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KAHANIYA

ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE



MARCH, 1958

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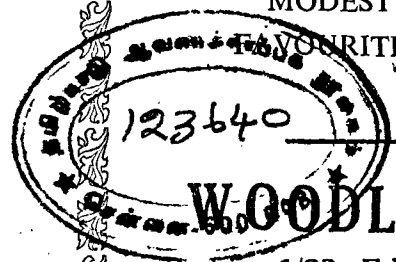
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THE PALMISTS

When Lata extended her palm to the palmist she never thought that he would be able to read all about her past. She had a secret which she thought no one would know.

By G. CHANDRASEKHAR

"If you are so very confident about the accuracy of your science then you should have no hesitation to accept my proposition. Here is Lata, my wife. Examine her palm and tell some significant facts about her past life. If you prove correct I will pay you your fee of Rs. 100. But....."

Sarat paused significantly looking at the two persons sitting opposite him in his luxuriously furnished drawing room. The two men addressed asked simultaneously, "But what?"

"Well, if any of your statements prove incorrect you will get nothing. Absolutely nothing. Is that understood?"

The two palmists smiled and nodded indicating that they were quite confident of winning that Rs. 100 from him.

Sarat had recently returned from England after completing his studies. His technical qualification had secured him a good job in a State sponsored indus-

trial concern. And like most foreign returned men he was rather sceptical about the science of astrology and palmistry. So was his wife Lata, whom he had married four years ago just on the eve of his departure abroad. His parents had insisted on his getting married before he left the shores of India. It was just a precaution his old fashioned parents had taken so that he may not return back with a foreign wife just as one of his cousins had done. In fact his marriage was fixed on the very day of his departure because the family astrologer could not find any other auspicious day and soon after the marriage was over he had taken the train to Bombay where he embarked on the ship.

Lata who was sitting beside Sarat extended her hand for the palmists to see. The elder palmist adjusted his spectacles and taking a magnifying glass peered at the palm. The younger man edged forward in his sofa and

after scrutinising the palm said, "Will you please write the name of your favourite flower on this piece of paper please?"

Lata smilingly took the piece of paper and wrote the word "Rose" on it. The palmists glanced at it, thought for a few minutes and began to count on the tips of their fingers. They then exchanged glances and the elder palmist began to speak:

"Madam, yours had been a happy childhood... You were quite an intelligent girl..... When you were twelve you were saved from drowning..... In your thirteenth year you had a serious illness..."

The palmist was speaking slowly in measured tones as if he was seeing the events he was describing, clearly etched in some mysterious way in her palm. The younger one sat silent but he was watching Lata's reactions. So also Sarat. He was quite sure that the palmist would commit some errors.

Lata who was in quite a jovial mood, at first was listening with great interest as the palmist read her past life. And as he droned on there was a perceptible change in her attitude. There seemed to be some lurking doubt, or, some secret fear in her heart which was reflected in her eyes. The elder man did not notice it but the younger one who was watching her was aware of it. And he was puzzled.

The old man was continuing: "When you were fifteen you passed your High School examination. Then you went to the college away from your parents and studied for four more years You were married

It was all arranged so suddenly"

There was a sudden tension in Lata and a careful observer would have noted that she was rather apprehensive of further revelations. What was the secret fear that was disturbing her? Was it some premonition that the palmist might reveal some secret that she wished to hide? Her brows contracted and she made a mute appeal to the younger man who was intently watching her.

Niether Sarat nor the elder palmist were aware of the intense struggle that was going on within Lata's mind. The elder man continued, "..... In your twentieth year your first child"

The palmist suddenly stopped. His son had made an urgent surreptitious sign and at the same time Sarat had intervened: "Enough, enough, you have been proved false....."

"I can say with confidence..." the elder man replied but he did not complete the sentence. His son again had made a warning sign not to proceed further. What had gone wrong? He was sure that his reading was correct. He gave a questioning look at his son and then glanced at Lata. One glance at her troubled eyes was enough to tell the shrewd man why his son had intervened.

"I will proceed with the rest of the predictions," the younger man said.

"No. I have tested your father. I do want to listen any more. Lata and I were married four years ago and I went abroad on the same day I was married. It was only a few weeks back after

my return that we have lived together. Now get out. You are clever tricksters....."

He patted Lata assuringly. "All these people are charlatans. They trade on superstitions, and bluff and deceit are their stock in trade. I am rather sorry that there is no law to put such people behind prison bars. Palmistry indeed! It is utter nonsense!"

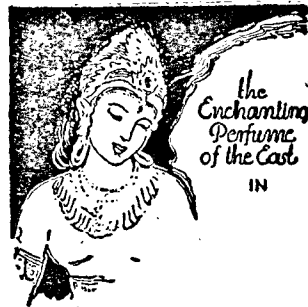
The two palmists got up. Their attitude was one of resigned submission and they did not show any resentment at the way they were being treated. They bowed in a dignified way and departed.

Night had fallen and in one of the rooms of Hotel Orient the two palmists were sitting on their beds facing each other.

"Your prediction was embarrassing to the lady. I was watching her and I could see the guilty conscience and the fear of exposure in her eyes," the son was saying addressing his father.

"I was at first puzzled why you were making frantic signs for me to stop. How could I know that the husband was away for four years? That woman must have had some affair with another man. Otherwise....."

There was some noise outside and a light tap at the door and both father and son stopped their conversation. The son who



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was nearer the door got up and opened it. There was no one there but he noticed a small white envelope thrust under the door.

He took it and opened it. In it was a hundred rupee note and a blank paper on which was written one word "Thanks". It was unmistakably in feminine hand. Both father and son looked at each other. They understood.

THE DAY'S WALK

As a shop assistant goes about his or her duties how many miles does he or she walk in the course of a day's work?

Tests conducted by a pedometer show that a shop assistant walks about eight miles a day. A waiter in a hotel does about fourteen miles a day, a nurse about thirteen miles a day, a bus conductor about the same distance, a housewife about four miles and a business executive about half a mile.

THE MALI

By P. VENKATESAN

The dawn had broken in all its splendour. The heavens, richly suffused with opulent amber red seemed to vie with the turbulent green of the young grass of the earth. The birds, earliest risers of nature, were merry giving their shrill wakening call. The mist still hung close and the icy drops of water on the petals of flowers and leaves half-curved in sleep, shone like jewels set in the ears of a sweet maiden. The ardent marigold chuckled in radiant pride at the sun's golden rays.

Chandan, the mali, had sold all his flowers and one alone was still left in his basket, a wreath of scarlet nenuphars. He was in no great hurry to sell this and hasten home. He needed a piece of silver yet, to buy for his beloved a pendant which he had promised he would buy that day. So he strayed now here, now there, giving his call "Flowers" intermittently.

As he turned the corner of the street anxious to meet a good bidder for his last wreath, an old man, who looked more of a mendicant, called him and asked: "Have you the jasmines Mali? I want the juno ones to offer them to Sadguru Baba."

"No, I've only one nenuphar garland," replied Chandan with chagrin. The old man also felt disappointed. For, nenuphars were rare flowers in that season. Further it was festival day. Only

jasmines grew in abundance then and a copper could procure a handful. Yet hoping against hope he pleaded his cause with Chandan and entreated him to accept the five coppers he had on hand then, but in vain.

The old man's face fell. The thought of his only child ailing in his home troubled him. He had walked twenty miles to have darshan of Baba and seek his blessings. And the ancient adage that one should not go with empty hands to the temple or saints, goaded him with misery.

"Where can I go for a silver Mali? O, where can I go? I've only a few coppers," he pleaded. But the Mali only evaded, saying, "Go elsewhere."

Just then a well-dressed youth came asking for flowers. "I shall buy your flowers," he said, "to offer to my Master. What price Mali?" Chandan wanted a piece of silver and said so. As the youth was opening his purse, a rich merchant clad in costly silk cloth came that way. He too was on his way to the shrine. He saw the flower garland and said within himself: "How greatly will Baba admire the flowers if offered to him! O, if only I've his grace my riches will multiply a million fold. Surely I'll offer the flowers to him." Instantly he said, "I shall buy those flowers. What price Mali, a piece of silver or two?"

The words fell on the ears of Chandan like magic and his greed grew ten fold. Taking back the garland from the hands of the youth to whom he had just sold it for a piece of silver he said: "Surely two silver pieces the garland will cost you," with hands folded. The youth also offered to pay two silver pieces lest he may not get the wreath and it was already late.

"I offer three," cried the merchant in indignation, his pride piqued.

They vied with each other to buy the wreath of nenuphars and some hot words were exchanged and the bids were increased. Devotees, men, women and children alike, were hurrying on to have darshan of the Master. As the two vied with each other for the garland of flowers Chandan's greed also grew in like proportion. But suddenly he thought within himself: "They wrangle for the flowers to offer to the master; suppose I offer them myself how much more shall I gain—perhaps a fortune! Aye, who knows? Baba is great!"

"Forgive me, pray," he said slyly, his palms joined and his head bent in supplication. "Why quarrel over the trifle of a garland of flowers? I'll not sell and become the cause of the wrangle."

And he walked away, leaving the two speechless, carrying the garland in his hands.

Under the shade of a tree Baba was sitting. At first sight he looked a bit coarse and rustic. But those eyes!

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All aches and
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Chandan saw and stood transfixed. He felt uplifted from the world. The purity of the Master's countenance who sat in all serenity and divine splendour seemed to charm him away from the chaffy desires and delusions of the world, from the greedy thoughts and travails of the mortal coil. In a word he felt like an angel with pinions sailing over the white fleecy clouds that raced in the empyrean and dissolved away in the distant trackless path of the wide heavens.

Then shaking himself from his reverie he made a deep obeisance unto the Master and flung himself

at his feet offering the flower garland. The Master was looking at him with infinite tenderness and then he smiled—a pure smile that was a sure sermon in itself.

“The worship is over. Why you’ve come at this late hour, Mali?” he asked with his divinely sweet voice.

“When others have gone, that is my time, Master,” answered the Mali in all reverence, bowing.

“What will you have as your reward?” The Master, then queried, smiling.

“What else but a speckle of dust from thy feet?” replied Chandan beaming with joy unspeakable. The Master looked at him, “Eh, ask something else,” he said with a smile on his face.

Lo! No dear face of his beloved wife waiting at the door-sill of his house for him to bring the pendant came in his vision, nor the greedy thoughts of accruing a large fortune unto himself rose in his mind! Instead, strange to say, the picture of the

old man and his only child ailing in his far off thatched hut swam and stood four square before his eyes. He turned his head and sure enough the old man was behind him standing with folded empty hands. The Mali exclaimed: “Master, pray, will you vouchsafe to cure the ailment of that poor old man’s only child for mercy’s sake? O! he hath no offering that is meet and hence stands afar bowing his face upon thy feet.”

“Your prayers are granted Mali.” The Master proffered his benison with a radiant smile and departed.

Chandan greeted the old man and made a present of his earnings that day to him and said: “Go back to your home, my friend and carry the blessings of the Master unto thy child.”

He then walked home happy at the thought that he had received the Master’s grace and that the old man would soon meet his child, who would no longer be ailing, but happy and gay.

FAIR CHANCE

When the coast of Florida was sparsely populated and hurricanes wrecked sailing vessels on its shores, people would hurry out and “salvage” all they could from damaged vessels.

One Sunday a small boy dashed into the church service to announce that another ship had just been beached. The congregation dashed like a tidal wave for the door, when the preacher intoned pontifically: “What! I have but ten more words to say to you.”

The impatient people shuffled restlessly, while the preacher walked to the door. Placing his hand on the door-knob, he said: “Now, let us all get off to a fair start.”

x x x

The morning hour has God in its mouth.—A German proverb.

x x x

The remedy for love is land between.

x x x

We are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed.

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

PARORI MURDER CASE

S. RAJAGOPALAN

Khublal, a day labourer, and his cousin Lakhan were living separately though in the same compound in Parori village, Sitamarhi, Patna.

On 21-9-1937 or thereabouts Khublal accused Mt. Jogia, wife of Lakhan of having stolen three rupees from his house. A Panchayat was held, and the Panchayatdars compelled Lakhan to pay it back to Khublal. This enraged Mt. Jogia, who swore against him and all the Panchayatdars.

On the morning of 3-10-1937, Chokra, Khublal’s son aged four, went out of his house. His parents believed that he had gone out as usual for playing with the

other boys. Khublal had also gone to his fields early and returned home about ten in the morning and took his bath and food. But, the boy did not return and the parents became anxious.

Khublal went in search of him and was told by one Mt. Rubia, who lived some 260 paces off him, that she saw Mt. Jogia take the boy towards the gachi, which was some distance away from her house. Khublal came back and accosted Mt. Jogia. She replied that she had turned the boy back from the gachi. He again went out in search of the boy. He met one Sant on the way, who informed him that he had heard

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the screams of a boy from the river which is to the further north, and that shortly afterwards, he had seen Mt. Jogia coming back from the direction of the river by the side of his guava gachi.

Khublal then proceeded towards the river and walked along the bank but still could not find any clue. Towards evening he met one Janak who told him that he had seen the body of a boy floating in the river. Khublal returned home without finding out any trace of his child.

He then went to see the Choukidar who could not be found instantly. He, however, met him in his house later and told his suspicions about Mt. Jogia. The Choukidar immediately went and arrested Mt. Jogia and proceeded to the Thaha alone leaving the woman tied to a cattle peg in the house of a friend Babulal. During the night, however, Babulal untied her, as she promised to make a confession.

The Sub-Inspector of Police came off the spot the following morning. He took Mt. Jogia exactly to the spot where from she said she had turned back the boy. He then went to the river bank and found some foot-prints on the way at different places which all appeared to lead towards the direction of the river. Further he found that the foot-prints leading to the river were those of an adult and a child whereas at the time of return from the river there were foot-prints only of an adult. At a certain place on the bank of the

river, he noticed only two foot-prints, one of an adult and the other of a child. The morning before he came, there had been rain in the village and the river was also in flood.

Whilst all these things were happening, in the afternoon the dead body of the boy was recovered from the river at a place $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 miles down stream from the supposed place of occurrence.

The body was sent up for post-mortem. The doctor could not say for certain the cause of death, at any rate no symptoms of death by drowning were noticed. The foot-prints were sent up to the expert and he also gave evidence which bore out the case for the prosecution that the boy had been accompanied by Mt. Jogia.

Mt. Jogia was chargesheeted for murder on 6-10-1937.

The evidence tendered at the trial showed (1) that two women Rupaiya and Phulbia saw her taking the boy to the gachi;

(2) that one Sant heard the screams of a boy from the river and saw Mt. Jogia hurrying back from the direction of the river;

(3) that as judged from the footprints, two persons had gone but one only had returned.

There was also the confession which Babulal stated Mt. Jogia made to him.

The Sessions Judge found her guilty and sentenced her to death.

The circumstances in the case, however, afforded reasonable doubt as to Mt. Jogia's guilt. Even the evidence given left one a little guessing. For instance neither Rupaiya nor Phulbia said

that they saw Mt. Jogia actually catching hold of the boy and drowning him. What was more probable was that the boy would have gone off there of his own accord for playing as he used to do and that Mt. Jogia too would have been there for collecting fuel. It was possible that the boy would have slipped and fallen into the river. As for Sant's story about the screaming of the boy, it was a fact that he did not choose to inform the boy's father at all about it especially when he was frantically searching for him. The foot-prints too were by no means decisive. There had been heavy rainfall in the region in the previous night and the river

also was flooded. Even otherwise they only showed that the woman and the boy had gone together but they did not warrant the belief that she had accompanied him right up to the bank. All things considered it seemed safer to conclude that the boy would have been drowned accidentally. Mt. Jogia would have possibly witnessed it, but it was reasonable to assume that if she gave out the information to his people, she would be the first person to be suspected, having regard to the previous enmity between them and her.

The High Court of Patna on appeal, therefore, acquitted her.

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The Chachatatutu & the Phoenix

The Chachatatutu is the smallest and ugliest of all the birds, while the most beautiful and noblest is the Phoenix.

Once upon a time a Chachatatutu laid three eggs in her nest in the grass. But every day, while she was out, a Pika, who lived in a hole nearby, trotted up to eat the eggs. Two had already gone. The poor Chachatatutu was very upset and flew off to the Phoenix, to lay an accusation against the Pika.

"Oh, Phoenix, queen of all birds!" said she, very sadly. "See how unfortunate I am! A wicked Pika has eaten two of the three eggs I laid. I've lost two lovely babies already, so I come to ask you to avenge my wrongs."

