it, asking for water. He appeared to be tired after circling around the world several times. But soon after drinking the water he left in the satellite immediately, so as to keep up his time.

But this version was nothing compared to the one given by a woman enthusiast. She told us that a satellite came down suddenly to her garden at about the height of a cocoanut tree, and a man from the satellite detached a bunch of cocoanuts with the antennae of the satellite and by the time she raised an alarm the satellite had left the tree and vanished.

A speed specialist among us then explained about the speed of the satellite. He told us that the satellite travelled at a speed of about a lakh of miles per second and it circled not only the world but the other worlds in the universe and that is why it took about 90 minutes to go round the earth.

Another among the crowd

looked very panic—stricken. He believed that the satellite would come down on earth on its next round and would dash to the ground killing all the people around. Poor man, he was holding his umbrella wide open even in the fading light of the evening just to ward off the satellite, should it come down against him !

Now the light was fading and every person seemed to be impatient to see the satellite. "There it is" somebody shouted. All eyes were towards the sky in an instant. It was a bright object which never moved. Somebody explained that because satyagraha was offered against it by some persons of our town, not to move on the skies of our town, it was stationary there itself without moving. But another man explained to us that it was the pole star and not the satellite.

By this time it was almost dark and many in the crowd were starting home disappointed. A group of us went near the bus stop and waited for the bus. The bus came full and there was not even standing room in the bus. And suddenly, some brainy fellow announced the arrival of the satellite to the bus passengers and lo ! all the passengers got down to see the same. By the time those passengers got busy scanning the skies for the satellite, he along with us all got into the bus and settled down comfortably and off went the bus, leaving behind those who

had got down to see the satellite.

During the bus journey, a co-passenger explained to us how when he was in Russia some years ago, he had occasion to travel in such a satellite, and the only difference at that time was that the satellite in which he travelled was zooming at a height of about 2,000 miles and with a speed of about 50,000 miles per second. Many passengers appeared to be impressed by this and I too was much impressed, of course not by his story but by his courage to tell us such downright lies.

By the time we got down at the destination, it was night and one man in the crowd placed his hand upon my shoulder and pointing to the sky showed me the rocket following the satellite. I could see nothing in the sky and when I turned to him, he too disappeared.

Soon I was walking home from the bus stand, accompanied by a friend who travelled by the bus I came. He told me that it was really difficult to see the satellite as it was only about two feet in diameter zooming at a height of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles and only trained telescopes could give a glimpse of the satellite. I believed my friend. He further

told me that although nobody ever saw the satellite, everybody boasted of having seen it, probably with the idea of declaring himself or herself as a most modern person keeping abreast of every international event. In their haste to create such an impression every person cooked some story or other about the satellite ignoring the widely published scientific facts which they never cared to read. In our town, he further added, there was an abundance of people with fantastic ideas which even the Russian could not surpass.

The conversation turned on to the advantages and disadvantages of the satellite. My friend told me that whatever may be the advantages of the satellite for the Russians or for the other nations of the world, the people of our town had already taken advantage of the satellite's existence and were making a lucrative income out of it.

For example, some shopkeepers were selling toy binoculars by which people could "see" the thing. Certain person at busy bus stands, pretended seeing the sky and the thing sailing in it and thereby induced the passengers in the buses to get down only to occupy the seats thus made vacant. Certain newspapers carried almost no other news except that of the satellite and the "following"

rocket and thereby made some extra money. Certain beggars arranged themselves in a company and started in the name of the satellite.

Special prayers were held at a certain place of worship and special collections of money made for the purpose, a large portion of which went into the pockets of the priests etc. But the worst of it was, he told me, that pickpockets made a harvest of money by diverting the attention of the passersby, to the invisible satellite and the rocket, and picking the pockets of the innocent people.

This last observation naturally reminded me of my purse, and I put my hand in my pocket and lo, it was gone ! The man who at the bus-stand wanted to show me the rocket was seeing my pocket from which he had picked my purse.

On the next day, I pretended that I had actually seen the satellite and told the people whom I came across that I had seen the satellite the previous day which was as big as four footballs put together, from which about ten Russians were sprinkling rupee notes and naye paise in the streets of our town. All the people believed the story and asked me which route the satellite had taken ! ††

PSYCHOLOGY OF ACCIDENTS

YOU'RE walking down in the street to the bus one morning when suddenly you slip and fall. The next thing you know you're flat on your back in hospital with a fractured leg. You spend the next three weeks or so in bed.

Besides your irritable comments on the tasteless food, the nurse's indifference and the paucity of best selling novels, your main grouse is "Everything happens to me!" Are you sure accident was caused by a crack in the sidewalk, a slippery stretch of pavement or bad street-lighting? Did it occur to you that perhaps this wasn't an "accident" at all—that you may have brought it on yourself?

Don't be shocked at such an idea, for the chances are that's exactly what had happened. According to a research bureau's survey, only 17 per cent. of accidents are the fault of mechanical defects. The rest are caused by the people who have them. If you've had a major accident in the past year, or even several minor ones (you put your finger on a pocket knife, or wounded your tongue with a sip of hot tea) you may fall into the newly

discovered category that psychologists label as "accident-prone." These are the people who make a habit of having accidents. And though they form only a small group, Dr. Flanders Dunbar, of New York's Presbyterian Hospital, says they are responsible for 80 per cent of all accidents.

There's a carry-over too. The people with "accidents," who get into smash-ups on the highway and tangle with machinery in the factory, are the same ones who have minor mishaps at home, on the sky slope and in the swimming pool. They are the chronic offenders, and many of them have 20, 30, even 50 accidents in a single year.

Dr. Dunbar, who has studied some accident cases, has found there's usually a personality factor at work in an accident. Some people are actually looking for trouble, though they rarely realise it and never admit it.

Take the case of Henry Lester. He got a pink with his pay cheque on Friday afternoon. It was the fourth time in a year he'd lost a job. He hated to face his friends and his wife with the same old bad news.

It was past dinner time when Henry started up the steps to his home. His son had left a pair of roller-skates on the porch, and perhaps Henry didn't see them. Whether he did or not, his right foot landed squarely on one of the skates and he went down, with his other leg twisted painfully under the weight of his falling body. Henry could hear the bone crack.

Psychologists believe people like Henry may actually have accidents because they don't get enough attention from their families. They want sympathy, or they're facing some disagreeable job they'd like to shirk. Experience of accidents in the past has taught them that a sprained wrist will make them monarchs for at least a day, prompt their spouses to indulge in a little pampering, and bring in solicitous telephone calls by the dozen. And surely no one will expect an invalid to cook dinner, take the children to the park or mow the front lawn. Sub-consciously, they feel that even the risk of a serious injury is worth the attention they'll get.

Some people who have recurrent accidents are over-exposing themselves to risk. They're the type who rush across busy streets against traffic lights, climb on tottering ladders, or paddle a canoe into the middle of a lake when they don't know how to swim. They think of themselves as adventurers and pretend they get away with such foolish behaviour; but actually they're inviting accidents.

One of the most common reports from accident patients is, "I had a hunch something was going to happen today." Chances are it was the hunch itself that helped precipitate the mishap. The man who walks under a ladder, sees a black cat or breaks a mirror, and then worries about the bad luck that's supposed to follow is sure to find it. It's not superstition but auto-suggestion. He's so concerned about the incident, and so certain it's a bad omen, that he proves it to himself by having an accident.

One recent experiment pointed to the "power of suggestion." A class of horsemen was to take a crosscountry trip, and half of them were warned of a deep crevice they would meet on the way. Though told where the obstacle would be and its exact size, so they would be prepared to meet it, this half of the class had three times as many accidents as the half that was ignorant of the danger.

From her extensive research, Dr. Dunbar has drawn up a profile of personality traits that go with the accident habit. She has found that only 20 per cent. of patients with chronic "accidentities" don't fit into the pattern.

The accident-prone person is healthier than most of his friends.

Unless he does get sick, however, he's likely to do more than the usual amount of complaining.

He's always tense and in hurry even when there's plenty of time to spare. He drinks regularly,

smokes heavily but just "to let off steam." He's important, restless and impulsive he makes up his mind quickly, and tends to respond to a problem by acting on it immediately instead of thinking it out. His social relationships are casual and spontaneous. Whenever he comes in conflict with some one, he tries to smooth it over by being nice. If the disagreement comes to a head, he's rather walk out than have an open fight.

He doesn't do much long-range planning, but prefers to live from day to day. He's a gambler, likes to take long shot and boasts about his winnings and his main outside interests are sports and machinery. He's fatalistic and when the unexpected happens, he's apt to say, "It may have been on the cards."

At this point you probably know the answer to the question. Second, stop running away from your problems. Face them squarely, try your alternatives carefully, try to look ahead and visualise the result before coming to a decision. One of your biggest faults is haste, so don't feel you have to rush into things. Take your time before taking important steps like changing to a new job, choosing a school for your son, or moving to another cite.

Even if you don't see yourself in the picture of the accident-prone personality, this new slant on accidents still applies to you. For the most stable and well-adjusted person has moments when he's side-tracked by his

emotions. At these times he's particularly susceptible to accidents.

Accidents destroy more men than women, more old people than young. However, they outrank all other killers in the 1-to-29 age group.

It is clear that the major responsibility for reducing these accidents lies with the individual himself. Your part in this project is simple and personal. What you must do is act as your own keeper by following a few sensible rules.

1. Be careful when using household and industrial appliances. Respect a sharp knife or a frayed electric wire, for they are potential instruments of danger.

2. Watch out during times of emotional stress, and apply an extra dose of caution. The housewife who quarrels with her husband at breakfast stands more than an even chance of having an accident.

3. This may seem overly simple, but you should eat an adequate breakfast every day, and take your time doing it. If you allow 22 minutes to dress, shave, eat and make it to the bus, you'll be worn out from nervous tension by the time you get to work. The factory worker, particularly, is constantly exposed to risks, and he can't take a chance on a jumpy disposition and an empty stomach.

—PAULA PHILIPS

SHORT STORY :

MYSTERY SOLVED

by K. Hanumanthan

KUMAR looked blue when Kamala returned to the room, bringing a cup of coffee. It was a great surprise for her to note the sudden change of expression in his face. There occurred nothing but her bangles were broken while she got out of the room in which Kumar was leisurely going through a news paper.

"What makes you silent?" she asked him. Even then he did not reply. She simply sat opposite to him, thinking what could have perturbed his mind so suddenly. He marched dumb and dour to his bed room and fell flat on his bed. The mysterious and strange behaviour of Kumar made her actually weep over the unhappy situation. She followed him and sat by his side on the bed and placed her marble hands on his shoulder.

"What is all this?" she interrogated for the second time. Her voice was tense with unshed tears. He opened his eyes and tried to assuage her by telling,

"Don't worry. I'll tell you everything tomorrow." He thought that his consoling remark would attenuate her distress. But it rather accelerated her anxiety and her bottled up curiosity gained momentum. Though she tried much, she failed to put the axe in the helve. After much pressure from her, he got up mechanically to take his meals. He tried to commence eating but the inclination seemed extinct. His fingers became weary and weak. She was watching him closely and he rather appeared to her like an automaton than a human being with emotions.

His long face was buried with weariness and he felt rather like a convict. "I don't feel like eating, better I take rest" he said. Hearing this, words failed to come from her trembling mouth though she tried to express something. Her eyes were flooded with tears. He looked into her face. It was too horrible for him to bear it.

