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Vol. IV |

JANUARY, 1958

| No. 9

THE DOCTOR & HIS WIFE

The doctor had always been too engrossed in his professional work but as he sat at the concert hearing Mozart's music on the day of his wedding anniversary, old memories were revived and he began to realise how much his wife loved him and how neglectful he had been.

V. LIDIN

While his wife was dressing in the bedroom, Bereznikov sat down at his desk to read the newspaper. He rarely went to theatres and concerts with his wife. After the trying hours in the operation room, he felt more like staying at home, but his wife had bought tickets for today in advance, and he succumbed to the tradition: usually he never remembered the dates of family events, especially such a distant date as the day of his wedding, but his wife had a woman's unfailing memory for these occasions and each time relived in a new way what was to him now a matter of almost hoary antiquity—their thirty-second, or was it their thirty-third wedding anniversary...

"Nadya dear, you had better hurry...it's past seven already," he said, turning a page of the newspaper.

Of course, it would have been nicer to lie down on the divan,

ponder over some of the happenings of the day and then have his tea. As the years went by, Bereznikov had become accustomed to the ordered schedule of his day, to the fact that his wife waited for him with dinner ready and the apartment tidied up with her own hands; that she lived his life, shared his cares and disappointments, and was happy in his happiness. The years blunted the sharp edge of feelings, and habit took the place of the passions and turbulences of youth...

He scanned the newspaper,

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—Editor, K.

took off his glasses and, clasping his hands behind his head, wearily closed his eyes for a moment: everything in the quiet and warm room disposed him to relax.

"I am ready," came his wife's voice from the bedroom.

He sat there for another moment with closed eyes, then got up and entered the bedroom. His wife was standing before her dressing table in an evening gown. Her silvery hair made her look not older, but younger than her years. There was a scent of perfume in the room, and Bereznikov recognised the perfume he had brought her once from Paris, where he had attended a surgical conference.

"H'm" he said a little put out as he glanced at the mirror and saw himself, a little man with a preoccupied expression and greyish bristling hair. "I'm afraid I don't cut much of a figure next to you."

She smiled, pleased that she had not lost all of her feminine allure and beauty as she traversed the long road of life and experience.

"For me you are the most handsome man in the world, Nikolenka," she said lovingly.

She wanted to go to the concert armed with all the charms of womanhood. It mattered not that she was no longer young—age too had its rights, and Bereznikov felt a little ashamed that he had thought without pleasure of their evening out.

"H'm!" he muttered in the skeptical way old doctors had. "We shall pretend you are not exaggerating. Shall we push

off?"

She gave a final glance at herself in the mirror and turned off the light. Bereznikov helped her into her coat in the hallway. It was an old squirrel coat, frayed a bit at the edges, and he thought with vexation that he had again forgotten to buy her a new one, although he had been intending to for two years now. His wife never reminded him about it, knowing that it was not an easy purchase to make, and then winter came and they postponed the purchase till the next year...

Bereznikov was fond of music in the way people without too musical an ear, are fond of it. He was grateful to it chiefly for soothing his nerves. Usually music aroused in him thoughts that were aloof and unrelative; but since it did effect him, these thoughts were lofty and inspired, showing up even his profession of a doctor in a new light: a doctor served the cause of life, and music was called upon to glorify life. Musing thus, he liked to observe the people around him as they listened to the music. Most of them also lost themselves in it: the expressions of some were gentle and composed; of others, meditative and dreamy.

Bereznikov had once given his wife a brooch. It was a tiny miniature of ivory framed in silver, and his wife always wore it on their wedding anniversary. She had it on now as well, a little replica of her silvery hair and as he listened to the music, Bereznikov tried to remember which anniversary it was that day, the thirty-third or was it the thirty-fourth?...

At the very beginning of the war their son Alexander was killed at the front. Ever since then something had seemed to snap inside his wife—she became inwardly more subdued—and Bereznikov decided with his habitual blunt straightforwardness that she had wisely accepted her loss, just as the thousands of others had accepted theirs. But three years ago they had experienced still another separation: their daughter Olga married and went off with her engineer husband to the Far East, leaving Bereznikov and his wife all alone, as is indeed the case with thousands upon thousands of other parents whose children face them with the problem of beginning life anew in their old age...

He listened to the music and narrowed his eyes—so acute were those reminiscences; the first, when on an exceptionally gloomy day in November they had received the notice of their son's death, and the second—very recently and still fresh—he and his wife had seen their daughter off at the railway station. She was so excited and grown up, their little Olga, and he gazed with pain at her dear features, restraining himself out of masculine pride from leading this still quite strange Engineer Pogozhev, Olga's husband, aside and telling him that since he was taking away his daughter, he must do everything to make her happy, lest he ruin her life and theirs, her parents'. But the train pulled out, they called out their last parting words and wishes, his wife's wet handkerchief waved pitifully in the air,



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their daughter's tear-stained face receded into the distance, and only then did Bereznikov realise that he had been running along the platform, as though trying to keep up with youth that was being borne away with his daughter.

Then they returned home, his wife and he. Forcing down her feelings into the recesses of her heart, she began to make tea for only the two of them.

He repressed a deep sigh, lest his sensitive wife divine what he was feeling. But her face was upturned; she was completely lost in the music. He went back to his thoughts...He was thinking now that he had become less vulnerable to the trials of life as the years went by; his surgical

profession had trained him to act resolutely, never to stop halfway and he believed that that was perhaps the way men should behave in private life as well : what is past is past, and nothing, no amount of reminiscences or regrets, can return it. He believed that his wife had been feeling the same way for a long time now ; at any rate, she was always cool and contained in the way that he deeply respected, the only reasonable way he thought to behave. But had he not perhaps missed something very important in life ? He wondered why such a thought occurred to him just then. Was it not because their almost hoary wedding anniversary had crept up again so imperceptibly ?

He glanced at his wife out of the corner of his eye, and saw her little pink ear with the pearl imbedded in it. There was something so dear and deeply necessary to him in that little ear that had retained all its youthful charm for him, that his throat ached from the bitter tenderness that overwhelmed his whole being. She had experienced everything absolutely everything with him : their losses, and his keen disappointments, and his joys. She was the truest, the closest companion of his life. Of course, he loved her but his love had long become a habit, when everything was taken for granted—her care, her worrying when he was detained at work, or when he, as a doctor, experienced difficulties of one or another kind. As he pulled on his gloves in the blinding glare of the operation room, it

did not occur to him to remember that his wife, who knew about the impending complicated operation, was troubled, that she had got up earlier to have breakfast ready for him, ready in the way he loved to have it—his coffee made just so, and his bread toasted to just the right degree. He was not conscious of her being always there, next to him, even in the operation room, and that his spiritual equilibrium depended on her, on her invisible presence.

He thought of this, almost unconscious of the music. But then he suddenly understood that it was precisely the music that had brought all these slumbering emotions up into the surface. It was Mozart : the mellifluous, touching, almost naive strains, so like the sounds smitted by the clavichord (clavecin), the clear cadenza creating much exquisite lucidity, the cradle of harmony, from which Beethoven's passionate themes and Schubert's songfull melodies were born. He felt as though his heart were expanding as it strained towards the gentle, butterfly-like eternally young music of Mozart. The years' trials and tribulations seemed to be swept from his soul. He was no longer surprised at his wife's expression of rapt delight.

He saw her as she was in the years long past. It was at a little railway station, somewhere near Moscow, that he had alighted from the train one night in May, a young medical student, and Nadya had been waiting for him, blushing and happy, but they had not dared to confess

their feelings, although they felt that they could no longer live without each other. Mozart wafted to him the coolness of that distant night in May, the forgotten feeling of first love, and even, it seemed, the scent of the lilies of the valley they had gathered on their way. Now Bereznikov thought of his daughter again : the years would pass—perhaps he, the old surgeon would no longer be alive—but would she know the same constancy of love, and the joy of never-aging reminiscences ? He wished she would with all the fibres of his paternal heart, and was afraid to look at his wife, lest she, understanding, might penetrate his thoughts.

"Wonderful," she said, turning her shining eyes on him. "Isn't it really too wonderful ?"

Applause broke out in the hall. Mozart was over.

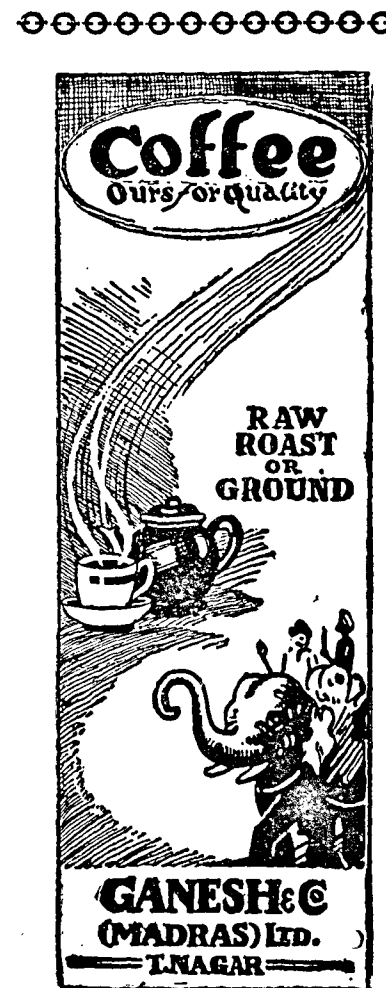
"Yes," muttered Bereznikov. "An excellent piece of music."

She looked at him more closely and tucked her programme into her bag.

"You know what, Nikolenka. I only wanted to listen to Mozart. The second part of the programme is not so interesting. You are tired, dear, you had a trying day, and I've grown a little unaccustomed to concert going."

Without waiting for him to agree or object, she rose and stepped lightly down the aisle.

In his study at home, Bereznikov stood at his desk. The low lamp cast its light over the green cloth and two photographs : one, of his wife in her youth, and the other, of a boy and girl—their



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children, their life—bent over a big book. The boy was gone, and the girl was soon to become a mother. And all this, so important, so necessary, so complex, had been shared with him by his wife, in whose soul, perhaps, the music had aroused the same emotions.

He stood at the table a moment, looking at the photographs. Then he went into the bedroom. His wife was sitting on the bed, still dressed in her evening gown, with her hands clasped on her knees and her eyes fixed on some object in front of her. Her white hair was beautifully clean and her

little ear, pink.

“Nadya,” he said, taking her hand. “My love...only with you, always with you. We are old, but we have lived a fine life, we have experienced everything together—all our sorrows and all our joys.”

He kissed her palm several times, no longer trying to conceal his face and wet eyelashes. And everything they had never said to each other, everything—the big and the difficult—they had experienced together was replaced by something lovely, translucent and light that never grows old or dies, something like music itself.

THE LUCKY LIZARDS

The Animal Welfare Society in Durban, Natal, is looking after three lizards which are the luckiest in the world.

Each lizard was left the sum of £200 in the will of Mrs. Marion Kellet. Originally there were seven lizards which inherited a total of £1,400 under the will, but four of them have died.

During her lifetime Mrs. Kellet had an enormous number of lizards, each of which she named, the oldest being called Johnny and the two youngest Boy and Baby. In order to comply with the terms of the will the lizards must be stuffed by a taxidermist when they die and the “bodies” produced as evidence of death.

x

x

x

FIRST CHOICE

Visiting in a small country town, a London woman was entranced by the exquisite beauty of a pair of fair-haired little girls playing in the garden of the house next door. Calling on the six-year-old son of her hostess, she asked who they were.

“Oh! they’re just the doctor’s kids,” he replied. “He always keeps the best for himself.”

x

x

x

“I just cannot understand why you are always worrying about nothing, Henry!” an anxious wife said to her husband.

“Because that, my dear,” he replied, “is exactly what I’ve got in the bank.”

x

x

x

“But this is a wonderful picture of you, darling,” gushed an actress to her rival. “It just goes to show—it’s amazing what they can do in photography these days.”

The rickshaw puller’s whole life was centred round his son and when he died.....

THE DAWN

JAISEN AYINIKKET

Darkness had long settled like a black shroud on the earth. High in the sky dense silvery clouds were dancing and moving along majestically. Beyond still a few tiny stars were twinkling and the moon was rising in the eastern sky. On the swaying branches of the cassia trees some birds were chirping. And in the dim light of the street lamps the trees and houses looked like ghosts casting fantastic shadows. It was past midnight.

In the deserted road near a milestone an aged and haggard looking man was sitting alone almost like a statue. Near him was a rickshaw and at his feet

was a corpse covered with a torn mat.

The old man was a rickshaw puller. He had sat there for many hours shedding silent tears. Now the tears had dried up and he was sitting there like one who had lost all—a symbol of despair and anguish.

And as he sat there old memories had come surging in. He had longed to unburden his heart and tell his miserable, tragic and bloodstained story to someone. But there were no friends, no sympathisers near. The dead body of his son, the darling of his eyes, and his life-long companion, the rickshaw,

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were the only two witnesses of his grief.

x x x
It was years and years ago but he remembered it all as if it was yesterday. He was born in an indigent family of a labourer some fifty-five years ago. His childhood was uneventful. Most of the days there was nothing much to eat. It was when he was twenty he had acquired a rickshaw. That was a proud day in his life.

Then he was healthy and strong and full of hope. It was the spring of his life and he was contented. Then he had met a charming girl and fallen in love. Soon they were married. Those were days of bliss. He remembered particularly one day, the day of the local festival, when they had gone boating in the river. A bright moon was shining above and he had after a hour or so of rowing rested with his head on the lap of his wife and she had sung some songs softly. It had seemed to him then that he was the chosen of the gods, that the moon and the stars were really smiling on him, that the cocoanut trees on the banks of the river gently swaying in the breeze were singing some love song.

Years rolled by and the charm had slowly worn off. He had to work long and weary hours. However, he would have been happy if a child had been born to him. But his wife had remained barren.

More years passed and wonder of wonders a child was born when his one leg was already in the grave. His heart began to smile.

The child became the centre of his life. It was like a rainbow to him and more precious than all the precious stones on the earth.

The child was five years old. The old man still remembered that day vividly. That day their darling had been put to school, the same school where his landlord's son was also studying. His heart swelled with pride as he saw his son going to school. Some day, he told himself, his son would be a great man.

It was about this time fate dealt a terrible blow to the rickshaw puller. His wife died suddenly from a snake bite. The responsibility of looking after the boy rested entirely on his shoulders. Those were days of toil and tears but there was one joy left to him still—his darling son and he worked harder to provide his son the best he could give.

One day in the hottest part of summer, as he was going along pulling his rickshaw with the landlord's son seated in it, he saw his son walking bare foot. His heart ached to see his son walk so and he longed to take his son too in the rickshaw. But then he hesitated. What would the landlord say? Such a thing was unheard of and he would be losing his livelihood. He averted his eyes and pretended not to have seen his son and passed on.

But fate had intended to bring the two youngsters together. It was a disastrous day. It happened in the playground. The rickshaw puller's son had collided with the landlord's son and the latter had fallen down bruising his hands and knees. The land-

lord's son got angry and abused the boy. This led to a quarrel and some blows were exchanged till others intervened and separated them.

But the landlord's son was vindictive and in order to revenge himself he went home and reported to his father. The landlord was furious. His son being beaten by his rickshaw man's son! It was a crime which should be punished severely.

Arming himself with a stout stick and calling two of his servants he at once rushed to the rickshaw man's hut and taking hold of the boy began to beat him mercilessly.

"You cur! You who are eating my salt have dared to raise your hand against my son! I will teach you!"

The rickshaw puller was aghast. He was dumb with fear at the rage displayed by his master and could only plead to forgive the boy. But the landlord did not pay any heed to the old man's pleadings. He was beating, beating...

"Father, father,...." cried the boy piteously looking at the rickshaw puller unable to bear the punishment. He was writhing with pain and his head and body were covered with blood. The cry seemed to transform the old man. His bent figure stiffened. There was a glint in his tear-filled eyes. He rushed forward and pushed the landlord aside and gathered his son in both his hands. "My, son, my darling," he sobbed.

The landlord was furious and unforgiving. He kicked at the old man and ordered him to go

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that instant from the place and striking a match set fire to the hut.

The rickshaw puller was too awed and too full of grief to protest. He tenderly gathered his son in his arms and putting him in the rickshaw went away.

He waked like one in a dream. He had no idea what he was doing or where he was going. Darkness had fallen and still he was pulling the rickshaw with his precious burden. Weary and hungry he had at last rested near a milestone. He gently lifted the body of his son. It was cold, very cold. The old man

suddenly felt a stabbing pain in his heart as he realised the truth. Yes, it was true, the boy had died!

He fell on the lifeless body of his child. His grief was unbearable. The rainbow that had lent colour to his life had gone. A long piercing cry escaped from his dry throat.

He could not believe that fate could be so cruel to him. What had he done to deserve it? Was it because he was poor? But then was it his fault? Was not he a victim of the social conditions?

He took the child in his arms and gently placed it on the ground and covered it with a mat. Tears flowed down his cheeks. There was a pain in his heart. It was pounding hard against his ribs. He coughed terribly. It pained him much as if the heart was being torn away! Then he spat out blood.

He felt tired, oh, so much tired. Never in his long life had he felt so weak and tired.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," he cried out but the voice was choked in his throat. His heart fluttered. There were a few gasps.....

In the neighbouring tree an owl beat its wings. The tiny stars withdrew one by one as if unable to watch this tragedy. The rickshaw puller sat there as still as the milestone.

In the eastern sky dawn was breaking. Bright red streaks appeared in the horizon heralding the approach of another day. The old man's eyes, lifeless though they were, were staring at this coming dawn.

Did he know of this coming dawn? Was he sitting there hoping for the new dawn, bringing with it new hope for the oppressed and suppressed? Perhaps it was so. Poor old rickshaw puller! His dead eyes could not see the bright dawn but it is coming—the dawn of a new era bringing with it hope and joy for the tiller and toiling, for the poor and forlorn.

END OF THE SEARCH

A memorable wedding took place recently in Johannesburg, South Africa, when Mr. John Henry King, a bachelor aged 105, took unto himself a wife, widow Mrs. Fannie Excell, aged eighty-seven.

To neighbours who congratulated the happy pair, King commented: "At last I have found the right woman."

JURYMAN SENTENCED

The trial was boring. The prosecuting counsel rambled on and on—and sounded good for many more hours. The rest of the jury was obviously as bored as Lonnie Heard, of California (U.S.) as he sat through the jury service in a court there. The counsel droned on, Heard dropped off to sleep.

However, he was soon awakened—and sentenced to five days' imprisonment for contempt of court.

A CHINESE FOLK TALE

A Dream That Came True

A story of a corrupt official and his ignoble end at the hands of robbers.

Old Mr. Pai of Chichli, China, had two sons. The elder, Chia by name, was a magistrate of a southern district so far away from his home that there was no communication from him for more than three years. It was natural then that the father should get worried and he thought of consulting Ting, a distant relative of his, who also

was a great necromancer.

That night Mr. Pai had a dream. He saw Ting come to his house and invite him for a stroll. The old man consented and both of them went and soon came to a city. Pointing to a huge gate Ting told Mr. Pai:

"That is where your son lives, Go in."

Mr. Pai hesitated. For guard-

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ing the gate was a wolf and Mr. Pai dared not proceed past him.

"Co on," said Ting. "It won't harm you."

Mr. Pai was still hisitating. Mr. Ting then took hold of his hand and went past the gate. Inside there were more wolfs and lying in heaps were human bones! This terrified Mr. Pai still more but Ting assured him and they proceeded further and came to a mansion.

As they were about to enter, Mr. Pai's son, Chia, the magistrate, came out and was delighted to see his father and Ting. Inviting them in and bidding them to be seated, he ordered his servants to prepare a meal.

A few minutes later a wolf entered carrying a dead man in its jaws.

"What is this?" demanded Mr. Pai springing to his feet.

"Just a little refreshment for you, father. You must be tired and hungry after the long walk," replied Chia.

The old man hastily waved the corpse away. His heart was thumping violently, and he would have run away from the scene if not for the wolves which were guarding the place. But just as he was at a loss what to do, the whole pack scattered away howling, some to slink under the couches, others to creep under the tables. And while he was wondering what this could mean, two warriors in gilded mail strode sternly in and bound Chia with a black rope. Chia fell on the ground and immediately he was transformed into a tiger. One of the officers thereupon,

drew his sword and would have cut off the tiger's head, had not the other interposed:

"Wait a bit. His time is not yet. We had better knock off his teeth."

So they produced a big mallet, and with one blow, knocked off the tiger's teeth. Its roar of pain shook the very walls. Mr. Pai was utterly aghast, when he suddenly awoke and realised that he had been only dreaming!

But the dream troubled him and he sent word to Ting, the necromancer, to come over; but the necromancer begged to be excused as he had some other urgent work. Then Mr. Pai recorded his dream and sent his second son to Chia with a letter of earnest warning and good advice. On his arrival, the younger brother was taken aback to find that Chia had lost all his front teeth; and, although the magistrate declared that he had broken them by falling from his horse when drunk, the date of this accident was *the very day* of their father's dream. This rather astounded the younger brother. He handed over the old man's letter and Chia, when he read it, changed colour. He tried, however, to pass the matter off lightly.

"This is the merest coincidence," he asserted. "Why worry about a dream?"

Engaged as he then was in bribing his superiors to recommend him to a higher post, Chia gave no further thought to the strange dream. His younger brother stayed with him for a few days, but when he saw the corrupt menials with whom the

court was filled, and the bribe-givers who streamed in from morning till night, he begged Chia with tears to mend his ways.

"You come from the country," scoffed the magistrate. "What do you know of official life? Promotion depends upon a man's superiors and not upon the people. If your superiors approve of you, you are a good official; but if you love the people, how can you please those above you?"

Unable to persuade Chia, his younger brother went back to tell his father all that had occurred; and the old man wept bitterly. All he could do, however, was to give away his property to the poor and daily entreat the gods that, in the retribution which must overtake his wicked son, Chia's innocent wife and children should be spared.

The following year news came that Chia had been promoted to the Ministry of Civil Affairs, and many people called to congratulate his father; but Mr. Pai wept and took to his bed, declaring himself too unwell to entertain guests. Before long, it was reported that Chia, falling among robbers on his way home, had been killed with a number of his servants.

"His sins have been visited on his own head," said the father. "Heaven has been merciful to our family!"

He proceeded to burn incense and return thanks; and, although friends who came to offer condolences tried to persuade him that the news might be false, he believed it implicitly and started preparing his son's grave.



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Chia was not dead, however. He had fallen in with robbers during one of his tours. And although he gave them all he had, the robbers said: "We are here to avenge the wrongs of the people of the whole district, not just to take your money!" Then they cut off his head.

Chia's spirit was still lingering. An official happened to pass that way and seeing the body of a man enquired of his servants who the victim was. The servants looking at the severed head recognised that it was magistrate Chia.

"What!" exclaimed the official. "The son of old Mr. Pai? We must spare the old man such a cruel sight. Put his head on again."

As someone was placing Chia's

head over his neck, however, the official intervened. "He was a crooked magistrate; his head should not be straight. Let his chin rest on his shoulder." This said, the official left.

By and by Chia revived; and his wife and children, coming to take away his corpse, found him still breathing. They carried him away, and carefully poured water down his throat, which he was able to swallow. Then, too weak to make the journey home, they put up at an inn. About six months later, Mr. Pai heard of this and sent his second son

to bring them home. Though Chia had been restored to life his head was twisted and was more of a monster than a man and lived a miserable life.