The Phoenix couldn't be bothered with a little Chachatatutu, no bigger than a thumb, and said testily: "Don't you know I'm very busy? How can you bother me with such a trifle? In any case, it's up to mother birds to look after their own babies. Certainly no one else will. It's you, yourself, who should guard your family."

The Chachatatutu became even more anxious when the Phoenix wouldn't attend to her trouble, and said: "But I came to you because you are the queen of the birds. Please don't look down upon me, and think I am making a fuss over a mere trifle. Even a trifle which is not settled properly

may some day cause a great disaster. If this should happen, don't blame me."

But the Phoenix lent no ear to her and only hummed and hawed.

The Chachatatutu was afraid that the Phoenix had not heard her, and said again, "Mark my words, when a trifle causes a real disaster some day, it's no good blaming me."

Still the Phoenix paid no attention at all and only mumbled impatiently again. The Chachatatutu could do nothing, so she flew away.

The Chachatatutu sadly went back to her nest. Full of hatred, she took a blade of grass and made it into an arrow. Then she perched on a branch of a nearby tree and waited, her eyes wide open for the greedy Pika to come again.

Sure enough, along he came to eat the last egg. The Chachatatutu was so furious that she stabbed the Pika's eye with the arrow before he could realize what was happening. The pain so agitated the Pika that he dashed round and round squeaking.

In his bewilderment, the Pika rushed into the nostril of a Lion who was just taking a nap on the shore. Startled out of his sleep the Lion was so shocked that he jumped into the water, never knowing whatever had got into his nostril.

There was a Dragon swimming

in the water in a leisurely way. When he suddenly saw a Lion apparently swooping down upon him he flew straight up to the sky, terrified lest the Lion gobble him up. And by accident he flew right past the Phoenix, tipping over her nest, and breaking her egg.

The Phoenix was carried away with fury and rebuked the Dragon. "You're a Dragon and I'm a Phoenix. You live in the water, while I live on land. We never meddle with each other. Do you realize that we Phoenixes lay only one egg a year, and have only one baby? Why must you fly out from your watery home, break down my nest and destroy my egg?"

"I am not to be blamed, Phoenix," answered the Dragon. "While I was slowly swimming,

a Lion swooped down into the water and intended to devour me. So of course I flew up into the sky. It was by accident I broke your nest and destroyed your egg. It is the Lion's fault, jumping into my element. You should blame him."

So the Phoenix went off to the Lion.

"Oh, wise Phoenix," said the Lion. "You must not lay the blame on me! I was peacefully sleeping on the shore when a Pika dashed right into my nostril. It caused such pain that I jumped into the water. You see, it was the Pika's fault, really. Go and reproach him."

So the Phoenix went off to the Pika.

"Oh, noble Phoenix," said the Pika respectfully. "It is not my fault at all, but the fault of the

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Chachatatutu. I was just strolling along in the grass, when she stabbed at my eye with an arrow. It caused me so much pain that in my confusion I mistook the Lion's nostril for a hole. The fault is entirely the Chachatatutu's. Go and ask her if it's not so."

Nothing left for the Phoenix to do but to go and ask the Chachatatutu.

The Chachatatutu's answer was very solemn. "Oh, Phoenix, I told you so. You should not have despised me because I have only a small body, short feathers, little strength and no beauty! You took it for granted that no harm could come to you through me, and that my sorrow was only a trifle, telling me that mother birds should look after

their own nestlings, and not trouble you! How is it, then, that your trouble is not a mere trifle? How is it you do not look after your own baby, but have to go round rebuking everybody? Is it right that when the Pika eats my eggs, it is a trifle, but when the Dragon tips over your nest and breaks your egg, it is no trifle? I have to lay my three eggs in the grass, and have to look for my meals every day, while you lay your one egg on a tree. It is much easier for you than for us little Chachatatutus to look after the eggs. Why didn't you guard your egg properly? Didn't I warn you before that you shouldn't blame me when trifles cause disaster? Why, then, do you blame me now?

The Phoenix was very embarrassed and flew away crestfallen.

MOVIE AUDIENCE SURVEY

The findings of a national movie-audience survey by the Motion Picture Association of U. S. A. give an interesting breakdown of figures as to who goes to movies, who doesn't go and why.

On the basis of more than 5,000 interviews taken around the country between June 13 and July 15 of last year, the industry's surveyors came up with such information as:

More than half of all movie admissions in that period (approximately 54,200,000 a week) were accounted for by people under 20 years old.

While this age group represents only 38 per cent of the total national population, it accounted for 52 per cent of admissions in the survey period.

The patterns of movie attendance according to age are approximately the same for both sexes.

Most movie going is done in groups of two or more.

The cost of admission and picture quality are not large factors in causing the attendance decline; very few people interviewed were severely critical of the last picture they saw. The majority public preference is for single-feature programme with a couple of shorts.

The devil tempts all, but the idle man tempts the devil.
—A Turkish proverb.

The man sitting opposite her reminded her of her cousin and old memories were revived

THE FAMILIAR FACE

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

Sakku sat in a corner of the compartment. It was cold outside. A heavy downpour with no prospect of the sky clearing up and a cold wind blowing hard are bad in a place like Ootacamund and that right in the middle of the season. So it was really bad. Little Kripa cuddled up on her mother's lap. Sakku felt the warmth of the little limbs through the thin garments she wore and as the child wriggled into a more comfortable position she was reminded of those movements inside her of the little one two years back and which made her a proud mother. She was happy and closed her eyes in sheer delight. It was really an exciting afternoon, though they had to forego a full half a day's sightseeing. The races were cancelled and the people were greatly disappointed. But the most disappointed was Sakku's husband who sat by her

side cursing the rain. Their little son felt no better and he sat glum and in no mood to play.

"Get in Meena.....there is room in this compartment..... get in.....," shouted someone from the platform. The door opened and two tiny tots scrambled up into the compartment. They were supremely happy and began fighting for the seats as soon as they got in. Then a stout lady got in with her hair done in the latest style and wearing a new and costly overcoat. She wore high healed shoes and she carried a hand bag. Everything about her was stiff and an air of condescension permeated her whole being.

"Excuse me for butting in so rudely. There is no room in the other compartments. I went right up to the end," said the head of this small family as he

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got in after the lady. The broad smile on his face, though a little apologetic, revealed a friendly and sociable temperament. You would not call him handsome but he was certainly attractive. He wore a brown tweed suit which matched well with his colour which was itself between fair and brown. His long aquiline nose and broad forehead gave him an aristocratic air and the people in the carriage felt it as it were by instinct and made room for him. One or two greeted him with a smile which assured him that after all he was not unwelcome in the compartment.

Sakku turned round from her reverie at the noise of the little ones. None in the compartment could ignore them. Their enthusiasm was so infectious. She too smiled a welcome to them. They seemed to like her and particularly, the boy Kippu.

"Pappa...Pappa..., look at this Mami..." he said and tugged at his father's coat, pointing his little finger at her. The stranger turned and with a faint and hesitant smile greeted her. Sakku was struck by some vague familiarity of the face.

The children continued their play. Kippu lost no time in converting the compartment into his favourite engine. It was in his imagination the biggest engine the railways could boast of and he was its driver as no other driver could manage it. He was an expert at it. He made some "huff, huff, huff" noise with his pretty mouth and said the train has started. He was enjoying it immensely and others could not but enjoy seeing his fun.

Sakku stole one more glance at the stranger sitting near the boy and was a little embarrassed when she discovered he was looking at her.

x x x

It was fairly a decade and a half ago. He was exactly like the stranger opposite her. She was half tempted to pick up a conversation with the lady with the inscrutable face and find out if he was her distant cousin Gopu. But the forbidding face of that lady checked her from attempting any such thing.

Sakku was a little over thirteen then. Gopu was seventeen. She had heard her mother tell their neighbours often that he would prove a good match for her Sakku.

She could not remember without blushing how confused she had felt when her father had first introduced him to her. She could still remember the mischievous way he did it. Gopu and his family had come for her sister's marriage. She had to run away from the place when their grand-uncle asked her, "Why not we decide about Sakku's marriage also, now that Gopu is here?"

They were really a fine pair, she and Gopu. They met every day thereafter. He always came smiling to her. He said so many things she could not understand. She doubted whether he himself understood or wanted to say what all he said. But all the same they sounded so sweet in her ears and she wanted him to say more and more. He spent long hours with her.

A few years had gone by. Gopu had passed his B.E. They had

grown. But there no longer was any talk about her marriage with Gopu. But she always remembered the image of him calling her "an angel", and "his sweet angel". Those words had sent a thrill through her maturing frame. She now began to realise slowly the meaning of all the sweet things he had said.

A smile played round her lips and vanished. But little Kippu had seen it and clapping his hands cried out, "Look Pappa, the Mami is smiling in her sleep."

Sakku opened her eyes and her eyes met once again those of the stranger opposite. She could not resist looking at him. He reminded her of Gopu.

She again fell into a reverie. And she remembered what had happened. Her mother had told her about some misunderstanding between her and Gopu's father.

"I shall never see him...No... as long as life is left in me...He is not my relative and I am not his sister," her mother had said. "What is wrong with my child? Is she not more beautiful than anyone of his relations?...Is she not educated?"

"Our Sakku is beautiful but..." her father had replied in his usual calm way which only irritated her mother all the more, "...but...how do you expect him to consent to marry our daughter to his son who is an I.R.S.E.? So many rich and influential men and officers are pestering him and almost queuing up before his

house. You should be reasonable Bama. It was only last week the District Judge hinted that he may have to indent on me for help regarding Gopu...and he has grown suddenly so kind to me," said her father.

"What is wrong with the boy I propose?" he continued. "He is so smart and the whole bar and the judge like him. He is so able and ready witted. He did his first case so well... He is good looking. What more do you want...I don't think the sastras prohibit giving your daughter in marriage to a lawyer."

Sakku had never met him for a decade and a half. He had married into a rich family and she had married the lawyer. She was happy. He had proved very successful at the Bar and had a roaring practice. He loved her and she had no regrets. Yet the man opposite reminded her of Gopu who had whispered in her ears about love.....

"What are you mooning about, Sakku? The dandy is gone. Not a case of love at first sight, I suppose?" teased her husband.

Sakku smiled. It was nothing uncommon with him to rag her that way. He loved her.

"But, look.....Sakku, doesn't he resemble that big shot of a cousin of yours at Madura?"

Sakku frowned. But there was no occasion to reply to him. The train pulled up with a screeching noise at Coonoor and they had to get busy getting out of the compartment.

●

Vows made in storm are forgotten in calm.

x x x

Time is like a file that wears and makes no noise.

THE STRANGE STORY OF SHANTI DEVI

Exactly twenty years ago, a sensational, sensational because so amazingly credible and true case of rebirth at Delhi, reported officially by a locally appointed committee consisting of enlightened, critical and competent men, was much publicized in leading Indian and foreign newspapers.

Born on the 12th of October, 1926; Shanti Devi, a little girl, who bore in her memory the most vivid and living pictures of the whole span her past life beginning in the year 1902 and ending in the year 1925, began, ever since she could speak, to recollect and narrate whenever the context and associations in daily life necessitated, the incidents, events and experiences in surprising detail, of her past life at Muttra, with her husband Pundit Kedar Nath Chaubey. Her unbelieving parents not only dismissed such graphic narrations of the past life, as though they were the jabber of a child, but fervently hoped that these recollections would efface themselves from the memory of the child as she grew. But, contrary to their expectation and hope, the child was insistent on recollecting more and yet more of her past life, and persisted in requesting her parents to take her to Muttra, the city of her previous birth, where she desired to show the present parents, her old house and certain things in it which only

an intimate who long lived in it could have so done.

At last, the child prevailed over the parents. A grand-uncle of the girl was called; Shanti Devi gave him the address of her husband in previous life; inquiries were made; communication was sent to her husband Pundit Kedar Nath, and surprisingly enough a response came from Pundit Kedar Nath of Muttra who in his letter, among other things, suggested to the inquiring party at Delhi to contact a relation of his, Pundit Kanji Mal, who was employed in Messrs. Bhana Mal Gulzari Mal of Delhi, and give him an interview with the child, Shanti Devi. No sooner Sri Kanji Mal was brought into her presence, she had not only recognized him to be the younger cousin of her husband but made most satisfactory responses to the questions touching facts of intimate nature.

Aroused to a fresh and active interest in efforts at probing into the facts of Shanti Devi's narration of the events, facts and experiences of her past life, the parents, the party and Kanji Mal called Kedar Nath Chaubey to Delhi, from Muttra. When Pundit Kedar Nath Chaubey came to Delhi, with his ten-year-old son, and his present wife, to see Shanti Devi, at the very first sight, Shanti Devi recognized her husband and felt greatly touched by the figure of her son, and

began to shed tears. After a long interchange of thoughts and words between Shanti Devi and her alleged husband, who was greatly moved by the veracity of the recollections and the truth of her statements, Pandit Kedar Nath stated that her narration of the details in each of their particulars, was true. This made the parents grant the repeated request that the girl Shanti Devi made many a time during the past few years, to go to Muttra, which the girl now reiterated with greater force as a result of the present meeting with her husband of previous life. Shanti Devi not only gave out the colour of the house at Muttra, named the roads and streets leading to that house, described the Vishrant Ghat, the temple of Dwarakadheesh, but stated certain things which only the former wife of Pundit Kedar Nath could alone have known. She also said that she had hidden "underground" in the upper-storey room of the house at Muttra, some money, a hundred rupees, from which she had vowed to give to the temple of Dwarakadheesh. Upon the grant of this request and wish of Shanti Devi to go to Muttra, the persuasion of the investigating committee was exerted; and the party with the committee, parents and Shanti Devi, left for Muttra.

As the train steamed into the Muttra Station, Shanti Devi shouted in joy "Muttra has come," "Muttra has come," and when she got down from the train, identified in the crowd, an elderly man wearing a typical Muttra dress, whom she had

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Secretary.

never met before and instinctively touched the feet of the man, stating that he was the elder brother of her husband, named Babu Ram Chaubey. This fact when found to be true, was but only one among the many surprises that Shanti Devi held for the admiration and awe for her witnesses. She had not only led the way to the house at Muttra, from the railway station, but went on giving certain interesting facts as that there was on that particular road no tar earlier, and when once in the house of her description she had successfully passed every test that the inquiring

gentlemen put to her. When she was taken to the Dharmashala at Muttra she identified the "brother" of her previous birth, now in twenties, and recognized her "uncle-in-law." At every step the truth of her past narrations which were dismissed as so much of a child's jabberings were proved true, and proved true beyond doubt. When in the house of her description, she entered its courtyard and felt dismayed at the absence of the well that was there during her previous incarnation noting which her husband Pundit Kedar Nath lifted up the stone covering the well-less well and showed her the well. And going upstairs, she dug up the hole where she had hidden the money, and to her uneasiness the money was not there, as it was, as Pundit Kedar Nath confessed that he had taken it from there, after the death of his former wife, now the girl Shanti Devi. After this when she was taken to her parents' house, she recognized them, and both the girl and the parents sank into continued sobs: it was with great difficulty that the girl was weaned away from the parents of her previous birth,

and taken to the Vishrant Gha where she unfolded many more surprises to the investigating committee and to others, by the display of the contents of the memories of her previous life. Such instances as these are not uncommon in India.

Recently, some seven years ago there was another case of another girl who has recognized the parents of her previous birth, and when a similar process of investigation had been conducted, and her narration found true, the parents of the girl in her previous life, who are rich are now supporting her and giving her decent education, as the present parents are poor. It is ridiculous to presume rebirth is untrue when one has not taken pains to pursue the results of the investigations that have been conducted. Rebirth is not only a spiritual fact but upon reflection will be seen to be an essential and logical necessity to ensure the gradual evolution and progressive unfoldment of consciousness of the individual soul in its movement towards ultimate perfection. It is expression of Cosmic Law in all nature.

—Swami Sivananda in *Divine Life*.

ONE BIG MISTAKE

Brown and Jones, having coffee together at a cafe counter, were silent until Jones said: "Brown, you are very quiet to-night. Is something wrong at home?"

"No," Brown sighed, "not exactly wrong. It's just that sometimes I get a little tired of hearing the missus rave about what a perfect husband her first one was. You know, he didn't smoke, drink, or gamble. Didn't have a fault of any kind. And, from my point of view, he made only one mistake in his entire life. He died and left her a widow."

x x x

The soul is not where it lives but where it loves.