The whole night, his shore of mind was constantly flooded by the waves of the past. His conscience argued that he was guilty of killing one who had worshipped him day and night. Soon he felt that he was innocent and strongly concluded that Meena alone was responsible for killing herself. Again a thought came that neither Meena nor himself was responsible but only Kamala.

FASTING and autopsy seemed to have brought him to a better spirit when he woke up as usual in the early morning. Seeing Kamala's innocent and ineffable face struck with much paleness, "Why do you look so pale, Kamala?" he enquired with some softness and sympathy.

"Only because of your strangeness," she replied abruptly.

"Yes I admit. No more anxiety, Kamala. I'll tell you everything this evening, as soon as I return from the office."

He asked her not to weep like a child. She went and refreshed her face with cold water and stood before a mirror to see whether she still looked pale. It did not take much time for her to realise that mere washing would do no good to bring back the real sweetness of her face without driving away the mystery lingering behind the skin. Yet she succeeded in getting the artificial radiance with the help of powder and snow.

When she returned, he patted on her cheek as usual but his crazy and clouded eyes failed to see the wave of melancholy and sorrow which afflicted her.

HE wanted to unburden his heart by narrating the whole incident which caused such strangeness in his behaviour. He returned from the office at 5-30 by catching the first bus. She was anxiously waiting and tried to probe into the cause of mystery but in vain. She knew that Kumar was not like other youths. So she felt sure that it could not be a broken love affair.

She brought him coffee.

"You are very anxious to know it" he said with a smile. She anxiously sat by his side and looked into his face and wondered what would be hiding behind his innocent soul.

* * *

Kumar, when he was studying in his final B. A., had been elected as the chairman of the College Union, as he was a very good orator and had won many inter-collegiate medals and cups. Kamala was his classmate. She was the secretary of the Union. She was shy and modest. With all that she took part in debates and lectures. Both of them had many occasions to talk to each other. She felt a sort of sublime feeling whenever he talked with her.

She saw in Kumar a vision of her future, an abode of bliss and real companion in her journey of life. Her intensity of love for him rose to such an extent that she thought that she would even remain unmarried, if she failed in her task.

ON one evening she met him at his residence. It was a summer evening. The breeze was mild and balmy. He took her to his study room. All the while Meena, his uncle's daughter, was watching them and wondering who could be that woman and soon her mind was clouded with all sorts of suspicions and strange fears. She listened carefully from back of the door what they were talking. They were talking in English and so she was unable to understand. Her strings of suspicions gained more strength and made her think that they were using a foreign language only to hide the secret from her.

"Kumar, I love you very much. All these days, I was trying to hide it. Now it has a very strong hold on me and given me courage to open my heart", Kamala told him in an emotional way.

"Sorry, Kamala. I am unable to marry you since my circumstances do not permit me" he said abruptly.

She was dum-struck. "What was the real reason for his refusal? Had he fallen in love with some one else?" She thought he would surely consent.

Kumar saw the reaction on her face and said, "You are rich, beautiful and intelligent. There are so many youths better educated and more handsome than myself, who are ready to win your hand."

"You need not tell me that. I only wanted your consent," she said turning her face away from him.

"Please excuse me. I am helpless" he said pitying her.

"Anyhow you must think it over. I'll meet you again" she said.

SHE thought that by giving him time to think over, he would consent.

As soon as she took leave of him, Meena entered the room and asked him who she was. He told her that she was his classmate.

"Has she no shyness to meet a young man privately? I have heard that college girls are senseless girls."

He interrupted by saying, "you are thoroughly mistaken. She is as good as you."

"If she is as good as I am, why don't you marry her?"

"I don't understand, why you talk like this. I can say it is all your ignorance which gave you so much suspicion" he retorted.

"I admit, I am ignorant. Then marry that educated girl" she said with tears rolling down.



"Meena, what do you talk? Have you become mad?" She did not reply but rather wept.

WHEN she got out of the room, her bangles dashed against the door and got broken. He thought that it signified her broken heart. He was wondering why for nothing she had made such fuss. Though Kumar had consoled her by promising her that he would marry none other than Meena, his remarks had little effect on her. As days passed on, her mental shock developed into a malady and made her a victim of the deadly disease—T.B.

A little pause and silence ensued.

"Am I responsible for her death?" enquired Kumar, looking eagerly into her face.

"I think only myself is responsible to have interfered with her life" she replied.

"We have to leave it to the unconquerable fate," he remarked.

"No I can't agree with you. It is not fate but only her ignorance of the world which gave birth to suspicion that had swallowed up her life" she asserted.

xxx

SANCHI

AS we contemplate over the great historic past of Buddhism in India, the place Sanchi, near Bhopal, is as important and sacred as the very personality of Buddha. Human personality mostly as it were a law of nature seeks inspiration from one place, as in the case of Bodha Gaya, where the Buddha attained supreme wisdom and flowers its genius in some other place, as in Sanchi where some of the finest examples of Buddhist art and sculpture are to be found, making it a centre of pilgrimage which attracts Buddhists from all over the world.

Sanchi, indeed is of great historical importance, from the one solid and gratifying fact that the Indian Republic has adopted the 'lion motif' on the Asokan pillar with 'Dharma Chakra' beneath in Sanchi, as the State emblem. Not only in its day Sanchi commanded greatness, but even after centuries have rolled by, it inspires the same veneration and holds a lesson for the erring

humanity. Its architecture and sculpture grip us in dumb admiration. The great historic saying "There is greatness in ruin and beauty in desolation" is as true of Sanchi, as it is of any other imperial city which had gone to dust.

Sanchi lies on the railway line between Jhensi and Bhopal. It is 28 miles north-east of Bhopal and is connected with it by a good road. Sanchi is 549 miles from Bombay and is the site of the most extensive Buddhist remains, now known in India. Most of the monuments are situated on a plateau on the hill-top which was enclosed by a wall of solid stone about 1100 A. D. Stupas of varying size, massive, imposing and ornamental, lie, within this area, breathing an air of sanctity and solidarity. Passage of time has only raised it to a greater horizon in the eyes of the world. No pair of human eyes could remain without shedding a tear as they gaze on the vast ruins and no human

head would keep without bowing to the living presence of Gautama, the Buddha in the ruins at Sanchi.

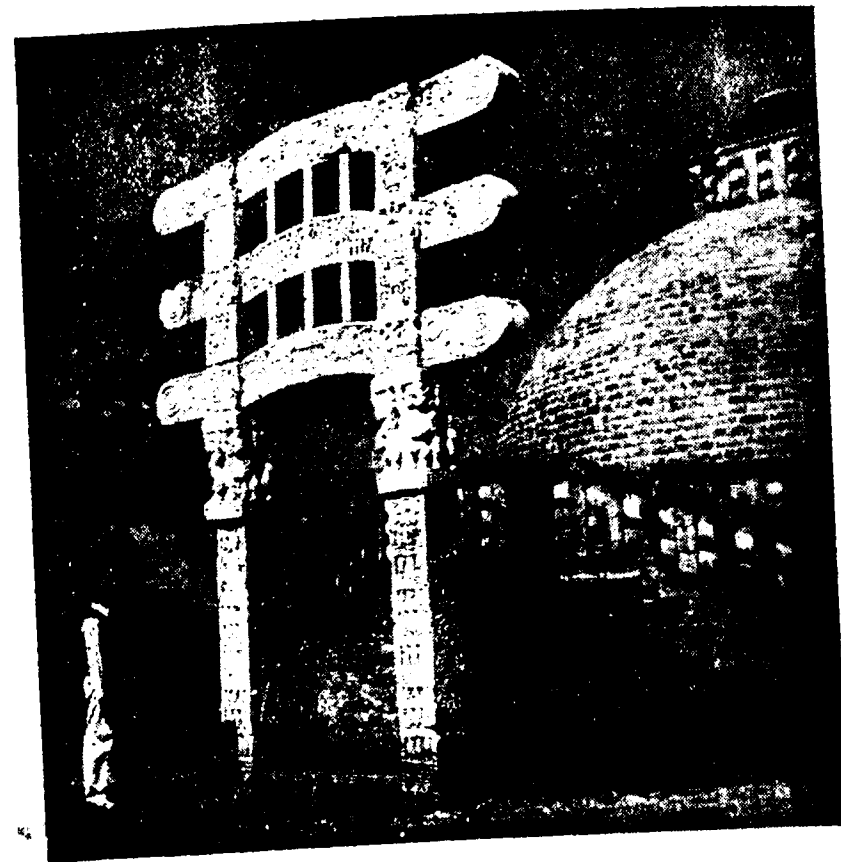
Archeological data and inscriptional evidence have revealed the fact that the earliest monuments at Sanchi date from the time of Asoka. In short, Sanchi is intimately connected with the life of Emperor Asoka, the Great (third century B. C.) who endeavoured his best to live up to the noble ideals prescribed by the founder of Buddhism and in his mission to do so, he played the role of a Constantine, in Buddhist history. Asoka's wife, 'Devi' believed to be the daughter of a merchant-prince, is claimed to have hailed from Videsa, now known as Besnagar, eight miles away from Sanchi. It's but natural, Asoka took a particular liking to this site, and made the place an active centre.

The monuments at Sanchi speak of sympathy, "compassion in its purest form" and preservation of Dharma. The *raison d'être* of this is not far to seek. Asoka waged a war of conquest on Kalinga (the present state of Orissa) and after a bloody campaign achieved complete victory. Tens of thousands of people perished and Asoka was so much moved by the carnage that he swore never to draw the sword again but to rule by love and compassion. And he kept up his promise, not only through his personal acts but through impersonal objects

too like stone and metal, by deftly chiselling and shaping his feelings through them. That was Asoka, and Sanchi is a mute eloquence of his greatness. In fact, Asoka was the only monarch in history who abandoned warfare as an instrument of state policy on the conclusion of a victorious war.

It was from Sanchi that Mahendra, the son of Asoka, left for Ceylon to preach Buddhism. It is believed in Ceylon that on a full moon day, with his companions, Mahendra rose into the air from Sanchi and flying aloft, as fly the golden birds alighted on the peak of the Mihintale mountain in Ceylon.

The chief fascination of Sanchi undoubtedly rests on the grand old stupas, not only on account of their sanctity but also because of their rich and elaborate carvings. Further, the shrines and monasteries that cluster around these stupas, give a vivid picture of monastic life on this peaceful hill top. The stupas lend charm to the shrines and monasteries. As has been understood Sanchi is conspicuously famous for its stupas. Primarily, the stupas are funeral monuments. If Taj Mahal is a great monument raised over the mortal remains of Mumtaz Mahal, as a symbol of deep love defying description, the stupas at Sanchi are monuments raised in memory of the greatly venerated Buddha and his fellow-monks. The stupas are



One of the grandest of Stupas at Sanchi

bell-shaped monuments, known otherwise as decked funeral mounds or "tumili". According to the Buddhist ritual, the bodies of Buddha and of other sages were cremated on pyres of sweet-smelling sandalwood. The bones were later recovered and taken to various places of pilgrimage where they were interred in stupas. The stupas at Sanchi are of primary importance in this respect. In Burma,

the stupa is known as the 'pagoda' and in Ceylon as the 'dagoba'!

Of the stupas there are many dating from the third century B.C. They vary in size ranging from the Great Stupa that measures 100 feet in diameter at the base and has a vast, imposing dome nearly 50 feet high. Of the many stupas, three are specially noteworthy. "The Great

Stupa" attracts one's attention by its size, grandeur and austerity. Stupa no. 3 lies to the north-east of the "Great Stupa" and although smaller, is almost of identical design. Near the foot of the hill on the western side, another small stupa stands, enshrining the relics of 'Kashyapa' and Moggaliputta, well known Buddhist apostles of the third century B.C.