The chronicler of the story says: Many officials in this world are tigers, and their subordinates may be wolves; and some officials are worse than tigers. The trouble with men is that they cannot see themselves truly. But Chia, when restored to life, was made to see himself as others saw him. Marvellous, indeed, are the ways of the gods!

THE LAST STRAW

Constable (to motorist): "Excuse me, sir, but your lights are out."

Motorist: "Oh, thanks, but it doesn't really matter."

Constable: "It certainly does. May I see your driving licence?"

Motorist: "Driving licence? Never had one."

Constable: "Is that so? What about your insurance?"

Motorist: "I never carry that."

Constable: "Right, that makes three charges."

Motorist's Wife: "Don't take any notice of what he says, officer. He's always like that when he's drunk."

"Does wearing hats cause men's hair to go grey, darling?" asked a wife.

"No, dear," replied her husband, "but their wives' hats sometimes do."

"Last night," said a plain young spinster to her man friend, "I dreamed you asked me to marry you—I accept."

"What would you like for your birthday, dear?" asked a young husband.

"Nothing expensive. Just something you made yourself."

"Such as?"

"Money!"

"So far as my wife is concerned it's just a case of mind over matter. She doesn't mind and I don't matter."

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

SOMANUR MURDER TRIAL

S. RAJAGOPALAN

It was nearing sunset on 23rd November, 1918. Ramayee, wife of Palani Gowdan, was sitting on the pial of her house and weeping. A passer by enquired of her why she was weeping and was told that she had been beaten severely by her husband.

Hearing the news, Ramayee's brother and her sister's husband came hurrying. The sun had set by then and it was getting dark. Ramayee was not on the pial. Instead Palani Gowdan's mother and brother were seated there and the mother was heard to address the son inside, "Do not beat a woman." After they waited for a few minutes, Palani Gowdan himself opened the door and came out. They then

went inside and found Ramayee lying dead with a ploughshare lying by her side. Her father was communicated with instantly. He came and taxed his son-in-law with murder. Palani, however, maintained that he did not kill Ramayee but that she had hanged herself.

The medical evidence showed that the woman had received a severe blow on the side of her head which would probably have rendered her unconscious and also showed that she had died of strangulation which might have been the effect of hanging. It was, however, impossible to say that she had hung herself, because the blow on her head must have produced un-

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consciousness and therefore she could not have done it all herself.

What had happened was this: Palani had struck his wife a violent blow on the head with the ploughshare, rendering her unconscious. This blow would not, however, have caused her death. Then under the impression that she was dead he had proceeded to hang her intending to create false evidence as to the cause of the death and to conceal his own crime.

On these facts a Full Bench of three judges in Madras held that Palani would not be guilty of murder. His assault with the ploughshare was not likely to have caused death; and when he recklessly assumed that she was dead and proceeded to hang her, he could not be regarded as having killed her, because according to him it was a lifeless body. They, therefore, convicted him of causing only grievous hurt and sentenced him to a term of imprisonment.

This is by no means a satisfactory solution of the problem and the opinion has not commended itself to the court subsequently. The vital defect is that A's two acts are judged independently. The Penal Code, however, defines an act referring to a series of acts. A's actions should be judged having regard to their cumulative effect. This is best illustrated by a case which arose in Madras some years later.

At about 7-30 p.m. on 16-9-33 two passengers got down from a train at Somanur railway station (Coimbatore District) and were proceeding to their village. They then saw two persons get-

ing down from the railway track on the southern side. They also noticed something black lying across the rails. Immediately afterwards the Blue Mountain Express came past them and they then found that what had appeared to them to be something black lying across the line was the dead body of a woman. The body was stripped naked and headless. The head was discovered about fifty feet away and her sari was found nearby. On the spot, marks of a struggle were visible and a 'thali' was also discovered. The road was nine and a half feet below the railway line and some marks of a body having been dragged towards the railway line, were also noticed. The two passengers soon gave chase to the men and caught them. Both of them were tipsy.

At the post mortem, the doctor certified that death would have been due to asphyxia, but due to decapitation it was not possible to detect marks of strangulation.

The body was later identified as that of Muthayee, wife of Kaliappa Goudan, one of the arrested persons. Kaliappa used often to get drunk and illtreat his wife who used on that account to go to her father's house. On 16-9-33, at 12 a.m. Muthayee had taken her two children to her parent's house, and left them there. Kaliappa had said that a relation of his was ill and had prevailed upon her to accompany him, which she did unsuspectingly enough and both proceeded to Kallipatti. But it so happened that the poor woman did not go there at all. She was last seen in company with her husband at

5-30 p.m. on the fateful day at the country road on the southern side of the railway line. Accosted by a person, they had said that they were proceeding to Pollachi. Earlier, she was found travelling with her husband and another man in the shuttle train which had left Erode at 2-15 p.m. and arrived at Vanchipalayam at about 4 p.m. At Vanchipalayam, they got down and stayed for a while at a petty shop. A little later Kaliappa and his companion drank toddy at a tavern half a mile away.

Putting two and two together, it was possible to make out the details of the crime. Kaliappa and his companion, a cooly who had been engaged by him for the nonce, had strangled her on the way and put her dead body on the railway line between Somanur and Vanchipalayam so that the train might run over and obliterate all traces of the crime.

Kaliappa and his companion were chargesheeted for murder. They pleaded that the deceased met death by accident just when she was crossing the railway line.

At the trial, Col. Fraser I.M.S. was examined as a court witness. His opinion was that the deceased did not die of strangulation. There was no eye witness to the occurrence or of the struggle which must have ensued when the deceased would have

been dragged from the road to the railway line, although marks of it were visible. But it was quite possible to assume that Kaliappa would have had a struggle with the unfortunate woman, during which her "thali" would have fallen on the ground, as indeed it was. She would have been strangled and removed to the rails in an unconscious condition and left there to be run over. Before they did all this they took some drink in order to screw themselves to the necessary pitch for the performance of the murder. The theory of accident did not fit in with the marks of the struggle on the road, the fallen "thali" and the discovery of the body in a naked condition on the rails. It was perfectly clear that both the men were resolved upon to murder by strangulation, and if as happened it failed, by pulling her on the rails. The one act followed closely upon another and together they disclosed a clear intention on the part of the accused to kill Muthayee.

The accused were sentenced to transportation for life but the High Court enhanced the sentence and sent both of them to the gallows for what was a fiendish crime executed with diabolical ingenuity.

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PERFECT FRIGHT!

"I hope you congratulated Arthur on his engagement?" said Jack to his friend after they had visited an acquaintance.

"Yes, but I felt an awful fraud," was the reply. "Did you see her?"

THE ROWLATT DAYS

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

Norton was a robust fighter for the liberties of the ordinary citizen, be he an Indian or an Englishman. His respect for the rule of law and fairplay rebelled when he witnessed such lawless laws as the Defence of India Act and the Rowlatt Act being on the Statute Book of India. Whatever may have been the unrest in India he saw no reason for such a statute as the Rowlatt Act. He said: "The reply to political revolt is not a suspension of the ordinary safeguards which protect all accused persons and seek to ensure an impartial trial. The government is wrong in its belief today that the removal of the ordinary safeguards can secure loyalty, as was Barindra Kumar Ghose in his faith that the ordinary routes were too lengthy and that safety lay in the speedier solution with revolver and gunpowder In the interests of the State it is far more important that faith in its impartiality should not be disturbed and that the rapidity of punishment should strike terror into the hearts of evil doers. The evil doers are few. The citizens numerous. There is no gain in terrifying the few if simultaneously you horrify the many into a state of intellectual revolt against your methods and morals. If the courts are slow, multiply the courts and appoint judges more conversant with law."

How true these observations of

Norton are even when applied to modern conditions in India where the power mad politician is after curbing the power of courts and making the executive take shelter under special laws and ordinances!

The Preventive Detention Act of modern India is one of such 'lawless laws' where a person can be detained without trial at all. That only indicates the executive and the party in power are not sure to get support of the opposition in the normal course by exhibition of their own good conduct. Only a weak or unmoral man will seek special powers to curb all opposition.

Norton was struck with horror at the special courts and special procedure. He said: "I have witnessed and survived horrors enough in Ceylon and India where tribunals, exempt from supervision, from appeal, from public opinion, have held themselves free to travel the road to conviction with no respect to the law and less to the facts. And the men who do these things are made peers! It does not hurt one to lose faith in the House of Lords, but it hurts to lose faith in British justice and fairplay. Every man is entitled to a fair trial India is not ripe from unharnessing judges from the security of appeals. Courts are too arbitrary, the judges too official, the atmosphere too im-

pregnated with prejudice to deprive an accused of his right to appeal."

Norton was aghast at the summary court martials under the repressive laws, the accused being given no aid by counsel, nor an open trial, nor any right of appeal. It was all blue double-distilled bureaucracy and arbitrariness. Norton poignantly observed: "Men charged with offences involving the death penalty have been forbidden the services of myself and other Barristers—for no cause assigned, no reason given. It was promulgated in crude phraseology, that my presence in the Martial Law area was undesirable. So is the presence of a pick pocket!"

Norton was so moved by these atrocities that he moved the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, by a special memorandum bringing out the above factors and the need for remedying the situation by abolishing these special courts and for giving the accused the liberty to be defended by counsel. This was on 22-5-1919 and on 11th June 1919 Martial Law was withdrawn from the Lahore area. Norton pithily said: "Where common sense and fairplay cannot follow Sir Michael O'Dwyer—fortunately extinct—or Lord Chelmsford, is their obstinate insistence that journalists and lawyers, primarily unconnected with any act of violence during the riots should be relegated for trial to what is practically a drum-head court martial and there be refused the privilege of being defended by counsel of their choice When I was refused touch with my clients at Lahore,

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I telegraphed to them to refuse to plead on the express ground that they were not allowed their counsel. I told them that they would be convicted in any event, and begged them not to weaken their position by attorning to a court which refused audience to their counsel."

It is indeed hard to find an English Barrister who is so one with the aspirations of Indians. Norton was more Indian than an Indian himself and had a higher sense of patriotism and boldness. In the instant case despite Norton's advice the clients in Lahore pleaded not guilty and

entered upon their defence. Norton pithily says: "But for the larger faith which can 'stretch a hand through time to catch the far off interest to tears', I should be utterly hopeless of seeing the Indian harden into a man. He will talk by the hour and he will talk well. He will threaten satyagraha and offer to serve in jail. But put him face to face with imprisonment with hard labour and he becomes instantly a shapeless mass of cartilage and mucus. When he begins to get rid of this propensity he can begin to talk of Home Rule. And of this propensity he will

not shake himself free until he has learnt not merely to speak out but to act against wrong, to combine by constitutional steps against the tyranny of authority and recognising the moral and political value of self respect, abandon the insane itching to sit like a curled poodle on a dais waiting to be fed!"

Could there be any Englishman like Norton who could be so selfless and exhort Indians to caste off their yoke and spell of defeatism, to awake, arise and act swiftly to liberate their motherland from the thralldom of a foreign bureaucracy?

LUCKY ESCAPE

"It's the fifth engagement she's broken off," announced Jane, speaking of her friend.

"Oh," said her companion, "and who's the lucky man this time?"

GUARDED

"Do you know Jock," said one Scotsman to another as they entered an elite restaurant, "I'm told it's common for folk to tip the waiter ten shillings in places like this?"

"Ah, well, Mac," replied his companion, "we'll do nothing common."

"Oh! dear, I dreamed for three nights running that you bought me a diamond ear ring. Do you know what that means?" asked a wife.

"An awful disappointment," replied her husband.

"I've definitely made up my mind to be cremated," announced a club bore.

"Good!" came a voice from the corner. "I'll call a taxi."

"My husband and I argued for a whole hour last night," said a wife to her neighbour, "and do you know he didn't say a word the whole time."

Freedom not to listen is just as precious a right as freedom of speech.

Of all the glories of creation the greatest perhaps is the human brain. Scientists are still exploring its mysteries.

THE HUMAN BRAIN

Of all the marvels of living nature, the most marvellous of all is the human brain. Weighing only fifty ounces and occupying a volume of about 1,500 cubic centimeters (about one and a half quarts), it is in actuality a vast world of about ten billion cells, grouped in areas the equivalent of geographical continents, each subdivided into smaller regions in which are hidden life's greatest mysteries and miracles. The whole encompasses one of the glories of creation—the human mind, writes William L. Lawrence in *New York Times*.

For years students of the nervous system and the brain have been engaged in exploring and mapping the geography of the brain in an effort to localize its infinite functions in human responses, conscious, subconscious and unconscious, involuntary and voluntary. Much

progress has been made during the last half century in localizing brain centers controlling such functions as sight, smell, hearing, touch and other sense perceptions. Yet by and large the human brain still remains a vast, unexplored "no-man's-land," the greatest mystery of them all, that of the mind itself, still eluding man's most intensive probings. In fact, relatively speaking, the unexplored regions of the brain are greater by far than the still unexplored region of the earth, or, for that matter, of the solar system.

At the annual autumn meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute and one of the world's leading authorities on brain function, told a fascinated audience of leading scientists in all fields about his discovery, by

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stimulating the brain of human patients with tiny electrical currents, of a new area in the cerebral cortex to which until now no function had been assigned. The new "cerebral continent," spread over both hemispheres, covers most of the superior surfaces of the temporal lobes.

In that area, Dr. Penfield told the academy, "there is hidden away a record of the stream of consciousness. It seems to hold the detail of that stream as laid down during each man's waking conscious hours. Contained in his record are all those things of which the individual was once aware; such detail as a man might hope to remember for a few seconds or minutes afterward, but which are largely lost to voluntary recall after that time."

William James, in 1910, described the "stream of consciousness" as a river forever flowing. Its content, he pointed out, was never the same from moment to moment. The record of the stream brought to light by the stimulating electrodes, Dr. Penfield said, "might better be compared to a wire recorder or to a continuous film strip with sound track."

When a certain region of the area was stimulated by the electrode the patient would suddenly hear a long forgotten song. "Definitely," the patient testified, "it was not as though I were imagining the tune to myself. I actually heard it. It is not one of my favourite songs, so I don't know why I heard that song."

Others suddenly relived, as though it was actually happening again, long forgotten episodes of their childhood. Stimulation of the same area, without the patient being aware of it, always brought back the same episode, not as a memory, but as something taking place in the present, though the patient at the same time knew it was something out of the past.

"Many a patient has told me," Dr. Penfield reported, "that the experience brought back by the electrode is much more real than remembering. And yet he is still aware of the present situation. There is a doubling of consciousness and yet he knows which is the present. A patient may cry out in astonishment that he is hearing and seeing friends he knows are far away."

Curiously enough, he added, two experiences or strips of time are never activated concurrently. Consequently there is no confusion. "There seems to be an all-or-nothing organization which inhibits other records from being activated."

"How is this record of the past stored in the brain?" Dr. Penfield asked. "One may assume that at the time of the original experience, electrical potentials passed through the nerve cells and nerve connections of a recording mechanism in a specific patterned sequence, and that some form of permanent facilitation preserves that sequence so that the record can be played at a later time, in a manner analogous to the replaying of a wire or tape recorder."

But this remains a supposition."

The studies make it evident, Dr. Penfield added, that the temporal cortex yields on stimulation two types of response which are psychological rather than sensory or motor. The two forms are (1) a flashback of past experience,

and (2) a signalling of interpretation of the present experience. The two types of responses, he said "would seem to form parts of one subconscious process, the process of comparing present experience with past similar experience."

SLIPPERY

Some visitors were being shown around a battleship that had just arrived in port. Their guide paused before a bronze plaque on the deck and, with bowed head said: "This spot, ladies and gentlemen, is where our gallant captain fell."

There was a silence as they gazed at it.

"No wonder," remarked an old lady. "I nearly tripped over the thing myself!"

STUNNING REPLY

"I trust that now I've proved my capabilities, you'll pay me what I'm worth," said a rather conceited employee.

"But, my dear fellow, you've got to live," replied the boss.

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Animals and birds have a language of their own and attempts are being made to decipher it.

ANIMAL TALK

PIERRE LE LATIL

When you speak of the "language of animals" most people immediately think of fairy tales and legends, rather than of science. And in fact many old tales from the folklore of France and other lands begin, "Once upon a time when animals could speak," and, in these stories, the human beings who understand the beasts of the forest are endowed with special magical powers.

Yet today a whole branch of science is devoted to the study of animal language and even to deciphering its codes. It is called physiological acoustics.

Obviously, it is important for physiologists specializing in this branch to understand the mechanism whereby sounds are produced by the various animals—insects, fish, birds and mammals. But their work has other practical aspects. For the study of the language of animals, surprisingly enough, is not just a case of science for science's sake. On the contrary, knowledge gained in this branch of science has already found unexpected applications, and many others are already anticipated which may have important economic consequences.

The first practical applications of physiological acoustics occurred during the last war. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, submarines of the U.S. Pacific

fleet were on the watch day and night, their "ears" tuned in to catch the faintest sound.

One day submarine "Salmon" picked up the propeller sounds of an unidentified craft and set off in hot pursuit; but try as they could, they could not find the ship. Similarly, the crew of the "Tarpon" thought that a mysterious enemy vessel was lifting up the dinghy lashed to its deck; while sailors in the "Permit" heard tapping noises on the bulwark-plates. Then, one day, off the Panama Canal several submarines together detected the same mysterious sounds. They signalled the information back to base, where all sorts of alarming hypotheses were envisaged: the crackling noises might mean a concentration of the Japanese fleet, or that a new secret weapon was being tried out.

So the American Pacific fleet was concentrated in the area. But there were still no Japanese ships in sight and, finally, someone found the key to the mystery. The strange crackling sounds came from an enormous shoal of millions and millions of tiny shrimps which were busy flapping their mandibles.

The U.S. Navy specialists discovered that the microphones used to detect the propeller sounds of enemy ships were so highly perfected and sensitive that they could even pick up the

noises made by sea animals, and a special secret scientific section was set up by the Navy to study the voices of the sea.

But at the same time, and unknown to them, the Japanese were engaged in similar research. And when peace came, American and Japanese specialists of underwater acoustics were surprised to discover that they had been working all along on the same problems, recording the sounds made by fish, cetaceans and shell-fish so that submarine crews should learn to distinguish them from the noises made by ship's engines and propellers.

Today under-water acoustics is no longer a military affair. The main centre for this work is the Narragansett Marine Laboratory, of Rhode Island University, in the United States, where oceanographers study the sounds made by fish in large aquariums. They have found that there is no such thing as a "mute" fish. On the contrary, many reply with grunts to external stimulus. And, quite recently, research in Florida has shown that dolphins have their own private "radar". They give out sounds which, when they hit the walls of a tank or some underwater rock are reverberated back to the fish, thereby indicating the presence of a submarine obstacle. So the "silent world" is perhaps not so silent after all.

It is more than obvious on the other hand that birds sing and even "speak". But it is less well-known that the deciphering of their language can have important economic consequences.

Here, the scene switches from the United States to France, to



the Physiological Acoustics Laboratory of the National Institute for Agricultural Research, where Professor R. G. Busnel has been patiently studying the cries of crows which he recorded in the countryside round Versailles.

Over the past two years he has learnt to distinguish between the different sorts of cries or caws made by crows in varying circumstances. There are, for instance, "rallying" cries, love cries, caws of fright, of alarm, or squawks emitted when feeding the young—and all are different. A human ear can distinguish between them ... and, hence, understand

“crow language”.

The second stage of this long study consists in trying out the effect of the recorded cries so as to check whether they do in fact produce the reaction which is expected.

I was privileged to watch some fascinating experiments, carried out at nightfall in the forests round Paris where crows are in the habit of assembling in their thousands when the sun goes down. They fly in from all points on the horizon and settle on a few trees making a terrific noise. (These assembly points, or “bird dormitories”, it is interesting to note, are always the same: every night the same birds return to the same spot.) But, to come back to the experiment. When the birds finally settle down and stop their squawking, loudspeakers are turned on full blast, broadcasting caws of fright. The terrified crows immediately scatter in all directions, abandoning their “dormitory” for many nights to come.

Next spring, similar experiments are to be tried out in an attempt to drive the crows from their nesting-places. If the method proves successful, it will provide a valuable means of ridding agri-

cultural districts of these birds which do untold harm to the crops.

But that is not the end of the story, for the experimenters’ ultimate aim is to find out exactly what element in the fright-caw produces the crow’s reaction. Is it the pitch of the sound, the modulation, or what? When this is known it will be possible to synthesize “crow language” and obtain even more satisfactory results.

This stage has already been reached by a team of French physiologists working both in south-west France and in Africa who have studied the songs of certain types of locusts. Using loudspeakers they have broadcast artificially reconstituted sounds that produce exactly the same effect as the song of the locust itself. For instance, when the love-song of a female locust was reconstituted in its essential elements, a good many male locusts came and alighted on the loudspeaker!

With experiments such as these, it should be possible in the not so distant future to drive away swarms of locusts or, better still, to stop them from even assembling.—*Unesco*.

CUTE

“It says here a scientist is trying to prove that worms think,” said a wife, looking up from her newspaper.

“I think...” her husband began.

“Yours may be an exceptional case, darling,” she interrupted.

There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart’s desire. The other is to get it.—*G. B. Shaw*.

What the eye doesn’t see the heart doesn’t grieve over.

The Seer of Kamakoti Speaks (7)

AHIMSA AS A WAY OF LIFE

VELANDAI

This is a further instalment of the pearls of wisdom from His Holiness Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam.

His Holiness in one of his kindest of moods said: Everyone should cultivate *prema* or love to all beings, man, bird or beast. Life without love is a waste. If we are full of this universal love we shall feel no sorrow. Children overflow with *prema* but as they grow older, *prema* also decreases. *Prema* is exemplified in the mother’s love for her child. As the saying goes, an unaffectionate son may be seen in this world, but never an unloving mother. Like the mother’s attitude towards her child, we too should be prepared to consider the happiness of every creature as of more value than our own happiness.

But this *prema* is not unmixed with sorrow, as it is no exception to the rule that that which has a beginning must have an end. When a beloved one dies, the survivor suffers grief. On that account is it wrong to cultivate love towards others? That is why we ought to seek a *prema* that is indestructible, namely *prema* to God, who is verily indestructible. All things on earth and in heaven may die out, but God is eternal. Everything else springs from Him, lives by Him, and at death goes back to Him. Loving God if we look upon all things as God, we



shall have in effect loved them as intensely as we love God. To consider things as God, we should remember that they are all *Iswara Swarupam*, possessing the *chit* and the *sakti* of God, without which none of them can exist or function. A non-luminous skylight illumines a dark room when the sunlight falls on it. So too do all objects of the world obtain their intelligence and power from the omniscient and omnipresent God. If we love everyone and everything around us as God, even if they disappear, the love of God will continue to remain.

Ahimsa in thought, word and deed is the outward expression of

this universal love. But desirable and necessary as himsa is, it seems to be impracticable at all times and all places and in respect of all beings, even as Gandhiji, the apostle of ahimsa, had to permit himsa to a diseased calf, so that its pain may be terminated. He is also said to have approved of the military action in Kashmir, which was himsa. The followers of Gandhiji had to do himsa to his murderer when they carried out the sentence of death passed on him. Jesus Christ asked his followers to show their left cheek also if any one smote them on their right. But it is the Christians of the western world that brought about the holocaust of two world wars and are yet racing with one another in making armaments for committing himsa on an unprecedented scale in what may be in future a third world war—which God forbid!