THE ERA OF PLENTY

Significant progress in the field of research aimed at harnessing the vast power of the hydrogen fusion reaction—now used in the explosion of the hydrogen bomb—in a controlled process that would supply mankind with a virtually limitless source of energy for at least a billion years have been announced simultaneously in a series of official reports by the United States Atomic Energy Commission and the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority. The reports suggest that, while practical application is still far off, the taming of the hydrogen bomb to produce veritable oceans of electricity from the waters of the world's oceans, lakes and rivers has been brought within the reach of man, its realization being merely a matter of time, measured possibly in terms of decades.

In its simplest form the hydrogen fusion reaction—technically known as the thermonuclear reaction—is the fusing of four nuclei of atoms of ordinary hydrogen, the lightest element in nature, into one nucleus of helium, which has an atomic mass slightly less than that of the four hydrogen atoms. This is the process responsible for the immense amounts of energy, in the form of heat and light, given off every second by the sun, which makes possible life on his planet.

When the four nuclei of hydrogen atoms fuse to form one nucleus of helium, a small amount of the mass of the hydrogen nuclei—0.7 of 1 per cent—is converted into energy. This process goes on in the sun on a colossal scale, 6,00,000,000 tons of hydrogen being fused every second into 596,000,000 tons of helium.

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Because the process of the fusion of light hydrogen in the sun requires a cycle taking millions of years, it is not possible to use the light variety of hydrogen under terrestrial conditions, in which the reaction must be completed within seconds. The types of hydrogen that can be fused on this planet are the heavy varieties of the element—deuterium, namely, double-weight hydrogen, of an atomic mass twice that of light hydrogen, and tritium, or hydrogen three times the mass of light hydrogen. Deuterium is present in enormous amounts in the world's oceans. Tritium does not exist in nature, but it can be made artificially out of the light element, lithium.

There are two major roadblocks that stand in the way of fusing the nuclei of deuterium, or of a mixture of deuterium and tritium, to generate electricity on a practical scale. One is the enormous temperature required to bring about the fusion reaction. The second is the problem of creating a "vessel" to contain the hydrogen gas after it had been raised to the required temperatures.

To build a deuterium fire on a self-sustaining basis requires a temperature of 370,000,000 degrees Centigrade, a temperature in the interior of the sun. To light a fire consisting of a mixture of deuterium and tritium on self-sustaining basis would require a temperature of smaller dimensions, about 50,000,000 degrees, but tritium is a rare and much more costly element, since it must be made artificially, and the quantity that can be made must depend on

the much more limited supply of lithium in the earth's crust.

Yet the job of raising heavy-hydrogen gas to such an enormous temperature can be accomplished in two steps, writes William L. Laurance in *New York Times*. First, the gas is broken up into its electrically charged components, the negatively charged electrons and the positively charged protons. Such an ionized gas is known as a plasma; being electrical, it becomes a conductor of electrical current. Feeding large quantities of electrical current into it raises its temperature, the more current fed into it the higher the temperature.

But here we are confronted with the second major problem: How is a gas raised to such an enormous temperature to be confined in a "vessel" in which the fusion reaction could take place?

Obviously no material container for such a gas could be devised on earth. Instead of a material vessel, scientists have devised what they call a "magnetic bottle." This is made possible by the fact that an electrical current creates around itself a magnetic field, with magnetic lines of force which prevent the electrified hydrogen particles from crossing. These magnetic lines of force create what is known as the "pinch effect," pinching the gas into a narrow column inside the material container, thus preventing the hot gas from touching the walls of the container and thus losing its energy.

It is along these lines that both the British and American scientists, working in close cooperation, have reported significant progress.

New Concept of the Universe

Physics, the science concerned with the forces operating within the infinitesimal world of the nucleus of the atom and those governing the infinite world of galaxies and super-galaxies of which the material cosmos is constituted, is now on the verge of one of the greatest revolutions in man's intellectual history, on a par with similar revolutions brought about by Galileo and Newton in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and by Einstein and Planck in the beginning of the twentieth.

Only the dim outlines of the revolution-in-the-making are now discernible. Yet physicists are

fully aware that they are standing on the threshold of a new intellectual era, in which man is about to gain a new and much more profound insight into the forces that govern his universe. The implications of the coming era were outlined at the annual New York meeting of the American Physical Society by Prof. Philip Morrison of Cornell University.

The present concepts of the universe, Professor Morrison pointed out, are based on the *a priori* assumption that there is universal symmetry in the cosmos. The great laws of conservation of energy and of momen-

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tum depend for their validity as universal laws on the exact homogeneity of space and time, that is, that each part of space and time is just like—"symmetrical with"—every other part. If that degree of uniformity does not hold, he said, neither will these laws, to which no exception has yet been found.

Yet, he said, one great universal conservation law, known as the law of conservation of parity, has recently been shown not to be a universal law at all as the result of epoch-making experiments suggested by Prof. Tsung Dao Lee of Columbia University and Prof. Chen Ning Yang of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. According to the law of parity, nature did not distinguish between right and left, so that an exact mirror counterpart was possible for every event. Each event in nature was thus subject to a universal symmetry between an object and its mirror image.

Yet the experiments proved that the elusive particle named the neutrino, which occurs in certain radio-active decays, is spinning exclusively in the manner of a left-handed screw; namely, that it is always spinning counter-clockwise when moving away from an observer. Similarly, the most recent experiments proved that the anti-neutrino, a particle the opposite of the neutrino, was spinning always in the manner of a right-handed screw.

The first experimental proof that one of the basic conservation laws, based on the concept of universal symmetry, does not hold true in all cases, has led to

the casting of doubt on the universality of all the other great conservation laws, including the laws of conservation of energy and momentum. This does not mean that these laws are no longer true, but it does mean that they may not be universal—that there may be exceptions to them under conditions as yet unknown, possibly in some other part of the universe.

Furthermore, there is beginning to be some suspicion, Professor Morrison indicated, that even the universal law of gravitation may not, after all, be universal. This suspicion stems from speculation, for which there is some sound logic, that the part of the universe observed by us, the universe of "matter," may be counterbalanced by a universe of "anti-matter," the reverse of our own cosmos. Whereas in our universe of "matter" the atoms are made up of positively charged nuclei surrounded by negatively charged electrons, the universe of "anti-matter" is made up of atoms of negatively charged nuclei (anti-protons and anti-neutrons) surrounded by positively charged electrons (positrons.)

Now it is known that particle and anti-particle annihilate each other when they meet, so that proton and anti-proton, neutron and anti-neutron, negative electron and positive electron annihilate each other. This means that the universe of matter and the universe of anti-matter would also annihilate each other, if they ever meet.

That no such catastrophe has taken place may be explained on

the basis of two possible concepts. One is that no universe of anti-matter does in fact exist.

But there is also another possible explanation: that both universes exist, and the reason they do not meet in a head-on

cosmic collision is that the "universal" law of gravitation is not truly universal, there being conditions, somewhere in the vast stretches of cosmic space, where masses repel rather than attract each other.

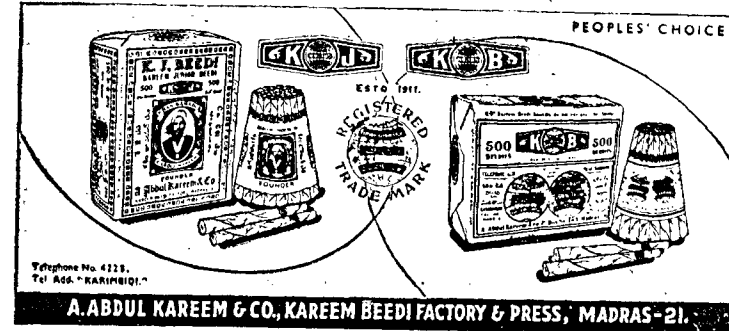
TRICKED

A widow who kept a confectioner's shop was being courted by an eligible bachelor. He came to her shop every night at closing time, and she gave him her bag with the day's takings to carry home. The bag was unusually heavy, and this prompted her lover to remark: "You surely do a big trade, seeing you always have such a heavy bag."

"Oh, yes," was the modest reply. "I have a pretty good business."

After they were married he discovered she had been giving him the shop weights to carry home every night.

X X X
Virtues all agree but vices fight one another.



SURENDRANATH BANERJEE

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

Readers of Kahaniya Monthly will be glad to know that Sri V. G. Ramachandran M.A., B.L., who has been writing this feature for nearly three years, has been appointed Senior Professor of Research in Law at the Indian Law Institute, New Delhi. Author of many books on law his undoubted talents will have now wider scope. In spite of his heavy and responsible work, he will continue writing this interesting feature, reviving lively memories of the agints of the Bar.

We had in the last issue bid adieu to Eardley Norton's debut in law and law courts. We now take up some other persons and personalities *vis a vis* law courts. To go to the beginnings of our national life we cannot think of a more glorious and masterful personality than Sir Surendranath Banerjee. He was a towering personality of the eighties. He renounced the Indian Civil Service urged by his nationalistic outlook, took to the editorship of the *Bangalee* which during his office shone as the beacon light of nationalism by outright criticism on burning topics of the day and as the fighter of the evils at all fronts, governmental, judicial and what not.

It was in the great contempt case of 1883, in which Surendranath Banerjee was involved that the beginnings of organised political agitation in the country was made apparent. Surendranath himself stated that the case operated as a unifying influence strengthening the growing bonds of fellowship and good feeling

between different Indian Provinces. The case (I. L. R. 10 Cal. 109), made a first rate sensation in the whole country. On 2-4-1883 the *Bangalee* published the following offending editorial:

"The Judges of the High Court have hitherto commanded the universal respect of the community. Of course they have often erred and have often grievously failed in the performance of their duties. But their efforts have hardly ever been due to impulsiveness or to the neglect of prudence or decency. We have now, however, amongst us a judge who if he does not actually recall to mind the days of Jeffreys and Scroggs, has certainly done enough, within the short time that he has filled the High Court Bench to show how unworthy he is of his high office and how by nature he is unfitted to maintain those traditions of dignity which are inseparable from the office of the judge of the highest court in the land. From time to time we have in these columns adverted

to the proceedings of Mr. Justice Norris (Calcutta High Court.) But the climax has now been reached and we venture to call attention to the facts as they have been reported in the columns of a contemporary. The *Brahmo Public Opinion* is our authority and the facts stated are as follows: Mr. Justice Norris is determined to set the Hooghly on fire. The last act of zuber-dusti on His Lordship's part was the bringing of a 'Saligram', a stone idol, into court for identification. There have been very many cases both in the late Supreme Court and the present High Court of Calcutta regarding the custody of Hindu idols but the presiding deity of a Hindu household had never before this had the honour of being dragged into court. Our Calcutta Daniel looked at the idol and said it could not be a hundred years old. So Mr. Justice Norris is not only versed in law and medicine but is also a connoisseur of Hindu idols. It is difficult to say what he is not. Whether the orthodox Hindus of Calcutta will tamely submit to their family idols being dragged into court is a matter for them to decide, but it does seem to us that some public steps should be taken to put a quietus to the wild eccentricities of this young and raw dispenser of justice.

"What are we to think of a judge who is so ignorant of the feelings of the people and so disrespectful to their most cherished convictions as to drag into court and then to inspect an object of worship which only Brahmins are allowed to

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approach after purifying themselves according to the forms of their religion? Will the Government of India take no notice of such a proceeding? The religious feelings of the people have always been an object of tender care with the Supreme Government. Here, however, we have a judge who, in the name of justice, sets these feelings at defiance and commits what amounts to an act of sacrilege in the estimation of pious Hindus."

These trenchant words of Surendranath Banerjee were indeed telling and had an electric effect on the public. The common man felt stirred into

righteous indignation at what he thought was sacrilege on the part of a judge to behave in the manner as depicted by the editor of the *Bangalee*. But the Chief Justice and other judges of the High Court of Calcutta felt it a sacrilege that any one should hurl such contumacious and sacrilegious epithets against a judge of the High Court, tending to lower his prestige ignobly in the estimation of the common man. The result of it all was the High Court soon issued a writ against Surendranath Banerjee to show cause why he should not be committed for contempt of court. On 5-5-1883 a Full Bench consisting of the Chief Justice Sir Richard Garth, Sir Ramesh Chandra Mitter and three others sat to hear the writ. Sir Surendranath Banerjee secured the services of Mr. W.C. Bannerjee, the then leader of the Calcutta Bar, for defending him. The counsel rightly advised Sir Surendranath to apologise and withdraw the contumacious remarks on Justice Norris, which were written by him in a moment of heat and indignation. It was thought such an attitude by Banerjee would soothe the situation. But it was not to be so. The court hall was densely crowded to the point of suffocation. The crowd was greatly agitated—incensed at the behaviour of a judge and indignant that the editor of the *Bangalee* should be arraigned as contemner. Banerjee was the people's idol and his writing and speeches had always made the people suffering under the British bondage to awake, arise and work

for the freedom of the motherland. It was stated that the four European judges were out to sentence the contemner to imprisonment while Mr. Justice R. C. Mitter was for a fine only. Surendranath Banerjee records in his autobiography "Nation in the Making" that, "the day before, so report went on, the Chief Justice had seen him (Mr. Justice Mitter) at his private residence and had talked to him and argued with him with a view to persuading him to agree with the majority but all in vain."

Sir Surendranath's reply affidavit to the writ owned his sole responsibility to the published matter and that the printer Ramcoomar Dey had nothing to do with it. He wrote the offending article in utter bonafides in the interests of public good, honestly believing that the statements contained in the *Brahmo Public Opinion* fully accorded with facts. Now that he found that the facts were incorrect and since Justice Norris ordered the production of the saligram only upon pressure from the contending parties who were Hindus, much against his own inclination, Surendranath expressed his deep regret at having so unwittingly endeavoured to cast an undeserved slur upon the said Hon'ble Justice Norris. He, therefore, unreservedly apologised. The counsel Mr. W.C. Bonnerjee ably expounded the cause of the contemner stating that the contempt was purged by a bonafide apology and that after all the indiscretion was committed due to excessive zeal to promote the public good.

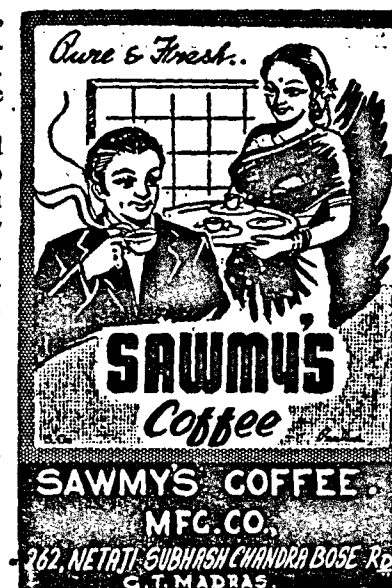
The Chief Justice, Norris, Cunningham and McDonnell J.J. delivered the majority judgment. The Chief Judge pronouncing the judgment said:

"You have certainly acted wisely in not attempting to justify an act which you must be well aware is wholly unjustifiable.....It is indeed a lamentable thing to find a gentleman of your position and attainments, making use of his influence as a newspaper editor to vilify and to bring into public contempt, without any justification a judge of this High Court!"

Adverting to the wrong lead of the *Brahmo Public Opinion* the judge added: "The judges are at a loss to understand how a libel so gross could possibly have been inserted in your paper 'in good faith' and they find great difficulty in believing that a gentleman of your education and a newspaper editor, could be so utterly ignorant of the law of libel as to suppose that you were at liberty to publish these attacks upon the conduct and character of a High Court Judge, merely because you found them, though in a less virulent form in another newspaper. The court's order is that you be imprisoned on the civil side of the Presidency Jail for the space of two months."

The minority judgment of Mitter J. was, however, only for a fine in view of the apology tendered.

The judgment set up a great agitation in the country. The younger section of the public got over infuriated leading even to a miniature riot. One of such angry young men was Ashutosh Mukerjee, then a college student,



who was to become in later days the great Chief Justice of the Calcutta High Court. The *Times* Calcutta correspondent cabled to London on 4-6-1883:

"If the agitation goes on increasing as it has been doing for the last three weeks, it will prove a source of some embarrassment to the Government."

Sir Surendranath was sentenced as guilty in contempt of court but in the eyes of the public he was acquitted as a robust and honest patriot. His phenomenal rise and unique popularity with the masses took him on to the first rate leadership of the country as a whole. He roused the political consciousness of the people and verily the national freedom we now enjoy is the outcome of the part played by such great men in the freedom struggle of the country.

HELP FROM UNSEEN FORCES

Continuing his experiences of the astral plane Albert below states how unseen forces from the higher plane are always willing to give a helping hand to people on earth.