From the rest house on the north-west, the visitor may proceed on foot by a flight of steps through the enclosure wall to the west gate of the Great Stupa, the most gigantic monument at Sanchi. It measures approximately 120 feet in diameter and 54 feet in height. It was commenced by Asoka but completed by his successors in the first or second century B.C.

The Great Stupa is encompassed by a ground balustrade with four gateways or 'toranas' at four points. The toranas have an interesting history. Villages situated amidst dense forests in pre-historic India, are said to have been protected from wild animals by a special kind of fence. Percy Brown in his Indian architectures states; "This fence took the form of a bamboo railing, the upright posts of which supported three horizontal bars." In course of time this peculiar type of railing became the emblem of protection and was universally used. In the palisade encircling the village, entrance of a particular kind was also devised.

This was formed by projecting a section of the bamboo fence at right angles and placing a gateway in advance of it after the fashion of a barbican, the actual gate resembling a primitive portcullis. From the design of the bamboo gateways, was derived that characteristic Buddhist archway known as the "Torana", a structure which was carried with that religion to the Far East, where as the "Torri" of Japan and the "pie-lu" of China, it is even better known than in India, the land of its origin.

The toranas are carved elaborately and in minute detail of what the builders aspired to represent. These toranas constitute the finest specimens of early Buddhist art. They are enriched with bas-reliefs illustrating Buddhist legends, known as Jatakas and events in Asoka's life. The Buddhas, standing colossal behind them, date back to the fifth century A. D. Reference may be made to one singular relief panel, in an architecture of one of the gateways, which represents the visit of Asoka to the Bodhi tree at Bodhi Gaya. In no other monument of India, is Asoka, the greatest patron of Buddhism, portrayed.

During the early Buddhist period it was the practice to represent the Buddha, not by his image, but by certain symbols such as (1) the lotus representing his miraculous birth (2) the pipul tree signifying the fact,

that he attained enlightenment under this tree at Bodhi Gaya (3) the wheel, which is derived from the title of his first sermon entitled "The turning of the wheel of law" (4) the stupa to represent his death. To denote Buddha's presence, sometimes his footprints and a throne were also used. All these symbols, significant of Buddhism and its sanctity, were worked into granite, as brilliant examples of sculpture. Sanchi is no exception. It treasures many a gem of these symbols.

Originally the Great Stupa was built of brick, in the time of Asoka, and was enlarged to nearly twice its previous size, a century later, by the introduction of stone. The massive balustrade and the four imposing gateways were added only when stone played its part in construction of stupa, i.e. a century after Asoka. All the four gateways are of similar design (Torana style) and richly carved with bas-reliefs illustrating the Jataka tales, scene in the life of the Master and important events in the subsequent history of Buddhism.

Of great historical importance is the Asokan pillar lying close to the South gateway. This is a column erected by Asoka with an inscription in Brahmi characters calling on the Buddhists to avoid schisms. The pillar when intact was about 42 feet in height. Asoka erected about thirty pillars all over India, of which only ten remain, partly ruined.

Asoka's pillar at Sanchi, with a bell-shaped capital surrounded by an abacus and a crowning ornament of four lions set on its back is beautifully finished and given a lustrous polish. The lion-motif found on the Asoka pillar at Sanchi has been, as mentioned already, adopted by the Indian Republic as the State emblem.

The Asoka pillar with its inscriptions and 'lion motif' represents the guarding of morals by the 'enlightened' with rare vigilance and strength.

The incomparable monuments of Sanchi were rescued from centuries of oblivion as early as 1818 and teams of scholars and archaeologists have given their best efforts to recuscitate them. Sir John Marshall, a former Director-General of Archaeology in India, did pioneer work, in the exploration and restoration of the monuments at Sanchi. He remarked, "Sanchi is good reaper of the rich archaeological harvest raised from a deep past." The name of General Cunningham is also of importance, as he discovered in the relic chamber of Stupa No. 3, the relics of Saniputta and Mahamoggallana, two of the famous disciples of the Lord. These relics were recently brought back from Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington, London, for consecration in a new shrine at Sanchi.

—Please see page 47

FOR a long time scientists were dubious about any correlation between our physiques and our characters. But after many exhaustive studies they have discovered, says Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, an American, that definite types of bodily build appear to be accompanied by a predilection toward certain kinds of conduct.

And, more important, they assert that our body type largely determines whether we live long or short lives, whether or not we get specific illness.

system which makes for the long, fragile, narrow body.

Most of us, however, are a combination of these three basic classic body types. But one type is always dominant and is the key to our physical appearance.

If, says Dr. Sheldon, you are dominated by the first—a peculiar digestive system—you are the typically rotund, soft, roundish person with a large, bland, moon-face; a short neck; round shoulders; small bones; abdomen larger than chest; small, fat

Your Face And Figure

For two decades Dr. William H. Sheldon and a group of specialists measured, photographed and studied more than 4,000 people at the unique constitutional research project of Harvard and the University of Chicago.

They discovered three ingredients which shape both our personalities and our physiques. These three things make three common basic types of bodies.

Type one is governed by his digestive system and results in the rotund, soft, short body; type two is dominated by his bone and muscle structure that results in the compact, hard, big body; and the third is a product of his skin and nervous

hands and smooth, silky skin like the skin of an apple.

Dr. Sheldon calls this butter-ball type endomorph (endo means within) but we can call him Chubby. These are the jovial, cheerful people who love parties, crowds, gossip.

Chubbies, both male and female, find their greatest pleasure in being luxuriantly comfortable.

When they are not eating, they love to talk about food and restaurants. Easy-going, charming, they are generally tolerant, almost never get riled over the world situation, are not over-ambitious. But chubbies have stamina and get their work done quickly.

Type No. 2, whose important ingredient is his bone and muscle structure, is called by Dr. Sheldon a mesomorph (meso means space between). We can call him Tarzan. He or she is vigorous: large-boned, aggressive, square broad, with massive shoulders, neck fairly long but muscular, large prominent cheek-bones, head rather square in shape, nose strong, jaws heavy.

Unlike Chubby, Tarzan has a chest larger than his abdomen, a slender waistline, skin that tans well and in texture resembles the skin of an orange. Tarzan loves adventure, physical hardship and the more strenuous sports.

system and skin areas. They are always cold and tend to bundle up even when the go to bed.

And you can always tell the stringbean type by his characteristic drooping S-shaped posture. Their skins resemble the outer layer of an onion.

Beanpoles, slim, sensitive and intense people feel a profound need for privacy, especially when troubled. They become wall-flowers at parties and, unlike the brassy Tarzan, hate noise, speak softly and keep their radios low.

Self-conscious, noticeably lacking in noise, the Beanpole sometimes fails to make a good impression when he tries most hard to do so.

Reveal Personality

The third type is dominated by the skin and nervous system Dr. Sheldon calls them ectomorphs (ecto means outside) and we think of them as Beanpoles.

These long thin, fragile people (the real introverts) have delicate pipe-stem bones, slight muscles, chests narrower than abdomens, arms and legs long, fingers, long and "artistic," long thin necks, small faces with sharp features, chins either pointed delicately or receding.

In relation to their slight body mass, they have more nervous

He never betrays his emotions on his face. Most people feel that the long, lanky type is the most intelligent of the three types, but Dr. Sheldon doesn't agree.

Still it is true that most of the abstract thinkers, philosophers, ascetics and reformers are of this type.

When medical men look at the Chubby type they know certain things. One for instance, is that Chubby scarcely ever suffers from diseases of the stomach, the kidneys or the

intestines. For Chubby's magnificent digestive system is his strong point.

His stomach is small and placed high and easily emptied; because of it, he is frequently hungry and loves to eat—and because of it, he has a tendency towards diabetes.

His heart is short and squat and he seems to have a tendency toward degeneration of the arteries.

The Beanpole type, says Dr. Logan Clendening, unlike "Chubby" has enormous lungs, more than he needs for his nutritional needs, so that air does not blow in and out of all his lung spaces, and these people are liable to tuberculosis.

Heart or arterial diseases are seldom found in Beanpoles and says Dr. Clendening, "if they live past youth, the period of tuberculosis, they are likely to live for ever, notice that at least 60 per cent of very old people are of this type."

Mostly the thin, lanky people reveal functional and not organic complaints—they are sufferers from allergies, skin troubles, insomnia and chronic fatigue.

Tarzans show a tendency toward ulcers, appendicitis, aches and prostatic disease.

So scientists find that the Beanpoles are healthier than Chubbies and Tarzans. If you are wiry and slim at 40 you have the best chance of putting 100 candles on your birthday cake. The Tarzans, however, seldom last over 60, usually falling victim to ruptured blood vessels.

And the Chubbies have the least prospect of ever seeing 60 because their bodies, with an excess of pounds to service, put heart and kidneys under strain.

Doctors, Looking at us, can draw quick sketches of our physical and mental profiles. And we too, using these clues to personality and physique can do some important detective work on ourselves.

—M. B.

OBEDIENCE

*"Drops of water become a sea by the law of union,
And grains of sand a sahara,
Do not complain of the hard nature of the law.
He that doth not command himself,
Becomes a receiver of commands from others."*

—SIR MAHAMED IQBAL

Elephant that ran amuck!

IN the limpid waters of the Coleroon, the huge elephant of the temple lay sprawling. Only a part of the animal's massive body was immersed, and Achutan, the mahout, was scrubbing it with a brush made of coconut fibre.

"Raja," said Achutan to the elephant, "you often forget that you belong to the great temple of Lord Ranganatha. Yesterday, when the procession started you failed to make obeisance to the deity."

Raja flapped his big ears and sent a spray of water over his body. He seemed to follow every word of his master and was smarting under his reproach. Achutan went on chiding him. "It was only because Devi asked me not to use the *ankush*, that I refrained from prodding you. You seem to have ears only for her commands and not mine.

I am not jealous, but that is the truth. Now get up, you clumsy fellow, and behave yourself."

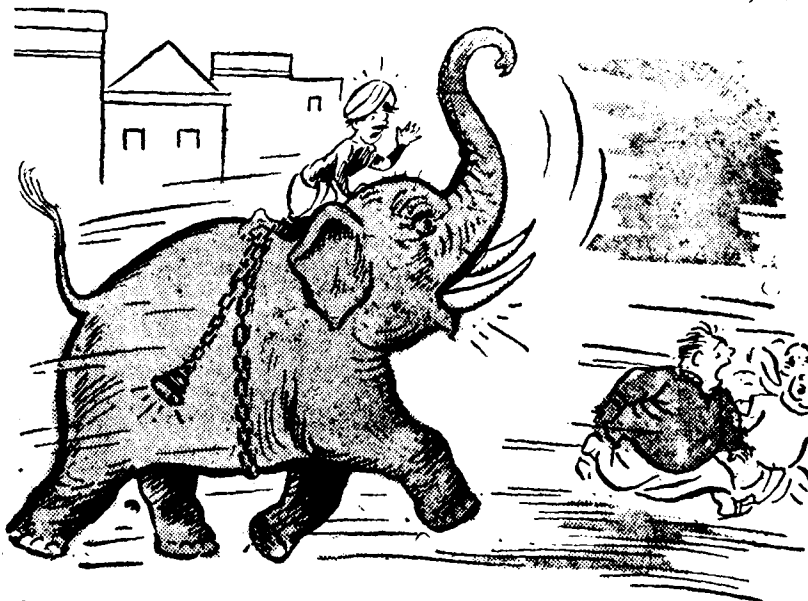
RAJA got up abruptly, bent his left foreleg for Achutan to climb on to his back and

By SRIRANGA

strode up to the bank. The mahout had scarcely fastened the iron chain round his body and hung up the bells when the elephant reached the main road and started running. "Raja" shouted Achutan, "you are forgetting the majesty of your tribe. This haste is unbecoming. Go slow, won't you? When we go to the temple I will punish you. I will not use the *ankush* but put you in chains for a week. Stop, you rogue!"