Buddha inveighed against himsa of animals in vedic yajna, but it is a tragic irony that he died as a result of eating pork contained in the alms given to him, and that in the countries where Buddhism is the main religion, people are non-vegetarians, tacitly abetting the killing of animals for food. All this shows that excellent as himsa may be as a theoretical ethical maxim it cannot always be put into practice. It can be pointed out to the credit of Hinduism that orthodox Hindus are vegetarians. Orthodox widows of Bengal are strict vegetarians though Bengalis generally eat fish. These widows do not drink even a drop of water an Ekadasi day. In the

South many people among non-Brahmins have adopted saiva (vegetarian) food. On sacred days non-vegetarian food is taboo for the generality of non-Brahmins. The objection to meat is that it is himsa to animals. By the same token cutting vegetables too is himsa. Cutting grain scatches the seed (garbha) inside it and is himsa. It has been declared that fruits and ripe leaves which fall off from plants and trees will have to be eaten if one does not wish to injure any living thing. The Rishis of the olden days took only such food and cow's milk after the calf had its fill. If one lived on this kind of food, one will be free from *kama* (lust) and freedom from lust is a more potent instrument for family planning than methods recommended in modern days.

It is obvious that this recommendation to eat only fruits and dried leaves cannot be universally followed. Certain people qualified for it must adopt it while the others may eat food which caused the minimum himsa. Thus himsa at whatever level should be an ideal for the generality of mankind but actually practised by a selected few qualified to practise it. Buddha, Christ and Gandhiji recommended ahimsa for everybody without consideration for difference in aptitude or capacity. Hinduism on the other hand recognised *adhikarabheda* and hence recommended it only for the sannyasins who are free from every family and worldly obligations. The others were hedged in by many social obligations and they could not practice ahimsa as uncompromisingly as

a sannyasin. The Hindu practice of dharma was based on the individual's status and duties pertaining to it. That is why Krishna commanded Arjuna to fight, while in another capacity he was told to adopt himsa. A judge's duty is to sentence a criminal to death or other forms of punishment, which is himsa. We put our dear ones in chains if they become lunatics and violent. By practising dharma with due regard to *adhikarabheda* all the high ideals will be preserved. Wrongs will not be committed unnecessarily and even necessary wrongs will be reduced to the minimum.

That God is one by whatever name He is called was the central teaching of the Gita. Whatever your persuasion, be you a Hindu, Xian, or a Muslin so long as you

pray to Almighty according to your own tradition and up-bringing, all of us are really praying only to the one God who is Siva or Vishnu to the Hindus, the Father in Heaven to the Christians, the one God whose Prophet is Mohamet according to the Muslims. Among the Hindus we have a pantheon of gods but they are all only the different manifestations of the one and only God. Siva and Vishnu are the same. For this could be seen when in ecstasy we exclaim 'Haro-Hara'. The holy days of Sivaratri and Janmashtami being divided from each other by exactly 180 days seem to indicate that this dual aspect of God as Siva and Vishnu protects us in each half of the year. There is, therefore, no need to quarrel about the other man's religion.

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The sense of religious toleration is as ancient as the Kural where all teachings referred only to one 'porul' or object. Sri Sankara and Sri Sambandhar saw the same God worshipped in the six systems to which they referred. The trouble starts only when we cease practising our own dharma and deride the dharma of others. To wean away people from their religion and convert them to a new faith always lays the seed for religious hatred and bigotry. It is too much to swallow when one says there is salvation only through one's religion. If so

all non-Hindus must have no salvation. But Hindus always believe that salvation can be attained by each following his own religion and dharma. That is the real cause for the stability of Hinduism all these thousands of years. Modern world needs universal love and universal brotherhood for its sustenance. Our vedic prayer is for the happiness of the entire universe and not merely for the Hindus of India. We should, therefore, always cherish to preserve our ancient ideals of dharma, love, ahimsa and peace.

SMART BOY

A smart young boy went into a chemist's shop to use the telephone, and the chemist overheard him call up the doctor and ask if he wanted a boy.

"Are you satisfied with your present boy?" the lad inquired and after getting a reply he answered, "Well, then I don't think I need trouble you doctor. Thank you," and put down the receiver.

The chemist who was overhearing was in need of a boy and he beckoned the boy and said that he would take him in his service.

"Oh, I don't want a job," the boy replied blushing.

"Why, you were just now asking for a job over the phone," said the chemist.

The boy smiled. "You see I am the boy engaged by the doctor. I just wanted to see how I stood!"

The speaker had warmed up to his theme and was frequently thumping on the table to emphasize his points. Just then a baby in the hall began to cry and its mother got up to leave the hall.

"Don't trouble yourself madam," said the speaker addressing her. "The baby is not disturbing me."

"But you are disturbing him!" snapped the lady and left the hall.

Friend (to a young father): Don't you find that a baby brightens up a house wonderfully?

Father: Yes, we have to keep on the electric lights for most of the nights now!

When we want to read of the deeds that are done for love, whither do we turn? To the murder column.—Bernard Shaw.

Albert who had passed into the Beyond herein describes the power of thought for good or evil.

POWER OF THOUGHT

It is surprising, when one looks on to the earth and sees it surrounded by spirit forces, that more people are not aware of this power around them. It seems as unthinkable that the spirit forces could pass by unnoticed as one would expect to be able to stand out in a thunderstorm without feeling the rain or noticing the thunder, yet I never was aware of these powers when I was in the flesh and there seem to be millions like me.

Very few on the earth realize, until death has taken place, what affects their thoughts have had on others. One of the lessons I am now learning is to make people on the earth more

thought-conscious, that is, not to waste strength or energy on evil and destructive desires; and I am trying to inspire them instead to built up constructive thoughts and to think clearly. If someone wrongs you, do not waste your thoughts by hating that person or wishing him or her harm. It is better for you to ignore the matter and to put your energy to better use, and, in this way, you will find healthier and happier conditions with yourself.

For example, we were shown a gentleman who had everything he needed—a good home, a nice family, but he was never contented. He was unhappy in his work, not that there was any-

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thing wrong with his working conditions or his work-mates. They were the usual assortment one finds where many are employed but he was always ready to pick on any of them, finding fault wherever he could. He knew more than anyone else, or so he thought, and when he came home would, all through the supper hour, recite all his so-called troubles and, as he did this, he would become more and more emotionally disturbed, making his children afraid of him. Though his wife loved him dearly she, in time, came to dread the supper hour and his evenings at home. As the children grew older, they began to stay away at supper time and spend more and more time away when their father was at home. Finally the time came when they left home altogether for the father had created such unpleasant conditions around him that the home atmosphere became unbearable for them. So, instead of having family gathered around the supper table, the parents were left alone, and the children were left without the guidance of a parent and the protection and security of a home because a father did not use his thoughts constructively.

There are thousands of homes broken up in this way. It would be better if people would learn to control their thoughts, for most of us feel unpleasantness within when we harbour hatred and unkind thoughts of others. If we work or must associate with people with whom we are not able to be in harmony, we,

at least, do not need to harbour unpleasant thoughts of them. If we do, it could become very harmful and unhealthy (so we are told) for thoughts, if wrong, undermine the health of your physical body, for you are using up energy your body needs to keep fit to labour, and overtaxing the brain will cause a nervous breakdown. There are many other ways too numerous to count where thoughts create unhappy conditions injurious to the human family, and one of the most destructive instruments of man's mind is fear. Yet, if one has trust and implicit faith, one can destroy fear for the three could not remain in the same mind—they never travel together.

I find all this very complicated, yet I am beginning to see things more clearly, and there are many unpleasant things I could have prevented from taking place had I but understood a little about how effective thoughts are when I lived upon the earth. It is a little late now for me to regret or recall them. However, my protector tells me that what I have spoken of will be recorded and read by others. I pray with all the power within me that this will be of help to someone and will prevent wrongs from being committed through ignorance and lack of understanding of our true self and the powers of good and evil we create by our thoughts and for which we are responsible. Truly the more I see (and I am told as yet I have seen very little), the more I marvel at this Great Power of the universe who sees and overlooks all. Everything works in

accordance with the Law. All beyond dovetailing into one piece fit into a pattern. The thought of this is overpowering. Try to visualize all things on your earth and in the world and beyond my comprehension. Truly God is good.

RAIN-DISPERSING

Rain-making experiments are in the news these days, with the application of science to the problems of developing arid lands. But in Norway the problem is exactly the reverse: frequent heavy rains in the coastal areas do damage to crops and scientists have been trying to find a means of reducing rainfall in these regions.

Recent experiments consisting of spraying the clouds with silver iodide have proved successful in preventing the humidity from condensing into raindrops for long enough for the winds to blow the clouds elsewhere.

According to Professor Einar Hoiland, of Oslo University, who is conducting the trials, the method should have the added advantage that clouds dispersed in this way would finally gather and shed their rain over the mountainous regions inland. This in turn would supply more water to the hydroelectric stations, and produce more power for the country's economy.

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it, than to consume wealth without producing it.—George Bernard Shaw.

The best throw of the dice is to throw them away.

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COLONISATION OF MOON

The successful launching of the Soviet Sputniks has brought the day of interplanetary flight much nearer but man's idea of colonising the moon may not be successful says Fred Hoyle, the noted British astronomer. He writes:

There could scarcely be any greater contrast than that between the vitally alive earth and the dull, gray, sterile moon. Yet in a sense the two are twins, probably born at the same time and in much the same manner.

The twins stay constantly together, forever circling around each other; as the earth pursues its tremendous annual journey around the sun, it is always accompanied by the faithful, dowdy moon. Astronomically speaking, the gap between them is very small, no greater than the total distance an airline pilot flies every six months or so. This is the gap that man is now aiming to cross.

When he does, what will he find there? Perhaps even more important, what will he not find there? Well, no air to speak of, for one thing, and no water, for another. So our traveller will have to carry all his air and water with him, as well as his food. This is likely to prove a highly expensive affair, as can be seen from the fact that, by present-day techniques, it would cost more than a million dollars to put a single can of beer on the moon.

So, although someone, sooner or later, will undoubtedly reach the moon, space travel is not likely to become a popular pastime. Indeed, it is doubtful if

there are a dozen people on the whole earth wealthy enough to buy a one-way passage to the moon. No one is rich enough to pay for a round trip.

Our traveller has the choice of whether he will land on the sunlit half of the moon, or on the half that is wrapped in night. Both possibilities present problems. In full sunlight the temperature of the lunar surface might well be some fifty degrees above the boiling point of water; in the shadow the temperature is extremely low, about two hundred degrees below freezing! These temperatures occur, of course, on the surface. If our traveller were to dig himself a good deep cellar he would be largely protected against such terrible extremes.

An underground shelter would also protect him against the X-rays and ultra-violet light from the sun with which the moon is constantly being drenched. We on the earth are shielded from this deadly radiation by our atmosphere. But there is no such shielding on the moon because there is no atmosphere. This is probably the reason why there are no bright colours on the moon, for X-rays and ultra-violet light are known to be destructive of colour.

In one respect, and perhaps only

in one respect, would life on the moon be easy. The pull of lunar gravity is very feeble. Climbing the steep walls of the moon's craters would be as easy to us as tree climbing is to a squirrel. But there would be no nuts to hoard.

On the earth we experience the procession of day and night because the earth is constantly spinning, turning first one side to the sun and then the other. Our day is twenty-four hours long because this is just the length of time required for the earth to spin us from the sun into darkness and then back into the sun again. The same thing happens on the moon, except that it takes rather more than twenty-seven earth-days for the moon to spin around once. So a moon-day is roughly twenty-seven times longer than an earth-day. This means that the time between sunrise and sunset on the moon is about two earth weeks.

A remarkable fact is that the moon takes just the same time, about twenty-seven days, to circle around the earth. This equality between the time of spin and the time of circling has an unfortunate consequence. It causes the moon always to present the same face to the earth. No man has yet seen the other side of the moon.

Although it will probably be longer than most people think before any human gets a direct view of the hidden side of the moon, it cannot be long before we succeed in photographing it. Only a small advance beyond the technique that was required to put the sputniks in their orbits

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would send a small rocket equipped with a camera to the far side of the moon.

The real difficulty is to recover the picture once taken, to get it back down to the surface of the earth. This last step is so awkward that attempts to photograph the moon will probably not be made with an ordinary camera, but with a device akin to a television camera. This would have the great advantage that the picture could be transmitted to earth by radio.

As we have seen, the moon traveller will find himself in a world of crags and craters. The craters look as if they were pro-

duced by bombs of enormous explosive power. What were these bombs? Simply large chunks of rock that hit the moon at very high speeds.

It may seem difficult to credit this statement. How can a chunk of rock be explosive? Even a bullet only digs a hole when it hits an obstacle; it does not explode unless it contains a charge. The point, however, is that the missiles responsible for the lunar craters moved about a hundred times faster than a rifle bullet. At such speed the missile would not simply dig a hole when it hit the moon. As it struck, it would gasify both itself and the lunar rocks at the point of impact. The temperature in the gas must be very high, about a hundred thousand degrees. Indeed, a good sized chunk of rock could produce a volume of really hot gas vastly greater in extent than the fireball of an H-bomb.

TEN MAJOR PROBLEMS

The ten major problems that have to be tackled before space travel could become a reality were presented by Dr. Hubertus Strughold, in a lecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. They are:

(1) The atmosphere supplies oxygen for respiration. In space there is no oxygen. While the atmosphere contains molecular oxygen up to about seventy miles, the availability of oxygen for respiration ends at about 50,000 to 52,000 feet.

(2) The atmosphere exerts upon us a sufficient barometric pressure to maintain body fluids in the liquid state. At 63,000

feet the atmospheric pressure equals the vapour pressure of body fluids at body temperature. At such a pressure the body fluids will both boil and evaporate.

(3) Up to a certain altitude, the atmosphere, while not usable directly, can still be used under compression in the artificially pressurized cabin. In the emptiness of space no ambient air is available. We lose sufficient air for pressurization after 80,000 feet, where the pressure is only one-twenty-seventh that at sea level.

(4) In the lower zone of the atmosphere we are protected from the intensive cosmic radiation of outer space by the atmospheric filter function. In space, no such natural protection can be expected. Above 120,000 feet the filter function of the atmosphere with respect to cosmic radiation is lost.

(5) The same situation is generally true for the ultra-violet part of the solar spectrum. The ozone layer, which is concentrated in a stratum between 70,000 and 140,000 feet altitude, offers a kind of umbrella against the dangerous ultra-violet, absorbing the larger portion of these rays. Beyond 120,000-140,000 feet the biologically effective ultra-violet is present in full strength.

(6) The protective function of the atmosphere also applies to meteorites. The meteor-safe wall in the atmosphere is lost between 25 and 75 miles above the earth.

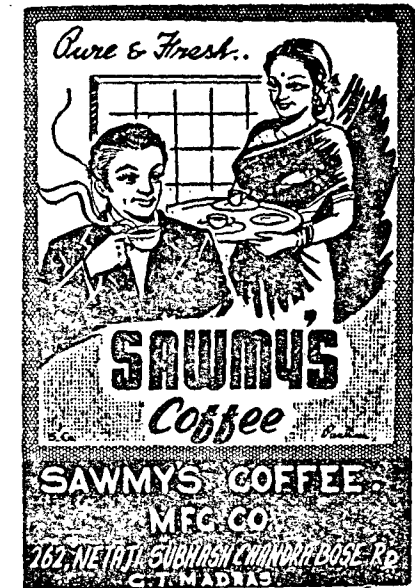
(7) In the denser layers of the atmosphere, visible light is scattered by the air molecules, pro-

ducing the beautiful blue shade of the sky, the so called "sky-light." In interplanetary space the particle density is too low for noticeable scattering effects. With absence of the blue sky, the stars are visible against a dark background at all times, even together with the bright sun.

(8) The atmosphere transmits sound waves. In space there is no medium for sound propagation; space is totally silent. The sound transmission function of the atmosphere is lowered as altitude increases until at a point 100 miles above the earth the zone of complete silence is reached.

(9) The atmosphere provides mechanical support for aircraft. In the vacuum of space, no such support can be obtained. To maintain a satellite in orbit, the aerodynamic lift must be replaced by centrifugal forces obtained through tremendous speed. When the centrifugal force takes over, it acts not merely on the vehicle but is distributed on every particle of mass which travels in orbit, and then both the vehicle and its occupants become weightless. Weightlessness, or zero gravity, is a typical space condition for travel above 120 to 140 miles.

(10) The atmosphere, with its



tightly packed molecules, aids in the transfer of heat from all things immersed in it, including the earth, by convection and conduction. This poses a hazard in the form of the heat barrier in the lower regions of the atmosphere. In space the carrier and transmitter of heat is exclusively radiation. The point at which aerodynamic heating ceases to affect cabin temperatures is reached at altitudes above 120 miles.

NOT TOO DRUNK

A man who had taken too many drinks at the local was staggering along home when he was met by the Minister. Taking pity on the man the Minister gave him a helping hand and went up to his door.

The drunkard, however, didn't go in. Taking hold of the Minister's hand he drawled, "Come with me padre, and let the good wife see who I have been with the night."

Atmospheric Ions and Health

At certain times of the day and seasons and in some places air is said to be invigorating. This is because of minute electrically charged particles of gas and water particles in the air. This is of considerable importance in hygiene and health.

By Professor L. Vasilyev, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the USSR

Recently a new method was added to the physical means of treatment which have become common in medical practice. It consists in utilizing the charged electric particles contained in the air, both the minute gas particles and the large heavy water particles. These particles which ensure the electric conductivity of the air, were discovered in 1899 and named aero-ions and hydroaero-ions. Hence the scientific name of the new method of treatment—*aero-ionotherapy* and *hydroaero-ionotherapy*.

Soviet scientists have greatly contributed to the creation and practical application of the new method. Long before the discovery of aero-ions, the great transformer of nature, I. V. Michurin attributed much significance to the "saturation of the air with electricity". At the beginning of the XX century the hygienist I. P. Skvortsov and the physicist and climatologist A. P. Sokolov pointed out for the first time that aero-ions carrying negative electric charges are of significance for human health and for the treatment of certain diseases.

With the invention of atmospheric ion counters it became

possible to determine their quantities in different localities at various times of the year and under different meteorological conditions. It was found that the number of light gas aero-ions was comparatively small: one cubic cm. of air contains 500-600 on the average. In most places positive ions predominate and only in a few localities lying on the sea coast, along the banks of rapid mountain rivers or in big conifer forests negative aero-ions often predominate. These localities have long been known as good climatological health resorts.

Thus the idea arose about creating special apparatuses which would artificially produce in premises for medical treatment the required amount of light or heavy negative ions that exert a beneficial influence upon the organism. The first apparatus of of this kind called an *aero-ionizer* was built and applied in laboratory experiments and for medical purposes in 1928. Today we possess various types of *aero-ionizers*. With the help of these apparatuses millions of unipolar, i.e. only negative or only positive gas or water ions can be produced.

Since the 'thirties *aero-ionizers* began to be gradually introduced into medical institutions. At first in Moscow and then in Leningrad and many other cities and health resorts systematic study of *aero-ions* and their physiological and medicinal influence began. In 1950 a special permanent committee was created to study problems of *aero-ionization* and *aero-ionotherapy* in the Pavlov Institute of Physiology. Two years ago the first conference on these problems was held in Leningrad. Treatment with *aero-ions* has opened a new chapter in the textbooks of physical therapy.

Aero-ions exert a peculiar and many-sided action on the healthy organism and especially upon the abnormally functioning diseased organism.

In contrast to other physical factors they act upon the organism primarily through the lungs in the process of respiration. Billiards upon¹ billiards of electric charges carried by the gas or liquid particles penetrate with every breath into the respiratory organs and reach the alveoli of the lungs. Here, depending upon the nature of the electric charge, they either excite or inhibit the pulmonary receptors—the sensory nerve ending in the lungs. From there the stimulating or inhibiting nervous impulses pass to the centres of the medulla oblongata and then to the higher departments of the central nervous system.

Such is the nervous reflex mechanism of the *aero-ions'* action. But there also exists,

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indisputably, another mechanism which may be called "electro-humoral". It consists in the penetration of *aero-ions* through the wall of the pulmonary alveoli into the blood with the help of which their electric charges are passed to the body cells.

As is known, the protein colloids of the blood, the blood cells, and the cells of various tissues and also the colloids that go to make up their protoplasm carry negative electric charges on their surfaces. With the aging of the organism and in cases of disease the magnitude of these charges decreases. This, evidently, explains why the inhalation of the negative *aero-ions* exerts a beneficial influence upon the organism and in some cases has a curative effect. They intensify and restore the pathologically reduced negative charge of the cell and the colloid elements of the body.

The presence of a humoral mechanism has been finally proved by A.M. Skorobogatova's experiments with cats and rabbits under the conditions of criss-cross circulation. The blood vessels of one animal were joined with the vessels of a second animal so that the blood from the first was transmitted to the second and vice versa. Only one animal inhaled aero-ions, the second was isolated from their action. It was found that the changes in muscular excitability and blood pressure caused by the aero-ions were soon observed also in the second animal which was isolated from the aero-ions. Such transmission of aero-ionic influences from the organism to the other could have taken place only through the blood, i.e. by the humoral means, without the participation of the nervous system.

The central nervous system especially its higher department, the cerebral cortex, is particularly sensitive to the action of aero-ions. The inhalation of negative aero-ions causes sleepiness and eliminates insomnia. Higher nervous activity disturbed in experimental dogs by artificially depriving them of sleep is rapidly restored to normal under the influence of negative aero-ions. These facts show that the given physical factor intensifies protective inhibition in the cortex of

the cerebral hemispheres which, according to Pavlov's teachings, is of such great significance for preserving health and eliminating various morbid symptoms.

Laboratory experiments with animals and clinical observations of patients have also proved that aero-ions and hydroaero-ions with a negative charge intensify and normalize the metabolic processes in the organism, increase the resistance of the organism to various harmful factors, including morbid microbes and improve the work of the cardiovascular apparatus.

By exerting a normalizing effect upon the foundations of life—the blood, metabolic processes and nervous activity—and by increasing the functional resistance of the organism, atmospheric ions naturally exert an influence on the course of many diseases. The best studied and most effective is the aero-ionic therapy of bronchial asthma, high blood pressure, and ozena—a serious chronic disease of the mucous membrane of the nasal cavity, as well as the treatment of slow-healing wounds and ulcers of the soft tissues.

The many years' experience gained by Russian clinicians in the effective treatment of many hundreds of patients suffering from these diseases already proves that atmospheric ions are of great therapeutic value.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune ; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.—*Francis Bacon.*

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—*Francis Bacon.*

The Way to Happiness*

THE Upanisads enunciate the truth that it is the Supreme Self, the Eternal, the Pure and the Ever Free, that appears as the individual soul (Jivatma) when related to certain limitations. It gets the name of Jivatma when viewed as subordinate to such limitations; and It gets the name of Isvara, the Lord, when viewed as transcending those limitations. Though space is ever one and continuous, the space limited to a pot is called pot-space and the space outside it is called the great space. Similarly, for practical purposes, the same Self gets the name of Jivatma and Isvara.

This can be understood with reference to a familiar example. When a face is reflected in a mirror, the face gets the name of Reflection (Pratibimba). This distinction is a practical one and endures only as long as there is a mirror to create it. If the mirror is removed, the reflection ceases to be and the Bimba remains only as the face. Even when the reflection is being perceived, it has no independent existence of its own. Its existence is not apart from the existence of the Bimba. Similarly, it is said that the Lord is the Bimba, the soul is the reflection, and the mind is the mirror, the cause of the reflection.