I wonder how many on the earth realize the power of the Spirit and how much help is derived from these sources every minute of the day, not only during their waking hours but also when they are asleep. I have been told by my protector that when people are in a sleep state it is easier for the healers to heal, for then the mind is at rest and body completely relaxed. The teachers showed us a number of healing guides who had gathered around sick beds in homes and hospitals, etc., and it mattered not whether the ones on a bed of sickness believed in help from a higher power or in the skill of the one attending them, for the doctors and the nurses, all are a part of a great plan—it mattered not whether they knew or believed—the thought went out to their God for help, for strength, and the help was there for them.

There are many people, I am told, that do not pray or ask God for help, for they do not believe in a God; yet their thoughts are felt, their anguish and suffering are seen and felt by their loved ones as well as by the healers and guides whose mission it is to serve wherever there is need. All are surrounded by the power of God, for His Love enfolds all, including those who do not believe—great and small alike.

This love and guidance is there for all but only those who have learnt of this great truth know how to apply it to derive the full benefit from this Great Force from the Beyond.

If only when on earth we could learn to say from our hearts, "Thy Will Be Done" and accept what is ours to bear, being determined at all times to follow the path of right doing accepting every difficulty with the thought in mind that all things are possible with the help of God. If we could say to self, "I will surmount this by the strength of faith and trust in the great power of love," knowing that all trouble must end some day and that an unhappy countenance never brought joy to a fellow-traveller nor comfort to a needy one—for who are we to presume that we have greater troubles than others? Many an ache is covered by a smile, and it is a great thing to have the courage to smile when the world goes against you, and to accept sorrow and loneliness with a stout heart.

If I could I would like to draw a picture of the spirit world around you, for you that feel friendless and alone. If you could but see the beauty that surrounds you, where your loved ones have brought to you the etheric counterpart of the things you wished for to brighten your

life—not the selfish things—perhaps they have brought to your mind just a memory of a country scene where your soul could feast on its beauty and commune with God through nature, the smell of the fresh air, the blue of the ocean, the singing of the birds ever drawing you closer to your Maker. Often they are able to create this beauty within the mind so vividly that for a few moments it becomes real; then perhaps one is taken to a place of beauty in the sleep-state, and often a cold and shabby room has been transformed for a few moments into a place of beauty and comfort, giving the occupant joy for a few fleeting moments. There are many ways in which they work to bring joy and help to the ones that are in need of that comfort.

The teachers showed us many different ways in which our guides and loved ones worked to bring help. True, they do not always succeed, and very few on the earth know or realize the help they receive from the unseen forces, for most of them think these things have been created by their own imagination—a figment of their own mind, not knowing the effort of love that was used and the many spirits that blended their powers together to bring a few moments of pleasure to a lonely heart. There are many on our side, I am told, that are especially trained for that purpose, and when they come across a soul who is desiring to reach a loved one in need of help, they set to work giving the power that is needed—sometimes it is the face of a loved one that is shown,



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another time memory of some long forgotten joy is brought to his or her mind and that person will relive again some of the past happiness, seeing again faces of friends long forgotten.

These are a few of the many things we were shown by the teachers. You may ask, "What good is that?" or "Of what help is that to them?" Here is an example: We were shown a very wrinkled and poorly clad old lady entering the small abode she called her home, which consisted of one attic room, looking cold and cheerless, though spotlessly clean. As she removed her wet hat and coat, for it was raining outside, she wondered how she was going to be able to keep her home together for she had been told that very day that her

services would not be needed for a few weeks (she was a charwoman). She wondered how she could manage to live, for even in as frugal a way as her living was it would be impossible to exist for any length of time unless she could find some work to do. She had enquired at several places that day but her age was against her. Fear gripped her as her true position dawned on her; what was the use of continuing to struggle? There was a way out; and she looked towards the gas jet. Her room was cold, and she had only a few dollars to her name and no kith or kin to care for her—no one that really cared.

As she pondered over her problems, she turned over a few of her treasures that stood on the "what-not," a photograph of her husband, and a pair of baby shoes: tears filled her eyes and a mist gathered before her. From our side I could see the hand of a spirit resting on her arm and I heard a voice saying, "We are here—you are not alone." Her husband was trying to console her, doing his best to create courage within and destroy the fear that had beset her. A young child climbed on her lap, both embraced her but she did not feel any of this. Then I noticed the healers applying healing rays to her, others used thought waves in an attempt to turn her thoughts away from the gas jet.

They finally were able to inspire her to pick up an old album and as she looked through it at the faces of her loved ones, her mind drifted back to childhood. She could again see her old home, the large living-room with the cosy fireplace, the brass

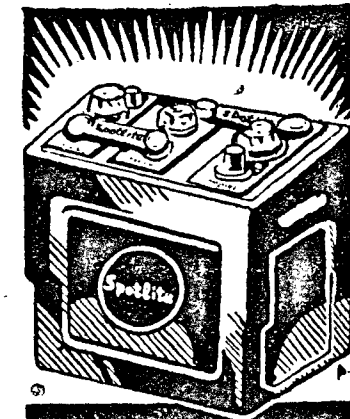
coal scuttle and the brass tongs, the old rocker where her mother used to sit, and the large leather arm chair where her father had sat and told them stories; the tea table laden with good things to eat, the old coloured mammy serving the tea. Again she lived over her life where there was love and comfort; through days at college—those happy, carefree days; then the graduation dance where she first met Tom and they fell in love. She saw herself a bride, all in white, with an armful of red roses and yellow daffodils—daffodils because they were the first flowers Tom had brought her. Again she saw herself the mistress of a beautiful home with spacious living room always so cozy and warm, the nursery where she played with her first born. As in a dream she relived again those happy care-free days of her marriage, remembering the great love and happiness that had been hers.

Then came her first sorrow, the death of her first born. She felt the little one again as she held her close to her heart, and as she dreamed on, her spirit child cuddled closer making the dream very real. Later the death of her parents—then the accident when Tom was brought home and the doctor had said he would be hopelessly crippled for life. She saw again the doctors and nurses—Tom so still and white—was he always to remain like this, never to walk or play again. One by one she had disposed of their treasured things, all the property, then at last she had to sell their beloved home that had contained so much love and happiness. All this she had had

to leave.

She had found work in a factory, and it had taken all she had earned to keep Tom in a nursing home and a roof over her head. Finally came the blackest day of all when Tom was taken from her; but before he died he made her promise, for his sake, to carry on as though he was still with her for he would be with her, waiting for her, loving her always, but she must not do anything to hasten her journey's end. She lived again those first dark, lonely days and as the days drifted into months and years, she had remembered that promise to him. He would be waiting for her and loving her. But now it was different for she was old, unwanted and alone.

Would it not be just as well to turn on the gas now and end it all? As she reached towards the jet something seemed to touch her, a hand was placed on her arm. Who could that be? As she looked up she saw Tom bending over her. He was telling her to look on her lap and there she beheld her little one. She heard Tom say, "Remember your promise to me, and that I walk beside you and will be waiting for you, my beloved." As I watched her, I saw the mist clear and a smile spread over her face as she bent over the little one, and as she raised her head again she remarked, "I must have dozed off while looking at the album. What a wonderful dream! Tom, I am so glad I dreamed of you. You have given me courage to carry on. I will keep my promise. You look after our little one and come again. Dreams help so especially when one is old."



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She got up, lit the gas jet and prepared herself a cup of tea, and as she remembered her dream, a smile hovered about the corners of her mouth. We who watched saw again the handiwork of the guides through the power of the Almighty. We had learned another lesson and saw how the guides and loved ones sustained, protected and prevented wherever possible a person upon the earth from doing harm to self, inspiring him or her to carry on. The guides had used the album as a medium to relax the mind and to bring forth memories of her loved ones, combining them with the healing rays, and in this way had given her the strength she needed to resist the temptation of talking her life when all seemed lost.

Publishing novels is a risky business because only a very few turn out to be popular.

The Way the Novel is Going

(By Kenneth Young, well-known literary critic)

Any consideration of the English novel in 1958 must start not in the critic's study but in the publisher's accounts department. Twenty years ago most new novels cost 7s. 6d. and about 5,000 copies had to be sold to cover all cost, printing, binding, publisher's overheads and author's advances. Today new novels vary in price from 10s. 6d. to 18s — though the costs of production have gone up by much more than double — and some 6,000 have to be sold before any profit is made. Yet, for the time being at least, roughly the same number of new novels appear every year; it works out at about 20-25 a week.

Now in fact only a small proportion of new novels sell 6,000 copies or anything like it, and it is obvious that many publishers are losing on their fiction lists. Some of them do not much mind since what they lose on fiction they gain on such works as popular biography, travel or autobiography. They continue to print fiction because, while they naturally continue to hope for a "winner", they believe that the novelists, whose works they print, have something special to say and a good way of saying it. Moreover they hope that novelists who have *success d'estime* will, with subsequent books, create a following; in other words, that they

will pay off in time.

Other publishers, and probably the majority, do not have the financial backing to stay such a course: they want an immediate hit and a hit today can be made, except in most unusual circumstances, only if a novel is bought for filming. Thus, many novels are written and published with an eye to filming, and that does not make generally for a highest quality of writing. And as the film companies are retrenching and cinemas are closing as audiences fall away, even this bait may not long exist. Television may eventually take its place, but meanwhile it seems likely that the total number of novels published may well decline, perhaps never to return to its present level.

Many people may regard this as good thing; certainly too many are published today — at least too many without much literary quality or even contemporary significance. But the present situation is bad in itself, since there is this split between the novel of esteem and the novel that seeks above all to be popular — bad, briefly, because the tendency is for the one to become anaemic and obscure and for the other to lack thought and art. It isn't, of course, a new situation, and it applies to poetry and to some extent to drama, too.

It is, therefore, an event when a novel — a first novel at that — appears which is both praised by the best critics and sells like hot cakes. This happened a few months ago with John Braine's *Room at the Top* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 18s.); within two months it sold some 15,000 copies and is still being reprinted; it is being filmed; and the author, a village librarian of 35, has already received some 8,000 pounds.

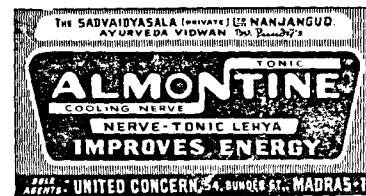
Now, quite apart from the book's merits and defects, it is significant that the only other comparable success — success, that is, with the "intellectuals" and the general public — in recent years had an almost precisely similar theme; Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* had a main character who, like Braine's John Lampton, decides that ideals, political action, noble thoughts and the "intellectual" life are stuff and nonsense, all that matters is to get on, not by crooked methods but by at least ethically doubtful ones, because what really counts in the present world is the possession of plenty of money. Money seems to these "heroes" to be entirely able to bring all that seems to them desirable — expensive cars, clothes and holidays and life free from petty restrictions and petty authority.

The theme is not of course

A minister was leaving his church after the evening service when a member of his congregation stopped him and said: "I like to come to church when you are preaching."

"I'm glad to hear that," replied the minister. "It's nice to know that somebody appreciates my sermons."

"Oh, it's not that," replied the woman. "I mean, it's so easy to get a seat, even when I arrive late."



new, but it is new for young, intelligent writers and its success proves that it expresses something very much in line with the desires and thoughts of large numbers of their contemporaries. Perhaps only a sociologist could properly discuss its meaning; certainly only a critic in 1988 will be able, more certainly, to evaluate these two novels.

The Seer of Kamakoti Speaks (9)

THE CASTE SYSTEM

VELANDAI

His Holiness Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam has been doing yeoman service for the uplift and emancipation of humanity as a whole. His views on the most controversial topic of the day are given below.

People in responsible positions have been decrying the caste system in Hindu religion and pleading for the evolution of a casteless society. The main argument for this is that caste distinction had led to conflicts. Clashes of purely caste origin are of comparatively recent origin. It is needless to go into the question whether caste hatred developed by itself or whether it was deliberately fostered by our former rulers. The fact is that clashes have occurred between castes and an atmosphere of hatred has been created. More violent than caste has been religious hatred. Religious animosity has a long history behind it. There have been not only clashes between different religions but also between different sects of the same religion. The Crusades of the past, the Catholic persecution of the so called heretics, the Shia-Sunni differences, the Hindu-Muslim riots, the clashes between the Buddhists and the Muslims of Burma and the Thengalai-Vadagalai and Saivate - Vaishnavite controversies are some of the instances. These facts of history have given rise to the thought that castes and



religions are responsible for bloodshed and trouble and that we should work for the goal of abolition of all castes and of religions altogether. On the face of it the argument of the protagonists of this school of thought seems to be plausible. But if there is a good thing and if for some reason some evil flowed from it, the sane view will be to retain the thing for its good and eliminate the root cause of evil. This principle is applicable in the

case of religion and caste also. If we took caste, we would find that the system has been devised for the smooth functioning of society. It was a functional division for each of the community. According to the nature of the functions, the nature of food, daily *anustanas* and ways of life were adopted. Asramas had also been prescribed for a similar purpose. There is no justification for one caste regarding itself as superior to another. Restrictions pertained to marriages and personal observances and not to social life. Such restrictions prevailed everywhere. For example a European Christian would not marry a negro Christian. For that reason can we say that Christianity should be abolished? Similarly diversities in matters purely personal does not justify the condemnation of the caste system. We should rectify the mistakes, if any, that have arisen recently or have come down from generations. The origin of the troubles can be traced to egoism, one caste regarding itself as superior to another. Each of us should develop the outlook to regard the troubles, sorrow and difficulties of others, as our own. If a member of another caste is in difficulties, we should go to his aid first, before attending to our own needs. If we developed this broad outlook, which is correct and shastraic outlook, there will be proper understanding and anxiety. *Sarve janah sukhino bhavantu*—the happiness of all should be our guiding principle.

As regards religion we should

first of all stop criticising and finding fault with other religious sects. We should examine ourselves first and see if we have lived upto the requirements of our religion before we proceed to criticise the other man's religion. Religion is intended to elevate man spiritually and to bring him nearer and nearer to God. Before we begin to advise others we should conquer *kaama* (desires), *krodha* (anger) and *dwesha* (hatred). We should approach all religions in a spirit of humility and appreciate and adopt the good points in all religions. This friendly approach will remove the edge of all controversies and religion would become a source of strength and inspiration instead of a bone of contention. A number of faggots are tied together with one string. If we remove one faggot the bond will become loose and all the faggots will fall out. Supposing the faggots are first tied into four or five small bundles and then all those four or five bundles are tied together with a common cord, then even if one faggot got loose, the bundle will remain unaffected. Similarly members of the society are tied together with the common bond of religion. Caste and religion are meant to keep society together in a strong bond of comradeship so that all the component parts would strive for the general welfare of the community as a whole, in an atmosphere of cooperation and not to create hatred and conflicts. We should strive to lead a sinless life, uphold human brotherhood and earn the grace of Isvara.

THE MAGIC WORD

V. OSEYEVA

A little old man with a long grey beard sat on a bench, drawing lines with his umbrella in the sand.

"Move up," said Pavlik, coming over, and sat on the edge of the bench.

The old man moved, and glancing at the boy's face which was flushed with anger, said:

"Something's gone wrong with you, eh?"

"Never mind. What does it matter to you?" asked Pavlik with a sidelong glance at the old man.

"It does not matter to me. But you have been crying, quarrelling with someone....."

"I'll say I have!" grumbled the boy. "I'll soon be running away from home altogether."

"Running away?"

"Sure! Lena alone is enough to make me do it." Pavlik clenched his fists, and went on: "I nearly gave her a good thrashing just now! Would not give me even one of her water colours! And she's got so many!"

"Wouldn't give it? But is it worth running away because of that?"

"And that is not all. Grandma chased me out of the kitchen on account of one carrot....."

Pavlik was snorting, on the verge of tears.

"That's a trifle!" said the old man. "One scolds and another is good to you."

"No one is good to me!" cried Pavlik. "My brother's going row-boating and he wouldn't take me.

I told him: 'You'd better take me, because I'll follow you everywhere. I'll drag the oars away and get into the boat by myself!'"

At that Pavlik banged his fist on the bench, and fell silent.

"And so, your brother wouldn't take you along?"

"But why do you keep on asking questions?"

Stroking his long beard, the old man said:

"I want to help you. There is a magic word...."

Pavlik lifted his face to the old man, his mouth open, an eager look in his eyes.

"I'll tell you that word. But remember: it must be pronounced quietly, and when you utter it be sure to look straight into the eyes of the person you speak to. Remember, speak softly and looking straight into the eyes...."

"And what word is that?"

The old man bent down right to the boy's ear. His soft beard touched Pavlik's cheek. He whispered something, and then added aloud:

"This is the magic word. But remember how it must be pronounced."

"I'll try," said Pavlik, a smile spreading over his face. "I'll try at once." He got up and ran home.