But Raja only trumpeted loudly in answer to his master. The two enormous bells, hanging against his flanks, gave out noisy clang as he raced along the road. He did not proceed in the direction of the temple. The mahout kept shouting orders and threats, even as he regretfully remembered that he had left his ankush in the shed. Despite his bulk and occasional love for

river he became restive. Achutan knew that his beloved Raja was running amuck. There were tears in his eyes. Raja was the pride of the temple, his own darling. He recalled the years of training he had given to the animal. From a furlong off he would give him orders—to walk up, bend down in worship, to trumpet the name of the Lord, to



harmless pranks, Raja was a docile and obedient animal. Urchins and street Arabs had pelted him with stones and even played such dirty pranks as to give him coconut shells filled with nails and glass pieces which he had ignored.

For the first time, Achutan realised that something had gone wrong with Raja. From the moment he got out of the

bring down trees or just pluck the coconuts, to carry loads of green branches and collect gifts from various shops in the town. But now his pet had gone berserk.

When something goes wrong, it is the urchins who come to know of it first, and begin to shout and throw stones. The same thing happened when Raja ignored the mahout on his back

and dashed through the main street. There was a hail of stones and one of them grazed Achutan's right shoulder. He held up his hand, requesting the little tyrants to stop.

But none seemed to heed him. The loud clanging of the bells suggested the imminent danger and acted like a warning to cartmen, shopmen and pedestrians who darted into side-streets and by-lanes to avoid the fury of the beast.

By now a huge crowd had gathered, shouting and yelling. They called on Achutan to jump down, but the mahout called out to them to get back and leave the beast alone. "I am not afraid," he yelled. "Raja belongs as much to you as to myself. Even if he does harm to me, I would be happy to die under his feet. But he is suffering from a mental blackout, and it is a passing phase. Be warned. He will do harm to you if he turns back. So get back and go home, please!" He now stood up on the back of the elephant, and addressed these words to the crowd. But the crowd was no mood to listen.

The mahout resumed his seat, shaking his head in utter disgust.

In another hour, the elephant left the town and the pursuing crowd was left far behind. He dashed along the bank of the Cauveri, running round

the southern side of the island town; slipped through the paddy fields and by night-fall entered a thick mango grove. Achutan had stopped speaking to him. It was the call of the jungle that seemed to stir the animal's passion. But Raja was comparatively young. The mahout had brought mightier and older elephants under control before.

For the first time, Raja was betraying streaks of violence. He suddenly dashed himself against a huge peepul tree, bringing his left flank in contact with it. In a trice, Achutan had the agility to slide down the iron chin and cling to the right flank. Raja tossed his trunk over his head in a murderous effort to get hold of his master, but Achutan dodged the trunk with the deftness of the experienced mahout.

Foiled in his attempts to get him, the elephant trumpeted as

SANCHI

—Continued from page 41

The monuments at Sanchi are great in conception, marvellous in execution, divine in mission. They form the most magnificent and perfect examples of early Buddhist art in India. As one roams in solitude about the vast site at Sanchi, one may hear the 'echo' of Gautama the Buddha, beckoning one to the path of 'Dharma.'

††

loud as he could. His shrieks rent the air and the terrible sound of the bells hushed the neighbouring countryside into the silence of a graveyard.

ACHUTAN sat motionless on the elephant's back and kept a cool head and an alert mind. Raja now retraced his footsteps and turned in the direction of the town. At this hour, Achutan knew, almost everybody would be asleep. So, he quickly undid the chain holding the two bells and threw them on the ground. The sudden cessation of sound seemed to bewilder Raja, but he did not slacken his pace.

The streets were deserted when the elephant and the mahout returned to town. Raja, curiously enough, stopped before a humble dwelling of brick and mortar. A woman opened the door singing :

"You may be a big fool of an elephant.

But to me you are a mere infant."

Hearing the song, Raja nodded his head and stood as if nothing had happened to disturb his equanimity.

"You can get down now," the woman said to the mahout.

"Yes, it is high time, Devi," said Achutan as he got down, smiling at his wife, "Raja gave me some moments of anxiety."

NAME IS GOD

"There is no *Sadhana* which can be so universally adopted by all people and is at same time so simple for realizing God as the *Divine Name*. It is perfectly true, in the words of a Saint, that he who has God's Name always on his tongue is a *Jivanmukta*, or a liberated soul."

—Swami Ramdas.

Both husband and wife stood beside the elephant, patting him on the trunk. Raja had completely forgotten his hatred of the master and was now all attention and obedience.

"The police have been alerted and they were preparing to shoot him in case he did not behave. But they were, however, confident that you would bring him back to his senses," said Devi.

The mahout shrugged his shoulders. "Now, Raja let us go back to the temple. You need a good feed but promise me that you would behave yourself."

The elephant nodded assent and bent his foreleg for his master to climb on to his back. Together they went in the direction of the temple. ‡‡

A BEDOUIN WEDDING

WE had been riding south from Beersheba into the hot sands of Negev since early morning—moving towards the tents of the Beni Uqba, one of the nomadic tribes which inhabit the great deserts of southern Palestine. It was dusk when we reached the escarpment overlooking the gorge where the black goats-hair tribal tents were pitched. Blue spirals of smoke twisted up from the fires of the encampment and the pounding of coffee-beaters came to greet us like the rhythm of tomtoms.

We made slow progress as we followed the winding sand-track leading down into the valley, and night had fallen by the time we halted our horses at the edge of the camp and found the chief sheiks waiting to receive us.

"Salaam aleikum—peace be with you." The traditional words were accompanied by the touching of the forehead, lips and heart, signifying that all three were devoted to our service.

"Aleikum es salaam—and on you peace," we replied, as we

dismounted and were led to the centre of the camp where scarlet and green cushions had been laid out on the carpet. A large fire of scented brushwood and dried dung burned brightly against the starlit sky: behind us the sheik's tent provided shelter from the cold wind which was beginning to sweep down the gorge. More cushions and richly coloured rugs were spread on the ground for the sheik's petty chieftains who grouped themselves in a semi-circle, squatting cross-legged with their camel-hair robes drawn closely around them.

My guide, who was distantly related to the Beni Uqba tribe, conveyed my thanks to the sheik for his invitation to visit him and specially to be present at the wedding of his daughter. He inclined his black-bearded face, proffered some gold-tipped cigarettes and then sat in silence smoking.

In the distance, silhouetted by the glow of charcoal braziers, the women of the tribe were

preparing a feast. I watched them stirring something in great cauldrons and kneading dough for the flat, circular Arab bread on which the meal would be served.

PRESENTLY the sheiks rose and returned with a youth who was introduced as Hassan, the bridegroom. As he smiled, his teeth flashed white against the mahogany of his face. He joined the group, carefully spreading his new wedding cloak around him and smoothing with boyish pride the silken folds of his embroidered headcloth. By his side he held a shining curved sword.

I learned that Hassan was 16 and Fatma, his bride, the sheik's daughter, no more than 14. They would have been married earlier but there had been a hitch in the wedding negotiations. The old sheik had demanded the equivalent of \$150 dowry for his daughter; but eventually had agreed to accept \$100 and two camels, the most that Hassan said he could pay.

The arrival of the bridegroom was the signal for the feast to begin. The guests from Hassan's tribe, a sub-clan of the Beni Uqba, joined the circle around the fire. In the far corner of the camp there was a shrill clamour of women's voices as the meal was taken from the fires. Presently half a dozen men came towards us carrying an enormous circular copper dish. Over the sides hung a "mat" of flat bread; the centre was filled

with rice boiled in rich fat; and on the bed of rice was placed a roast carcase of sheep.

The dish was laid in the centre of the group and the circle drew in closer. "Table manners" in the desert are peculiar. It is difficult to learn the correct way in which to tear off a small piece of meat, gather a handful of rice and then, without the assistance of a second hand, work the meat and rice into a hard ball and toss it into the mouth.

I discovered that the dish did not consist of roast sheep alone; the inside of the animal had been stuffed with chickens, and the chickens were filled with eggs fried in date oil. The sheep's eyes, which are considered delicacies, were shared between the old sheik and his prospective son-in-law.

AFTER we had eaten hard and fast for more than a half-hour, the remains of the dish were taken away to be served to the women, and Bedouin boys appeared with silver lavers and jugs of tepid water to wash our hands. Then followed a succession of sweetmeats—rich, oily cakes soaked in honey and sheep's fat and flavoured with almond, apricot and liquorice.

Coffee ended the feast. The bitter Bedouin brew scented with cardamom was served from a brass jug with a tenuous spout at the base of which a bunch of camel hair kept back the dregs, and the coffee cups, without base

or handle, were filled the traditional three times. Sweet coffee, the Turkish variety, followed; and then sweet tea flavoured with mint and served in tiny glasses.

We sat smoking and talking as the moon rose steadily over the Transjordan hills. Boys brought more brushwood and piled it on the fire. After a period of silence there was a rustle of excitement in the distance, as a girl walking slowly and self-consciously came from the far-off tents towards us.

SHE was dressed in a gown of cerise silk with long sleeves and a voluminous skirt looped up three times around her body to keep it from sweeping the ground. On her head was a black silk cloth wound round in a broad band, leaving the crown of her head exposed. Her hair was parted in the centre and two gleaming plaits fell forward over her shoulders. She wore silver rings on her fingers and old Turkish silver and gold coins dangled from her ears. Numerous amulets hung around her throat and flashed sharply in the fire light. She was a lovely picture of innocent beauty as she stood against the light of the moon.

When she lifted her eyes I saw they were ringed with the iridescent black paste "khol," which is the most prized cosmetic of Bedouin women. But her face attracted my attention more than her eyes. A curious tattoo pattern, a triangle of purplish-blue spots, covered her chin. I learned it was the special mark

of her tribe, a brand which distinguished her from women of other clans. Her nails were dyed orange with henna and I found later that the soles of her feet had been stained in the same way.

FATMA sat down gracefully on a special carpet spread for her and leaned back amid a bed of cushions. Musicians appeared. The band consisted of one drummer and two "strings," literally two "strings," for the Bedouin violin is a square parchment-covered box with one strip of gut stretched lengthwise over it. Before the violins could be used they were dried over a fire to make the parchment taut.

The dance began to a slow roll of the drum and a thin quavering of the violins. A girl, with her brown arms gleaming in the firelight, flashed into the centre of the group drawing after her six men-partners. The girl danced round, bending, stretching, whirling and beckoning the men to come forward. They were performing the dance of coy bride and the shy but eager bridegroom.

The frenzy of the dancers increased as the music quickened. The first slow and languorous pace became intense and sweat streamed from their faces and their breath came quickly. It was then that Fatma rose from her cushions. Standing before Hassan, she held out her hands for his sword. She brandished it; then pirouetted on her toes

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MADRAS - 30.

and circled the group of dancers. The girl leader retired with her men-partners and Fatma began the traditional "red dance." Her eyes shone like dark jewels as, whirling and bending and slashing the air with her sword, she flashed past her audience. No one made a move to touch her. The penalty for catching at even the hem of a girl performing the symbolic red dance is a sword cut. Although the injury may be fatal, under the Bedouin law a man has no redress for breaking the taboo.