We can draw a very significant lesson out of this illustration. Suppose we want to put a mark on the forehead of the reflected

face seen in the mirror. We cannot possibly put our finger through the glass and reach the reflected face. We can, however, put a mark on the glass just opposite to the centre of the forehead of the reflected face and feel somewhat satisfied that we have in a way succeeded. But if we do not stand still and if we make the slightest movement, the reflected face also will move, but the mark on the glass will remain where it was placed. We must desist from all futile attempts to put the mark directly on the reflected face or on the mirror, but put that mark upon the real face outside the mirror. Once we do so, the mark will appear instantaneously on the face of the reflected image. It will not be possible to wipe off the reflected mark by any effort of ours.

Generally we all desire to be ever happy and do not want suffering of any sort; and this feeling is ever inherent in us. We do not stop with merely having this feeling, but we are always making efforts to secure such happiness and avoid all trouble. Still we neither get happiness nor escape trouble. Why is it so? We must pause to consider. If we consider the illustration just now given, we shall be able to find out the reason in no time. We who are really of the nature of reflected images long for happiness and adopt the methods of the person

* From *The Call of the Jagadguru*, published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. Price Rs. 4/-.

who tries to put a mark directly on the reflected face or on the mirror. That is why the mark refuses to fall on the forehead of the reflected face. It is an impossibility to get happiness for ourselves directly; for we are but reflections. If, therefore, we want happiness, there is no other method of getting it than the one mentioned above: that is, we must put the mark upon the figure outside the mirror. That is to say, as the Lord occupies the position of that figure, we must make Him happy. If we make Him happy, the happiness will instantaneously reflect itself in us, the reflected images.

But, how are we to make the Lord happy? Ordinarily we make another person happy if we give him something which he likes or if we rid him of anything which gives him pain. Again, if the thing liked is already with that person, he cannot certainly be made happy if we give him the very same thing. It would seem that the thing intended to give happiness to a person must be one not only liked by him but which he has not already with him. The Vedas all in one voice proclaim that the Lord is free from all possible defects, is unpolluted by sin and untouched by affliction. What is this thing which can give Him pain and which we can remove to secure Him pleasure? The same Vedas say that His desires are ever true and ever fulfilled. What is there which He would have from us and which He has not already got with Him? Granting that He has some affliction, is it not impertinence on our part to seek to

remove it and have we the capacity to do so? Similarly, supposing that He does lack in a particular thing which He would like to have, is it not again sheer impertinence on our part to attempt to supply Him with that thing? And have we the capacity to do so? What thing can we possibly give Him to make Him happy? If we think of making Him happy by offering Him all the gold in our possession, we are reminded that, for the extermination of the demon Tripura, He bent the golden mountain Meru itself and held it in His hand as His bow. How insignificant is the gold which we can possibly offer Him? Shall we offer Him silver? The very mountain on which He has His abode, viz., the Kailasa, is made of silver. Kubera, the Lord of the nine treasures, is an intimate friend and servant of His and is ever nearby. Further, all the good which the inhabitants of the universe long for is dependent upon the service of His holy feet; how, then, can we ever arrogate to ourselves the capacity to do Him good? As, by His very nature, He is the embodiment of all good, He bears the significant name of *Siva*, the Good. It is mere foolishness to think of giving Him some good and of thereby making Him pleased.

We must therefore earnestly search for something which the Lord has not with Him, which is dear to Him and which He longs to have. It must be a thing, again, which is available with us and which we can give to Him.

We know as a matter of direct experience that our mind is *not*

with the Lord. If it were with Him, we could never have the slightest suffering and, as we do have affliction of various kinds, we can also easily see by inferential reasoning that our mind is not with Him. The Lord in His infinite mercy is ever anxious that we must offer our mind to Him and is very eagerly awaiting our doing so. If, therefore, we do offer our mind to Him, it is clear that He will be immensely pleased. Our mind, therefore, is something which is dear to Him, which He has not with Him, and which He longs to have. If we

give it to Him, there can be no doubt that He will be made happy and that, as a consequence, happiness will be reflected in us also.

It is, therefore, our duty to surrender our mind to God and make Him happy and, in consequence, make ourselves happy. There is no other way but this. The Lord is ever ready to accept our surrender and endow us with everything good longed after by us, be it happiness of a qualified or limited nature or the Bliss Absolute of the Self.

1957 KALINGA PRIZE

The Kalinga Prize for the popularization of science, offered annually by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, has been awarded for 1957 to Bertrand Russell, British philosopher, scientist and writer.

Kalinga is the name of a foundation which contributes to the economic development and the social and cultural progress of the Indian state of Orissa. The Kalinga Prize of 1,000 pounds sterling is offered for the purpose of recognition of the work of leading interpreters of science and of strengthening links between India and scientists of all nations.

The five previous winners of the Kalinga Prize have been Prof. Louis de Broglie (France), 1952; Dr. Julian Huxley (United Kingdom), 1953; Waldemar Kaempffert (United States), 1954; Dr. August Pi Suner (Venezuela), 1955; and Prof. George Gamow (United States), 1956.

Bertrand Russell was born on 18 May, 1872 and, in his long career, has written more than 40 books, many of them dealing with philosophy or mathematics. He won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1950.

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NEW YORK SUBWAY

The New York City subway system operates 8,640 trains a day over 237.7 miles of track. Every week day 4,700,000 riders push through station turnstiles and squeeze into trains each of which is operated by two men—a motorman at the throttle and a conductor, who opens and closes the doors. The minimum pay for the motorman is 2.32 dollars an hour, or 92.80 dollars for a forty hour week.

WORD'S BIGGEST CITY

New York, the vivid, compact city with its towering office and apartment buildings and myriad of shops, industries, cultural and entertainment facilities, is home to almost 8,000,000 Americans and attracts some 13,000,000 visitors annually. For all—residents and visitors alike—a stroll along Broadway, the motion picture and theatre centre, with its animated electric signs crowning rooftops and flashes of news from throughout the world around the Times Tower, is an ever-new and stimulating experience.

The observation tower of the 102-storey, 1,472-foot high Empire State Building, tallest in the world, affords viewers a bird's-eye panorama of the city that attracts most visitors. Other popular attractions include Greenwich Village where many artists and writers reside, the United Nations Headquarters, Rockefeller Centre, a group of office and entertainment buildings the loftiest of which stretches 850 feet into the air, the city's famed Metropolitan Museum, and Wall Street, heart of the city's famous financial centre.

Many of the nation's largest companies have main or branch offices in New York, and their offices take up large portions of many of the city's huge office buildings. The city also is a manufacturing centre, with more than a million persons employed in 300 different lines of industry in

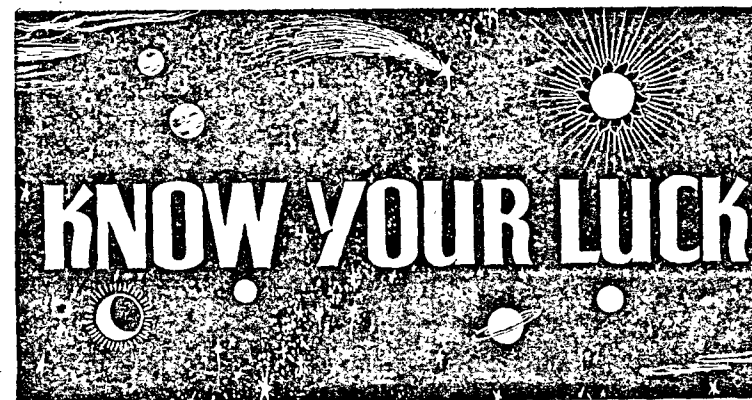
42,000 plants. Leader in New York's economy is its garment industry. With about 600 miles of piers, wharves and useful shoreline, New York harbour can handle 400 ocean-going ships at a time. Near the harbour entrance the Statue of Liberty, presented to the United States by France in 1884, rises 305 feet from the surface of New York Bay.

With its 30-odd legitimate theatres, New York is the nation's dramatic centre. The city has nearly 500 motion picture theatres, and many of the national television and radio programmes originate in New York. The Metropolitan Opera and recital halls provide musical entertainment of all types. Other cultural attractions include symphony orchestras, numerous art galleries and museums.

First discovered in 1524 by a Florentine, Giovanni da Verrazano, New York was rediscovered for the Dutch East Indies Company by the Englishman Henry Hudson in 1609. It was incorporated as New Amsterdam in 1653. When it was captured by the British in 1664, New York received its present name.

George Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States in 1789, when the city was the new nation's capital. During the past century, New York has incorporated many adjoining areas until it reached its present size of 315 square miles.

The fool is busy in everyone's business but his own,



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planetary configuration envisages greater beneficial influence radiating during this month. The two importantly emphasised benefic planets at work during this month are Guru and Sukra in mutual kendra, while the malefic planet Sani is coursing through the 8th house in conjunction with your ruler Mangal, his enemy. These two sets are affecting equally on your affairs under the congeries of planets this month. Guru in the 7th house, the house of public activity, name and fame, indicates your hospitality, popularity and enhanced credit during this month and therefore you will feel a distinct lessening of the hindering and depressing tendency which has been so apparent during the last few months. There is definite progress to be made in your career activity and before long your prestige will be definitely high-

tened. If a business man you may have better contacts, new link-ups and fresh opportunities. It is needless to say that you should make the most of the planetary influences and go all out to get where you want to. For, stars help those who help themselves. Financially better and more fortunate influences are seen radiating over your affairs. Your ruler aspecting the 11th house and the financial lord aspected by the lord of gain, should help you to be more optimistic financially in all your commitments. Officially this month may prove favourable than before. Physically perhaps you may not be so healthy as before owing to Sani conjunction Mangal in the 8th house. This may upset your general health on account of stomach trouble of a chronic nature. Patients suffer more during this month. Merchants will do better than before. Sudden unexpected gain is also envisaged.

3, 5, 12, 13, 16, 19, 24, 28 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Planetary plan does not seem to radiate favourable rays on your affairs during this month. $\frac{1}{2}$ Kritikai, Rohini & $\frac{1}{2}$ Mrigashira

Your ruler Sukra alone is coursing through the 9th house, representing your luck and your association with high circle of friends and business men. The solar course passing through 8th house in the first half is not favourable as to financial, physical and domestic matters. A distant journey may occur which will benefit you much bringing you greater revelation of life's truths. Financially the second half may prove convenient in spite of heavy increasing expenditure. Domestically you may not feel as happy as before since your 7th lord representing your wife is forming a malefic contact with Saturn disturbing harmony at home, causing hectic impulsiveness in all emotional and domestic matters to your disadvantage. Unnecessary excitement under trivial circumstances will mar your happiness at home and outside. Officially this is not a good month for any favour. Transfer, if desired, may be in the month's picture. Avoid unnecessary contacts with the superiors, lest your interest should be prejudiced in their eyes. Marriage negotiation may be mooted during this month successfully. Differences with elders or older people may worry you for sometime. Rupture in home circle may be avoided as far as

possible. Your general health may improve in the course of the month but if you are a chronic sufferer you may have to wait till the last week of the month for some relief. Merchants will have a good business turnover. Foreign business will flourish. Partnership may come under disturbed waters. New partners may be admitted.

3, 4, 8, 13, 14, 17, 22, 26, 30 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

This is a much more favourable period than the last month. $\frac{1}{2}$ Mrigashira, Ardra & $\frac{1}{2}$ Punarvasu. Guru in the 5th and your lord in the 7th are calculated to advance your interest in life in any sphere of activity. You will be more active in the first half than in the second. Opposition may be felt in some cases but Guru accents your march of progress. Planets in the 6th are beneficially posited towards your general prosperity. Their conjunction is being formed in the next month when you may not feel happy. Your general health may give you some headache for sometime. Second half may not prove better. New friends will be made but you may soon fall out with them. Old friendships may be restored to your advantage. One of your friends or relations may be adversely inclined against you. Avoid indulgence in your vengeance against him. Domestically first half may prove more harmonious. One of your children may cause you anxiety for sometime. Domestically you may feel disturbed regarding your

wife and children. Financially the month may prove suddenly profitable. You may gain through old friends and relations. Officially second half may be more favourable. A change by way of transfer may be in the month's picture for some of you. Merchants will find the month more speculatively inclined. Partnership may be favoured resulting in heavy profits but differences may be felt with the partners in the second half.

3, 4, 7, 8, 13, 16, 21, 22, 25, 26, 28, 30 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

This month is definitely more congenial to you than before. $\frac{1}{2}$ Punarvasu, Pushya & Ashlesha. The solar course passing through the 6th house settles good many important affairs that were pending before. It renders your enemies weaker than before. Guru and Sukra in mutual kendra bring friends and friendships. Sukra in the 7th means romance, false friendships and monetary handlings unnecessarily. There seems to be an occasion for financial extravagance during the month. Planets in the 5th, 7th and malefic in the 4th may produce romantic surroundings. Discretion and moderation should be your guide for right conduct lest there should be after-regret. Solar course in the 7th house in the 2nd half is very importantly emphasised for your coming up to the expected level in your undertakings. It will lead you to enjoy contentment and happiness through your dealings with others. Your

hobby, if any, may appeal to you well here. The aspect of Sani to Sukra is not conducive to your domestic interests. Consequently you may suffer through the opposite sex. Financially this month is more convenient than the last one. Expenditure is seen increasing. Your own relations are mainly responsible for this financial depression. One of your children will attract your special attention. Domestically this month will be more harmonious provided you keep yourself under restraint. Officially you may gain suddenly in the second half. Merchants will be more successful and speculatively inclined during this month. Partnership will be favoured.

3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 13, 16, 21, 22, 26, 28, 30 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

As a result of planets in the 4th and 5th and 6th sectors friendship, household interest, residential problem, property question and parental concern are greatly emphasised during this month. The solar course through the 5th house is stimulating enough and can help you to sober your attitude towards life. Discretion and grace in all your relationship with others is counselled. This is an important month for your social activities outside, by joining clubs or large organisations. If you are patient and avoid friction or excitement at home and outside, you will be able, with your winning manner, to align yourself with people who can help you to strengthen your

aims and ideals and projected plans. Finance does not come under important planetary influences. Guru in the 3rd, Surya in the 6th in the second half should instil into your mind the imperative necessity of the adoption of a conservative policy as far as possible. Heavy expenditure is indicated during this month. Domestically this month may prove harmonious enough. But the lord of happiness Mangal is passing through Saturn's star and is also along with Saturn; this requires forbearance and patience in the domestic circle. Officially the aspects of malefics to the 10th house may make you get upset or angry in your surroundings. Your boss may be prejudiced against you during the second half. It is safer not to attempt for any advantage in service. Merchants will not find this month a happy one. Unexpected changes may occur in their offices. There may be differences with customers and other companies during this month.

4, 7, 8, 13, 14, 17, 19, 21, 22, 25, 26, 28 are favourable days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

The planetary alignment is more promising during this month to enable you to gain your objectives financially, officially and domestically.

You may triumph over your rivals and enemies, welcome relatives, enjoy increased influence and moral courage during this month. For, Rahu and Neptune are dynamic planetary influences which have troubled you in the past causing

depletion of money and bringing troubles at home and outside. Planets in the 3rd will help you largely through correspondence, friends and associations. A journey is envisaged during this month. Mangal in the 3rd may awaken the spiritual aspiration in a few cases as warranted in the radical horoscope, or cause unnecessary flare-up under excitement over affairs over which you have no control. Your brother or relation may play an important part in this affair. Some change of attitude on your part is envisaged during this month. Financially this is a more convenient month than before. Expenditure may be felt increasingly high during the month. This is an important month for success in chance games such as lottery and horse race. Sukra in the 5th may make you speculatively inclined in this direction. Domestically the month seems to be somewhat happier. Your children will claim special attention from you in the course of the month. Officially the month holds out greater encouragement. Your boss may be favourably inclined. Merchants will be lucky during this month. 5th house Sukra will make them indulge in speculation unduly. Foreign business will be fortunate.

4, 8, 12, 13, 14, 19, 21, 26, 28, 30 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

There is very little change in the planetary positions compared with the last month. Mangal in the 2nd house is a favourable change

causing influx of money, increase of culture, education and popularity at home and outside. The solar course through the 3rd house in the first half favours settlement of good many affairs engaging your mind. Friends will be rallying round your interests in all your activities during this month. Friendship, society and meeting with spiritually great men will be much emphasised during this month. One of your near relations may cause you some anxiety. Second half makes you more inclined towards domestic affairs besides your activities in your life career. You seem to be more inclined for home circle than before. A change in the domestic environment may not be an impossible feature during this month. Mangal in the 2nd will make you more caustic in all your expressions and emphatic in all your contact with people around you. His position along with Saturn may cause you some anxiety about your old complaint regarding eye-sight. Planets will help you in your getting these things corrected during this month. Financially there will be heavy fluctuations followed by suddenness in gain and also loss in monetary transaction. You may gain through your old associations. New source of income may cross your mind during this month. Some old debt may be also liquidated. Officially this is a more encouraging month. You may win over your boss's mind towards you, and gain the cherished objectives thereby. Merchants will be lucky in their business transactions. There may be heavy profits gained during this

month.

3, 4, 7, 10, 13, 14, 16, 19, 22, 23, 26, 28, 30 are lucky days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary map may not prove quite satisfactory during the first half of this month. The & Jeshta solar course through the 2nd in the first half and through the 3rd house in the second half, may bring about great anxiety in your undertakings besides quarrels, obstacles, excitement and unexpected troubles from your speech and deeds. Perhaps the second half may prove better in your work-a-day life. The two planets on your rasi are malefics indicating that your affairs are going on slowly. For the success of your undertakings, continuous effort is emphasised. The month is a stiff and strenuous one and you should make every effort to gain the favourable attention of people who can help your career interest. A peculiar set-up of planets in the 12th and on your rasi, brings a note of confusion, doubt and procrastination in your undertakings. Guru in the 12th with others may not strike an optimistic note in your life's affairs. Second half when the Sun moves through the 3rd house in good aspect, must help you to settle good many pending affairs of your life and also help you to make your moves effectively. Financially you may not feel as good as before. Great pressure and even at times handicaps may be the features of your financial life. Heavy expenditure though

for good causes is envisaged. Indebtedness in the case of a few of you during the month is also possible. Co-operative affairs will loom large in your mind owing to Mangal conjunct Saturn. Investment will therefore be considered timely during this month. Health and house problem may engage your attention. Officially this month is more advantageous than the last month. Transfer may be attempted successfully. Change of work is more likely in the second half. Merchants will be luckier in the second half. Partnership will be under disturbed waters.

4, 7, 8, 13, 14, 17, 19, 22, 25, 27, 28, 30 are better days.

DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

Planetary map lays stress on your 10th and 11th houses referring to your professional activity, social life, friends and surroundings. The lord of the 9th Surya conjunct Budha, your 10th lord, forming a Raja Yoga, speaks well of your reputation in connection with your job, your competency to reach a higher goal and your association with men of local Government offices. You will profit by your contact with them. More friends than before will be rallying round you making your life happy and gay in the work-a-day world. But you should not slacken your efforts in gaining your cherished goal or be trusting friends too much because of adverse interests of inimically disposed planets. An auspicious ceremony may occur specially in

the 2nd half. Mangal conjunct with Saturn in the 12th is ill placed causing you disappointment, financially and even officially. If you are dealing with cash you may suffer from some bungling of accounts. Your near relations will be adversely inclined towards you. There may be quarrels and disagreements with your relations this month. Your children will give you unnecessary headaches. Heavy expenditure will be the order of the day. Investment or financial dealings may cause you great anxiety. One of our children may suffer. Second half is better for finance. Domestically second half is more happy. Officially you may try for better position through your boss. Merchants will find this month very troublesome as their speculation will miscarry. Partnership will work well although there may be dissatisfaction amongst the partners.

4, 8, 13, 14, 17, 19, 21, 22, 26, 28 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

Planetary configuration seems to have important and beneficial results this month. Solar course through the 12th house may not be happy during the first half causing you anxiety, mental unrest, fear and trouble through enemies. Your ruler Saturn is in the 11th house along with its lord so that you may make more friends who will play a large role in your gregarious activities during this month. A rift is also

envisaged with a relation or a friend of yours if you are not careful in dealing with him. Any financial dealing with friends will end in enmity. Carelessness and negligence caused by the domination of the major planet Saturn conjunct Mangal may be expected. Emotional problems and worries will upset your mind for sometime. Neptune in the 10th points to lack of inspiration and ideas. Sukra in the 1st should make you happy and optimistic in your outlook of life in spite of threatening surroundings. Guru in the 10th is a stimulating planet helping you to brighten your current attitude towards life. Guru will also strengthen your aims and ideals and projected plans. Domestically the month may prove happier than before. Financially unexpected gain may be envisaged; for this is the only month (if radical planets in your horoscope permit it) for you to get enriched suddenly through friends or unexpected sources. Officially second half indicates greater encouragement in service. You may occupy a better job. First half shows fear of loss of money. Merchants will be exceptionally lucky during this month. Great care may be needed to avoid a sudden loss through deception practised on them.

3, 4, 7, 8, 13, 14, 16, 21, 22, 23, 26, 30 are good days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Planetary positions presage greater beneficial results obtaining during this month. The solar course through 11th house

indicates your successful attainment of your cherished objects, acquisition of friends and friendships and favour of superiors and elders and your charitable deeds particularly in the first half. Second half may be a tough one showing greater expenditure, anxiety, restlessness, all work and no gain, and work in the midst of your enemically disposed officials. The two planets in the 10th house being enemically disposed may bring you up to the cherished height or might hurl you down if you are not in the good graces of your department. It depends on how your radical horoscope is as regards your dasa bhukthi. Mangal in the 10th house is calculated to bring about greater responsibility, opportunities and recognition if you only use tact and diplomacy. Your individuality is shaping under Sani's strenuous schooling because of his high elevation viz. 10th house position. He is a great disciplinarian and is therefore associated with coveted position. Financially this month is by far better. Sudden money may come to you to meet all your unexpected commitments. Second half may also indicate an auspicious ceremony in a few cases. Domestically you may hardly feel happy for sometime more to come. Merchants may be lucky particularly in the first half. Partnership is favourably viewed in the first half. Second half shows disgruntling partners labouring under unsatisfactory conditions of business.

3, 4, 7, 8, 12, 13, 14, 16, 19, 22, 23, 25, 26, 28 are favourable days.

**Poorvabhadra
† Uttarabhadra
& Revathi**

3, 4, 7, 8, 13, 14, 16, 19, 21, 22, 25, 26, 30 and good days.

Some thirteen million Americans last month received through the mails a cheque for the average amount of 93.73 dollars. They were members of the Christmas Clubs which is a formalised savings plan whereby a depositor commits himself to fifty equal payments and is rewarded at the end of the year by a lump payment. The Christmas Club method of thrift first originated in Scotland and in U. S. about 7,000 banks have sponsored the scheme. The weekly average payment is generally between 50 cents to five dollars.

A buxom widow must be either married, buried or shut up in a convent.—*A Spanish proverb.*

The first faults are theirs that commit them, the second theirs that permit them.

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~~XX-XX~~

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KAHANIYA

ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE

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NAYE
25
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Vol. IV |

FEBRUARY, 1958

| No. 10

A FATEFUL FLIRTATION

The girl sitting opposite to him in the first class compartment was pretty and Ramesh soon found that she was highly cultured too. He found her company pleasant and next day.....