Lena was at the desk, drawing. The colours, green, blue and red, were in front of her. When she saw Pavlik, she hurriedly covered them with her hands.

"The old man lied!" thought

the boy. It vexed him.

"Catch one like her understanding the magic word!....."

Walking up quietly towards his sister, Pavlik pulled her by the sleeve. She glanced back, looking straight into her eyes, the boy said softly:

"Lena, give me one colour... please....."

Lena's eyes became wide with wonder. She relaxed her grip, and lifting her hands, said with embarrassment:

"Which one would you like to have?"

"The blue one," said Pavlik timidly.

He took the colour, held it in his hands, walked up and down the floor, and then gave it back to his sister. He did not want any colours. He was thinking of nothing but the magic word.

"Suppose I go to granny. She's cooking now. Would she ask me to get out?"

Pavlik opened the door into the kitchen. The old woman was just pulling hot cakes out of the oven.

Running over, the grandson threw his arms around her neck and pulling her wrinkled face towards him, looked into her eyes and whispered:

"Granny, let me have a piece of cake...please."

The grandmother straightened up and the magic word shone in every wrinkle in her eyes and

smile...

"A hot one, you want, a hot cake, my dove!" she said, as she picked the best brown cake.

Pavlik leaped with joy and planted kisses on his grandmother's cheeks.

"A magician! A magician!" he kept on exclaiming inwardly, thinking of the old man.

At dinner Pavlik was unusually quiet, listening carefully to every word spoken by his brother. And when the brother said that he would go row boating, Pavlik touched him lightly on the shoulder and asked softly:

"Take me along, please do."

All the diners fell silent of a sudden. The brother lifted his eyebrows and smiled.

"Take him," said his sister.

"Se'll be no trouble to you!"

"Why not? Take him," said the grandmother with a smile.

"Sure, take him along."

"Please," pleaded Pavlik.

His brother laughed loudly, patted the boy on his shoulder and tousled his hair, saying:

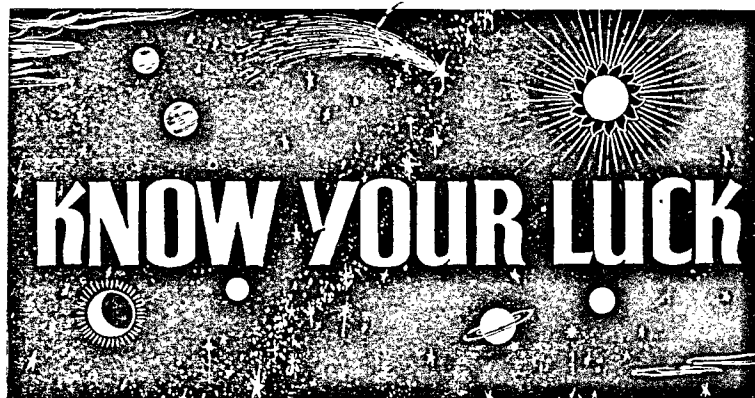
"Alright. Go, get ready for the trip!"

"It did help! It worked again!" said Pavlik within himself.

Dinner finished, Pavlik leaped to his feet and ran out to find the old man. But he was no longer there. The bench was empty, and all he saw were the incomprehensible lines drawn by the umbrella in the sand.

A man-about-town was in serious trouble and called up his lawyer. "It's a dirty trick," he screamed into the 'phone; "a dirty trick." The lawyer soothed him with, "Calm down, calm down, and tell me what's the trouble."

"That girl's husband has made a terrible mistake," stormed the man. "He's named me as correspondent in a divorce case and I can't even write!"



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planetary positions radiate encouraging influences on all your affairs in general. The solar course through the 11th house in the first half is very favourable for realisation of many of your objects engaging your mind. Friends and friendships will play a great role in the achievement of your objectives specially in the first half. The month after the 8th when your ruler becomes exalted in the 10th house is very encouraging since your lord is calculated to give the fruits of your labour for the last so many months. In whatever profession you are there is a distinct improvement noticeable. You may be helped by people at higher level who have a special attraction for your welfare. Professionally a better role of a commanding nature is envisaged during this month. Guru in the 7th adds its own favourable weight to your advantage. The

two benefic planets, viz., Sukra and Guru, in kendra position certainly denote your popularity, your activity with added success in the limelight and your general well being in all your undertakings. Success from a distance source or a higher level may be confidently hoped for. Domestically the month brings greater harmony and felicity than before. Investment, auspicious house-move, or improvement of amenities, will be important events of the month. Second half may not prove better indicating heavier expenditure and self undoing activities. Financially the month is more promising than before. Expected quarters in money angle will respond to your call when in need. Business affairs will prove well during this month. If your wife is a partner of your business greater success will be achieved. Distant business will prove beneficial.

1, 3, 7, 8, 10, 11, 16, 17, 20, 27, 28, 31 are favourable days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Planetary map during this month has not improved much comparatively from last month's conditions.

Major planets being unfavourably posited, other planets are slow to indicate better general success in all your activities. Mangal enters exalted position on the 8th and Budha becomes debilitated in the 11th house. These two may slightly improve matters regarding your finance and general well being. You must be aware of the reaction of your enemies working against your interests secretly during the course of the month. What may look like a good ending may prove a disappointment eventually. This must be borne in mind in all your actions and outlook this month.

The solar course in the first half may give you hopes of your realisation of important undertakings. The second half may not make it easy for you to realise your aspirations owing to interference of others or through unusual delay that may ensue. Financially, the month is slightly improving at the same time heavier expenditure beyond your control may be expected. Avoid dealings with persons who may not stand by you in your difficulties. Monetary aid may have to be sought from outside if not through your relations or friends. Domestically this month indicates greater harmony and happiness than before. Investment will be possible in some cases. Officially chances of gain are possible. Merchants will not find this

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month luckier. Foreign business will prove more gainful. Partnership may not work well.
1, 3, 8, 11, 16, 20, 21, 22, 27, 28, 31 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary line-up may be calculated to be slightly better than last month for your affairs in general.

The two malefics in 7th are a great impediment in the way of your successful march of life. They cause disappointment, delay and painful repercussions in some of your activities. Guru continues to be favourably disposed in spite of his retrogression. Sukra causes unnecessary anxiety in the 8th house depriving you of the mental peace that you seek in your environments. One of your children might still continue to cause you painful headaches. Improvement is registered in respect of that from the second half on-

wards when the planetary aspects improve mutually to your advantage. The solar course through the 9th house while making your mind pensive, might bring you your cherished desires and help from those above in your projected plan. In the second half of this month while the solar course is through the 10th house, you will surely become more optimistic and be favoured by those with whom you deal and from whom you seek redemption in your difficulties. Financially this month may not be more convenient but second half may sound better when Sukra enters the next house. Mangal in the 8th from the 8th March is specially significant as to your sudden fluctuation in financial matter. Domestically you may improve in the second half. Change of house may be an important event in a few cases. Officially second half is more encouraging than the first. Businessmen may be groping in the dark on account of Mangal and Sukra in the first half. Foreign business will fare well. Partnership may not figure well during this month.

1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 15, 20, 21, 27, 28, 30, 31 are favourable days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planetary conditions are almost the same when compared with the previous month. The solar course in the 8th may not prove good as to your finance and also general health in the first half. The second half will distinctly be

more favourable in all respects when the sun enters the 9th house. Mangal's entry into the next house of exaltation is a distinct gain in the matter of your success in the projected plan. More help and encouragement will be evident in your work-a-day life. Mangal in the 7th is no doubt a planet of military spirit and exuberance in your feelings giving you the necessary encouragement to go forward with the implementation of your projected plan during this month. This is a planet of fight and it makes you unnecessarily excited over trifles, which may be guarded against. Other planets being quite good in the second half, there should be a brighter life for you, with all the necessary driving force and encouragement in the field of your activities. Financially Surya in the first half is unfavourably placed resulting in financial inconveniences and fluctuations. Second half will prove better by getting you necessary help, when needed from higher ups like banks, associations and credit societies. Domestically, second half must prove more harmonious and happy. Mangal in the 7th may cause unnecessary rupture with your people at home. Marriage affairs, if any, may come up for consideration. Officially first half may not be favourable. Second half denotes a distinct improvement in service. All executive officers will have their best time of it during this month in the second half. Merchants may not find this month bad. The only difficulty may be finance which will im-

prove in the second half. Partnership may undergo favourable changes.

1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 16, 21, 27, 28, 30 are good days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary combination does not argue satisfactorily

Makha, for your general well-
Poorvaphal fare during this
guna and- month. The first half
1/4 Uthara- is more favourable
Phalgun since the solar course

is through the 7th house aspected by Guru bringing you the expected success, popularity and even pushing you in the limelight. Guru's position promises help from co-workers, success to journalists and travellers. Mangal's entry into the exalted next house may not be quite favourable as to your financial as well as physical condition of life. Mangal in the 6th along with Sukra till the end of the month might disrupt the home surroundings by friction, misunderstandings and illwill with your relations, for a short time only. The conjunction may also be calculated to make you put forward some attempt or work out a new plan for betterment of your affairs. Second half when Sukra is in the 7th, you may be emboldened to push forward in your undertakings to a definite and desirable goal. Correspondence will increase in the second half. Surya in the 8th from the second half may bring about a journey to a distant place. You may come in contact with relations also during the second half. Health may not be good specially in the case of chronic sufferers. Second half

is more favourable for spiritual improvement, a subject in which you generally evince great interest. Financially first half may seem better while second half may bring about unnecessary fluctuation. Money from distant place may be received. Sudden financial help may be a special feature of this month to some of you. Domestically second half will be more happy. House affairs or investment problem may overwhelm you. Greater success is indicated in the second half. Officially this month provides greater facilities and encouragement in the course of the month. In a few cases a transfer may also occur, if desired. For merchants, first half is more favourable if only element of risk in business is avoided. Partnership improves during this month. New partnership may be entertained to your advantage. Correspondence will pay well.

1, 3, 5, 10, 11, 15, 16, 21, 22, 27, 28, 30, 31 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

This month's planetary alignment may be said to be slightly better as it is going to be a more active and busy month than before. The solar

course through the 6th house aspected by Guru still continues favourably working for your interest. Saturn's aspect to Surya may no doubt bring about some temporary friction with the elders at home or outside but much of your inimical surroundings will at the same time cease to exist. Guru's position in trine to Surya

rightly demands this settlement to your advantage. Your own people may be adversely inclined but nothing will actually work against your interest in spite of them. Financially this month is better though the first half indicates heavier expenditure incurred. Planets may argue for your raising up of a temporary loan because of the malefic aspect prevailing during this month but soon your financial position shows improvement and greater convenience through friends and sympathisers. One of your children will claim your special attention and make you anxious about his welfare. Domestically this month will not prove better because of inharmonious and incongruous elements at work in your surroundings. Investment may not look encouraging. Officially this month may cause you some anxiety because of your boss's reaction against your interests. Second half might improve matters to a slight extent. Avoid excitement in your dealings with your colleagues in the second half. Merchants will find this month as before without much improvement. Mangal's position in the second half should warn them against heavy risks involved in their speculation. Partnership will be under troubled waters.

3, 7, 8, 10, 16, 17, 20, 27, 28, 31 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Planetary combinations focus their influences on your rasi in the fourth house and sixth house in

† Chitra
Swathi and
‡ Vishaka

particular, indicating better health, better domestic life, and greater mental peace in the course of the month. Guru over your rasi coupled with Sukra in the 4th and 5th in the course of the month and the position of Mangal in the 4th house from the 8th will enable your relations, neighbours and friends to figure well in your scheme of things during the month. It is also opportune for you to make contacts with near relations and those close by for mutual benefit. Sani in the 3rd envisages prosperity in general for 2½ years more. His first neecha amsa for some months to come will not be helpful to you to gain your objectives in the domestic life or outside activity on account of opposition and obstacles felt in the way of your progress. Guru over your rasi will reduce the friction to a minimum. Financially this month should prove more beneficial than before since the lord of income is exalted from the 8th and Surya aspects the house of gain and enters the house of convenience, viz., the 6th house, in the second half. Heavier expenditure is indicated in the second half. Money will be usefully spent. Second half also shows financial pressure on account of your commitments and the consequent loan that may be found necessary to raise, to ease financial pressure. Domestically this is a better month, though Mangal in the 4th from the 8th may set off a series of inharmonious reactions in surroundings in which you happen to be. Marriage proposition may be an important factor for consideration

this month. Married couples find this month a little aggressive on their part. Officially this is a month of importance for gaining your objectives. Avoid discourses resulting in differences of opinion and prejudice against you. Merchants will find this month quite happy. Heavier profits will be bagged. Partnership will yield good result.

1, 5, 6, 10, 15, 16, 20, 27, 28, 30 are good days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Slight change amongst the planetary positions is evident during this month; the unhappy combination of Sani and Mangal still lasts

till the 8th and its effect in the past should have produced unpleasant reaction mentally, through undesirable persons or through hypocrisy practiced on you by others. Mangal's better position in the 3rd house from the 8th onwards is calculated to produce greater moral courage on your part so as to tackle efficiently and tactfully important problems that have been causing you great anxiety and confusion in the past. His position will bring you in contact with persons of sympathetic attitude towards you who will groom you for more encouraging life in which you are circumstanced. A journey is envisaged during this month. Financially this is not a favourable month causing heavy strain on your resources. Second half will be in no way better since the lord of gain is becoming debilitated. Domestically this is not a

favourable month. Excitement, prejudice, differences, are characterising your disturbed domestic life. Difference between brothers and sisters or near relations may crop up. Officially the first half indicates greater encouragement. Discussions may be avoided with higher ups. Transfer may be envisaged during this month. Businessmen will not be happy during this month. A transaction will miscarry. Financially there will be undue pressure.

1, 3, 5, 8, 10, 15, 16, 20, 22, 27, 28, 31 are better days.

DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

Planetary map indicates better situation and con-

ditions obtaining around you during this month. The two malefics in the last month should have caused you not a little irritating surroundings. Mangal leaves for the next house on the 8th when better peaceful surroundings will be welcome to you. The element of inharmony or aggressive spirit may cause you unnecessary excitement after the 8th but Guru's kendra position will minimise the evil consequences of your own word and deed to a great extent. One of your children will claim your special attention in respect of his welfare. Financially this month should be more active though heavy demands might characterise your expenditure. Second half might prove better financially. There may be money coming through two or three sources. Correspondence will prove remunerative. A journey

may occur. Domestically second half is better. Health changes may occur in the second half. An elderly person's influence may be felt. Officially this month will prove harder than before especially in the second half. You may be favoured by your boss during the first half. Saturn's aspect to the 10th house whose lord becomes debilitated from the 9th will cause you some official anxiety for some time. Merchants will find this month more lucrative than before. Foreign business will prove more helpful. New patrons may be envisaged during this month. Partnership will not be carefree owing to irritating and incongruous elements in the partnership.

1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 16, 20, 22, 27, 28, 31 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

The two malefics in the 12th house still continue causing anxiety, dis-
Uttarashada Sravana appointment, fric-
Dhanista 1 tion, differences
and self undoing acts. Your own friends are partly responsible for leading you wrongly in your affairs of life. It is, therefore, safer that you act independently of them till 8th when Mangal enters your rasi. Your 7½ years Satan has not started well and so great caution is counselled to you in all your activities of monetary transactions, and of social life. Mangal's position over your rasi will make you more active, aggressive and unduly excited over trifles which may require timely curbing. Friends will be influencing you once again perhaps

not so dangerously as before. Financially this month is better from the second half onwards as your gain lord Mangal is exalted on your rasi. Investment problem will be propitious during this month. In some cases a house move may be an important factor for consideration. Change of cars or vehicle is indicated in the case of car owners. Mother, if you have, will be a great influential force over your life during this month. Avoid friction. Officially you may gain if you have not already incurred the displeasure of your boss. You may get into higher jobs with greater responsibility of executive nature. Merchants will be luckier after the 8th though differences might exist with the partners. More gain is indicated than before. New partners may come in.