THE dance ended when the old sheik clapped his hands. Fatma retired to her tent where she wrapped a turquoise and black cloak over her silk dress, took leave of her weeping mother and was escorted to the bridal camel, already decked with its golden canopy and silken reins. When the procession was ready to set off Hassan, on his gaily caparisoned mare, led the bridal group. Singing and shouting and running spontaneous horse-races over the moonlit dunes, the guest escorted the bridal camel to the neighbouring camp. We reached it at midnight and after simple farewells Fatma entered her husband's tent and the wedding ceremony was over.

On the ride back I spoke with the old sheik. He told me that with Allah's blessing Fatma should bear her first child within a year of the marriage; by the time she was 20 he hoped she would have borne several sons!—BARBARA BOARD

Fascinating Story

of the Diamond

OVER two thousand years ago, in the land of Homer and Socrates, some forgotten artist, long since less than dust, fashioned from the "breathing bronze" a tiny six-inch statuette of a woman.

Today the ageless little bronze woman stands on a shelf in the British Museum, perfect as when she left the artist's mould. And after the twenty centuries that have winged over her head, with gentle touch, the light of life still sparkles in her eyes. For the eyes are lit with the undying fire of tiny diamonds.

That little statuette represents a landmark in history. It was probably the first time that diamonds were used to give the sheen of life to the eyes of any kind of image. Possibly the first time their use was suggested for

purely decorative purposes.

Just A Pebble

In the days of old, the diamond, like other precious stones, was valued not for its beauty, but for its supposed physical and mystical qualities. For centuries it was regarded superstitiously as a symbol of power, and as a talisman. Worn near the heart it was considered a source of valour and a shield against evil spirits.

Even today credulous people believe that if gems are applied to the human body the blood is purified, and impending disasters are averted. They are even regarded as a cure for insanity and as antidote to poisons.

IN one particular superstition the ancients were, even if unconsciously, not so far from the mark. They believed that the

diamond helped to maintain affection between husband and wife. Many a modern husband will grunt agreement with that belief!

THE rough diamond is far removed in appearance from the jeweller's finished product. It looks almost insignificant—just a transparent or semi-transparent pebble. It cannot easily be recognised as a diamond by the layman. To him, if he runs across it accidentally, it may turn out to be one of Nature's most cynical efforts.

Though the Babylonians were polishing onyx and rock crystals thousands of years before Christ, the Greeks were the first people to recognise the diamond. They called it "adamas" meaning, hard unconquerable substance.

Jacobs Episode

India was the first country in which important diamond beds were found. In the famous Golconda mines were found the finest diamonds the world has ever seen. But in recent years South Africa has surged to the front.

In 1867 Daniel Jacobs, a poor Boer farmer, handled a curious looking pebble. It was just sufficiently different from other pebbles that littered his farm and the nearby river banks; just enough to arouse in him a mild curiosity.

He had no idea that, when he picked it from the dozens that

his children had brought home to his little farmhouse, he was looking on the foundation stone of South Africa.

Daniel's children, romping about the river banks at Hopetown, filled their pockets with pebbles. They took them home to play with them. Vrouw Jacobs, watching them at play, suddenly noticed that one of the pebbles sparkled in the sunlight. She casually mentioned the fact to one of her neighbours, Schalk van Niekerk. When Schalk saw the pebble he immediately offered to buy it. The Vrouw laughed at his offer of money and gave him the pebble.

Prospecting Fever

The stone eventually reached Jewish dealers in Hopetown. Thence it passed to Lorenzo Bayes, Commissioner at Colesberg, and finally it came to the hands of Dr. W. G. Atherstone, well-known minerologist at Gramstown. He found the pebble to be a genuine diamond, worth Rs. 6,670.

WHEN the news came back it immediately infected the Boer farmers in the district with prospecting fever. As far as they could find buyers they sold their farms, for what they could get, which in the circumstances was little, and rushed to the bank of the Vaal River, with the hope of garnering there the magic pebbles. They thought that only on the banks of the river could the little stones be found.

Those farmers, their possessions then little more than a shovel and a high hope, ploughed the banks of the Vaal. They found little more than would pay for their shovels. And their farms were gone. Their hopes still remained high, but, at best, hope is a poor substitute for a cold dinner. They dug, and starved, never dreaming that in the soil of the farms they had so cheaply sold lay the very stones they were looking for on the rolling banks of the Vaal. With no success in their prospecting, most of them lived in sheer destitution. The banks of the Vaal simply refused to yield results.

Famous Stone

There was a lot of sand on those river banks. But the little coveted stones were few. Then in 1869, two years after the discovery of Jacobs, the shepherd boy picked up a stone, on land far from the Vaal. He found it at Zendfontein, near the Orange River. That shepherd boy had not forgotten the story of the Vaal River pebbles. He held on to his find.

AND again the wily Schalk van Niekerk was on the alert. So, indeed, most also have been the shepherd boy. For the price Schalk had to pay for the stone was 500 sheep, ten oxen, and a horse. Riches, no doubt, to the poor shepherd boy, but a mere

trifle, as things turned out to the evidently money-wise van Niekerk. That shepherd boy's stone was sold by Niekerk for Rs. 1,46,670. Later it was sold to the Earl of Dudley as a cut diamond of 46 and half carats for more than double that figure. The original weight of the stone was 83-1/2 carats.

THAT little stone which the smudgy fingers of the shepherd boy picked up on the very ground without digging, or searching, and which brought into his incredulous possession what was to him fabulous wealth, later became known as the "Star of South Africa."

Cecil Rhodes

One of the fascinating facets of the diamond, in the rough, is the unexpectedness of its presence. The widow of a Boer farmer found a stone at Jagersfontein. She sold it for Rs. 26,670. That stone led to the discovery of the world-famous Jagersfontein Diamond Mine.

In September 1870 there arrived at Durban a pale, delicate-looking youth of 17. He had money in his pocket, a certain amount of it, and he had a gentleman's pedigree behind. When he was 16, in England, he caught chill. His health broke down, and the academic career planned for him by his clergyman father had to be abandoned. So the father decided to send him to South Africa where the climate is kindly to lungs that have lost their

leather. The choice was easily made, for an older brother of the boy had gone to that country some time before.

* * *

AFTER three years, Cecil made enough money out of cotton to realise his ambition to go to Oxford, and to pay back Rs. 40,000 lent to him by an aunt, the capital with which he had arrived in Africa. He sailed for England and the storied halls of Oxford. But after a time Africa called him back, and to the diamond mining country.

A Formidable Rival

As Cecil Rhodes rose to power and influence in the South African mining world, he met a formidable rival—Barney Barnato. Barnato's real name was Barney Isaccs. In England, he and his brother were on the stage, and for professional purposes used the name Barnato. Barney, retained it in business.

It was the great Kimberley mine that made Barnato's princely fortune. The original site of the mine was known as Colesberg Kopje—so-called because most of the miners who staked claims there had come from Colesberg.

The rush to Kimberley began after a poor digger, risking his entire capital of Rs. 350 bought a half share in one of the claims at Colesberg Kopje. In a few weeks he had extracted no less than Rs. 26,620 worth of diamonds for his share alone. Value of claims at once skyrocketed.

Claims that could have been bought for Rs. 670 in the early days of the Colesberg discovery began to bring anything up to Rs. 40,000 each.

Ubiquitous Crook

The ubiquitous crook, of course, was there too. And he had a profitable speciality. He went after a type of digger who had no knowledge of diamonds, but a thirst for easy money. Those inexperienced diggers were trusting to their wits—conspicuous, in most cases, by their absence—to enable them to buy stones illegally, and therefore cheaply.

The shady tricksters would select a gullible victim; then send a Kaffir to him with a rough stone apparently worth Rs. 66,667, offering it for Rs. 670. The eager victim reached into his skimpy capital and handed over the Rs. 670. If he gloated over his easy money his joy was short-lived. For it didn't take him long to find out that his supposed valuable diamond was only a paste imitation.

So successful was this racket—its continuance made possible by the steady stream of new-comers that Birmingham had large standing orders to manufacture imitation rough diamonds for export to South Africa!

However, there was enough legitimate trade in diamonds to show the world that a great new industry had come to South Africa.

§§

WANTED A GOVERNESS!

SAROJA sat utterly disconsolate in an armless chair and was cursing her fate which made her life an unrelieved tale of woe and misery.

"God is said to be a fountain of mercy and is acclaimed as the protector of the weak and the downtrodden. I also thought so once. Now with my own experience before my eyes, I can't bring myself to believe that it can be correct, much less true", she spoke to herself.

Just then her friend Lila came to wish her good morning. Seeing Saroja in an unusually reflective mood, she put to her a downright question. "Why should we blame the all-knowing God, when we are ourselves to blame for the misdeeds we commit? Do you mean to say that because God is an embodiment of mercy, He should straightaway condone the immorality of persons before they had the time and wisdom to realise the grievous wrongs they perpetrated against their Maker and the

society?"

"Don't try to be a pucca puritan when you and I are not that. Except some sages and servants, the generality of mankind revels in hypocrisy. It is no good using morality or religion as one's breast-plate, when we are strangers to both," chimed Saroja's sharp tongue.

BY
BHARANI

LILA played the diplomat. "Pray don't become a fighting nag. I only meant to say that we are responsible for our present miserable plight and that we should think of some way to get out of it, instead of cursing God for no fault of His. To put it bluntly, you and I could have forgiven our husbands and continued to enjoy their protection. Instead, we talked about our personal rights and wanted them to adore us. Perhaps if we repent and pray to God, He might

bless us. Let us amend Shakespeare's well-known verse and sing :—

"Had I but served my
God (Husband)
With half the zeal I served
my vanity,

Perhaps he would not have
left me naked

Before mine enemies."

"Enough of your neo-philosophy and pedantic piety," retorted Saroja. "I am sure that our repentance and prayer will be of no avail, till men cease to be cowards and learn to treat their wives with real love and human dignity. By the way, what urgent business brings you here, even before the milk man knocks at the door?" she asked.

LILA showed an advertisement cutting and asked Saroja to apply for the job. "Who knows that the hidden hand of God may not help us?" so saying Lila took leave of her friend.

* * *

The scene changes. Saroja stood before a fashionable gentleman Mr. Sivaram, in a luxurious hall which showed that the occupier of that spacious building must be a man of considerable fortune. She wished him "Namasthe" with both hands.

The advertiser simply smiled, gave her a question paper and asked her to answer all the

questions "without any reservations." He eyed her with a piercing look, while she was writing down detailed answers for all the questions. After that formality was over, she was given a seat near the gentleman's table.

"I hope you won't mind my talking to you a few words," he began.

"PERHAPS this is a supplementary oral test," she replied in a genial way, which must have deeply impressed her would-be employer.

He proceeded with his story. "I have two young children. I shall appoint you as their governess and give you a decent pay and well furnished quarters. You have to be kind to them like a mother."

"Am I right in inferring that your children are motherless?"

That was an embarrassing question to the gentleman but he adroitly managed the situation.

"Whether the children are motherless or not, a governess must shower on them all the kindness that a natural mother would bestow on them."

"Indeed so, sir," she said. "I asked for a piece of information and had no intention of prying into your personal affairs. I implore your pardon, if I have offended you," Saroja said in a sweet voice.

"Thank you madam. All women are not kind and all wives are not loyal" exclaimed the employer.