K. V. Sirkheel

Ramesh entered the first class compartment and saw his holdall and portmanteau were carefully placed under the seat by the porter, paid him, let down the shutter of the window and sat on the cushioned seat. He was a bright and attractive looking young man of about thirty, square shouldered and sparely built with a smiling handsome face. There was just a smudge of a young moustache on the upper lip of his well formed mouth. His closely cropped jet black shining hair parted in the middle set off the fairness of his complexion. An elderly gentleman, evidently his father, passed seventy, with a shock of gray hair and large attractive eyes and extremely well preserved for his age, stood leaning on the window and was earnestly talking, evidently giving some instructions to his son. Ramesh calmly and respectfully heard his instructions. He assured him that all was safe.

After the last minute's solemn injunction the old man stepped back and the train started.

Ramesh looked round and saw in the far corner of the opposite berth a young woman, who might be twenty or thereabouts, of arresting face and figure, intensely absorbed in reading a magazine. She had little or no luggage, except a small suitcase by her side and a fruit basket near her seat.

Ramesh looked once or twice at her as a young man might do at an attractive looking young woman, then looked out of the window checking his impulse to look longer at her. He caught her once looking at him over the edge of her magazine. Her eyes were arrestingly beautiful and when she turned aside her profile was charming. She was undoubtedly beautiful with a face and figure rarely met with in such perfect combination as she had. She wore a blue bodice of Indian-

cut, low necked, which set off the beauty of her bare throat and neck and the young curves of her figure. Ramesh unconsciously stared at her.

Just then she looked at him. To get over his awkwardness Ramesh blurted, "Excuse me, may I have a look at the newspaper you have by your side?"

"Oh yes, by all means," said she with the archest smile and handed it to him.

"Thank you," said Ramesh. "May I know how far you are going?"

"I am going to Bombay," said the girl.

"So am I," said Ramesh.

"I am so glad," said the girl with a pretty sigh of relief. "I was afraid to travel alone and so I sat in the men's compartment. Travelling alone is fraught with danger these days, but you are there and we may have one or two passengers coming in at the other stations as there are two upper berths vacant."

"I don't think they will come. First class passengers are rare usually. Anyway you are quite safe," said Ramesh with a touch of chivalrous pleasure.

"Thank you. I feel quite safe with you near," said the girl with a grateful smile.

"Excuse me, but may I know where you stay at Bombay?"

"I stay at Dadar in one of the flats with my brother who is a doctor—I have also completed my medical course and hope to start practice soon."

"Oh, is that so? I shall be happy to meet you and your brother. We are the famous firm

of jewellers, 'Ramesh Mahal.' My name is Ramesh. Here is my card," said he and produced his neat looking business card.

"Oh, thank you very much," said the girl. "My name is Pratibha Kumari," and wrote it down and gave her address.

The train was thundering past vast open spaces and cultivated fields dotted here and there with tiny hamlets. Ramesh chatted on with her and found that she was extremely clever and well informed, and admired her easy conversation and intelligent comments on various public matters.

They had lunch. Ramesh ordered one for her in spite of her protests. She supplemented it with some tit bits and cakes she had brought with her and they ate it. Ramesh had an agreeable time with his fair companion who was not shy but highly intelligent and charming and very kind to a stranger like him, he thought, and he felt a sort of warmth for her in his heart.

In the night at about 8-30, Ramesh had again two plates of Indian dinner for them. Pratibha could not refuse his hospitality and so they sat down to it together. She had brought some fine wheat cakes and sweetmeats for the night and she shared them with Ramesh who enjoyed them and found them excellent. She also gave him the sweet pickles prepared by her aunt at home which Ramesh found highly tasteful and appetising.

It was time to retire for the night thought Ramesh and spread his holdall. Prati-

bha took out a small rug from her suit case and folded it for her pillow and took a shawl as a warm covering for her in the night. Ramesh offered a pillow, but she politely said "No," and that she was all right.

Ramesh was feeling rather sleepy and in about half-an-hour he was sound asleep and snoring a bit noisily.

Pratibha, who was watching him, got up and went up to him on tip-toe and satisfying herself that he was soundly asleep quickly unbuttoned his coat and extracted a wallet from his pocket. It was a fat one, bulging with diamonds. She buttoned up his coat and put the wallet in her suitcase and got down at the next wayside station, wrapped up the old shawl around her and slipping out of the station disappeared in the darkness.

When Ramesh woke up, after his heavy sleep rather late in the morning next day, he found that his pretty companion had disappeared and that the diamonds too had gone with her!

At the next big junction he immediately reported the matter to the police. He said that the attractive young woman who travelled with him was the only other occupant of the carriage all through the day and night.

RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

The best recipe for legal success according to an U. S. attorney is: "When the law is on your side pound on the law. When the facts are on your side, pound on the facts. When nothing's on your side, pound on the table."

Children suck the mother when they are young and the father when they are old.



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GANGA WORKS
ADYAR

LITTLE JAPPU'S DILEMMA

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

"Look...Amma.....Orange.... Swamiji gave me an orange..." cried little Jappu. His eyes opened wide in sheer delight. But his mother did not reply. She sat silent and sad. Her eyes were moist with tears. She had been sitting like that all the time.

The sage smiled. The little one too smiled. They seemed to understand each other perfectly well.

Jappu turned again to the mother.

"Amma, orange...Won't you see.....I shall give you Amma..." he said again. But the mother did not even look at his side.

The smile slowly faded away from his face. His lips trembled and tears gathered at the corners of those dark little eyes. He turned to his grandmother who gathered him in her arms and took him aside. Tears flowed down the wrinkled cheeks. Even the child could feel her struggle to suppress them and smile.

It all started soon after he was born. They said that the doctor had blundered. The thought that the smart lovely girl she had chosen for her only son so fondly and in the hope of a happy married life for him was now fated to die so young tore her heart into shreds. But she had silently borne her sorrow. There was little hope of recovery. She regretted even the short lived

interval which had only increased her burden in the shape of the new arrival who only clapped his budlike hands and cried "Ba.....Ba....."

Jappu looked in vain at one after another those around him. None seemed to understand his difficulty. But he instinctively hated the pity that their faces expressed at his plight.

The long waiting crowd for the darshan of the guru pressed forward.

"I shall give you another orange in the evening, child," the sannyasi told little Jappu.

The helpless and the suffering, the hopeful and the ambitious, the deaf and the dumb, the sane and the insane, one and all crowded round him. The ignorant speculator and the indolent, both rushed in the hope of the miracle they have been expecting to happen out of his blessings. A few in the crowd loudly boasted themselves on the large amounts they had spent for arranging the reception in their towns and villages for the great man. But none sought the grace of the Guru so essential to the evolution of the individual. The benevolent saint smiled. "They make an apothecary and an astrologer of me," he had joked once.

x x x
Little Jappu found his mother

still shedding silent tears. He did not know why. He had never seen her smile. Nobody would tell him why she kept on weeping like that. Won't she smile? his little mind asked him many a time. Why would she not be gay and smiling like Ramu's mother? She laughed and carried him to all places. She carried him the other day to the temple during the festival. She played with him also. Why should not his mother also be like her and play with him?

"Why don't you play with *thambi*?" he had asked her once. But she had not answered.

"Why have you made mother sad? I shall give you *mittai* if you tell her not to weep," he had cajoled the little baby one day which only clapped its tiny hands and said "Ba.....Ba....."

Jappu could stand it no longer. He had then beat the baby for making his mother sad. From that day onwards his grandma had not allowed him to go near the baby. His little soul felt vexed at the vigilant eyes of the grandmother anxiously following him whenever he went anywhere near the baby.

"Why don't you allow me to play with *thambi*?" he had once felt foul of the grandmother. The grandmother kept a discreet silence over the matter as over so many other innumerable queries he used to pester her with which made her burden heavier. The distressed little heart felt the unnatural way his mother and much more the others around him behaved.

"Is your stomach aching?" he had asked her once.

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All aches and
Pains

Courtallam had not experienced such a hilarious weather all these years, observed many of the visitors. Even little Jappu could not escape being affected by such nice weather. He cried, "Once again," "Once again," when his father held him under the falls as he would hold a vessel for cleaning. It was such breath-taking fun. They all wandered from falls to falls, from five falls to tiger falls and from tiger falls to main falls and so on till the temple conch announced the approaching evening.

"Come, let us go...Swami has promised to give me another

orange," urged Jappu.

Little Jappu's eager eyes fell on the two oranges in front of the Swamiji as they were ushered into his presence.

He pointed his little finger at them.

The Guru gave him one orange and the other he gave his mother. The boy looked at his mother intently as if he was reminded of something. He turned to his grandmother.

"Ammamma, you said mother would smile when she sees swamiji," he asked.

Swamiji looked up. A strange silence descended from somewhere on the scene. Those around stood in reverent expectation. He sat motionless, lost as if in a trance. A smile slowly spread over that calm effulgent face.

"Little one, your mother will certainly smile," he said and retired for the day.....

SMILE AND BE BEAUTIFUL

If you want a complexion that stays young, soft and fresh then smile! It is more effective than all the creams and massage; without it, the most beautiful face in the world can lose its charm.

But it must be a real smile, the genuine reflection of a happy nature coming straight from the heart, full of warmth and friendliness. Just to force unwilling lips into a grin won't do at all. The eyes always betray the faked smile. In a real smile, the eyes smile too.

Get into the habit and you set your face in the right lines, instead of the wrong ones. You'll feel healthier, happier and look far more attractive:

X X X
At a birthday party, one sweet thing advanced on her hostess, presented her with a huge electric fan, and announced in cooing tones, "Here, darling, this will help you to blow out the candles on your cake."

X X X
"I see that a man who speaks six languages has just married a woman who speaks three," said a bachelor.

"That seems to be the right handicap," was the reply of his married companion.

X X X
"I can't understand why Stevens is always buying crockery," remarked one neighbour to another.

"Oh, didn't you know? He married a smashing blonde."

X X X
"Fancy a woman getting a thousand pounds for the loss of a thumb," said Mrs. Grainger, glancing up from her paper. "It seems excessive."

Ventured her husband: "Perhaps it was the one she kept her husband under."

X X
A broken friendship may be soldered but will never be sound.

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

DADAGAON MURDER CASE

S. RAJAGOPALAN

In the quiet village of Dadagaon (Andhra State) there was considerable commotion on the morning of 7-4-1951. For a headless human body had been discovered floating in the waters of the Godavary. Information was immediately sent to the police and the body was taken out. As was natural there was considerable excitement among the villagers.

Meanwhile the police were busy trying to locate the missing head of the victim and it was found next day in a well in the neighbouring village of Moongi.

An inquest was held soon after. The trunk bore several injuries. There was an incised

circular wound all round the neck separating the head from the body and another from the lower end of the sternum to the upper margin of the bladder. The abdominal organs, the stomach, intestines, and liver were protruding out of the wound. There were also other wounds on the right arm, head and left cheek. The head exactly corresponded to the incised circular wound of the neck, which left no doubt whatsoever that the remains were of a single individual who was easily identified to be one Gangadhar.

Gangadhar was of Jadhav family. He had married one Malan Bi (18), a child widow,

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belonging to the Bhonsle family. The marriage between the two was objected to strongly by her uncle Bhagoji and brother Rabhoji but the couple despite their opposition had got united in the Gandharva form. Rabhoji never forgave them for the morganatic alliance and had even threatened them with dire consequences. Bhagoji, the uncle, had, however, reconciled himself to the fait accompli and even paid occasional visits to their house.

On 4-4-1951, nearly eleven months after the marriage, Gangadhar had gone to Parthur to purchase some utensils for his household but did not return. Enquiries were set on foot but they proved unavailing and so his uncle Appa lodged information with the police. When three days later the headless body was found floating in the Godavary suspicion naturally fell on Rabhoji and Bhagoji. And this was strengthened by the fact that both of them had been seen washing themselves at the dead of night on 4-4-51 in the Godavari.

They were arrested at 11 a.m. on 8-4-1951. Same day the head was discovered in the well on information supplied by Bhagoji. He produced a bloodstained knife with a blade three inches wide from his house. He also took the police to the place of murder where a twig with some blood on it and earth sodden with blood were noticed. Later he took them to a rocky place near the river where a blood-stained dry weed was found. Next he pointed out another spot where the bloodstained clothes

of Gangadhar were burnt up with the help of dry weeds. The ashes were recovered. The murder had apparently been committed in a field and the body later thrown into the river with the head cut off.

So far as Rabhoji was concerned the police recovered an axe from his house. Both the axe and the knife were sent up for chemical examination. It was found that there was human blood on the knife but not on the axe.

At the trial fourteen witnesses were examined for the prosecution. The sessions judge acquitted Rabhoji because no blood was found on the axe recovered from him. He convicted Bhagoji because it was proved he had a motive not to mention the various pieces of information he had given which had provided a clue for the crime.

At the High Court three judges differed; two were for acquitting him and he was acquitted. They considered certain features in the case which were incompatible with the guilt of Bhagoji. They said where death is due to the injuries or wounds caused by a lethal weapon, it must be proved that the wounds were inflicted by the weapon produced. In the case no blood stains were found on the axe and the only instrument which could have been employed was the knife. They were not prepared to believe that a clear and flawless truncation such as had been affected could have been done with the knife which had been recovered from Bhagoji. No doubt there were human blood stains on it but

even knives used for domestic purposes could also become blood stained. Bhagoji had pointed out the place where the murder was stated to have taken place but no big stretches or spots of blood were found; a few blood stains on twigs were all that were discovered. Moreover, as regards

motive, they felt that Rabhoji was piqued at the alliance not Bhagoji who had reconciled himself to it and had been apparently friendly with them. Bhagoji was, therefore, found not guilty and acquitted.

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THE FROG RIDER

When the peasant woman gave birth to a frog she was disappointed but the frog was not an ordinary one but the son of the Mother Earth come to relieve the men of their misery but fate had meant otherwise.

Once upon a time, there lived a poor couple on a far-away high mountain. They grew potatoes on an arid terrace on the mountain side and led a hard life.

They were growing old and gradually losing their strength; both longed for a child. They said to one another: "How wonderful it would be if we had a child. Then when we grow old we will have someone to plough our land and chop our firewood and we two may rest our bent backs a little."

So they both prayed piously to the God of Mountains and Rivers. And soon the wife knew she was going to have a child. Seven months later, she gave birth. But she had a frog, with two big bulging eyes, not a human baby.

The old man said: "What an astonishing thing! This is no baby, but a frog with two bulging eyes. Let us throw him out."

The wife did not have the heart to do such a thing, and replied: "God was not benevolent to us. He gave us a frog instead of a human baby. But anyway this frog was born to us, so don't let us throw him out. Frogs make their home in muddy pools. Put him in the one behind our house, and let him live there."

The old man picked up the

Frog, but just as he was carrying him away, the Frog spoke: "Oh father and mother. Please don't put me into the pool. I was born to a human being, so let me grow up with human beings. When I grow up I will change the face of our land and change the life of the poor."

The old man was startled and exclaimed: "Wife, what queer happenings! He speaks like a human!"

"But what he said would be good," replied his wife. "It's high time things were changed for us poor people; we just can't go on like this. He cannot be an ordinary frog, if he can speak. Let him stay with us."

They were a kind-hearted couple and the Frog lived with them as though he were really their human child.

Three years went by, when one day the Frog, who had seen how hard and industriously the two old people worked every day, said to the old woman: "Mother, make me a loaf of steamed bread with coarse flour, and put it in a bag for me tomorrow. I am going to the *Chungpon* (a district official) who lives at the mouth of the valley in the castle with stone towers to ask for the hand of one of his daughters. He has three lovely daughters. I will marry the one

who is kind-hearted and capable and bring her home to help you with your daily toil."

"My dear son, don't make such jokes," said the old woman. "As if anyone would give his daughter in marriage to such a small and ugly thing like you! A mere frog, who could be trampled on without a thought!"

"Make me the steamed bread, mother," said the Frog. "He will consent."

The old woman finally agreed. "Very well, I'll make one for you," she said. "But supposing his household just pour ash on your head when they see you, as people do with monsters?"

"Nay, mother," said the Frog. "They will not dare to do that."

So the old woman made a big steamed loaf with coarse flour the next morning and put it in a

bag.

The Frog hung the bag on his back, and hopped to the officer's towered castle at the mouth of the valley.

When he got to the gate, the Frog called out, "*Chungpon, Chungpon, open the door.*"

The officer heard some one calling and sent his servant to see who it was.

The servant returned, a surprised look on his face. "How strange, it is nothing but a frog, Master, a very small frog, calling at the gate."

The officer's steward said, in the voice of one who always knows what to do, "*Chungpon, it must be a monster. Let us throw ash on him.*"

The officer disagreed. "No, wait a bit. It may not be a monster," he said. "Frogs

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usually stay in water. May be this one comes on some mission from the Dragon King's palace. Sprinkle milk on him as you would do to a God, and then I will see him for myself."

His servants did as they were bid and gave the Frog a reception as if he were a God. They sprinkled milk on him and cast some into the air.

Then the officer went himself to the gate and asked, "Froggy, do you come from the Dragon King's palace? What do you want?"

"I do not come from the Dragon King," answered the Frog. "I have come of my own accord, because your three daughters have all reached marriageable age and I want one for a wife. I come as a suitor. Please give your consent for me to marry one of them."

The officer and his servants were all horrified, and he said, "You are talking nonsense, Frog. You, so small and ugly! How can you be matched with my daughter? Why, many highly-placed persons have asked for my daughters' hands and I have refused them. Why, then, should I give a daughter of mine to a frog? You are being absurd."

"Oho! That means you don't agree, then," said the Frog. "Very well. If you don't give your consent, I'll laugh."

The officer was furious when he heard this. "Frog, you are crazy. If you want to laugh, go ahead."

So the Frog began to laugh. The noise of his laughter was ten times, even a hundred times,

louder than a pondfull of frogs at night. When he laughed the earth quivered. The high towers of the castle shook as though they would collapse. Cracks appeared in the walls. Pebbles and dust danced in the air, and the sky and sun were darkened. The servants ran round and round in the great house, bumping into one another, not knowing what they were doing. Some even carried furniture over their heads as if that would ward off the calamity.

In desperation, the officer put his head out of a window and besought the Frog: "Please do not laugh any more, Froggy, otherwise we shall all be killed. I'll tell my eldest daughter to go and be your wife."

The Frog stopped his laughter. Gradually the earth ceased to quiver and the house became stable again.

It was fear which forced the officer to give his eldest daughter to the Frog. He ordered his servants to bring out two horses. One for her to ride, and the other to carry her dowry.

The eldest daughter was very unwilling to be married to a frog. She espied two mill-stones under the eaves as she mounted the horse and secretly took the upper mill-stone and concealed it in her clothes.

The Frog hopped ahead to lead the way and the eldest daughter followed on horseback. All the time she urged her horse to go faster, hoping she would catch up with the Frog and kill him with her horse's hoofs. But the Frog hopped so, now to the left

and now to the right, so that she could not do this. In the end she got so impatient that once when she was very close to the Frog, she snatched the mill-stone, threw it at the leaping Frog, and turned to gallop back home.

She had hardly gone any distance when the Frog called out to her, "Stop, maiden! I have something to say to you." She turned her head and saw the Frog who she hoped had been crushed. He had escaped through the hole in the middle of the mill-stone.

She was startled and pulled her horse up short. The Frog said to her: "We are not destined for one another. Go home, since that is what you want." And he took the horse's bridle, and led her back home.

When they arrived at her father's castle, the Frog said to the *Chungpon*, "We are not suited to one another, so I have brought her back. Give me another one of your daughters, who may be destined for me."

"What a conceited frog you are—you do not know your place!" cried the officer in a fury. "Since you bring my daughter back, I'll not give you another. What, should I let you pick and choose among my daughters?" He was trembling with rage.

"I suppose you mean you don't agree, then," said the Frog. "Very well, if you don't agree, I'll cry."

The officer thought to himself that it wouldn't matter if he did cry. It wouldn't be as dangerous as his laughter. So he said, ill-

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humouredly, "Cry then. Nobody will be afraid because you cry."

So the Frog cried. His wailing sounded like the rain in a summer night. As soon as he started to cry, the sky became black. Thunder rolled all around, and floods poured down the mountain sides. The land was swiftly turned into seas, the waters kept rising, and flooded the castle and the stone towers. The entire household climbed up on to the flat roof and huddled there.

The water was rising right up to the parapet. The officer had to stretch out his neck over the edge as he cried out to the Frog:

"Stop crying, Frog, or otherwise we shall all be dead. I'll give my second daughter to you."

The Frog stopped crying immediately and the water ebbed slowly away.

The officer gave orders again to bring out two horses—one to carry his second daughter and the other to carry her dowry, and he bade his daughter go with the Frog.

The second daughter was also unwilling to go. She took the other half of the mill-stone when she mounted the horse, and hid it in her clothes. On the way, she also tried to make her horse trample on the Frog. And she also hurled the half mill-stone at the Frog and turned to go.

But the Frog called her back. "Maiden, we are not destined for one another. You may go home," he said, and took the horse's bridle and led her back.

The Frog gave the second daughter back and asked for the youngest daughter.

This time the officer was beside himself with rage. He said, nearly choking: "You brought back my eldest daughter and I gave you my second. You have brought her back too. Now you want my third daughter. You are really too exacting. There lives no one in the whole world who could stand this. You...you... you really have no regard for law and the order of things." He was so carried away with fury that his words stuck in his throat and he could say no more. No one had ever had to suffer, he felt, as he was suffering then.

The Frog replied calmly. "Why do you grow so angry?

Your two elder daughters were unwilling to go with me, so I sent them back. But your third daughter is willing. Why, then, should she not come with me?"

"No, no, no!" said the officer in hatred in his voice. "She is not willing. No girl is willing to marry a frog. I've let you have your way for the last time."

"You refuse your consent, then?" said the Frog. "If you don't grant my request, I'll hop." The officer was terrified, really, but in his overwhelming rage, he shouted, "You may hop if you like. I'll no longer be a officer if I'm afraid of you hopping."

So the Frog hopped. When he hopped, the earth vibrated and bobbed up and down like a wave in a tempestuous sea. The mountain around shook so violently that they knocked against one another, until rocks and sand flew into the sky and blacked out the sun. Even the stones and the towers of the castle shook so much that it seemed they were going to topple over at any moment.

So the officer had to stand up among the ashes and promise to give him the hand of his third daughter. The Frog ceased to hop. The earth and the mountains regained their tranquillity.

The officer was forced to send his third daughter riding away with another horse carrying her dowry.

The third daughter, unlike her two sisters, was kind-hearted. She thought that the Frog must be a clever frog and she was willing to go with him.

So the Frog took her home.

The mother was amazed when she received them at the door. "Fancy my small and ugly child getting such a beautiful wife," she thought.

The girl was full of industry and used to go out working with her mother on the land. Therefore the old woman loved her, and was respected in return. The mother was very happy.

It became the season of autumn. In those parts it was customary to hold a great horse race every year. Rich and poor for hundreds of miles around came in with their round skin tents and their newly harvested grain. They burned incense-bearing branches in honour of the Gods, danced, drank wine and raced. The young people used to choose their lovers. This year the mother wanted the Frog to come with her but he refused. "I won't go, mother. There are endless mountains to climb. It is too far for me." And he stayed at home, while the others went off.