1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 15, 16, 22, 27, 28, 30 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

The planetary alignment has major planets, 1 Dhanita Guru and Sani, Sathabhisha favourably posited & 1 Poorva for your affairs in bhadra general throughout this year. Their positions are such as to repel the evil influence and unfavourable radiations of other minor planets however ill placed they may be. Your ruler Saturn in the 11th house is happily configured assuring you of your popularity, patronage and influence in the surroundings in which you are placed. These major planets bring friendship and associations during this

month in particular besides extra tact in dealing with elders and old friends. Engineers, lawyers, doctors and business men in iron-ware will be in the limelight during this month. Mangal will enter the 12th house on the 8th and Surya the second house from the 14th. This position may strain the relationship with some of your relations and friends if you do not exercise caution. Your ambitions are high and you will realise the cherished hopes and desires in the course of the month. Financially Mangal might cause heavy expenditure in connection with your social activities and realisation of your desires and goals during this month. Your earning capacity

will improve in spite of heavy fluctuations owing to strain and stress. Financial matters will actively spurt up bringing new scale financial undertakings before your mind. Avoid financial discussions with others. Domestically there will be improvement in better amenities may be needed for greater comforts and harmony at home. Investment problem may engage your attention. Officially there may be anxieties or a transfer during the month. Prejudice not your boss's mind by any altercations. Business will improve. Foreign business will be luckier. Partnership will come under fire threatening dissolution. 1, 7, 8, 12, 16, 20, 22, 27, 28, 31 are better days.

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- of the magazine }

I, P. A. Prabhu, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated :
1st March, 1958

Signature of Publisher
P. A. PRABHU.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planetary map characterises this month's results as of mixed nature. The solar course during the first half might cause you anxiety in your undertakings and in your relationships with higher ups. Since Guru, the planet of your profession, is in the unfavourable house of adverse feelings against you, you may not expect favours at the hands of your superiors or elders at home. Saturn in the 10th adds its weight likewise against your interests. Your enemies are still continuing in their nefarious activities secretly working against you though they may not succeed in their plans. Sani in the 10th house shows that

you have the influence of elderly people in whose hands your interest lies though seemingly at variance. Guru will not make it easy for your life's easy and tranquil flow without much resistance. Financially the month is more expensive than before. This is the month of indebtedness to many of you especially the second half. A journey may not be impossible factor to some of you. Sudden money also is expected through your elders. Money may come from a distant place. Domestically you may continue as before. Any investment problem may not end well. Beware! Business will fare well in spite of monetary trouble.

1, 4, 6, 8, 12, 15, 17, 22, 27, 28, 30, 31 are better days.

HOLIDAY FOR CONVICTS

Long-term prisoners in Georgia's federal prison at Atlanta, U.S., are to have two weeks' "paid" holiday annually—inside the walls!

"If a vacation is good for the people on the outside, it's good for the men on the inside," says Myrl Alexander, assistant director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

During their two weeks' holiday the men will be allowed to get up when they please, eat when they want to, live in a special section of the prison, watch television, and completely relax. Their prison pay, which many send to dependants on the outside, will continue during the holiday period.

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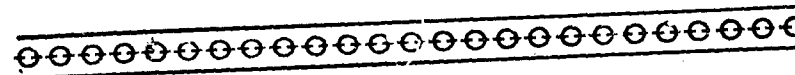
At a party given by the students of a London College a tall, willowy blonde glided across to where the professor was standing.

"Professor!" she giggled over her champagne glass. "They tell me you haven't yet read that adorable new sea adventure by ..." She named an author, current darling of every socialite. "But, you'd better hurry—it's been out for over three months."

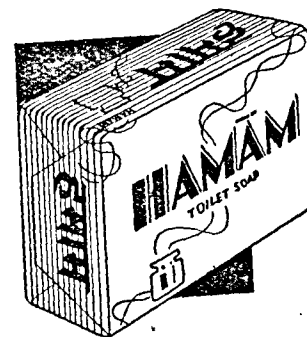
"Young lady," smiled the professor patiently, "have you read Shakespeare's 'The Tempest'?"

She looked puzzled. "No."

"Then you had better hurry, too. It's been out for over 300 years."



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KAFANIYA
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ANNUAL NUMBER
MAY, 1958

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A Constable's Suicide
The Hidden Treasure
The Picnic
On Flattery
On Put - Pocketing!
C. R. Das
What is New In Science
Recent Changes in the
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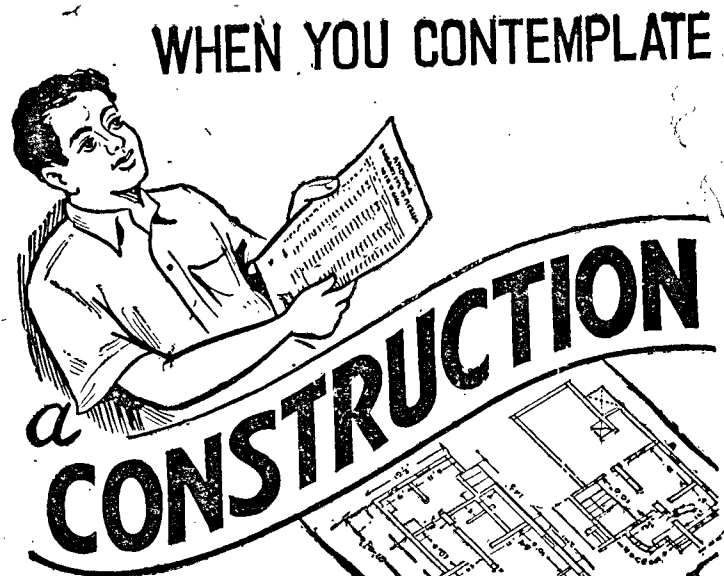
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KAHANIYA

ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE

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Vol. V |

MAY, 1958

| No. 1

THE OLD BOYS DAY

During her college days she was considered a raging beauty, yet five years later when she attended the college function she felt herself an utter stranger, a nonentity. The world belonged to the wealthy and the successful.

G. LEWIS B.A.

The college hall was filled with mirth and cheer. Neon lights flooded the place with its soft white light. Loud music was pouring forth from concealed loudspeakers. But none seemed to listen. Everyone was busy otherwise. The last minute preparations were going on briskly inside the hall for a grand dinner. It was the Old Boys Day Meet. At the lobby groups of youths, both men and women, and dignified elderly people were found meeting and exchanging greetings in exhilarated mood. Motor cars, small and big, formed a big sinuous line outside the buildings. Everything was gay, lively and festive at that dusk hour of the evening.

Vimala was also attending the party. She was alone. She had just passed the gate. Suddenly she felt some unknown heaviness inside her. A pang.

Her limbs ached to retrace the steps and go back. Her heart began to beat faster and even in that cool December evening, tiny sparklets of sweat formed on her forehead and neck. She wiped them out softly with her kerchief. She was upset. Why should she be scared like this? She was also one of the invited, then why this unwanted fear? May be it was because she was attending this type of function for the first time. But that was not a place strange to her. It was hardly five years since she had left that college. Every stone in that institution was friendly and familiar to her. She proudly remembered those days, when everyday she passed the same gate, every eye from inside was focussed on her. Then she was the raging beauty queen of the college. Moreover she had been the brightest lady student in those years.

She had passed her B. A. with a high rank!

But today for some unknown reason she shuddered at each step. And yet she had looked forward to this function with such joy! She would meet her old friends! They may also come! But now she felt as if she had committed a blunder. She frantically tried to build up courage. "Why should I be like this? What is that I am ashamed of? I am not a parasite to anyone! I am not plundering anybody. I am not a prostitute to be ashamed of before the society. I am working myself honestly; may be, I am only a typist in the Post Office, but I am myself. I need not fear anybody for not possessing a car, or riches to show off."

Vimala frantically tried to spin together all her courage and prestige, which she thought had already been damaged. May be this is not a place for me, she thought.

With such clamouring thoughts and emotions she was dragging her steps. There were a number of people in the portico but nobody seemed to notice her. She was glad of that. At the gate she could hear a car arriving, doors slamming, laughter and approaching footsteps. Vimala was startled when somebody in the back pushed a hand through her waist. It was the cute buxom lady Molly, her college mate and one of her best friends. She was holding her in a close embrace and was shouting in laughter.

"Hello! Vimala, my dear. It's ages since we'd met." The

maddening perfume from Molly's body stunned her breath. The shimmering brightness from the diamonds around her neck dazzled Vimala's eyes, making appear like a dream.

"Where in the hell were you all this time? You see, I've been enquiring about you from everybody. I almost lost hope of seeing you, my dear. This is a real surprise." Molly pressed her timid friend close. Vimala was carried away by loud emotions; she could only say, "I'm so glad. How wonderful you look!"

A man's voice interrupted them. "Molly, at what time should I come back?" It was somebody from the car in which she had come.

"Oh, I think the party will end only after ten." The car roared and rolled away.

"That's my husband. Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't introduce you to him. By the way, dear, where are you now? Married?" Molly enquired. Vimala blushed to the core, feeling a sense of defeatful agony.

"Oh, no! Still going strong doing nothing!" Vimala felt her throat choking; eyes blurred. She could only sense weird darkness looming around her.

"Hello! Molly! My good heavens! I couldn't believe my eyes. You're smashing now!"

It was a stout tall man, well dressed, coming towards both the ladies. Mr. Srinivas. This was the guy who used to worry the girls during their good old college days. A real wolf! But now he had grown big, massive and dignified. He is Capt.

Srinivas now. The costly suit he wore explained his affluent life. He continued in his tough voice, "I met your brother last year in U. K. He told me that you have married and you were in Bombay."

He turned towards Vimala and after recognizing her, exclaimed, "Oh my, who's this, Vimala? I wonder where you are now? You are the same chic girl..."

Thus went on his boisterous speech. He had much to say to every one about each other's position, life and affairs. Slowly a small crowd of men and women joined them. Because Capt. Srinivas was the organiser of this Old Boys Day Meet, he started introducing each of them to the two ladies, Molly and Vimala. "This is Capt. Thampi, my colleague, and this is Dr. S. K. Naidu of General Hospital; Mr. Sivaram of T.W.A. Mr. Mathews, a pilot in our civil aviation. And don't you know Mrs. Leela Bai, the youngest of our Deputy Collectors?....." That lady, a fair tall woman with a distinguished look, glanced at Vimala; an icy look. Vimala remembered her. She was far junior to her in the college. But she had successfully passed I. A. S. last year.

Then there were Mr. Lal of the Lal Mills, Ramnath attached to the Indian Embassy in U. K., some other khadi clad politicians, old professors, other staff and lot of V. I. Ps., whom nobody even dared to approach for casual talk. But the formal introductions and greetings went on. To all of those persons



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introduced to Molly, she had something or other to talk. But Vimala simply gave out her hand feeling it as if not hers, but a lifeless, dead one. Her face was like a mask; it did not betray its inner emotions.

In the midst of that cheerful meeting and laughter there came a hand to shake with, grimly concealing the irony behind it. It was the hand of Mr. Krishnamoorthy. He was the Superintendent in Post and Telegraphs. A newly appointed young officer, Vimala's superior officer. Both of them recognized each other undoubtedly. But for reasons he himself only knew that young officer did not show any recognition of her. His action freezed Vimala. For a

few moments he looked at her through his spectacles, his eyes transfixed in a manner of sarcastic hypocrisy. He too shook hands with Vimala just like others. A few silent moments skipped off. It was rather cruel on his part. He asked her: "You are employed aren't you?" It was rather very unsporting of him. Vimala felt she was humiliated. Her friend Molly was nearby. Only a few minutes ago she had told a lie to her, that she was doing nothing. She did not want to admit that she was just a clerk.

Fortunately for her there was no need to reply to the Superintendent. "We shall begin our programme." There was a stir among the crowd. Everybody was moving towards the hall and occupying selected seats along with the choicest company close by. A young gentleman came forward and dragged Molly somewhere near the stage. They were found themselves in animated conversation and well pleased with each other. Vimala felt stranded without a proper companion. She feared whether she was unwanted in that function.

On the stage, there were all the college staff, seated on either side of the president, who was the Education Minister from a neighbouring State. He was himself once an old student of the college.

As the organiser of the function, Srinivas began reading the welcome address. The hall became silent, except the echoing voice from the loud speakers.

"Hon. President, ladies and gentlemen,.....We are happy

that one of our old boys, Sri..., now Minister for Education in our neighbouring State, has himself turned up to preside over this function. Some of us will be remembering, in those days of freedom struggle our veteran president was the president of our College Union itself and would like to remind you that he himself had been victimised and expelled from the college for having taken a leading part in the strike in our college and for kindling the fire of freedom within the students. Now we can proudly acknowledge our sincere thanks and welcome him amongst us. Our college can proudly look back and say that such pillars of society have passed through her portals. She has presented to the nation brilliant men of science, able politicians, ambassadors, administrators, educationists, soldiers and men of distinction....."

Vimala looked up. She was in a strange world. Her friend Molly was far away. Her eyes met those of Krishnamoorthy's her superior officer. He was still keeping that sarcastic look. She felt incredibly uncomfortable and uneasy. She looked at the man sitting next to her. He seemed to be deeply engrossed in the proceedings on the stage. It appeared that he was not aware of even Vimala's presence.

Vimala got up and stealthily moved out of the hall. She needed fresh air. She felt tire-some and depressed. What she wanted most was to escape from that dreary and depressing atmosphere.

With a deep sigh of relief,

she tiptoed through the verandah and got outside into the grounds. The dark dome of the immense hall greeted her. The cool air life bothed her. She felt like escaping from a strange world, filled with strange people ridiculously laughing, talking and bescrimacing. The college itself

appeared as a strange, unfamiliar place, a different world than hers. She turned and took a last and final glance. Then with a sigh she hurried her steps to her abode of isolation.

(The characters in this story are purely fictitious and any similarity is only accidental.)

REMARK

A certain member of a country club was not popular because of ostentation and jewellery. One Sunday two club members were watching this person hack his way round the golf course.

"Weak with his clubs, isn't he?" said one.

"Yes, but strong in diamonds," remarked the other.

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BIG SISTER LIU

This is a moving and purposeful story from China laid in the days when that country was ravaged with internecine strife between war lords and pillaged by roving robber bands.

Summer was unusually hot in Peking that year. Although the street lamps were already lit, old Wu who sold cool crab-apple cider in the corner of the lane, was still announcing his wares with a rhythmic clanging of two small brass bowls. A woman with a large basket of scrap paper on her back passed before the cider vender. A large battered straw hat obscured her face, but when she hailed him, you caught a flash of even white teeth. Her burden weighed her down heavily. She walked placing one foot solemnly in front of the other, like a camel, until she entered her own gate.

Beyond was a small compound lined with one-storey buildings built in a hollow square. The woman lived in two dilapidated rooms on one side of the compound. Most of the yard was strewn with rubble, but before her door was an arbor and tuberoses grew beneath her window. As she neared her door, a man came out and helped her lower the heavy basket.

"You're late today, my dear."

The man's name was Liu Hsiang-kao. He was approximately the same age as she—about thirty. The woman's name was Chun-tao, or Spring Peach, but her surname was also Liu. And the neighbours all referred

to her as Big Sister Liu, the scrap paper collector. That was her occupation. From morning till night beneath the blazing sun or icy gale she tramped the streets day after day collecting scrap paper for a living. The man was an assistant to Wu, the cedar seller. All that he got for his work was the rent free two room tenement and two meals.

Both of them were refugees to Peking from marauding bandits in the interior of China. They had come there five years ago and fate had thrown them together. She wanted a place to store her paper and had chanced to meet Hsiang-kao and he had gladly rented a portion of his tenement to her.

Since Hsiang-kao could read a bit, he was able to sort through the paper that Chun-tao collected and pick out the relatively valuable pieces, such as inscribed paintings or letters or scrolls written by some famous figure. With the two co-operating, business improved. Occasionally, Hsiang-kao tried to teach Chun-tao read and write, but without much success. He couldn't read very well himself and had even greater difficulty in explaining the words to others.

But to get back to the story. As Chun-tao came into the room, Hsiang-kao followed behind her

with a bucket of water.

"Wash up, my dear wife," he said happily. "I'm starving. Let's have something good to eat. Light—onion griddle cake, alright? If you agree, I'll go out and buy the things."

"Huh! Why can't you stop before calling me wife? I'm not your power wife," Chun-tao said with some squeal.

"If you'll only agree to it tomorrow I'll buy you a good straw hat in the second-hand market. Haven't you been saying you need one?" Hsiang-kao pleaded.

"I don't like to hear it."

Seeing that she was a little annoyed, he changed the subject. "Well, what do you want to eat?"

"Whatever you like. You buy it and I'll cook it for you."

After a while Hsiang-kao returned with some onions and a bowl of sesame seed sauce, and placed them on the table. Chun-tao had finished washing. She came in holding a large red card.

"This must be some big official's wedding certificate. Don't sell it in the small market this time. Better have some one take it to the Peking Hotel. We'll get more for it there."

"That's ours. Otherwise what right would I have to call you wife?" replied Hsiang-kao playfully. "I've been teaching you to read for nearly two years and you still can't recognize your own name!"