THAT took Saroja by surprise. She thought that her would-be employer defamed the entire women—folk and that it was her duty to enter a mild protest against such an unjust accusation.

"May I return the compliment, sir, and say, that if all the women are disloyal and unkind, all men should be the monuments of virtue, fidelity and kindness. But the wonder is, how these angelic men woo the devilish women and accept them as their wives, and enjoy family life and happiness!" Saroja said this with a mischievous smile.

* * *

Mr. Sivaram now understood that by his sweeping generalisation he had irritated the lady who sat before him and wanted to win her over to him.

"Of course there are angels among both men and women. But when cupid plays his trick, women are more prone to be capricious than men," he asserted.

But he caught a tartar in Saroja.

"In literature and history we come across noble heroines who withstood with dauntless breast the tyranny of their male partners. The real world, too, does not behave differently from the

world of romance and imagination of poets and dramatists. Even sages and saints have not failed to flirt with girls of beauty, when there was an opportunity to do so. Divorce courts proclaim that prostitution is not the monopoly of any one sex and that men vie with women and carry the palm. If only men admit that the weakness of the flesh takes its toll of victims from both men and women and treat their wives with a little more sympathy, charity and dignity, perhaps the world will be all the happier to live in," she talked like a talkie.

Mr. Sivaram drew his chair still nearer to her and said, "Your personal charms and brilliant conversation overwhelm me. You can be a governess to me also."

* * *

SHE looked at him more fixedly than before and guessed that he was none other than the man who forsook her. But she pretended not to know him.

"You spring a surprise on me. Did you advertise for a governess or a wife? You were painting a little while ago that males were the paragons of virtue. I should be obliged, if you will kindly let me know under what category of virtue this enlightened trick falls."

So saying, Saroja rose to depart.

—Please see page 64

All Square it is!

THE plot of many stories is a triangle, two men at either angle of the base aspiring to the woman at the apex, or, may be vice versa. This story is different. Telling, as it does, of two women and two men, it would have to be symbolised by a square. At the top left corner we get Bill, the only son of William Tomlin, senior of Tomlin and Bakehouse, the well-known engineering firm, and at the top right corner, Rosalie, only daughter of Anthony Bakehouse.

Rosalie should have been born a boy, to join with Bill, junior, in carrying on the partnership when the two seniors handed over the reins. Fate having ruled it otherwise, the two were betrothed to each other in infancy by their fathers.

That was the straight line from Bill to Rosalie; but hearts are not ruled on any geometric plan. Although they had grown up together, their companionship had always been that of affec-

tionate brother and sister, and had never really ripened into the stronger and deeper emotion. Rosalie would have experienced no thrill had Bill made love to her; and, since the coming into his life of Peggy Mayne, who must be placed at the bottom left corner of the square, Bill knew that, although he might defer to the understood compact; his heart would not go with his hand.

IN loyalty to Rosalie who, of course, also knew of the compact, he had tried to shut out all thought of grey-eyed, demure Peggy; but he was not particularly happy in the effort.

He did not know of sundry meetings which had brought Rosalie to the consciousness that, should Roy Mayne, the firm's capable manager, take her in his arms, she would not wish to resist.

That places Roy at the bottom right-hand corner, and there is the square—Bill pledged to Ros-

alie and loving Peggy; Rosalie drawn to Roy who, aware of the compact, and liking Bill, felt that any warmer feeling than regard for her would be disloyalty.

HERE, then, on a sunny Saturday afternoon, were four young people at the tennis-net, the men clever and good-looking; the girls both excellent types of the bright and beautiful girlhood of Britain. They should have been supremely happy; but not one of them was so.

That morning the seniors had decided that the time had come when they might be regarded as consulting heads only. Bill, with the assistance of Mayne, was now quite capable of carrying on the business. It had been further agreed that an early date should be named for the wedding. It had been settled between them that the announcement of their retirement and of the date of the wedding should be made at a little dinner, and some friendly squabbling had ensued before it was finally agreed that Anthony should have the privilege of providing the spread.

"To-night, then, at my house, and as this arrangement will affect the position of Mayne, we will have him and his sister along, too," William had said.

"A fine girl, William," old Anthony had commented. "The man will be lucky who wins her."

The game was being played on

William Tomlin's lawn, and the parties concerned had been apprised that later they were expected to dine with Anthony Bakehouse who, in his jocular way, had hinted at momentous announcements.

At the end of the set Bill contrived to get Rosalie to himself for a few moments.

"I suppose you guess what's expected to-night, Rosalie"; he said. "Date, and so forth. How do you feel about it?"

"Not very happy, I'm afraid, old boy, she admitted. "I'm fond enough of you, but not in that way. Best to be frank, isn't it? Why can't they let things go on as they are?"

"FRANK, yes," said Bill, "You couldn't be otherwise. Go a little further, Rosalie. We've got to face it."

"It's their life dream, and that's what stops the kick, Bill," she said. "You needn't tell me that you don't feel like that, either. I'm a woman, and I know. Fact is, we've seen too much of each other. There's a splendid girl over there who is just the wife for you, and I think she loves you."

"What makes you say that, Rosalie?" he asked. "Being sort of bound to you, I have never been more than friendly with Peggy."

"I know that, you goose!" she said. "Mere politeness is

By DORIS PETERS

sometimes readable as dissembling; but it isn't your attitude that has given me the impression. I tell you that if it weren't for this compact you would stand a good chance with Peggy."

"And you would not mind?"

"I should be happy to see you two come together," she answered.

"Go all the way, Rosalie," said Bill. "We're pals. Is there anyone you love?"

She smiled at the question, and, smiling, gazed at Roy, who was talking to his sister.

"There is, old boy; but what does it matter?" she replied. "That fact doesn't affect the position."

Bill followed her gaze, then turned to stare at her in amazement.

"Rosalie!" he cried. "What a chump I've been!"

"It doesn't alter things, Bill," she added.

"Doesn't it?" he exclaimed. "Let me tell you, Rosalie, that it makes all the difference. We can't make any such ghastly mistake."

"The two old dears won't understand heroics," she said.

"There'll be none," stated Bill. "Tell me one thing. The

whole issue hangs on it. Is Roy—"

"I think so, Bill; but, like yourself, he is loyal," she confessed.

"Good enough!" exclaimed Bill.

"Now, you two," called Roy, coming towards them. "Are you sufficiently rested? It's revenge we want."

Bill walked towards him, while Peggy skipped laughingly to Rosalie.

"You'll partner Rosalie this time, Roy," he said. "It will interest you to know that while you've been chatting we have agreed that neither of us intends to marry the other. If, in the next few minutes you rise to the occasion like a man, we will give the chairman notice that this evening's programme must be revised, and you will continue to partner her, as I hope to partner Peggy."

Roy stayed in his stride. White-faced, he thrust out a hand to grip Bill by the shoulder.

"Don't rot, old man," he cried tensely. "If you knew how I have fought!"

"I can guess," said Bill with a smile. "I've done some fighting myself. Send Peggy this side of the net, and we'll put this through under their very noses. Do I marry Peggy with your consent or without it?"

"Consent!" laughed Roy, "Need you ask? She hasn't told me, old man, but you'll put the light of happiness in her eyes."

"Go to it," said Bill. "Three minutes should see us going forward hand-in-hand."

"I see they're changing partners this set," remarked William, senior, looking through the French window.

"Fine quartette," commented Anthony. "Good pair, however it goes. I like and trust Mayne all the way, William. We're fortunate in having him to carry on with the lad."

"His loss would be a calamity," agreed old Anthony. "Seem to be discussing the line of play very seriously, don't they?"

"They do," observed William, fumbling with his glasses. "And look—bless me, they've both got the girls' hands—both hands! That surely isn't in the game?"

"Looks like a bit of ritual," laughed Anthony. "The four of 'em seem to have a good joke on. We should be in this I think."

"We should indeed," laughed William. "Happy youth is ignoring crabbed old age again, Anthony. Hey!"

The four turned at the laughing call, and, in pairs, still holding hands, they obeyed the summons.

"As far as we know there is no rule in the game which insists that partners should hold hands," started William senior. "What's the joke?"

"They always hold hands when the score is love," said William junior, coolly. "Fact is, that Rosalie and I have decided that we do not make perfect partners. Peggy and I accept the challenge. We shall presently proceed to show 'em. Peggy, I might mention, has just consented to partner me through life."

"And Rosalie has consented to partner me," calmly announced Roy.

"And in that way we shall make a family affair of it," went on Bill, smilingly. "Rosalie prefers to be my sister-in-law; that's all."

ANTHONY looked at William senior, and William senior at Roy, then both turned to the youngsters.

"But—" spluttered William senior.

"Is this true? jerked out Anthony.

"If you please, dad," answered Rosalie, demurely. "I want to be a sister to Bill."

"But our plans—" spluttered William senior.

"My dear dad, love laughs at plans, said Bill. "If you'll just think it over, you'll see that what we propose is the best possible arrangement, absolutely all square, which ever way you look at it."

William senior again looked at Anthony, and Anthony looked at William senior, and gradually astonishment gave way to chuckling mirth.

"All square, the rascal says," laughed William. "It's no use, old friend, we've been hoodwinked. Our schemes have gone agley. We shall have to make it a double toast."

Anthony sat regarding Roy Mayne who, with Rosalie's hand clasped in his own, smilingly faced him.

"You are quite sure of this, girlie?" he questioned, gravely.

The look in her eyes was enough.

"Very well," said Anthony, as his own hand went out to Roy. "All square it is." xxx

TRUTH IS GOD

"Truth is God. Denial of God we have known. Denial of truth we have not known, the most ignorant among mankind have some truth in them. We are all sparks of truth. The sum total of these sparks is indescribable, as yet Unknown Truth, which is God. He is the atheism of the atheist."

—MAHATMA GANDHI.

WANTED A GOVERNESS!

—Continued from page 59

Mr. Sivaram tried to offer an apology. But she cut him short and said, "I won't put you to the necessity of telling me your autobiography. I know it too well. Though you are a bit changed and you ply your nefarious trade under various names and styles in different parts of the country, I can recognise in you a man who deserted me. I don't like to have any truck with one who forsook me when I literally worshipped him as a personal God and, eloped with a girl of beauty."

So saying, she left the room with an abruptness which left the advertiser with shame and disappointment.

CRIME STORY:

THE COUNTER PLOT!

BY

J. E. DAVID

SITTING alone in the hall of a fairly big house, Vasantha kumari, a charming young girl of nineteen, was humming a Hindi tune. It might be half past six in the evening and it was dark outside. Her father would usually come home long before six and she feared what might have delayed him that day.

Could anything have happened to him? Was he taken ill all of a sudden? It could not be. He looked healthy and fresh before he left the house that morning. Did he meet with any accident? "God forbid," she said half aloud.

Then another fear gripped her mind. She was all alone in the house and if any scoundrel should get into the house what could she do! A shudder ran through her and her hands and feet were trembling as if she were in the presence of an intruder.

Just at this moment sharp raps at the front door startled her and she almost jumped from the chair in a frightful shock. Next moment she ran to open the door expecting her father, but stopped short.

"Who is it?" she demanded. If it was her father, she knew, he would first call her before knocking at the door or she would hear his 'Vasanth' synchronising with the sound of the knock.

"A friend of Mr. Vaidyanathan," came the answer through the wooden door.

VASANTHA opened the door. The stranger, a clean shaven young man asked, "I suppose you are Mr. Vaidynathan's daughter?"

"Yes, Yes," Vasantha replied quickly. "Did you see my

father, on the way? He has not come home yet and I am nervous."