There were seven days of the festival. The last three days were given over to the horse racing. At the end of each day, the winners in the race were surrounded by dancing young girls, and invited to the tents of the girls' fathers, mothers, and brothers to drink the fermented wine which the girls brewed in great earthenware jars.

On the third day of the horse races, when the last race was just going to start, a young man dressed all in green came riding on a green horse, and entered the race course. He was strongly built and handsome. His clothes



were made of the best brocades and silk. His saddle was inlaid with silver and gold and rubies. His gun, mounted with silver and coral, swung on his shoulders. Everyone there stared at him as he asked permission to take part in the last race. When the race began he seemed to be in no hurry, but only started to adjust his saddle, even when the other young riders had begun to gallop. But he immediately caught up with them.

All the other riders bent all their attention to the race, as they galloped across the vast meadow, but the young man, even as he rode, loaded his gun and shot down three fluttering eagles which were circling overhead, each one with one shot, from horseback. As he rode past the onlookers, he jumped

When she got there, the first thing she did was to look for the Frog. But she couldn't find him anywhere. And then, in a corner she found an empty frog skin, which looked just like her husband's. She picked it up and shed tears of joy, and cried out, "Yes, he is the handsome rider! Oh God, how happy I am! To have a husband who is such a handsome and strong young man, and such a wonderful rider. Now I don't feel that I shall ever be a match for him! What a happy girl I am!"

She kept wiping her tears away, but they still streamed down. She looked again and again at the frog skin, and said, resentfully: "Oh, why must you wear such a hideous skin? Why must you be so small and ugly? Ain't I good enough? Would you rather be a frog, so as not to be my true husband?"

She felt such hatred towards the skin that she decided to burn it. Otherwise, she thought, when he comes back he'll just change again into being a small, horrid frog. So she set fire to it and burned it.

The sun was sinking when she burned the skin. And suddenly the young man came galloping along on his horse, like a green cloud descending from the sky. He turned pale with horror when he saw her burning the skin, and leaped off his horse to try and snatch the skin from the fire. Too late: only one leg was left.

He heaved a deep sigh and collapsed limply on a big stone in front of the house.

The girl was frightened, and ran to help him into the house.

"My husband," she said sadly, "you're such a fine young man really, and such a good rider. Why do you want to be a frog? Other girls have husbands for a husband, but by husband is a frog! Don't you know how unhappy it makes me feel?"

The young man replied: "Lass, you were too impatient. What you did, you did too early. You should have waited till I had enough strength and then we could have lived happily together. Now I shall not live and the people will not have happiness."

"Have I done wrong, then?" asked she. "What shall I do now?"

"It is not your fault. I was too careless," said the young man. "I wanted to try my strength. That was why I went to the contest. But now, neither the people nor we ourselves can be happy. I am not an ordinary human, but the son of Mother Earth. If I could have grown strong enough I would have been able to stand up and work for the people. I want to see a world where the poor are no longer trampled on by the rich, and where common people are not oppressed by officials. But I have not reached my full strength. Then I could have lived without my frog skin. But it is still too early. I can't stay on earth. I must go back to my mother, tonight."

Tears welled up in the girl's eyes when she heard this. She clasped the frail body of the young man in her arms, and said, heart-broken: "Oh my husband you mustn't die! You must, you must live. I won't believe that

you can't live."

The girl cried so piteously that, at last, he took her hand in his weak hand and said, "My young wife, don't grieve so. If you really want me to live, there is still something you can do." He pointed to the west. "But this can only be done if it is God's will and with his permission. Get on my horse immediately; there is still time, because my horse is so swift-footed. He will carry you to the west, where a celestial hall stands among red clouds. Go in there and appeal to God. Entreat him for two things, in the name of the happiness of the people. Ask him to promise it before daybreak. Remember, the first is that the people will no longer be divided into rich and poor, the second, that the common people shall not be oppressed by officials. If God will promise this, we shall have a warm and comfortable life and I shall be able to live without my frog skin even during the night. And then I shall not have to die."

The girl leaped on the horse immediately, and galloped off. It seemed that she was flying in the sky. The wind whistled past her, and she overtook the flashing white clouds. Finally she came to the celestial palace, gleaming rosy-gold like the sun. She went in, and made her appeal to the God. He was moved by her sincerity and granted her requests.

God said to her, "Because you are sincere, I will grant all your requests. But, before the day-breaks, you must go to all the houses to tell the people the news. The requests will only be fulfilled if all the people hear before dawn. And it will no longer be cold in these parts, and your husband will be able to pass the night without his frog skin."

The girl rejoiced. She thanked the God, mounted her horse without delay and turned homewards to spread the news to every family before daybreak.

But when she entered the valley, her father was standing at

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the gate of their castle.

When he saw his daughter galloping, he exclaimed: "Why, daughter, has something happened? Why are you out riding at this late hour?"

"Oh father, indeed something has happened!" the girl replied. "God has promised me a wonderful thing. I'm going now to every house to tell all the people."

"What's the hurry? Stop and tell me what God has promised you," said he.

"Father, there's no time to stop and tell you," replied the girl. "I'll tell you later."

"That won't do," said her father. "You must tell me first." And he strode down the steps and took hold of her horse's reins.

The girl knew she must be rid of him quickly, so she told him everything. "God promised us two things," she began. "The first thing is that there will be no difference between the rich and poor."

The officer knitted his brows and bawled. "If there is no difference between rich and poor there will be no distinction in rank among men. How shall your sisters have dowries, then?" He took hold more firmly of the reins.

"The next thing is that the common people will not be oppressed by the officials."

"Not oppressed by the officials, indeed! Then who will do the work for us? Who will tend our cattle and sheep? Who will till our land?" He nearly choked, then he added:

"This is all nonsense," he

bawled. "We are doing quite well as we are. These are certainly not God's orders. I don't believe a word of it. I'll not let you tell such things to the people."

"I can't stay here any longer, father," the girl cried. "Let me go!" She tried to ride off, but her father would not let go the reins. The poor girl was beside herself with anxiety, and argued frantically with him.

Just then the cock crowed. The girl jumped and tried to spur the horse away. But still her father held it fast and cried out against his daughter: "Are you crazy? Do you want your sisters to marry without dowries? Do you want to degrade your father, and make him do his own work? Who's going to herd the cattle and sheep? Who'll plough the land? Are you crazy?"

The girl didn't know what to do. The cock crowed a second time, and there she was, still struggling with the father.

Desperate, she whipped her horse hard. The horse reared up in the air, throwing the officer to the ground. She had only reached the first house in the valley when the cock crowed for the third time. Dawn was brightening the sky already, and only a few families had heard the promises of God.

The girl's heart sank. Dawn, and she had not succeeded! It was too late. All she could do was to hurry home.

She found the two old people weeping beside the poor young man, and her mother-in-law saying the prayers for the dead.

So it was all in vain! She fell

on the body of her beloved young man and wept bitterly, blaming her father and herself.

The frog rider's body was buried on a cliff half way up the mountain. And every evening at dusk the girl wept beside his grave, until one day, she turned into a stone. No longer could her

weeping be heard.

The stone still stands there beside the grave. From a distance you can see it is like a girl praying, with her long hair flowing over her shoulders. She prays for ever at her husband's grave.

—Chinese Literature.

DIAL-A-PRAYER SERVICE

People who feel lonely and depressed in Portland, U. S., can dial and instantly hear a prayer read over the telephone by a Baptist minister. The Dial-A-Prayer service gets an average of 1,000 calls a day.

He began the service on a hunch that many lonely and depressed people would telephone for spiritual and moral encouragement.

Each morning he records a new message, and a telephone-answering machine reads over the prayer for him as the calls pour in.

"I know that you all wish I was dead so that you could stamp on my grave," snarled a foreman at his men.

There was a moment's silence as they glared at him.

"Not me," mumbled someone at the back. "I hate having to stand in queues."

"One good thing about the rising cost of living," said Mrs. Stern to her husband, "is the fact that I've lost fifteen pounds worrying about it."

"Stage experience?" said an actress about her rival. "The nearest she ever got to stage experience was when she had her leg in a cast."

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Farewell to Norton

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

We had dealt in many a issue of this serial on Norton, the great lawyer, politician and philanthropist. We are taking leave of this great personality in this issue. It is a sort of breaking away from a dear old enchantingly brave friend.

Speaking of the "Afflorescence of a Peer" anent Lord Sinha, Norton remarked, "Lord Sinha's Peerage will come only as a matter of minor surprise. No one who has met Lord Sinha but will wish him success and prosperity in the new role. It has been forced upon him. He is a victim to circumstances, the plaything of newly developed forces, the pawn of acute and imaginative Secretary of State for India. He will justify Mr. Montague's choice.....Lord Sinha is a mere echo of Mr. Montague. Lord Sinha's appointment flatters the Indians at any rate. It puts the Marshal's baton inside the napsack of every private. It inspires this country with new hope and fresh ambitions...Lord Sinha began life as a Barrister in Calcutta. He succeeded. He made great wealth. Later in life he was made Advocate General. I know several Advocate Generals in and outside Bengal who died as they were born. Lord Sinha was knighted. Later the country was in unrest. Mr. Montague decided to make a bid for public confidence. It translated

Lord Sinha to Sinha as Law Member. Not only was he but ennobled for that preferential treatment, but after about three years he resigned on the ground that he was losing money by absence from the Bar! After reverting to the Advocate Generalship Sir S. P. Sinha performed the most remarkable feat of his life. He jumped into the chair of the President of the Indian National Congress. How this was performed I do not know. How the Selection Committee consented to elect a gentleman who had never devoted five minutes to political questions nor subscribed five annas for political ends is a mystery as impenetrable as Mr. Wells' God. The selection effaced the Congress. But it established Lord Sinha. I should like to ask whether it is true that Lord Sinha submitted his speech (Congress Presidential speech) before it was delivered to the Governor or any Member of the Government of Bengal!"

Mr. Norton wrote trenchant letters to the press on Lord Sinha and Congress Presidentship. Norton could not brook that a hanger on of British aristocracy should adorn the presidential gadi. Was it not a triumph more for the Secretary of State than the Congress? Norton criticised in the *Looker On* the view of

another correspondent on the issue. He said:

"It has been said that Sir S. P. Sinha was selected because his past connection with officialdom would ease the path of Congress machine like a Jagannath car, into the bosom and confidence of the Government. I wish these amiable philosophers could have heard the laughter I have heard when the Congress leaders handed the key of their gate to the Government of the day!"

It may be remembered that in 1906 Norton started from Madras on a tour of special retainers outside the Presidency. He was for some time in Hyderabad and later in Colombo. He later settled down in Calcutta. Talking of his Madras days Mr. Eardley Norton records: "I

had practised in Madras for twentyseven years from 1879 to 1906. I have worked my way up unaided to a position among the members of the Bar. I was on the Municipal Commission as an elected Commissioner. I sat in the Legislative Council as elected member of the Municipality at a period when self-government was more or less of a farce, but was nevertheless a training ground for that larger experience which is now culminating and rightly, in the demand for a larger share in the executive as well as legislative control. I was one of the leaders of the Congress party. There was no meeting of any public importance in Madras in which I was not wanted to take a prominent part both by speech and presence. I drafted almost all

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the memorials passed at public meetings, including that to the Queen on her last Jubilee for which the Editor of the *Madras Mail* got a knighthood! I had risen to high rank in the Masonic world. Had I been ambitious there were openings which could not be lightly set aside. But I was not ambitious for success outside my profession. My heart has always been at the Bar, and it always will be. There was a time when I should have been proud to be Advocate General of Madras because I should have followed my father in this appointment. The Government were frank, though I think they were mistaken, when a member told me I should not get the post mainly because of my successful espousal of Crole's case against his ill treatment by the local executive authorities and because of my association with the Congress. I had trod on too many official corns to be forgotten and forgiven. The Madras Bench and Madras Bar had alike sadly deteriorated. So I turned my eyes to Calcutta where the Bench and the Bar were both stronger. The delight of battle lies in pitting yourself against your betters. At bridge, I like to be the poorest of the four. In court, I love to have an opponent stronger than myself. Thus only is training of worth. Thus only is real knowledge acquired and experience secured."

We would conclude with this tribute to Norton:
*"Through the thin mists of
 fifty years
 You stand for all that makes
 our Bar,*

*The stay against official jeers,
 The pride of men who were and
 are.*

*In your brave hands its fame
 was safe
 Its proud traditions fresh and
 safe*

*Inviolate from the chains which
 chafe
 The baits which tempt, the
 bribes which lure.*

*Men strive for stars and 'kindred
 chaff*

*Men built on microscopic plan
 Yours is a nobler epitaph
 'Here is the larger gentleman.'*

*What higher praise can every
 judge*

*What cleaner records lawyer
 show*

*Than yours, who never feared a
 judge*

*Nor stooped to trick or wound
 a foe.*

*Still at injustice all aflame
 As though a boy with your first
 brief*

*We rise to toast your honoured
 name*

Impulsive, generous old chief.

*Great in advocacy, great in
 success,
 Great in earnings, great in gifts,
 Great in charity, great in help,
 Stalwart of lawyers, stalwart of
 gentlemen.*

*More national than Indians,
 Most stout hearted of English-
 men,*

*The friend of India, the friend of
 - poor,*

*A delightful opponent generous
 to the core.*

*Adieu Eardley Norton of im-
 mortal fame,*

*May the Bar of Madras and
 India*

*Emulate your high example;
 May your name be cherished for
 ever all over India, that is
 Bharat.*

THE HENPECK

"If I had my way I would release every man now in prison,"
 ated a woman welfare officer addressing a men's club.

"Trust a woman not to let a man finish a sentence," mumbled
 voice from the back.

"I always steer clear of Warren in business. He's a lot smarter
 than I am," said an executive to a friend.

"In what way?" queried the friend.

"He once had a chance to marry my wife and didn't."

"I enjoy a good browse at the library," said a student to his
 intellectual friend.

"Really?—high browse or low browse?"

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How Good & Bad Thoughts Work

Continuing his experiences of the life Beyond Albert describes below how thoughts influence people as demonstrated to him by the teachers in the astral plane.

The teachers tell us that fear is one of the greatest scourges that torments the human family. If fear could be eliminated and replaced by love and trust, the earth would become a happy place! This can only come when all superstition is destroyed and true knowledge and understanding of life and death comes to all. This is what the world of spirit is aiming to accomplish. The power of all that is good—all prayers for good that are sent out, all love that is given are being gathered into a vortex for that purpose.

The teachers demonstrated for us the power of good and of evil thoughts. They showed us a person filled with hate sending out a thought wishing that thought could kill or destroy someone or something—now we watched that thought travel, not in the direction it was sent but instead it reached an earth-bound spirit who was imbued with the same vicious desire. At the time the thought reached him he was in his former haunts on the earth where drinking was taking place, and he had been deriving a certain amount of satisfaction and pleasure in encouraging one of the men to pick a fight with a man he was drinking with. They were in the heat of an argument when the evil thought reached the earth-bound spirit and strength-

ened him to the extent that he was able to impress on the young man's mind the thought, "Hit him with the bottle," which the young man did. Unfortunately, the bottle struck a vital spot and the opponent dropped dead. When the poor drunk sobered up and was brought before the judge, he claimed he had no intention to kill but that all of a sudden he saw red and then all was blank. His earth life was taken from him, yet he was not the guilty one but was the victim of a thought.

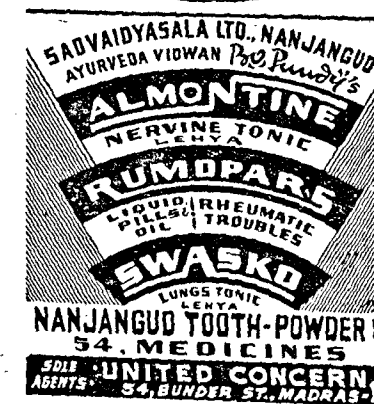
Now the power of good thought was shown to us. We were shown an elderly lady in very poor surroundings. She was always doing many little kind acts for others. She visited the sick and lonely; she fed the stray cats and the birds; she sent out to her God loving thanks for her many blessings (some people would not have thought she had many); the love for all that suffered was within her. If she read of anyone in trouble she prayed for them, especially youths that made mistakes and were being sent behind prison bars. Had they been her own sons she could not have been more sincere in her prayers, and as we watched her she appeared to us as if she were arrayed in a garment of bluish golden light although actually her garments were of drab colour.

As we watched her praying for

the boys that were tempted, the boys of broken homes, boys without homes, we followed her thoughts, her prayers, as they travelled into the ether and we watched them travel towards where three young men were contemplating committing a crime. As they made their plans one would always put up an argument against it, but the other two felt the world owed them a comfortable living and as they argued back and forth they reached a park. Still continuing their argument, none of them had noticed the elderly, shabbily dressed man until he spoke to them and asked them for a match. (We could still see the light of the lady's thought surrounding the boys, especially the one who held back). The old gentleman started to talk to them. He told them he had heard part of their conversation and told them about himself, of when he had been a young lad how he had felt as they did and he had committed a crime; but he had been saved from prison by a Salvation Army officer and since then he had made it his mission in life to mingle with youth where temptation lurked and give help wherever possible, and a home where it was needed.

Two of the boys started to laugh and said, "What help could a ragpicker like you be to anyone?" But the other youth handed him a dollar bill which was all the money he had, and then turning to the other boys he told them he was through and from that day on he would never do another wrong even though he would have to ask aid from the Salvation Army. He advised

them to come with him and after a while they decided to go with him. The old man said to them, "Come with me. My car is at the other entrance of the park." They did not believe him but walked on with him, and when they reached the gates the car was there. He took them to his home, for none of the boys had a home, and later he found work



for them among his friends where fatherly care and guidance was given to them. The lady's prayers with the aid of her heavenly guides had led the boys to the old gentleman where help would be given them, for prayer was also in his heart and the sincere desire to serve humanity was there.

There were many ways shown to us where thoughts would help or hinder and how prayer may help a soul to see the light. No thoughts are wasted. Good or bad, they all find their resting place, I am told, unless they are recalled. This came as a great

surprise to me. I had never dreamed thoughts were so powerful nor that prayers could be such value. One of the teachers from our side, they tell me, is inspire and teach people to be more careful and constructive in their thoughts. What an amazing place this is! I never dreamed that anyone could see a thought or a prayer. What powerful instruments both are! My protector helped me to follow and understand these things, explaining and interpreting each step of action as they travelled.

(To be continued.)

SWEET STAMPS

It may soon be a pleasure to lick a postage stamp in parts of Western Germany.

Experiments are taking place there to improve the taste of the gum on postage stamps by giving it a pleasant flavour. One stamp issued recently was flavoured with peppermint.

"Jenkins," thundered the employer, "why do you keep looking at the clock?"

"Well, sir," replied the employee, "I keep worrying whether I'm behind on the two men's work that I do."

BEASTLY

"What kind of weather did you have on your holiday last year?" asked a girl of her friend.

"Well, I got engaged to the caretaker of the local museum," was the resigned reply.

"Can anyone tell me what is a bachelor?" a teacher asked her class.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "they are fellows who have failed to embrace their opportunities."

The new maid was slow, lackadaisical, and woefully inefficient. "Did you ever do a good day's work in your life?" her harried mistress demanded.

The girl leaned on her broom and drawled: "Do you mean all together or just at one time?"

THE VEILED LADY

This is the strange story of a young clergyman who was haunted by the ghost of a lady he had wronged. It occurred in Britain nearly a century ago and is well authenticated.

It concerns a young clergyman, Mr. H. by name, who was a handsome talented man and much liked by his superiors as well as the public. If he wanted he could to have had for the mere asking a lucrative position but he seemed to have suddenly developed a distaste for a permanent job. Such was the restlessness of his soul that he never stayed at a place for more than a few weeks. And he was willing, nay eager, to take up any post as temporary curate. None could fathom his reason for this strange wanderlust in him.

Another peculiarity about this curate was that whenever and wherever he went to preach there was present in the church a lady of singular grace and dignity. She was dressed simply and wore a thick white veil which made it impossible for anyone to tell her age but there was something about her bearing which unmistakably pointed to her high birth and breeding. Nobody knew anything about her or where she lived. She used to come to the place of worship in the middle of the service and quietly take her seat as nearly in front of the pulpit as possible and go away immediately the service was over.

The gossips of the day naturally had some comments on this remarkable episode and they even

hinted that the lady must be the source of the curate's wealth for he was known to be lavish in his expenditure. But it was an observed fact that the preacher was never seen to speak to the lady or even to glance at her side.

And thus as fate would have it Mr. H. was invited to fill a temporary vacancy at his birth place. Mr. H. was at first reluctant but after repeated requests he agreed to officiate there for two weeks. He arrived at the place on Sunday morning and it was noticed that he was not his usual self. He seemed careworn as if some secret worry was tormenting him. And when he began to preach his glances frequently went to an empty seat beneath the pulpit. Some intense anxiety or distress was manifest in his face and his sermon lacked the clarity and conviction for which he was noted.

At the close of the sermon he was met by the rector of the parish for whom he was officiating and invited to his home. It was a lovely day and the two sat in the library. After some casual conversation the curate said, "I have some unpleasant news for you. It grieves me to tell you that you are likely to encounter some opposition from claimants to the property you are now in possession of."

"Indeed," replied Mr. H. greatly surprised at the news.

"Yes sir, the family of late Mrs. F. I learn have decided to dispute your title to the large sums you

became possessed of in her name."

"The late Mrs. F.?" said Mr. H. as if struck by a heavy blow.

"Is it possible," replied the curate, "that you are ignorant of the fact that Mrs. F. had died eight months ago?"

Mr. H. sat there stunned and stupefied. "But.....but, she was there in the church to-day sitting just below the pulpit.....I...I... saw her. I have been seeing her for the last few months. She was present wherever I was preaching."

"Young man, you are raving," said the curate. There was a trace of annoyance in his voice.

Mr. H. did not seem to hear him. He sat there gazing vacantly at the opposite wall. Then let go a sigh and began to weep. "I...I..." he began. "Let me confess. It has been worrying me. It was as if a big weight has been crushing my soul."

"You know that not many miles from this place I was an an humble curate some years ago. I lived happy and respected and I was betrothed to a sweet young girl, Mary by name, whose purity and sweetness which even monarchs would have coveted. We were both orphans and if the demon of ambition and avarice had not tempted me, I would have lived a happy and contented life with her."

"But as fate would have it one day after the service I was accosted by a wealthy and fashionable lady who was a stranger to the place. She invited me to her house [as she needed some spiritual advice.

That was the beginning of our acquaintance and gradually it grew. I came to know that she was a wealthy widow and I could soon see that she was enamoured of me. The temptations of wealth and power proved too strong for me and I made it known to her that if she placed her fortune in my hands as a test of her sincerity, I would abandon Mary and marry her. She agreed but no sooner the riches came into my possession than I began plans to elope with Mary. She was, of course, reluctant at first but such was her love for me she at last agreed and we went and lived in a far off place. For a few months I lived extravagantly intoxicated as I was with the power of wealth which had come into my hands so easily but soon I got tired of that life and I returned to my village with Mary. I had every hope that I would be able to retrieve the past and find an honoured place in the community. About the woman I had wronged I had no regrets.