"Who can read so many words? And cut out this wife business. I don't like to hear it. Seriously now, who wrote this thing?"

"I did. This morning a policeman came around to check up on the tenants. He says the

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All aches and
Pains

martial law has been stricter the last two days. Every family has to report exactly who is staying with them and their relationship. The policeman said it wouldn't look good if he wrote down that a man and a woman, unmarried, were living together. So I took a blank wedding certificate and filled in that we were married in 1919."

"What? 1919? I didn't even know you in 1919. You'll get us into an awful mess."

Although opposed to the idea, Chun-tao spoke calmly. She had changed to blue cloth trousers and she wore a white tunic.

Even without make-up, her face had a fresh natural beauty. Had she been willing to marry, the local matchmaker could easily have passed her off as a young widow of twenty-three or four. Chun-tao could have commanded at least a hundred and eighty dollars dowry under prevailing market conditions.

Laughing, she folded the card down the middle. "Don't fool around. A fine wedding certificate! Let's make our griddle cakes and eat." She lifted the stove lid and thrust the card into the flames. Then she walked to the table and began to knead some dough.

"You can burn it if you like," said Hsiang-kao with a grin. "The policeman has already registered us as husband and wife. If they make an official check, I'll say we lost it when we were refugees on the road. From now on, I'm going to call you wife. The police recognize our marriage. I'm going to call you wife whether you like it or not. Tomorrow I'll buy you a new hat. I'm afraid I can't afford a ring."

"Keep that up and you'll make me mad."

"Looks like you're still thinking of your husband Li Mao," Hsiang-kao said in an aggrieved tone.

"Think of him? Husband and wife for one night, then separated for nearly five years, with no news all that time. What's the good of thinking?"

She had told Hsiang-kao what had happened on her marriage day. When the flowery sedan chair brought her to the groom's

home, before the guests even had a chance to take their seats at the wedding feast, a man came rushing in to announce that an army of many soldiers had arrived in the two neighbouring villages. They were grabbing men to dig trenches and everybody was running away. The new couple hastily bundled their belongings together and fled toward the west with the rest of the villagers. Their second night on the road, they suddenly heard people ahead shouting, "The bandits are coming. Hide, quickly hide!" There was a wild scramble to get out of sight. No one had time to think of anyone but himself. When the sun rose the next morning, a dozen people had disappeared, Chun-tao's husband Li Mao among them.

"I think he must have been taken by the bandits," she now said. "May be they killed him long ago. Forget it. Let's not talk about him."

She finished making the cake and put it on the table. Hsiang-kao scooped a bowl of cucumber soup from the crockery pot. The two sat down and ate in silence.

When the meal was over, they sat beneath the arbor and chatted. A cool breeze brought tiny fireflies descending on the arbor like a myriad of falling stars, while countless real stars flashed and twinkled among the leaves of the cucumber vine. The night-blooming tuberose slowly opened their petals and filled the garden with their perfume.

"How lovely they smell," said Hsiang-kao. He plucked one of the flowers and put it in Chun-tao's hair.

"Don't spoil my tuberose. Wearing flowers in the hair at night—I'm no prostitute." She took the flower out, inhaled its delicate scent, then placed it on her seat beside her.

"Before she knew it, it was almost midnight. Chun-tao stood before and stretched. 'I'm tired. Now let's get some rest.'"

Hsiang-kao followed her into the house. There was a brick oven bed against the window wide enough to sleep three.

Chun-tao undressed, draped herself in a thin coverlet and lay face downwards on the bed. According to their nightly habit, Hsiang-kao massaged her back and legs. As usual, she gradually relaxed, a faint smile on her lips, as Hsiang-kao kneaded her weary muscles in the light of the oil lamp's flickering little flame.

Already half asleep, she murmured, "You come to bed too. You have to get up early tomorrow."

Soon the woman was snoring faintly. Hsiang-kao put out the lamp.

At dawn they rose promptly and set off on their respective

missions like a pair of ravens leaving their nest in search of food.

Just as the noon cannon sounded, and the drums and cymbals of the fair grounds on the shores of the Ten Monasteries Lake were at their noisiest, Chun-tao came through the Houmen Arch, bearing a basket of paper on her back. As she neared the fair grounds, a man by the side of the road hailed her.

"Chun-tao; Chun-tao!"

Even Hsiang-kao seldom addressed her by her name. In the four or five years since she left the countryside, certainly no one had ever shouted it out like that in public.

"Chun-tao, don't you remember me?"

She turned to see a beggar sitting by the roadside. The piteous cry had come from him. His face was heavily bearded. He was unable to stand because he had no legs. The white metal buttons of his tattered grey uniform were already rusting and his skin showed



through the splits in his shoulder seams. A nondescript army cap devoid of any insignia perched askew on his head.

Chun-too stared at him wordlessly.

"Chun-tao, I'm Li Mao!"

She took two steps forward. Grimy tears were running down the man's cheeks into his tangled beard. Her heart beat wildly. For several minutes she was unable to speak.

"Mao, you're a beggar?" she said finally. "How did you lose your legs?"

He sighed. "It's a long story. How long have you been in Peking? What are you selling?"

"Selling? I collect scrap paper. We can talk after we get home."

Chun-tao called a rickshaw, raised Li Mao in and put her basket on the vehicle's floor-board. While the rickshaw-man pulled, she trotted along behind and pushed. Old Wu, standing at the head of her lane near the north wall clanging his little brass bowls hailed her as they went by.

"You're home early today, Big Sister. Business must be good!"

"A relative's come from the country," she shouted back in reply.

At the compound gate, the rickshaw man helped Li Mao down. Chun-tao opened the gate with her key, then led Li Mao in. He crawled forward on his hands, like a performing bear, his amputated legs dragging behind him.

She brought out a suit of Hsiang-kao's clothing and drew

two buckets of water from the well, just as Hsiang-kao did for her every day. She poured the water into a wooden tub and told Li Mao to bathe. After he finished, she filled another basin so that he could wash his face. Finally she helped him to a seat on the oven-bed, then went into the next room to bathe herself.

"Your place is nice and clean, Chun-tao. Do you like here alone?"

"My partner stays here too," she answered without any hesitation.

"Are you in business?"

"Didn't I tell you I collect scrap paper?"

"Collect scrap paper? How much can you earn in a day doing that?"

"Never mind questioning me. Let me hear about you first." Chun-tao spilled out the bath water and came into the room, combing her hair.

Li Mao began his story:

"Chun-tao—ah, it's too long. I'll just tell you the main things. After the bandits captured me that night, I hated them because they had made me lose you. I watched for my chance, grabbed one of their rifles, killed two of them and ran for my life. I managed to get to Shenyang just when they were recruiting for the army, and I joined up. All during the next three years I kept trying to get news from home. Two months ago we were northeast of Pingku and I was on patrol duty. I ran into the enemy and was hit in both legs. I was rushed to a field hospital in

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KAHANIYA MONTHLY, MAY, 1958.

Peking. The doctor had to amputate.

"I was in the hospital for more than a month. I pulled through alright, but my legs were amputated. When I was discharged all I could do was beg on the streets. Lately I've been thinking I can't stand this much longer; it would be better to hang myself and get it over with.

Chun-tao listened intently. Her eyes were moist but she said nothing. Li Mao paused to wipe the sweat from his brow.

"And what about you?" he asked. "Though this place is kind of cramped compared with our broad, open countryside, from the looks of things you're doing all right."

"Who's doing all right? No matter how bad things are, a person still had to live. You can see people with smiles on their faces even at the gates of hell. I've been collecting scrap for a living, the past few years. A fellow by the name of Hsiang-kao is my partner. He and I share everything."

"You and he live here together?"

"Yes, we both sleep on this oven-bed," Chun-tao replied without the least hesitation, as if she had definite views on the subject for a long time.

"Oh, then you're married to him?"

"No, we just live together."

"In that case, are you still my wife or aren't you?"

"No, I'm not anybody's wife."

Li Mao's pride as a husband

was hurt, but he couldn't think of what to say. His eyes were fixed on the ground, not that he was looking at anything of course, but because he was rather ashamed to face his wife.

"Everyone must be laughing at me for a cuckold," he said at last in a low voice.

"Cuckold?" The woman's face hardened a bit at the word, but she spoke without rancor. "I'm independent now. Whatever I do can't have any effect on you."

"But we're still married, hundred days of bliss—"

"I don't know anything about any hundred days of bliss," Chun-tao interrupted. "Several hundred days of bliss have passed since then. Nearly five years without a word. I'm sure you never dreamed we'd meet again either. I was here alone. I had to live. I needed someone to help me. After living together with him all these years, of course, I don't feel the same about you any more. I brought you home today because our fathers were friends, because we come from the same village. You may claim I'm not so sure you'll win."

Li Mao fumbled at the pouch in his belt as if searching for something. But then he stopped and stared at Chun-tao and his hand dropped back and rested on the mat covering of the brick bed.

Li Mao was silent. Chun-tao wept. The shadows on the floor softly lengthened.

"Alright, Chun-tao, if that's

how you want it. I'm a cripple. Even if you came back to me, I couldn't support you," Li Mao said sensibly.

"I can't throw you over my head because you're crippled. But I can't give him up either. Why don't we all just live here and no one think about who's supporting whom, what do you say?" Chun-tao, too, spoke the words that were in her heart.

Li Mao's stomach rumbled faintly.

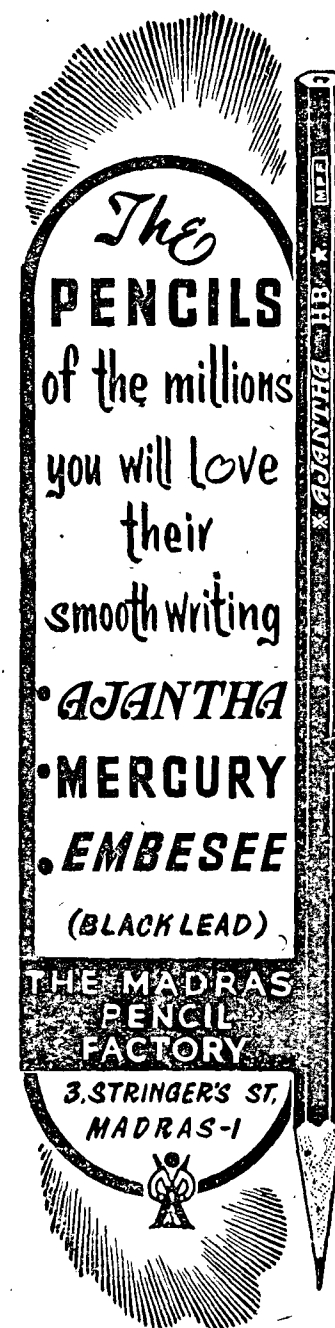
"Oh here we've been talking all this time and I haven't even asked you what you'd like to eat. You must be terribly hungry."

"Anything at all. I haven't eaten since last night. I only had some water."

"I'll buy something." As Chun-tao hurried from the house Hsiang kao gaily entered the courtyard. They collided under the arbor.

"What are you so happy about?" she asked him. "Why are you home so early?"

"I did some good business today. This morning I went through that load of paper you brought home last night, and what did I find but some Ming Dynasty petitions sent to the Emperor of China by the King of Korea—ten of them, worth at least fifty dollars a piece! I just took a few down to the exchange to see what they'll bring from the customers; I'll take some more down later. I also found two stamped sheets of paper that the experts say are Sung Dynasty. I've been offered sixty dollars for them already, but I was afraid to sell. May be that's too cheap. I brought



them back to let you take a look. See....."

He undid the cloth wrapper of his bundle and took out the documents and the stamped paper. "This is the imperial seal," he pointed at the stamped imprint.

"Except for that mark, I don't see anything special about this paper. Fine foreign paper is much whiter," said Chun-tao. "Those Palace officials must be as blind as I am."

Hsiang-kao laughed. "If they weren't a little blind how could people like us earn a couple of dollars now and again?"

He retied the bundle. "I say, wife—"

Chun-tao glanced at him sharply. "I told you not to call me that."

Hsiang-kao ignored her tone. "You've come home early too. Business must be not bad. Say, it isn't often that we're both home together in the afternoon. Why don't we take a stroll around the fair grounds at Ten Monasteries Lake?"

He went into the house and put his bundle on the table. Chun-tao followed him in. "We can't," she said. "We have a visitor today." Raising the door curtain of the inner room, she nodded to Hsiang-kao, "Go on in."

He walked into the next room with Chun-tao right behind him. "This is my former husband," she said to Hsiang-kao, and to Li Mao she said, "This is my partner."

The eyes of the two men met. Neither man spoke. Even the two flies resting on the window

sill were silent. The room remained hushed for several moments.

"Your name, sir?" asked Hsiang-kao courteously. Of course, he knew very well.

They began to chat.

"I must go out and buy a couple of things," said Chun-tao. "You probably haven't eaten either," she said to Hsiang-kao. "Will griddle cakes be alright?" "I've eaten. You stay here. I'll do the buying."

Chun-tao pushed him to a seat on the brick bed. "You stay here and entertain the guest," she insisted with a smile and went out.

The two men were left alone in the room. In a situation like that, if they hadn't liked one another on sight, they might have fought to the death. Fortunately, they had formed a mutual liking.

"Now that you husband and wife are reunited again, I'll leave of course," said Hsiang-kao reluctantly.

"No. I've been away from her so long. And now I'm a cripple. I couldn't support her. It wouldn't be any use. You've lived together all these years. Why break up? I can go to a home for the disabled. I hear there's one here. I can get in if I can make the right connections."

Hsiang-kao was surprised. He hadn't expected such magnanimous conduct from a man he had considered a rough soldier.

"That's not right," replied Hsiang-kao. "I don't want to be known as a wife-stealer. And thinking of it from your angle, you shouldn't let your wife live

with another man."

"I'll write a paper disowning her, or I'll give you a bill of sale! Either way will do," Li Mao said with a smile.

"How can you disown her? She hasn't done anything wrong. I don't want her to lose face. As for buying her—where would I get the money?"

"I don't want any money."

"What do you want?"

"I don't want anything."

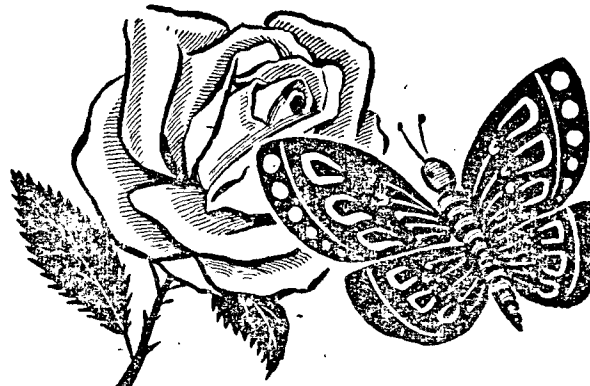
"Then why write a bill of sale?"

"Because if we just agree verbally you won't have any proof. I might be sorry later and change my mind, that would

make things awkward. Excuse me for talking so frankly, but that's the best way to get this thing settled. We can save the polite chatter for later."

Chun-tao returned with the sesame seed buns she had bought. Seeing the two men talking together so freely, she was very happy.

"I've been thinking a lot lately about finding another person to help us," she said to Hsiang-kao. "Now by a lucky coincidence, Mao has shown up. He can't walk, but he'll be fine at home, sorting through the paper. You can be our outside salesman, I'll still do the collecting. The



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Li Mao made no reply, but picked up a sesame seed bun and began wolfing it down. It was as if he had just come back from the world of the starving and had no time for talk.

Days passed without any hitch. But two men and women sleeping together on a single brick oven-bed of course was very awkward.

Coming home one day, Chun-tao found Hsiang-kao waiting for her as usual. It was already late, and as she entered the house she could smell incense burning. And on the table was a red card.

"Who does this red card on the table belong to?" Chun-tao asked picking it up.

"We talked it over today," said Li Mao from the brick bed. "You go to Hsiang-kao. That's the contract of sale."

"Oh, so you've got it all settled among yourselves! Well, and I say it's not up to you two to dispose of me!" She walked over to Li Mao with the red card. "Was this your idea, or his?"

"It's what we both want. The way we've been living, I'm not happy and neither is he."

"We talk and talk and it's still the same question. Why must you two always think about this husband and wife business?" Angrily, she tore the card to bits. "How much did you sell me for?"

"We put down a figure just for the look of things. No real man gives his wife away for nothing."

"But if he sells her, that makes everything alright, does it?" She walked out to Hsiang-kao and said: "You've got money now. You can afford to buy a wife. Why not spend a little more and—"

"Don't talk like that, don't talk that," Hsiang-kao pleaded. "You don't understand, Chun-tao. The last few days, the people in the trade have all been laughing at me..."