"That is what I have come to tell you about. Your father, on his way back home, met with a small accident"

"Wh-a-t?"

"DON'T fear; nothing has happened. He is now safe in the hospital with minor injuries."

Vasanth could not control her tears and as she wept, the young man said encouragingly, "I have a car and I can take you to him quickly. If you"

"O yes. I will come just now."

"Before you start please see that you lock the house properly. I will be waiting for you in the car."

When the stranger turned his back to the girl, a mischievous smile played upon his lips.

* * *

The car was driven very fast and before she could say anything it stopped under the portico of a bungalow and the young man got out first. He opened the back-door of the car and beckoned Vasanth to get down. Without any protest she got down but asked him, "Did

you not say that my father was in hospital?"

"Of course, I said so. If I had said he was in my house, you would have suspected me of trying to abduct you and refused to accompany me."

A glance at the door revealed to Vasanth that the house was locked and she grew more suspicious.

"Your house is locked. Do you think I will believe that my father is inside this empty house? I will now straight away go to the Police and...."

"For God's sake, please don't do anything of the sort" pleaded the stranger. "When I carried your father here there was nobody in the house. I put him in bed and after the necessary 'first-aid' I rushed to your house, locking mine. I could not risk keeping the house open when an injured man lay inside alone."

"DID you not tell me that father sustained only minor injuries? If he was conscious and was able to walk you would not and should not have locked the house."

"He did have consciousness, but the shock had made him nervous. He was awfully trembling from head to foot."

The stranger thought for a while and then he said, "You should be reading in papers that

burglary is done on a large scale nowadays," he spoke in earnest.

He had by now unlocked the door and coming a step nearer to her he said sternly, "Do you like to see your father or not?" Something in the voice of the man seemed to wipe out her suspicion and she seemed satisfied with his explanation.

They went inside the bungalow and while pushing open a door in the interior of the house the young man said that that was the bedroom where her father was. Vasanth rushed in followed by the man. What a disappointment! What a shame! The room was empty! At last her suspicion had come true. Her blood was boiling as a result of which her lips quivered. There was a sound. She turned back to see the man bolting the door. She was angry itself now, but again something about the man, which she did not understand, cautioned her to be calm.

"What's the meaning of this, you scoundrel?" she confronted him with an air of superiority.

He did not seem to be affected at all. He was wonderfully calm.

"You wanted to tell the Police, isn't it? I am going to spare you that trouble," he said nonchalantly, and with an unnatural grin he took the receiver of the telephone which was on a table near the door and dialled a number.

"Is it.....?" He stopped short; perhaps, the answer to the intended question came from the other end itself in the meantime.

"Can I speak to Sub Inspector, Varadarajan, please?"

* * *

It was a little past 8 p.m. when Vaidyanathan was seen walking fast on his way back home that evening, the same evening in which the strange incident had occurred. He felt extremely tired after a day's heavy work, but the thought of his daughter, —his only daughter, his only child, being alone in the house, urged him to walk fast.

He reached the house and when he came to the door he did not call 'Vasanth' as usual, for he heard voices. Vasanth was talking with somebody—a man! With whom did Vasanth talk in the night? The voice was that of a young man. He thought he had no other go but to look through the thin curtain of one of the windows and he did so. What a sight! It was a shame! He could not believe his eyes. His daughter whom he believed was a good and modest girl sat so closely opposite a young man, so close that their knees were in contact; her hand was in his! Vaidyanathan could not bear any longer.

He banged the door with overwhelming anger and to his surprise the door opened. It was

not bolted! They were not afraid of the probability of anybody seeing them all of a sudden!.

VASANTHA KUMARI rushed to wards him. She wanted to tell him so many things. So many things had happened in the evening and she wanted to tell her father everything as fast as she could. But her father seemed to be angry; he did not even smile to her.

In great rage Vaidyanathan turned to the young man. He was a co-worker and his name was Ranganathan. Vaidyanathan shouted at him, scolded him, called him a variety of names and finally ordered him out of the house.

The young man stood up. Vasantha wanted to say something, but without giving a chance for her to speak, Vaidyanathan cursed her as she had never heard him do before.

Ranganathan thought for a while. Then getting control of his temper he opened his lips to start giving an explanation where-upon Vaidyanathan, observing the young man trying to say something, which he guessed should obviously be an excuse, shouted at the pitch of his voice, "Get out," with the forefinger of his left hand pointing to the doorway.

"Don't be so rude, Mr. Vaidyanathan," said a thick and

powerful voice. All three of them saw a Police Sub Inspector coming towards them casting a mischievous smile towards Ranganathan.

* * *

In the room which the stranger pointed to Vasantha as 'bedroom' she stood speechless. Her bewilderment knew no bounds when she heard the stranger call a Police Sub Inspector on the telephone.

"Hullo, Varadhan, would you please come to my house immediately. I have an urgent case. Please don't delay," she heard him say. Try as hard as she could, she did not understand the stranger's behaviour. After a little of personal talk on the telephone he placed the receiver on the rest, arranged the books and magazines on the table neatly and wiped the dust off the table with a turky towel, the only suitable cloth available in the room for the purpose. This job engaged him for about five minutes during which time Vasantha went on asking him questions after questions in grief and anger. To none of them did she get a word in answer.

HE made a sign to her to stay where she was, opened the door, again closed and bolted it from the other side.

A few minutes later the door opened. She saw a thick-set Police Sub Inspector along with her young acquaintance.

He showed the Sub Inspector a chair. The Sub Inspector for a moment lost himself in wonder when he looked at Vasantha-kumari. What a lovely face and how proportionate were the features! Then slowly recovering himself from the sudden surprise he asked, "Who is this young lady, Ranga?"

"She is the daughter of one Mr. Vaidyanathan, a co-worker of mine and I brought her here with a big lie on my lips".

"What's that?", the S. I. demanded sharply.

RANGANATHAN explained as to what lie he had told her to bring her to his house.

"But why?" the S. I. asked enquiringly. "Why on earth should you bring such a young girl here all alone? What's wrong with you. Ranga?"

"I brought her here to save her from danger and shame which were awaiting her in her house. Do you think it is wrong to help a person just because the person happened to be a young and beautiful girl?"

* * *

Ranganathan then related to the Sub Inspector an evening scene to which he was an eye witness :-

Ranganathan had been to a park that evening. He observed

"He who tries to bind an elephant with the tender threads of lotus flower, to cut a diamond with the sharp edge of Sirisha flower, to sweeten the salt waters of the deep sea by spilling a drop of honey, is like the man who tries to get round with sweet words a foolish man."

—BHARTRUHARI

two men under a tree, one old and the other comparatively younger, talking seriously and in a whisper. They were not a long way off, but still he would not have attached any importance to their conversation had he not heard the name of his friend, Vaidyanathan. He listened intently going a step or two towards them without making noise. They did not hear or see the approach of an overhearer because they were much absorbed in the subject of their conversation.

"HAVN'T you seen his daughter? She is a beauty and I don't think you can pick up a lovelier girl", said the younger man.

"Fool, we don't want her. We want her jewels. Are you sure she wears a lot of them even while she's at home?"

"Yes a good lot of them"

came the younger man's reply. The old man then explained his plan. They should go to her neatly dressed in a taxi posing themselves as her father's friends, tell her that her father had met with an accident and died on the spot; that his body was in the hospital; that they would not mind taking her to the hospital in the taxi, if she agreed. One of them would also try to take responsibility of locking the house safely while the other should drive her to the 'hospital', for after hearing the horrible news she might not bother herself about locking the house or any such 'trifles'. Ranganathan did not want to hear anything more, for already a bold adventurous idea had crept into his mind to help the daughter of his friend from the hands of these crooks.

* * *

THE Sub Inspector who listened to Ranganathan's narration with interest said, "And so you have brought this young lady here before the two men could reach her and her jewels. You have, of course, done a good job but you could have saved the trouble, if you had reported the matter to the Police immediately".

"I did not want to take any risk by wasting time. It was already six when I was in the park, you know."

"That's all right, Ranga. Don't you worry on that score now".

The Sub Inspector stared at the ceiling for a while and all of a sudden asked Ranganathan, "Was it the 'Srinivasa Park' where you saw the two fellows?"

"Yes, how did you guess that?"

"THEN, you may safely drive back Miss Vaidyanathan home and leave her there".

"What do you mean? Suppose the crooks execute their plan immediately she is alone in the house. Of course, she will refuse to believe them, but they might resort to some other method to strip her of her jewels, and to carry her away."

"I won't risk such a danger, Ranga".

"Then why do you ask me to take her to her house?"

"Because the crooks whom you saw in the Park are safe in the custody of the Police. At the bus stop opposite the park two fellows were caught by a constable for pickpocketing. One of them wore a dirty white pant with a green shirt and the other a black half-pant with a white half-arm shirt. Was this not the dress in which you saw your 'frinds'?"

"Yes. I understand now".

It was Vasanthakumari who spoke first when she was driven back to her house by Ranganathan. She thanked Ranganathan profusely for having helped her out of a great danger. It was so good of him to have experienced so much inconvenience just for the sake of a girl who was not even an acquaintance to him.

"I DID what I thought was my duty" said Ranganathan sweetly.

He just looked at the door in pretence of going away. But Vasantha would not allow him to go away so soon. She made a bold venture. She held his hands and said looking into his eyes, "Please don't go away until father comes".

* * *

Lips quivering in anger, Vaidyanathan told the Sub Inspector why he was ordering Ranganathan out.

The Sub Inspector laughed and said addressing Vaidyanathan, "Mr. Ranganathan today saved your daughter from shame and danger and that is perhaps how they became so closely acquainted with each other in a day and I find no reason why they should not. If you hear what Ranganathan has to say you will agree with me."

He then called Ranganathan to him. "I just dropped in to

tell you that there is no mistake about the two fellows...." He paused and continued aloud, "I rang you up, but the bell went on ringing and ringing. I guessed you might be here and I also anticipated a quarrel between you and Vaidyanathan. Hence I came here" said the S. I.

When Ranganathan finished narrating the incident, Vaidyanathan extended his gratitude to the young man and humbly apologised for his haste in having scolded him before trying to know the truth.

"IT is my duty to have left your house immediately after dropping Miss Vaidyanathan. I realise my mistake now", Ranganathan said dramatically.

Vasantha could not admit that Ranganathan was at fault. It was she who compelled him to stay and told her father so.

For the first time that evening Vaidyanathan seemed to be himself with his usual parental smile. "I am not going to blame any of you, Vasanth. You both can talk alone for some time more. In the meantime, I will have bath and come."

The old man felt a secret pride in his daughter showing a peculiar attachment towards the son of a well-known personality in the city, who was also his school-mate.

**

IT IS NOT HEART TROUBLE

THE trouble about writing an article on heart disease is that a lot of people worry about their hearts and as soon as they see something in a medical book or a paper they study it carefully to see how soon they are going to die. So let me assure you first of all that if you have "a pain over the heart" it is probably nothing to do with your heart, but is due to wind.

Your stomach is much higher up than most people realise; it goes right up under your ribs on the left hand side, so if you have pain there it is probably coming from your stomach and not your heart. Another thing which worries people is fibrositis or muscular rheumatism. This causes twinges of pain on movement, and if twinges are in the back you just say, "Oh, rheumatism," and forget about it. But if the muscles

between the ribs over the heart are affected then people jump to the conclusion that they are about to drop down dead!