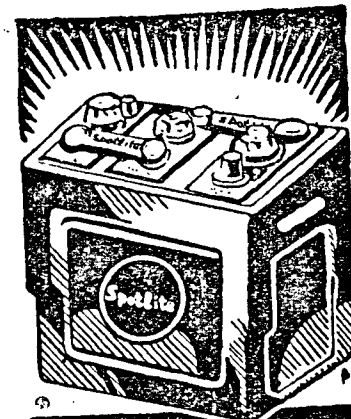
"A few weeks after our return Mary gave birth to a boy and my joy knew no bounds. But that was not to last for long. For, after a few days when I returned home in the evening I found the house a heap of ruins and I was told that Mary and the child had perished in the flames."

"The neighbours who had gathered round the place sympathised with me. They told me that the fire had gone far by the time they noted it and they couldn't save Mary. I was grief stricken and went to a hotel for shelter for the night."

"But hardly had I entered my room when a lady was announced and I found she was Mr. F. Edward," she said in a tone that chilled me to the bone, "coward, traitor and a cheat! I have avenged myself to-day. It was I who set fire to your house. But you can't convict me because here is no proof. Now know your doom. Go forth and preach with lying lips those lessons of virtue and morality but go wherever you will you will have no rest. I will be there to remind you of your felony. Even when I am dead I will haunt you wherever you go and preach with your lying lips." So saying she turned and left me. The next day I left the place and I have been wandering but wherever I had gone she had come and attended my service to remind me of my treachery to her. I had never known a moment of rest or peace. I had tried hard to shake her vigilance but never succeeded."

The rector who heard this strange story said, "Mrs. F. had died of apoplexy soon after you had left and I myself pronounced the funeral service over her remains."

Mr. H. entreated the vicar to take him to the grave of the woman he had wronged and



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when they reached the place requested that he be left there alone for a while to say a prayer. The vicar left him there and returned home but when he found that Mr. H. had not returned even in the evening, he went to the graveyard and he found him lying beneath some bushes. His body was as cold as marble. His spirit had fled.

TIMELY EXCUSE

A man reprimanded by his employer for chronic unpunctuality, gave this ingenious excuse: "Well, sir, you've trained me so thoroughly about never watching the clock here at the office that I've lost the habit at home."

He who commences many things finishes but few.—An Italian proverb.

If fools went not to market, bad wares would not be sold.
—A Spanish proverb.

THE PATH OF GOD LIFE

VELANDAI

His Holiness Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam in one of his Madras lectures said:

Each one of us know to the full extent the mistakes and sins committed by him or her. Outsiders become aware of only a fraction of these faults and criticise us for that. We try to hide our faults before others and to show off only our merits. Sometimes, we even shed tears over our faults. There is no use of merely weeping. On the other hand we should remind ourselves of our faults at the end of each day and pray to God to give us strength to resist evil thoughts and deeds and to help us not to repeat the mistakes we have committed. It is human to err or to slip from the right path. A man who has swerved from the right path is called *patita* and the Tamil expression in respect of a woman who has erred is *cherukki*, one who has slipped. We must overcome this tendency to slip and rise to the noblest heights of virtue. This can be achieved only by praying to God in a spirit of repentance. Even if one in hundred succeed in rising to that height he will be an ornament to the entire community and a beacon light to society.

When adversities befall us, we blame God and complain that He is blind to our misfortunes. But if we indulge in a little introspec-



tion we will realise that our faults are so much that we are utterly unworthy of His grace and that 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 ability 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.

Take the incident of Saint Manickavachagar who made the dumb daughter of the Bhuddhist king of Ceylon respond in verses to his philosophical questions before Sri Nataraja of Chidambaram. This saint was able to convince the king that the ultimate end was not *nirvana* or state of nothingness, but Siva or God. The saint illustrated this with the help of *vibhuti* or sacred ashes. When any object is consumed by fire it becomes charred. If that black residue is burnt again it becomes white ash. White ash continues to remain white even if burnt again. This shows that white is the ultimate and black is proximate to it. Science tells us that diamond and coal are one. White and black are not mentioned in the seven primary colours. So white and black are not colours. The primary colours get separated from the objects to which they are attached when subjected to the test of fire and the objects themselves turn black and ultimately white. Similarly in the mental and spiritual plane, the ultimate reality is Siva who is white and proximate to him is Parvati who is dark. When we test everything in the fire of *jnana* or true knowledge, the residue is white Siva. Ash in the material plane correspond to Siva in the spiritual plane. We smear our bodies with sacred ash to remind ourselves of Siva and that the

ultimate goal of life is Siva.

Shila or right conduct which is necessary for the ultimate realisation of Siva has to be acquired through the process of *anusthana*, discipline etc. All these actions done in a spirit of dedication to God, enable us to keep our hearts clean and single pointed (*chitta*, *suddhi*, and *ekagrata*). It is only in such a heart that God presents Himself. We secure a good reflection only in a clean and steady mirror. Everything must be burnt in the fire of *jnana*. If we regressively trace the cause of things, we will find that one eternal substance is the sole and universal cause of all the variety and multiplicity of this world. It is to symbolise that ultimate that we put on *tiruman* signifying the earth, the source of all vegetarian and animal life, of *vibhuti*, the substratum of all material objects. The *tiruman* worn vertically tells us to strive to reach the heights of spirituality. The *vibhuti* worn all over reminds you that everything is *Siva mayam*. To obtain the grace of God *Karmanushtana*, *shila*, *upasana*, and *gnana* are necessary. We must acquire these means to moksha and foster them in our children. Thus you can obtain the grace of the Supreme Mother and be happy here and hereafter. Doing our appointed tasks, filled with love, let us burn all our troubles and desire in the fire of *jnana* and be happy in the consciousness of the abiding grace of the Supreme.

He that has one hog makes him fat ; and he that has one son makes him a fool.

MESSAGE OF THE NINE YOGIS

When Emperor Nimi performed a Yajna nine yogis appeared before him. The emperor put to each yogi a question and was answered. In the last October issue four of the questions were given. Below we give the rest.

G. KRISHNAMURTHY AIYAR, B.A., B.L.

NIMI: Please tell me what is meant by realisation of Brahma otherwise known as Narayana?

SAGE PIPPALAYANA: Brahma is the cause of causes. It is the first cause of all creation. It is living chaitanya which creates, maintains and destroys the universe and that is found animating the three conditions of sleep, wakefulness and dream in man's mind. It is this chaitanya that enlivens the body, senses, and heart of all animate world. This you must know as Brahma. It is not easily understood by our mind nor is it debatable by words of srutis. It is above the perception of senses. Words are but an array of sounds and a sound cannot produce the knowledge of Brahma. It is without gunas and attributes cannot touch it. It has no beginning or end, neither birth nor death. It never derogates from its originality. It is neither inferior nor superior to any object. It is immanent and permanent. When one sleeps and awakes, the consciousness that he slept soundly survives. So also when the names and forms in the universe are found to be unreal by a logical discussion, the mind realises the ultimate reality as truth. It is the eternal life that animates all lives. Nei-

ther time, space nor matter can limit it. When everything is negated the negation itself must have an ultimate object and that is what is called Brahma. When man gets rid of all three gunas his mind becomes pure by devotion. He realises the truth.

Question No. 6

NIMI: Will you expound to me the rationale of Karma Yoga? I put this question to the sages, that is the sons of Brahma the Creator. They kept quiet and did not answer me. Will you tell me also the reason why they did so?

AVIRHOTRA: This subject of Karma Yoga is a very difficult one. Karma is of three kinds: (1) action; (2) inaction; and (3) wrong action. The scope and ambit of each have no defined limits. Even sages therefore get bewildered when this question is put. The Vedas prescribe rituals and actions so that one may free himself from bondage by performing the Vedic acts. If one does not act up to the command of the Vedas, he slides into wrong path and is condemned to hell. One who performs the rites and rituals enjoined in the Vedas with a sense of detachment, secures for himself an eternal place in the Kingdom of Heaven. Initia-

ted by a preceptor you must worship God either in an image or in your own heart. At the time of worship you must feel one with Him and by pure and selfless devotion attain His blessings. Worship of God and contemplation will release the soul and help you to realise the Atman.

Question No. 7

NIMI: Please narrate the Avatars of the Lord in the several yugas.

DHRUMILA: We can count the sands in the world; but one who attempts to narrate in detail the Avatars of the Lord is a veritable child who does not know the limits of his capacity. It is impossible to do it because the avatars and gunas of the Lord are endless and innumerable. As a Hamsa he spoke about Atma Yoga. He manifested Himself as Dattatreya, as Kumara, as Vrishabha and as Hayagriva. God Hayagriva recovered all the Vedas which were devoured by an asura. As Manu he codified the laws, as Ela he discovered the herbs for us, as a fish he protected Satya-vrata and endowed on him the knowledge of the Vedas. Then as Varaha, Tortoise, Mohana, Vamana, Narasimha, Parasurama, Rama and Krishna, the Lord relieved mother earth from her distress. Many are the miraculous deeds of the Lord and we must remember them with gratitude.

Question No. 8

NIMI: Even the best of men do not worship Hari in this age. Their desires have no end nor their senses

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are under control. Why?

CHAMASA: God created four varnas and four asramas and endowed men with sastras and rules for guidance. He manifested Himself in several forms as Avatars so that all may enjoy His qualities, and become devoted to Him. If in spite of all this there is aversion of God and His qualities there is something definitely wrong with men. Fools in Kali Yuga may think that they are pundits. And even though they are forced to realise the presence of God in their daily actions and the fruits of their deeds, they will not admit the truth in public and will refuse to listen to the voice of God and Vedas. They cannot be brought

under the law of the Vedas. The wisest thing will be to disregard them and treat them with indifference. We must sympathise with them and pity such people. They are injuring their own souls and impeding the growth of culture. Their minds are under delusion.

Question No. 9

NIMI: Please tell me in what form, colour, and name God is worshipped in the four yugas and especially how He is worshipped in this Kali age.

KHARABHAJANA: There are four yugas: Krita, Treta, Dwapara, and Kali. In Krita Yuga God assumed white form clothed in the bark of trees, sat on the deer skin, manifested Himself with four arms and bore earthen pot and ascetic staff. People were good at heart without envy or hatred and were animated with a sense of equality. They did penance by conquest of senses. People worshipped God as Hamsa. They introspected and found the Atman within themselves. The names of God were (1) Hamsa; (2) Suparna; (3) Vaikunta; (4) Iswara; (5) Purusha and (6) Paramatma. In Treta Yuga God manifested Himself in red colour, His head

covered with golden hairs and His four arms bore the utensils necessary for rituals and sacrifices. God was worshipped by people as God of yajna by Vedic mantras and he was praised by the name of Vishnu, Hiranyagarbha, Vrishakapi, Urugaya etc. In Dwapara God exhibited Himself as Vishnu with four arms in white silk with the Srivatsa mark. Then He was praised by the four names of Vasudeva, Sankarshana, Pradyumna and Aniruddha. Now, in Kali age, people praised Him only by names. The worship of God mainly consists of nama-sankirtanam. Rama and Krishna are considered as embodiments of truth and dharma. Even sages praised Kali yuga as the best of yugas because without penance, meditation and worship of form the devotees realise God by merely pronouncing the name of God. It is easy therefore to please God and receive His blessings in this age. Only we must devote some time for His nama-sankirtanam. Even if we err, He is sure to correct us and lead us in the right path. We will deserve His mercy if we invoke His name. That is the only prayer that men can offer to God in Kali Yuga. Nimi was satisfied with the answers and he attained heaven.

DRUNKEN PIGS

A railway worker in France was astounded to see snorting, hiccupping pigs staggering out of a carriage. Hastily he called in a vet. "Blind drunk," decided the vet when the police had taken charge of the disorderly characters.

Examining the train the police found that the pigs' truck had been shunted violently at some point of the journey smashing open the pigs' cages and two barrels of the finest Bordeaux wine. The pigs were delighted; they guzzled the lot!

MOON CITY OF THE FUTURE

Science is progressing so fast that in thirty or forty years hence, it may bring about many wonders which to day seem just fantastic!

What discoveries may be expected in the next 30 or 40 years the uses of atomic energy? We believe that physicists will succeed in bringing about smooth and gradual hydrogen reaction. While today the energy of split atoms can be compared to a violet, in hydrogen reactions, where the light atoms of hydrogen do not split but merge, a whole river of energy will be generated, says Professor K. Stanyukovich of U.S.S.R.

A perfectly new kind of energy, much more plentiful, will also be in use. It will be from the newly discovered anti-particles.

Practically every particle making up the atom and its core—the nucleus—has an opposite anti-particle. For instance corresponding to the proton is the anti-proton. When two such particles collide they explode, so to speak, and their matter almost completely is converted into energy. Anti-particles therefore have a brief lifetime.

Scientists have learned to produce these particles artificially. Perhaps in the future it will be possible to produce complete anti-atoms, to create "anti-matter," and it is not beyond possibility that this anti-matter exists in large quantities in the remote stellar worlds. And is it not the collision of matter and

its "enemy"—anti-matter—that offers the explanation for the cosmic catastrophes resulting in the colossal cosmic radiations, the source of which is not yet known exactly?

Artificial cosmic blasts could be the source of a fabulous amount of energy. By placing a stock of anti-matter on one of Jupiter's satellites and building on it a combustion chamber, people will get a source of energy enabling them to travel to the stars at a speed that is inconceivable today. The satellite will become a rocket, and since its mass is very great it will be enough for people to return to the stars for many years.

What we have told here is no fancy. The engine described by us, to use matter and anti-matter, is the most powerful possible in principle. This has been proved theoretically, and by the end of the century its design will be worked out theoretically and in the next century scientists will be thinking of building it.

Space Travel

A moon city is a definite possibility in the next few years, says another Soviet scientist. What will this city look like? Here is how he visualises it:

A hermetically-sealed automobile swiftly drives us away from the rocket landing field to the

sluice gate entrance of the Moon city.

Our car enters the city covered by a mammoth glass roof. Air is missing on the Moon and for this reason the city is located in one of the Moon's craters and roofed in with glass. Artificial air circulates under the giant hood. The glass is of particular quality. It not only lets light through but also retains the heat rays of the sun. This accumulated heat may be used to run refrigerators, air-conditioning and air-cleansing systems and to charge electric batteries.

Why is all this necessary? The answer is that the Moon has gone over to "self-service." For instance, delivering a loaf of bread to the Moon from the Earth would cost the same on the Moon as a loaf made of gold. It is more advantageous, therefore, to set up different types of production on the Moon. Moreover, since the force of gravitation on the Moon is several times smaller than on Earth, an ordinary radish, for example, grows in size equal to that of a fig tree, and the shoots of an onion reach ten metres in length.

Solar and atomic power stations will help obtain aluminium on the Moon, smelt glass will produce oxygen and nitrogen from lunar minerals, heat the city during the lunar night which lasts for almost a month. It will be possible here to make synthetic fuel for rockets. Since the Moon is a convenient landing place for long-distance interplanetary flights, a large plant must be set up here for the construction of space ships. It is believed that

this enterprise will be putting out the first batch of space ships by 2,000 A.D.

x x x

Wealth from the Sea

Untold wealth from the industrial development of the oceans is predicted by another scientist.

Many substances, including nutritive substances, are found in greater abundance in the seas than on dry land. If, for example, you could extract all the gold contained in sea water, there would be so much of it on Earth that its value would not be greater than that of copper.

Take whales, for instance. From their size one would think that they would take years to attain maturity like elephants. But these "ocean elephants" mature and give off-spring in the second or third year of their life. Science has a very simple explanation for this exceptionally swift-growth of whales: the ocean is immeasurably richer than dry land in food, nutritive substances, vitamins.

On earth, plants have to protect themselves against heat and cold, extract moisture from the soil, fight against the wind, stretch towards the Sun. All their strength is spent on this and, usually only five to six per cent of the nutritive, useful mass of "land" plants remains to be used as food for man. In the sea different laws govern the growth. Here, plants do not need firm stems, big roots or other protective devices. Seaweeds, unlike land plants, consist almost entirely of soft organic substances,

which can be used as food. The conditions in the ocean are ideal for the life of plants: nourishment from the surrounding water, and a favourable temperature. It is not in vain that life on Earth originated, apparently, in the warm ocean lagoons.

No land plant contains so high a concentration of vitamins as marine organisms. Particularly rich and nutritive is the animal and plant life known as plankton—minute plants and animals floating in large masses in the upper layers of the water. It is interesting to note, incidentally, that in its nutritive properties, vegetable plankton is extremely close to the best sort of hay.

If you cut down the trees in a forest glade and plant young saplings, it will take them forty years to reach their prime. But in the ocean, the organisms which form the basic mass of the vegetation of the globe yield fifty generations in one year!

Now it should be clear why whales grow up not in forty years but in one or two. They obtain plentiful nourishment from the oceans. And whales are no exception, but only a graphic example. Thousands of such examples could be cited.

Sharks are supposed to be the most voracious amongst fish. But it appears that the largest sharks have ceased to be predatory. Like the whales, they feed on plankton by drawing in water and filtering it. The forefathers of the sharks were indeed predatory. But none of them were of such a size as the present, 16-

For Freshness and
Flavour

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(Opp. Kandaswamy Temple)
MADRAS-3

metre-long giant sharks peacefully feeding on plankton in the ocean pastures...

Such is the strength of nature. Such are the means with which man also could work miracles.

x x x

Artificial Suns

Cities in the future may be illumined by artificial suns. Invisible high frequency rays will be sent high up which in turn activate incandescent gases of the atmosphere giving off brilliant light illuminating thousands of miles below.

x x x

Singing Flames

Singing flames may replace the radio in the not distant future. When current passing through a radio set is sent through a high frequency burner, the flame flickers and emits sound like a crystal. The principle can be made use of to build a compact device to give both light and radio broadcasts!

Children when little make parents fools, when great, mad.

THE GREAT CRASH OF 1929

There has been a recession in American market and consequent increase in unemployment but most observers feel that it is only a temporary phase and that business will boom again.

This recession recalls to one's mind the great financial crash of 1929, nearly eleven years after the first world war, when huge industrial empires crashed as if hit by H-bombs! A vivid account of this great tragedy is given below from a London weekly:

A man ran from the New York Stock Exchange weeping hysterically. Then he rushed to the window of his twentieth-floor office—and jumped.

A broker phoned his wife to bid farewell because they were ruined. Then over the wire she heard the revolver shot as he attempted suicide.

The date was October 24th, 1929, the first panic day of the Great Crash of the New York stock market.

The crash smashed millionaires and errand-boys. *Before the crash* William Durant, one-time rival of Henry Ford, had a stock-market turnover of £250,000,000. *After the crash* he was scrubbing floors.

Before the crash a big furniture store couldn't get a caretaker. All the likely applicants—boot-blacks, retired policemen, cleaners—had joined the fever for stocks and shares. *After the crash* the furniture store advertised again—and 3,000 people applied for the job.

Among them were ex-bank officials, insurance managers,

accountants. Three of the applicants had once owned furniture stores themselves.

For years small investors had been scrambling for profit on a boom-tide of mounting prosperity. Then, as now, shares soared to record peaks. The little folk sold their grand pianos—and watched a £100 investment swoop to £600.

But prices started falling. Then suddenly investors realized the down-swing was not another of the innumerable up-and-down swings of recent years—and everyone started selling.

In a day seventeen million shares changed hands—and the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors unable to cope with the torrential selling.

Anxious crowds jammed the streets. Angry mobs stormed the brokerage offices, smashing doors and windows. Clients who had bought shares on a credit margin could not pay their brokers. Brokers could not repay their bankers.

Next day six great banking men took the floor, buying courageously, striving hour by hour to stem the avalanche.

Andrew Mellon, Secretary to the Treasury, saw his personal fortune vanishing at £1,000,000 a day. George Baker, Chairman of the First National Bank, licked his wounds after losing £9,000,000 in five days.

Meanwhile police and ambulances fought the fantastic wave of would-be suicides—the men and women leaping from the

Brooklyn Bridge. Follies girls who had lost their savings preferred to leap from top-floor windows. One man tied a wire to himself and threw it over a power line.

But the slide went on. Men were millionaires at breakfast and paupers at supper. During the week-end lull a mad buying wave began in the shops as “security investors” tried to turn uneasy money into goods. Then came Black Monday, the worst day of all. Sixty thousand investors were ruined. No less than £4,000,000,000 had gone “over the cliff.”

But it was months before the Stock Exchange returned to normal dealing and years before the world recovered from the creeping sickness of depression. The run on the banks began. Within two months the £50,000,000 privately owned banks of the United States closed its doors.

Weeping women and angry men gathered outside every branch office. Ultimately 4,000 small banks were forced to close and 5,000 others were saved only by government action.

One branch manager pacified his clamouring mob of customers by engaging a local band to play to them as they waited. Lively dance tunes put them in a rather better humour.

Another bank stemmed the tide by a continual service of armoured cars which plied to its branches with sacks of money. The show of strength allayed the disquiet of depositors.

In New York an old theatre was brought into use as a huge dormitory for men who could no longer afford the rich apartments

THE LEADING TONIC OF THE DAY

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Cures constipation, Brain fag,
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in which they had lived only a month or two before. A charitable society found that of every 1,000 applicants on its books, 250 had formerly enjoyed an income of £20,000.

Typical was Richard Schwab who speculated in grain shares. He had owned a winter home in Florida, a swanky apartment in Chicago. Soon he was glad of a Salvation Army bed.

The ravages spread until America had 12,000,000 unemployed. Millions of families lived on barter. Towns established coupon currencies and issued coupons in return for road work. In Britain there were 3,000,000 on the dole and an extraordinary dirge swept the world, the theme song of depression, “Brother, can you spare a dime?”

In contrast, one of the world's leading jewellers advertised a half-price sale. Diamond necklaces were reduced from £16,000 to £8,000. One of the bargain-hunters, Mrs. Hope Chandler, kept her necklace until 1952 when it was sold for £27,000.

Yet the death-roll among the millionaires continued. George Eastman, the camera king, shot himself. The great Sam Insull was powerless to prevent the collapse of his £ 300,000,000 electricity empire. By 1932 he was penniless and hunted by detectives who wanted him on bankruptcy violation charges. Within a few months he was dead.

In France came the Stavisky crash. Another section of the

world's financial empire collapsed in fraud and ruin. As an offshoot, Paul Poiret, one-time fashion dictator of the rich, found himself wiping glasses as a bartender. The bar was owned by the beautiful Regine, who was once his chief mannequin. She had put her savings into a stocking instead of investing them.

Such was the great crash, the end of a period. Will it occur again?

CANARA BANK LTD.

For the year ending Decemher 31, 1957, the Canara Bank has made a profit of Rs. 15'67 lakhs. After making the usual provisions, the profit available for distribution is Rs. 11'67 lakhs and the directors have recommended the following appropriations :

Provision for income-tax, Rs. 7'30 lakhs; bonus to staff, Rs. 1'90 lakhs; dividend on 5% preference shares, Rs. 52,500; dividend to ordinary shareholders, free of tax, at 10%, Rs. 1'50 lakhs; leaving a sum of Rs. 44,767 to be carried forward.

The deposits of the Bank have recorded an increase of over Rs. 3'52 crores and now stand at Rs. 17'84 crores. The reserve fund has been increased by Rs. 8 lakhs and stands now at Rs. 40 lakhs.

During the year, the authorised capital of the bank has been raised from Rs. 50 lakhs to Rs. 1 crore; and during 1958, 42,000 ordinary shares of the bank of the face value of Rs. 50/- each aggregating to Rs. 21 lakhs, will be issued at a reasonable premium of Rs. 15/- each. The issue is being offered to the existing shareholders of the bank and to its confirmed employees. This issue will bring the paid-up capital of the bank to Rs. 50 lakhs by the end of 1958.

x

x

x

FINED FOR KISSING

On New Year's Eve, Mrs. Olga Ferdens, gazing through the window of her New York flat, spotted a handsome constable on his beat. And her secret yearning proved too much for her.