This is especially likely if the pain comes on when you make a sudden movement, and this, of course, is just what does happen with fibrositis anyway. Tied up with all this is the fact that your heart beats faster when you are excited or upset. So it often happens that a person's heart misses a beat (which is usually perfectly normal) or the person gets pain in that region due to some entirely different cause, and he gets into a panic about heart trouble. As soon as he does this, his heart starts beating quickly, and this makes him all the more sure that there is something wrong with it. I mentioned wind in the stomach just now—this too, sometimes presses on the heart from underneath and

By A FAMILY DOCTOR

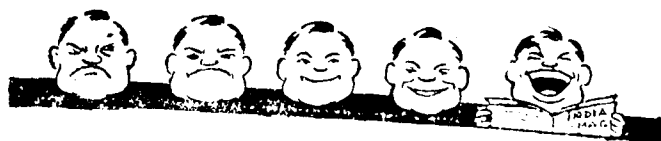
gives you palpitations.

So much for a few of the reasons that make people think, wrongly, that they have heart trouble. The reader who asked for this article writes. "Can any of these things be cured?" That's a big question. It's rather like asking if short sight can be cured. Some people believe it can, by exercises, but most experts think that the best thing is to wear glasses. With glasses you can get along reasonably well—you can't play football, perhaps, or go in for boxing, but you can live perfectly happily within certain limits. Most forms of heart trouble are like this. The man with short sight knows that he will never have perfect sight again, but he doesn't look upon it with that attitude. He says, "I don't want to play football anyway," and gets on with his job.

Some sorts of heart trouble are helped by taking digitalis, which is a drug from foxgloves. Some are helped by injections which reduce dropsy, because if the heart is not pumping properly it cannot push the body fluids around and they collect. (There are, of course, other causes of dropsy). In cases like this, it is often best for the patient to go to bed for a while so that his heart can have a rest. During this time some of the strain is taken off it by the injections, and then he can get up and carry on with his work. But in most

cases the important thing is that the patient should realise that he has a disability and live his life in such a way that he does not increase it. The doctor in charge of the individual person is the only one who can judge how much he should do.

I began this article by talking about the people who jumped to the wrong conclusion because they had a symptom which was like what they thought heart trouble ought to be. I am afraid that doctors sometimes do the same thing, but much less often than they used to. Twenty or thirty years ago any "murmur" in the heart was thought to be a sign of disease. Now we know better. There are some murmurs which are unimportant. This does not mean, of course, that you should disbelieve your doctor. It does mean that if, several years ago you or your child was given a vague warning (especially after some severe illness) that you ought to be careful, there is no harm in going along to your doctor to see if you really have anything wrong with you or not. And if you have a lurking fear at the back of your mind because of some pain or other symptom, why not go along to your doctor to make sure?



IT IS FUN

A fond husband wrote to his wife:

"My dearest Leela, excuse my absence tonight. I am held up here by official business. I shall surely meet you tomorrow and cover your face with a thousand kisses."

Leela gave him the coldest possible reception to him when he accosted her the next morning. Her explanation for her strange behaviour was:

"I don't want to lavish my love on one who has three Leelas—dear Leela, dearer Leela and dearest Leela. My being placed in the superlative degree only means that he is showing me more dearness than he shows to others. He is not my absolute property. If my husband loved me dearly and none else—that is what I want—he would have addressed me as 'Leela, my dearest.'"

The enlightened husband murmured, "My grammar and not love is at fault" and made amends.

SINGULAR AND PLURAL

Our Prime Minister Nehru was presented by the students of several universities in Japan with a motor cycle.

"What am I to do with this motor cycle?" asked Nehru.

"Give it to your son or grand son" requested the students.

Amidst roars of laughter our Premier said; "I have no son. I have two, not one, grandsons."

VICTORIOUS

"How is your family life? Has your wife mended her ways and given up quarrelling with you?" asked Ram.

Bhim answered, "I don't worry myself about it. I am

always victorious in any argument with her."

"It is rather strange. Unless what you mean by victory is something different from the actual meaning of the word, it is unbelievable," put in Ram.

"When I am worsted in battle with her and find myself in a tight corner, I always apologise."

SELF-HELP AND SOCIALISM

Judge: You seem to be a confirmed convict. The moment you are released, you go back to your old ways and take to house breaking.

Accused: Yes, my lord, what else can I do to make my pot boil at home? The rich and the fashionable won't give alms, the poor can't spare anything, I am no judge, sure of his fat monthly pay, nor am I a police hound to get handsome bribes. So I practise selfhelp and socialism.

IN THE BELLY OF THE WHALE

A teacher was giving instructions to a convert class. He was dilating on the miracle of Jonas in the belly of the whale for three days.

An Imp: How was Jonas in the belly of the whale?

Teacher: Good man, I don't know. But when I get to heaven I will ask Jonas.

Same Imp: Suppose Jonas is not there, or you get to hell!

OLD MAN'S BARGAIN

An old rickety man, unmarried, poor and born-blind made 'Tapasya.' God appeared before him and said, "Ask me any single boon and you shall have it."

The old man prayed to the Lord. "O grant me this prayer. I want to see my grandson installed as king of this country."

God: You are asking for three boons at a time.

Old man: Nay, my Lord. If I ask for wealth and you give it, I would still be blind and unmarried. If I ask for marriage, I would be poor and blind. If I ask for eye-sight I would still be unmarried and poor.

The Lord laughed and granted it. This sort of omnibus request is called in literature as the "old man's bargain."

SOLITUDE

A young man lost to his rival the beautiful girl whom he wooed with all his arts. He consoled himself with Emerson's words:

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after one's own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." ††

Questions & Answers

The Editor invites questions from the readers of this Journal. Accepted questions will be answered in the order of their importance.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

M. Natarajan, Madras

Q.—What is meant by the “Topics of the day?” Are they the same all over the world or do they vary from country to country?

A.—The most important question which is agitating the minds of the greatest number of the people of a country is called the topic of the day. “Topics of the day” may be the same for all countries in the world sometimes but generally the topics of the day are seen to be different in different countries. Suppose there is war; that will be the topic of the day all over the world. Even otherwise, Russia’s “baby moon” is a burning topic of the day in every country. The topic of the day in India is; whether Hindi should be allowed to be super-imposed in non-Hindi speaking areas. In Britain, the topic of the day is; whether Mr. A. Bevan is right in saying that Britain wants the production of the H-Bombs to continue. In America the topic is; what should be done to assert and safeguard the interests of the Western Powers in the Middle East as against the Russian penetration. In Pakistan the topic is; who will be the next Premier and what repercussion its cabinet crisis will have on its foreign policy, particularly on Kashmir. Likewise every country has its own special topic with varying degree of momentum.

LINGUA FRANCA OF INDIA

Mohan Kumar, Bangalore

Q.—Is it not a waste of time to wage a battle royal on the question of the Lingua Franca for India? India is a federal country, not a unitary one. When this is so, and if federalism means

every unit of the nation (state) is equal in status to every other unit, is it not the height of fanaticism and arrogance to say that Hindi should be the language of all the units of the nation?

A.—It is dangerous to say by implication that India is not a nation but a collection of several State-nations. The form of government namely whether it is federal or unitary is irrelevant in a discussion about the *lingua franca* of a country. There is no harm if the language of the majority of people is made the state language, provided no compulsion is used in so doing and provided further that the regional languages are given a dominant voice in their areas.

THE NATIONAL LANGUAGE OF CEYLON

T. S. Nathan, Colombo

Q.—Is it not absurd to say that the language spoken by the majority should become the state language? It cannot be democracy to efface minorities and their language, and to seek to enthrone the majority both politically and culturally. In Ceylon, Tamilians want parity of Tamil with the Sinhalese language and they will never accept the latter as the only state language. The agitation in the Madras State against Hindi being made the state language is on the same basis as the stand taken by the Tamil areas in Ceylon.

A.—We must not confuse or cloud issues. There is absolutely no analogy between the agitation in Madras and the agitation in Ceylon. Whatever may be the ultimate result of the language agreement entered into between Mr. S. Bandaranayak, the Premier of Ceylon and the leaders of the Federal Party as representing the Ceylon Tamils, the position as it is in Ceylon is clear that Tamil cannot hope to regain its lost position of parity with Sinhalese and the recent agreement itself is here and there interpreted in favour of the latter and against Tamil being allowed to rule even in areas where it is the mother tongue of the people. In India the position is the reverse of what it is in Ceylon. Though Hindi is sought to be made, even compulsorily, as the national language, the status and prestige of the regional languages are respected and safeguarded in the Constitution itself. If the Madras State wants to conduct all its activities in Tamil, to the exclusion of English or Hindi there is nothing to stop it from so doing. Hindi will be a national language in the sense of its being the medium for all India and inter-State purposes.

FILM REVIEW:

Do Ankhen Bara Haath

Another masterpiece from Shantaram

By Our Film Critic

THIS is a story of reclaiming the spoilt children of society restore them to their old dignity. More often than not, society is the cause for turning the disappointed into lawless or unsocial elements. To add insult to injury it looks at them with contempt without doing anything to redeem them. It requires moral courage of a great order to understand and correct them.

Playing the role of a jailor, Director Shantaram x-rays as it were, human nature, its faults and failings with intelligence and sympathy at every possible stage and tries to reclaim the erring humanity to social dignity and

moral values. He plays his role with a flair for it and is highly successful in his noble endeavour.

Do Ankhen Bara Haath is bold in conception, superb in direction, vivid in imagination and lyrical in musical selection. It has upturned a good lot of virgin soil. It is a magnificent human document, dealing with a subject from an unexplored realm and shows what real compassion can achieve to uplift those who are exposed to the contempt and neglect of society. Shantaram, despite his being described as a lunatic, sets out on his noble

mission and does not rest until he has rescued six blighted and blasted lives from the dark prison to human contact. The ex-convicts become established as good, honest and very loyal subjects.

The theme of the story is that people who have been guilty or convicted once can be reclaimed to society, provided they are treated with understanding and charity. By this process he calls out the intrinsic good qualities to play a worthy part and enrich and ennoble society.

But does society welcome this reformation? No it does not shed its old prejudices and hostile attitude. The villagers are waiting for an opportunity to set fire to a cattle shed, from which fiery bulls run unbridled towards the prisoners. To the jailor, to whom the lives of the convicts are precious, whom he treats as his own children, rises to the occasion and fights with a fiery bull to save the prisoners. The scene is pulsating and eye-filling. Compassion and courage of the highest type characterise Shantaram's playing the role of a jailor. Unaccountably, the story ends as a tragedy and this melancholy scene cannot but move the audience to tears.

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This is great film from all points of the view. When Shantaram directs a picture, no body worries about the cast. The action is natural, story is gripping from beginning to end. Sandhya, playing the role of a village girl, acts well and her style dancing calls for special commendation.

One remarkable feature in this film is the personality of Shantaram. Though 60 in age, he is as vivacious and agile as can be desired. Picture goers will surely appreciate both the idealism of the story and the brilliant portrayal of it on the silver screen.

++

NATIONAL SLOKA

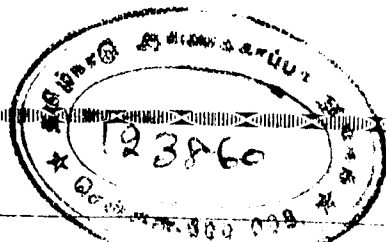
“ Repeat this sloka !

I am India, I represent the honour of India,

I represent the Capacity of India,

I represent all those ideals which my country must stand for in the eyes of the world—to realise and justify the past which made her the supremest sovereign, the greatest teacher of spiritual truth and of intellectual learning of the past.”

—SAROJINI DEVI
5—7—1915



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