With a cry of joy, she tottered downstairs on her high-heeled shoes, flung her arms round the astonished officer and kissed him passionately.

"I'd been wanting to do that for a whole year," she told the judge with evident satisfaction later when she was hauled in court.

"Disgraceful!" he commented. "Two dollars fine."

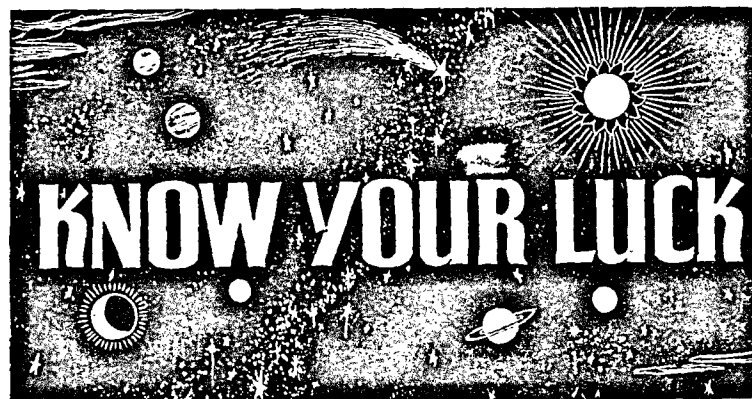
"Gee! It was sure worth it!" chuckled the delighted defendant.

x

x

x

Choose none for thy servants who have served thy betters.



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planetary positions envisage

Aswani
Bharani
Krithika

more favourable influences from this month onwards. Sani

in the 8th house which has created a deadlock in many of your affairs financial, physical and professional, enters the 9th house for good from the 8th. This is an encouraging feature from the depressing conditions of your life in the past. Greater encouragement in your profession in particular will be the special feature of the month. Financially the month indicates greater conveniences than before. Since Sukra, the lord of your finance, is retrograding till the 18th, it will be advisable for you to be alert in matters concerning financial affairs. Any delay that there may be will be to your advantage. Unexpected financial advantages may accrue to your surprise thereafter. Position of Guru should go a long way to improve your affairs in general, promoting your

interests in your projects.

Domestically this month may prove more harmonious and happy than before. The aspects of planets to the 4th house may necessitate a house-move in a few cases. Investments will be auspicious. Officially this month holds out high hopes of your being patronised by your department. You will rise to higher status in official life. Business men will also find greater conveniences. Partnership will prosper.

1, 3, 5, 7, 14, 16, 18, 20, 23, 25, 29 are all lucky days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

With the exception of Surya's and Lagnadhipathi

Kritikai,
Rohini &
Mrigashira

Sukra's positions other planets are not favourably configured for your affairs in general.

Major planets in the 6th and 8th do not augur well and may cause unexpected depression mentally,

physically and domestically. Your ruler Sukra being retrograde till 18th does not prove optimistic as to improvement of your affairs. Surya in the 1st half in the 9th house does not help your mental peace on account of your own troubles in the domestic and outside activities. Some trouble or other if not already existent, is envisaged in this month. Financially Budha who enters the 9th house on the 2nd of February may slightly improve your financial conveniences to some extent. Money may come from a distant place or from companies or elders. Second half may be more successful in financial matters. Your friends may come to your rescue in money matters. Officially second half is brighter than the first. There may be change of duties for the better. You will also enjoy your boss's confidence and appreciation in the second half. Domestically this month may not prove better than the last. Unnecessary excitement may prevail and differences may arise with members of the family if you don't try to avoid the same by your studied patience and forbearance. Business people may not find this month a successful one for profits. Planet in the 8th may rather indicate sudden loss and misdirected business venture. It is safer to do business to some extent in the second half rather than in the 1st half. Foreign business may be attempted in the 1st half. Partnership will not prove successful.

2, 7, 8, 15, 16, 17, 23, 25, 27 are better days.

●
MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

With planets in the 8th and Mangal in the 7th, 1 Mrigashira you may not find 2 Ardras & 3 this month more 4 Punarvasu favourable than the last. Obstacles or health trouble will overtake you particularly in the first half. Avoid excitement over affairs over which you have no control. Your friends may not act honestly towards you. Some of your old business matter and old friends whom you have neglected as being not useful will now be found useful and advantageous in the onward march of your important undertaking. Guru and Sani being the major planets aspecting your rasi are calculated to offer you unexpected advantageous terms in the outlook of your life slowly and gradually. It is up to you to take advantage of the same as and when you find them worthy in your line of activities. Financially this month may prove slightly better from the second half onwards. Unexpected fluctuation may be also envisaged on account of Mangal's position. Mangal, your lord of friends and gain, is growing stronger and proving more helpful to you than ever. Consequently your circle of friends will be widened and you may also be patronised by some of them. But two of them in particular may not come up to your expectation as they may treat you fraudulently against which you may take great care. Domestically you may not be happy. Your wife may not keep fit as her health is seen deteriorating or in a few cases there may be inharmonious at home. Children may not make your life happy. Second

half may prove better for journey and for success in journalistic pursuit or publication work. Officially you may fare better than before. But avoid friction with higher-ups. Business men will find obstacles in their business on account of malefics in the 7th house. Slow and steady business without the element of risk may perhaps prove more advantageous and fruitful. Partnership will be under troubled waters.

1, 5, 14, 17, 20, 25, 27 are better days.

● KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

In spite of obstacles and hindrances in the way of your undertakings 1 Punarvasu 2 Pushya & 3 Ashlesha in the work-a-day world, this month radiates greater benefic influences for your affairs in general. Surya's position in the 7th will bring you into the forefront particularly in the first half. From the second half onwards Sukra becomes direct in motion and makes it easy and convenient for you to achieve the cherished objects in view. It gains you more money, more help from your friends and relatives and also helps any marriage negotiation to become successful. The financial lord Surya in conjunction with Sukra, the lord of gain, forming a Dhanalabhadhipathi Yoga is a favourable testimony for your financial convenience and improvement. Sudden money may be your good luck. Friends will extend their help to you and make your life socially happy and gay. Sani in the 5th house transits to the next house on the 8th in which time

you may have some domestic worries overwhelming your mind. Budha will step into the 7th house on the second when he will be conjunct Sukra and square Guru, enabling thereby to come in contact with men of influence who may groom your future to be brighter. Officially this month's planetary position seems to improve the harmony in home circle which has been a source of anxiety and trouble in the past. Your eye sight may be disturbed during the month. Expenditure will be high beyond your expectation. Merchants will have better business turnover yielding more profits than before. Unexpected finance may be achieved in the second half in their business speculation. Partnership may undergo a favourable change at the end of the month.

3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25 are good days.

● SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary positions don't seem to be encouraging during this month. 1 Makha, 2 Poorvaphalgun and 3 Uthara-Phalguna Planets in the third, fourth and fifth are not conducive to your happy turn of mind regarding your affairs about children, wife, your own health and your activities outside. More pain than gain seems to be the slogan of the month. Your ruler Surya coursing through the 6th house tries to settle good many pending affairs about your profession, your connection with relations and your liquidation of troubles through your own people. The aspects of four planets to the 12th do not forbode a

tanquil flow of life on account of troubles that have arisen by your own action. More secret enemies are at work against you than before making you restive and excited over affairs over which you have no control. Financially the month seems to be one of high fluctuation causing you to raise hand loans where necessary in the course of the month. The last week is more encouraging and financially convenient in money angle. There may be opposition felt in the last week. Your success therein is also ensured. Marriage problem, if any, can be solved in the second half of the month if not in the first. One of your old enemies will pursue you in your weak moments but no danger is seen ahead. New knowledge and experience will be gained in the second half. Domestically you may enjoy better in the second half. An investment seems to be more probable then. Officially last quarter of the month is more encouraging though you may suffer some disappointment earlier. Merchants will find this month speculatively disappointing. The last quarter may be more successful. Partnership will improve after the 18th. 4, 5, 7, 8, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 27 are good days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary configuration shows predominance of benefic influences towards your affairs in general. Guru in the 2nd accents general tone of success and in the progress line of least resistance in your life's activities.

The solar course through the 5th house in the first half makes you thoughtful, anxious and at times depressed though ultimate success is achieved. You may hear a good report from your relations or you may have chances of meeting them if not already during the last month. Second half is more favourable than the first one regarding the success of your undertakings. Financially there may be pressure; yet, enough money will be forthcoming to meet all your obligations and demands. Expenditure is seen increasingly felt. Avoid financial dealings as far as possible. The lord of finance Sukra becomes direct in motion from the 18th along with Guru already having become direct. This helps your financial prospects to be enjoyed and the plan thereof successfully implemented. Domestically Mangal in the 4th and Sani also in the 4th from the 8th of February may not help to make your life harmonious and carefree. Any dealings on land may become a realised success. Your general health may not be good in the course of the month. Extra heat in the system is noticed generating in the course of the month. Officially Guru's aspect might avoid the temporary disappointment caused by Mangal in the 10th house. Some records trouble may temporarily cause you worries. Merchants will find this month more encouraging and lucrative than before. They will be more speculatively inclined in the first half. New ventures may be undertaken in the second half. Partnership may labour under some unexpected disadvantages.

3, 7, 8, 9, 16, 17, 18, 21, 25, 26, 27 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

This is an important month as to your affairs at home and outside. ½ Chitra Swathi and ½ Vishaka Guru in your rasi emphasises a special accent of progress in your work-a-day world. It portends a crucial period where your work plan and money affairs are concerned. The month reveals the alignment of current affairs making you more delightful in your activities. You require greatly the support and team work of those around you for the success of your cherished objects. The solar course through the 4th house refers to your residential affairs over which you are much concerned. Your friends and relations with whom you are socially happy and your special interest over future affairs are now engaging your attention especially in the second half. Your ruler Sukra is retrograding till the 18th causing some delay and hindrances in the progress of the work before you. Thereafter he becomes direct making it easy and successful in all your attempts in the line of least resistance. Financially Sani in the 2nd house may not prove helpful to secure the expected conveniences easily. His transit to the next house from the 8th is indicative of your financial facilities than before. Meanwhile help may be forthcoming through others who are rallying round you. Second half will be more convenient for gain of money through friends and relations. Domestically the month is more

comfortable and harmonious in the second half. Residential change may be found desirable in the first half. Officially planets in the 4th will be helpful to gain your cherished objects after some delay or disappointment. Merchants will be luckier in the second half. Partnership will be a success.

1, 4, 5, 8, 14, 16, 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, 27 are more favourable days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary positions are more constructive than before, with your ruler ½ Vishaka, Anuradha, & Jeshta in the second and Guru, the lord of wealth, in the 12th besides Sani's aspects to the 10th coupled with Surya in the 10th sign from Mesha. You must be in for a good change over professionally or vocationally if not already by last month. Your ruler in the house of wealth shows that you are under the grace and favour of a new boss or in a new centre. Guru, Sukra and Budha in mutual kendra will help you largely to overcome the obstacles that have been hindering your progress in the past. Surya in the 3rd is promoting your interests in writing, publication, and correspondence. You may not feel happy over affairs referring to your sisters and brothers. Financially Guru in the 9th in his own amsa, will gain you the necessary financial emoluments as per your expectation. Sudden money may not be altogether ruled out during this month, as indicated by the rela-

tive position of Guru and Budha. Domestically first half may be happier than the second. Second half onwards your outlook of life will be changed as to your residential problem and investment. Greater success is envisaged thereabouts. Influence of your mother which has been worrying you in the past will wane for some time to your advantage. One of your children will cause you some anxiety during this month. Officially better changes are envisaged. Avoid friction with your elders. Merchants will find this month not happily speculative. Old business may thrive and old partnership may get dissolved giving place to new partnerships.

1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 12, 14, 15, 17, 20, 23, 25, 27 are better days.

DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

Budha on your rasi entering the next house on the second itself coupled with malefic planets flanking on both sides of your rasi does not promise a successful month in your activities. Mangal on the rasi and Sani in the 12th may prove harmful to you by making you deal with wrong persons or tempting you with false hopes of progress. Mangal may also make you anxious about one of your children's health or affairs in general. Sani aspecting the second house from your rasi will result in disadvantage and accusation in matters of finance. Second half is better than the first. Even then, you ought to be very careful and

not be credulous about your surroundings as to your hopes and projected plans. Your ruler Guru is retrograding in the first half which may not help you financially. From the 16th when he becomes direct your financial position will improve and you will find optimistic surroundings. Guru, your ruler in the 11th house, and Sani in the 12th aspecting the 11th lord Sukra, may suddenly bring about some financial complications in a few cases and a sudden windfall in other cases according to the conditions of your dasa bhukthi. A journey may occur in the second half of the month. Eye patients should be careful while getting treated for the eye defects during the first half. Domestically, the month shows greater harmony at home in the second half. Investment may be made to your advantage. Car owners will be lucky in exchanging their cars for new ones. Officially better encouragement is envisaged. Merchants will be lucky in the second half. Unexpected profits may be envisaged during the month.

3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 13, 16, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 28 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

The only redeeming feature in the planetary set up during this month is the mutual position of two benefic planets viz. Sukra and Guru. Sani will enter the 12th house which will not be helpful to you as Sani along with Mangal already in the 12th may

bring about unexpected disappointment from friends and relations and also in respect of your residential quarters. If you are in for a house move you will do well to postpone it for next month. Your Lord Sani may suddenly cause you some financial gain just on the eve of his leaving the 11th house for the 12th house. Surya's position from the 2nd house from the 14th may improve matters regarding your financial affairs, favour from the higher ups and the relationship with near and dear ones. Writing, correspondence, and journey will be advantageous for you during this month. Domestically you may be slightly better after the first half. Avoid friction with elders, servants and others at home as otherwise you will be unnecessarily worried on this account. Your ruler being in the 12th house along with Mangal from the 8th may make you think wrongly in your undertakings. Sani makes you undertake activities which will not be liked by people at home and outside. Officially the month may not be very helpful there being misunderstanding, friction and delay in the realisation of your aspirations. Your boss will be prejudiced against you in the middle of the month when a change is expected in his attitude towards you for the better. Merchants will do well during the first half. New position may come up for consideration but great care and caution is necessary to carry it out. Partnership will not be helpful in the month.

1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 14, 16, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 26 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

The planetary alignment during this month

1/2 Dhanita radiates greater
Sathabhisha beneficial influ-
& 1/2 Poorva-ces over your
bhadra affairs. Guru in

the 9th is a distinct feature of your being patronised in your surroundings by your friends and admirers and higher-ups. Guru being the lord of the finance is a favourable testimony for your financial conveniences and solidarity. Planets in the 12th may cause heavy expenditure, particularly as your ruler Saturn in the 10th house aspects the planets in the 12th house. At the same time, Sani entering the next house which is your house of gain financially, indicates that your financial affairs will spurt up distinctly from the 8th onwards to your surprise. Money may be gained through many sources. Companies, offices and associations may be reckoned with in the matter of financial gain. Your relations also will help you and make your life happy and gay. Second half onwards when Surya enters your rasi aspecting by Guru he will make your life more optimistic and cheerful in all your attempts in the line of least resistance. Marriage negotiation where attempted may be successful. Husband and wife already separated, may rejoin under favourable auspices. In the case of already married people, the aspect of Sani to Surya, in the second half, may indicate disharmony and disturbed family life. Your children will cause you much anxiety. Domestically the month may be slightly better than the last one.

Officially the month is encouraging as there may be change of duties assigned to you or you may be transferred. Merchants will be more lucky in the second half. Foreign business will be more promising. Partnership may be under disturbed waters.

1, 4, 5, 7, 9, 13, 14, 18, 20, 23, 25, 28 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planetary configuration is favourable for your affairs during this month particularly in the first half. Your ruler Guru is the only planet in the unfavourable house viz. the 8th. Other planets are indicating favourable turn of affairs making your attempts more gainful and successful in your activities. The first half favours friends and friendships who may rally round you to your advantage. Second half onwards when Sani and Surya change their good positions, you may not feel so hopeful and pleasant in your life's

surroundings as before. Planets in the house which are inimically disposed towards each other may cause you anxiety about your job and bring some allegations against you by your enemies. A journey may occur in a few cases. Financially the month is promising in the first half more than the second. Mangal in conjunction with Sani, Lord of 2nd and 11th, may give you unexpected money through your friends or indirectly. Domestically first half is more harmonious and happy than the second. Avoid rupture with relatives at home or with higher ups outside. Officially this is not a month of any encouragement. Rather you may hear false rumours set afloat by your enemies. Believe not your enemies. Believe not your neighbours and colleagues. Merchants may find the first half more lucky than the second. Second half may cause some loss. It is safer for them to avoid any business then. Partnership will be prosperous.

1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 14, 16, 18, 20, 23, 25, 28 are better days.

RHINO HORNS

Rhinoceros horns, which are in great demand in China, have gone up considerably in prices. The horns are used to prepare pills and potions which are stated to give phenomenal courage to the users.

Every year nearly 200 pairs of rhinoceros horns reach the London market and a horn weighing about six pounds may cost about £ 50.

x x x

CAUTIOUS

"When I go to fancy dress halls," said a careful man to his friends, "I always dress as Napoleon. I can keep my hand on my wallet that way."

x x x

Dogs wag their tails not so much in love to you as to your bread.

QUEER MARRIAGE PROPOSALS

Believe it or not the average girl usually marries a man whose home is within half a mile of her own.

This is the view expressed by a statistician who has made a special study of British marriage records.

Some men, he says, are highly original in their methods of proposing. Two nineteen-year-old teenagers who had only known each other for four months took shelter in a London 'phone kiosk during a storm which interrupted their courting. Their breath made the glass steamy.

A minute later, the young man traced these words on the glass with his finger: "I love you, dear. Will you marry me?"

POTTER'S CLAY

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She unhesitatingly traced this reply on the glass, without uttering a word: "Yes, darling, as soon as you like."

A shy 22-year-old Midlander sent his pretty girl friend a gramophone and a single record anonymously some months ago. She played over the record and was amazed to hear his voice declaring undying love for her and begging her to marry him.

How could any romantic girl do anything but answer "Yes" to such pleading?

An attractive East Anglian brunette received two years ago five red roses. Attached to each was a tiny label bearing one word. The complete sentence read: "Will you be my wife?" The couple were wed within six months of the date of this unusual proposal.

THE DEAF BURGLAR

Breaking into a bottling plant, a 26-year-old man set off the burglar alarm. Yet he continued to ransack the place, paying no attention to the wildly clanging bell.

When the police arrived and pounced on him the crook explained that he had a severe business handicap. "I'm hard of hearing," he said.

WORLD SCHOLARSHIPS

A record number of fellowships and scholarships for foreign students—more than 75,000—is listed in the ninth edition of *Study Abroad*, the handbook on international educational opportunities published annually by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.

The book describes the scholarships and fellowships awarded by 83 countries. In 1956 there were an estimated 150,000 foreign students enrolled in 74 countries. The United States led the world in the enrolment of foreign students with a total of 36,494; followed by France with 16,877; the U.S.S.R. with 12,300; Argentina with 9,723. Leader of the Middle East was Egypt with 3,071 and Japan ranked first in Asia with 3,137.

What do students study when they go abroad? A Unesco survey of 36 selected countries showed that, of a total of 114,145 students, the humanities still held the lead, in 1955-56 with 26,342 students, as compared with 24,925 studying engineering. Medicine ranked third with 20,290, followed by the natural sciences, 13,034; the social sciences, 11,638; and law, 5,907.

YOUR DAILY SHAVE!

The average man spends some six months of his life gloomily scraping away 456 million unwanted whiskers from two square miles of skin. And the energy expended on it in a lifetime, some statisticians say, is enough for a ten-stone man to climb 764 nine-inch stairs! The average face has 40 square inches of shaving surface on which 25,000 whiskers grow at least a hundredth of an inch every twenty-four hours.

FOR SLIM WAISTLINE

According to Dr. Stanley Gilder, editor of the Canadian Medical Association Journal, single women and divorced women are slimmer than married women. Divorcees are the slimmest of all, but he doesn't recommend divorce as a means to slimming because the highest rate of suicide in North America is among divorcees.

The only successful way to reduce, according to Dr. Gilder, is to eat less than you want.

A Los Angeles woman claims the distinction of being the world's most married woman. She has so far married fourteen men, her first marriage being in her sixteenth year.

TIT FOR TAT

A married couple were reminiscing and the husband remarked: "By the way, I wonder what has become of the old-fashioned girls who fainted when a man kissed them?"

His wife gave him a withering look. "What I'd like to know," she retorted, "is what happened to the old-fashioned men who made them faint!"

TAKING NO RISKS.

"There are no two men in this world exactly alike," said a husband.

"Well, I wouldn't risk marrying again, anyhow," replied his wife.

"Yes, we went to see Niagara," said a man recently back from a trip to America. "And I must say it was a wonderful experience. What power there is in those Falls! My wife couldn't speak for nearly a minute."

Sitting at home, having a quiet evening, were two spinster sisters. Suddenly one looked up from the paper she was reading and commented: "There's an article here telling of the death of a woman's third husband. She's had all of them cremated."

"Isn't that life for you?" said the other. "Some of us can't even get one husband, while others have husbands to burn."

Forsythe was visibly distressed as he staggered into the clubhouse. "What's the matter?" asked a member sympathetically.

"I've just killed my wife," said Forsythe.

"Good Heavens! How did you do that?"

"I was over on the practice tee and didn't see her coming up behind me. I took a practice swing and hit her on the head. She dropped dead."

"That's tough," said the other member. "What club were you using?"



MAKING IT CLEAR

"Do you love me for myself alone, Charles?"

"Yes. And when we're married, I don't want any of the family thrown in."

Overheard: "Somebody once told her she had a nice profile, and she's been trying to live sideways ever since."

"Do you know, I'm half inclined to kiss you?"

"Oh, really. I thought you were merely round-shouldered."

Son: "Someone's been messing about in my bedroom."

Mother: "What do you mean?"

Son: "Everything up there is all clean and tidy."

Hubby: "In all the years we've known each other you've only once said, 'yes' when I've asked you for anything, and that was the day we got engaged."

QUICK RETORT

Father: "I can't have my daughter tied to an idiot for the rest of her life."

Suitor: "That is what I mean, sir—let me take her off your hands."

"What happened to that gem of a maid you had?"
"She left us for a better setting."

"Well," said an insurance agent to the newly-wed Angus, "now that you're married, I'm sure you'll want to insure your life."

The young husband was clearly puzzled, and paced the room for some moments deep in thought.

"Away with ye," said Angus, eventually. "She's not that dangerous."

A patient was being questioned by a psychiatrist.

"Tell me what you dream about at night."

"Cricket," replied the patient.

"Don't you ever dream about anything else?"

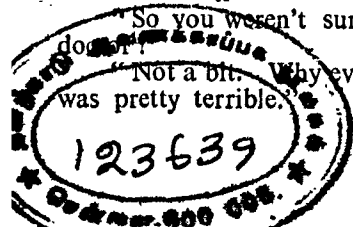
"No. I just dream about cricket, night after night."

The psychiatrist was puzzled. "You don't ever dream about girls?"

"What!" screamed the other. "And miss my turn to bat?"

"So you weren't surprised to hear that John had become a doctor?"

"Not a bit. Why even when he was at school his handwriting was pretty terrible."



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