"If anyone laughs at you, why don't you hit him? What are you afraid of? What we do is nobody else's business."

Hsiang-kao was silent.

"Let's not talk about this any more. Why can't the three of us go on living as we are?"

The room was still. After the evening meal Li Mao and Chun-tao sat beneath the arbor but both were unusually quiet.

"I can see that you like him a lot," he said in a low voice. "You'd better live with him. When you get a little money scraped together, you can send me back to the country, or to a home for disabled soldiers."

"It's true these last few years we've been living together, we've been getting along fine," Chun-tao replied softly. "If he were to go, I'd miss him terribly. Let's ask him in and see what he thinks."

"Hsiang-kao, Hsiang," she called from the window. No response came. She went outside. Hsiang-kao was not there. This was the first time he had ever gone out at night alone. Chun-tao was stunned. She called toward the house:

"I'll go and look for him."

She was sure Hsiang-kao had only gone up to the corner. But when she asked old Wu, the old man said he had seen him going toward the main street. She went to all of his usual haunts, but Hsiang-kao was nowhere to be seen. It's very easy to lose a person. Once they get out of sight, they disappear without a trace.

It was nearly one in the morning when Chun-tao, heavy-hearted, returned home.

The oil lamp in the room was already extinguished.

"Are you asleep? Has Hsiang-kao come back yet?" she asked. Striking a match, she lit the lamp and peered at the brick bed. A chill of terror ran through her veins. Li Mao had hanged himself with his belt from

the top of the window lattice. She managed to control herself sufficiently to climb up and lower him to the bed. Fortunately he was not dead. Luckily for him, she had come back at the nick of the moment. By kneading his chest, she gradually was able to revive him.

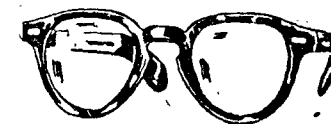
Although Chun-tao didn't love him, she had a strong sense of duty to wards him. She comforted and reassured him, talking to him until the sky turned bright. At last he slept and Chun-tao got down off the bed.

All that day she didn't go out of the house. In the evening, she sat beside Li Mao on the brick bed.

"Why are you crying?" she asked him. Tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"I've wronged you. What

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did I come here for?"

"Nobody's blaming you."

"Now he's gone, and I haven't any legs—"

"You mustn't think like that. He'll come back."

"I hope so."

Thus another day passed. Next morning she donned her battered straw hat and fastened her basket on her back.

"You're in low spirits today, don't go out," Li Mao said to her through the window.

"I feel worse sitting around the house."

Slowly, she walked through the gate. Work was part of her very being. Even though she was depressed and unhappy, she still wanted to work. Work is the only thing Chinese women seem to understand. They don't seem to understand love. All their attention is concentrated on the routine problems of life. Love's flowering is only a blind, stifled stirring in their hearts. All the same she felt an unaccountable pain in her heart.

She wandered from one lane to the next. Endless dust, endless streets engulfed the downcast young woman. "Matches for scrap paper!" she called occasionally. Yet at times she walked by a pile of discarded paper without giving it a glance. Once or twice, when she was supposed to give two boxes of matches in payment, Chun-tao gave five. After muddling through the day, she returned home. At the gate she saw the new residents' identification card which the police had posted, stating that Hsiang-kao and she, his wife, were the residents-in-charge. The

pressure on her heart grew heavier.

As she entered the courtyard, Hsiang-kao came running out of the house.

Chun-tao's eyes went wide. "You've come back!..." she cried, and then she couldn't speak for the choking tears.

"I can't leave you. Everything I have I owe to you. I know you want me to help you with your work. I can't be so callous."

He had been drifting about aimlessly for two days. His feet seemed to be dragging heavy iron fetters, fastened at one end to Chun-tao's wrist.

"Brother Hsiang-kao and I have talked it over," said Li Mao. "He's the resident-in-charge, I'm the sub-tenant. You're our wife."

She made no reply but went into the house, hung up her hat, and took her daily bath. Later she and Hsiang-kao as usual sat under the arbor. They agreed that after they sold that paper from the Imperial Palace, they would use some of the money to set up a stall for Hsiang-kao in the public market: perhaps they could also find a somewhat roomier place to live, too.

A moth, flying into the house from the arbor, snuffed out the old lamp's tiny flame. Li Mao was fast asleep, for the Milky Way was already low in the sky.

"We ought to sleep too," the woman said.

"You get into bed first. I'll come and massage you in a minute."

"You don't have to. I didn't walk very far today. We have

to be up early tomorrow. Don't forget to take care of that business. We haven't shown a profit for days."

"Say, I forgot to give it you. On the way home today, I made a special trip to the second-hand market and bought you a hat that's practically new. What do you think of it?" Groping, Hsiang-kao found the hat and handed it to her.

"How can I see anything in the dark? I'll wear it tomorrow anyhow."

A hush fell on the courtyard. The scent of tuberoses wafted lazily on the night's gentle breeze. In the room soft voices could be faintly heard.

"Wife..."

"I don't want to hear it. I'm not your wife..."

—Chinese Literature.

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ENCOUNTER AT THE STATION

Alighting from the train Ram's eyes happened to catch a glimpse of a lovely young woman and his curiosity got the better of him.

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

"I say Ram, this is the limit! Isn't it the third time you are washing that blasted face of yours? Whoever do you expect to see at the station? Looks as if somebody is simply perishing to see you . . .," shouted my brother-in-law Subbu.

"Shut up, you fool." I cut him short and shoved myself into that miserable hole which goes under the dignified name of bathroom which the leisurely railways have been pleased to provide us in the upper classes. And the water, what little I could manage, was hot enough to cook a full ton of rice! But all the fun was in extracting it. I could have more easily drawn water from a thousand feet deep well.

"Ram! Ram! Wretched fellow, come out," Subbu went on roaring and pounding on the bathroom door alternately, as the train came to a halt at Madras Central.

The importunities of Subbu notwithstanding, I took my own time to get ready. "Come soon, you ass, or they will shunt you on to the carriage shed and give you a good scrub I am certain it will happen to you one of these days," continued he. It was good he did not hear me laugh.

At last I sallied forth from the carriage on to the platform and

cast a rapid glance at what was happening around me. But I missed Subbu. I had no cause for anxiety all the same. As it always happened, he was running after the porter who had lifted our luggage and was heading towards the exit. Between me and the porter, Subbu preferred to follow the latter for obvious reasons.

It was quite a hot day. But the railway platform was a miniature world with all its diversities and unities. It had never been uninteresting to me. On the contrary, I liked loitering about the platform with or without platform tickets. But let me assure you, for no sinister reasons. I have never been so far suspected even by my worst enemies of any misdemeanour. And my visits to the Central and Egmore Stations (I am positive you will agree it is Central that is more interesting) in my college days had been comparatively fewer. I had not many cousins to give "send-offs".

Be that as it may, I had no special reason to loiter on the platform that day. I was a passenger myself and I wanted to go home. The train was late by a hundred and eighty minutes. So I proceeded along when something caught my attention as a flash of lightning would. I was

not slow to find that it issued forth from one of those distracting displays of wares of stainless steel to soaps and sweets on the platforms.

Her back was towards me but her beautiful profile impressed me like a rare flower. She was of a slender built. I could feel something happen inside me and a strong desire to have but one glimpse at that face seized me. The profile was so captivating. She wore a crepe sari of maroon shade which reminded me of just the one I had presented my wife Saroja a month ago.

I approached the side exit. But instead of going out through it I proceeded towards the main entrance. Subbu can wait, I thought. The train was already late and a few more minutes' wait won't do him any harm.

I came near where she stood. She was really good, I said to myself. I approached nearer. She was looking out for someone. I wished she would turn her face but once, if only for a second . . .

There was no use waiting indefinitely. For aught I knew

she may not turn my side at all. I summoned all my courage and decided to take one look, come what may, of that face that had annihilated me.

I went nearer still and she turned. My heart slipped over many beats and came to a stop! "What have you been doing all this time?" The question was shot at me. You would have guessed properly by now. The vision I had seen was no other than my wife Saroja.

I did not know how long it took me to recover, but recover I did.

"But why are you standing here? Where is Subbu?" I managed to ask. And ignoring her sharp questioning look I ventured to say it! I could not resist doing it. "You look really grand, Saroj," I whispered.

"Don't be silly! Come on, hurry up. I have been waiting here for more than three hours," she said severely and walked away. And I followed meekly. I am not sure she did not find me out. Anyway even to day I dare not discuss it with her!

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FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

A CONSTABLE'S SUICIDE

A constable had died of poison and the police accused his wife of murdering him and she was arrested and tried

Sukhdayal, a Christian, was a constable attached to the police station at Tejgarh in Saugor district (Madhya Pradesh), and was living with his wife Mussammat Sarabhai and a little child James (2½) who were more often than not on the sick list. A particular friend of the family, a boyhood acquaintance, was Abdul Gaffar who was also a constable. He was stationed at Tendukheda. Sukhdayal had all along been at Tendukheda but he was transferred from that place to Tejgarh while Abdul Gaffar remained at Tendukheda. Sukhdayal was very much worried by the transfer as he found Tendukheda particularly convenient to him, the more so because of the medical facilities which were available at that end for treating his ailing wife and child.

Sukhdayal and his wife appeared to be living happily to all outward appearances. There was, however, a rumour in the vicinity that Sarabhai was a bit too familiar with Abdul Gaffar. This apparently came to the notice of the authorities who had ordered the transfer probably on that account. Nevertheless Sukhdayal, if one could judge by his outward appearance and the amiable rela-

tions that still subsisted between the couple, could not bring himself to believe a word of it. However, shortly before 19-5-1932, one Kamal saw them one day quarrelling. The wife wanted to go to Tendukheda for medical attention to her throat complaint, but the husband was not agreeable to it and he specifically told her not to go to the place where Abdul Gaffar was and excite suspicion amongst outsiders. He did not stand in the way of the child James going there or herself going to any other place.

On the morning of 19-5-1932, Sukhdayal got up early and proceeded to the river with two companions for the purposes of answering the nature call. He came back to the station and then returned to his quarters between 7 and 8 a.m. for his morning tea. He partook of it which was prepared by his wife and arrived at the station and resumed his work. Shortly afterwards, he complained of dryness in the throat, giddiness and numbness in the limbs. First aid was immediately administered to him at the police station and then he was taken back to his quarters and afterwards taken to a room inside. His condition, however, grew worse and worse

and it was thought expedient to take him to Damboli. He was taken thither first in a tonga and then in a lorry which was available on the way. But three miles before the destination, Sukhdayal breathed his last at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon in the lorry itself. His wife and son had also accompanied him, and their house had been locked by her prior to starting.

A post mortem was conducted on the body almost immediately. It was noticed that the body was hot; and the temperature persisted for five hours after death. The doctor, therefore, concluded that death would have been due to a heat stroke. The contents of the stomach and the viscera were, however, preserved and sent to the chemical examiner. Meanwhile the police suspected foul play and commenced a search of the deceased's

quarters which was conducted three days later, i.e. on 22-5-1932.

Sarabhai was ill even when she was accompanying her husband on what proved to be his last journey. Her face was swollen and at the destination she became very ill and unconscious too, a condition which was also noticed by the pastor.

The house was searched thoroughly. A bagona in which tea had been prepared was found. It was still on the oven. A small quantity of tea was also noticed in an aluminium mug in the same room. Underneath the cot in the front room was an empty cup and saucer which had probably not been used.

The contents in the bagona and the aluminium tumbler and certain medicine packets found there were sent up to the chemical examiner, who certified to the



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presence of dhatura in the viscera of the deceased and also in the liquid which was found in the aluminium tumbler, but not in that which was found in the bagona. Sarabhai said that she did not prepare tea that day as she was too ill to do so. Sukhdayal himself, she said, had prepared it; and if anything untoward had happened, she would attribute it to the mischief of some fellow policeman who was inimically disposed towards him.

Sarabhai, however, was arrested and placed on trial for murder. There was evidence of one woman who said she saw Sarabhai giving tea to the deceased.

Two theories were in the main advanced on her behalf. It was suggested that Sukhdayal would have had a heat stroke, which had ended fatally; and it was also put forward that he would have committed suicide in a mood of desperation.

Death by poisoning and by heat stroke give somewhat identical indications. Heat at that part of the year would be very intense in that area, and the circumstance that the body was warm up to a long time supported somewhat that theory. But the previous history of the case negatived any such plea. Sukhdayal was in normal health before the attack of giddiness was on, and the symptoms he had were precisely those which would have been caused by dhatura poisoning. Dhatura poisoning itself occasions high temperature ranging from 106° to 108°. The high temperature in the body

was due to this fact. Dhatura poisoning is also accompanied by delirious aberration. Hence it could be established that he had died from dhatura poisoning. How did he come by it?

The poison was not accidentally administered. The chemical examiner had reported that dhatura was detected in the portions of the viscera and in the smaller utensil. It was also evident that it was administered in the form of a very fine powder rather than as a decoction. The powder must have been in the tumbler before tea was poured into it or subsequently added. It follows, therefore, that it should have been done by Sarabhai herself or self administered by Sukhdayal himself.

The Sessions Judge of Saugor held her guilty of murder and sentenced her to death.

The High Court of Nagpur on appeal was of a different view. The Judges felt that it was a case of suicide. The motive suggested for the murder was that the woman wanted to do away with her husband with a view to carry on her liaison with Abdul Gaffar; but it was indeed very thin because it appeared that the husband himself was not quite sure about it. There had been only vague rumours to that effect. What was more probable was that Sukhdayal himself was unhinged in mind. His wife and children were frequently ill and he was much put out when he was transferred to a station without medical facilities. His protests went unheeded. His wife too was disgruntled and did everything to confirm the

suspicion of the outside public. Everything was thus set for a weak willed man to put out his life. If he had suspected poisoning at the hands of his wife, he would have of a certainty informed those around him about it before he lost consciousness or power of speech. The subsequent conduct of Sarabhai was, if anything, exculpatory. She did not give up her wifely concern once she came to know that he was ill. She did not remove the incriminating con-

tents in the tea cup when she locked the house before her departure. A poisoner would not leave traces of poison behind.

The evidence doubtless threw a good deal of suspicion against the wife, if only by reason of the suspicion of his fellow policemen on her fidelity; but her connection with the murder had not been definitely established.

In the end, Sarabhai was acquitted.

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Wisdom is more moving than any motion; she passeth or goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty, therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of the God, and the image of His goodness.
—Wisdom of Solomon.

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THE HIDDEN TREASURE

SWAMI SIVANANDA

There was a very poor family consisting of husband, wife and a few children. They had to toil hard to earn money for their food, and often went from market to market begging for a few coins or for pieces of bread. When they received a few small coins from kind hearted people they used to buy bare necessities from the market, and enjoyed rest for a while on returning home. Often they had to go without food and comfort, lamenting their miserable condition. They dwelt between tears

and smiles, happiness and sorrow, gain and loss, pleasure and pain.

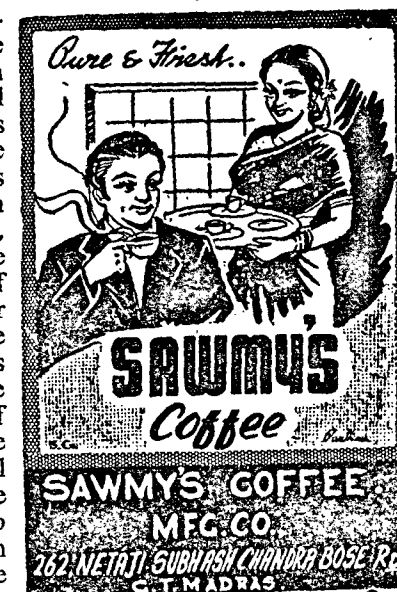
But in reality they had for their heritage a vast treasure, of which they were completely unaware! It was buried in the ground where their cottage stood. They rested upon it, slept upon it, enjoyed the little they got and lived a miserable life, ignorant of their hereditary treasure. Had they dug beneath the ground, they would have found the treasure and ended their sorrow.

The same is the plight of the



PADMINI and Sundari Bai assume the role of gypsies to escape capture
—a scene from Gemini's *Vanji-Kottai Valipan*

individual soul. Due to ignorance he is not aware of the supreme wealth of *atman* which lies beneath the bed of his causal sheath or bliss sheath. He roams in the *samsara*, enjoying the sense objects. Happiness is derived from the bliss sheath which has three *Vrittis*—*Priya*, *Moda* and *Pramoda*. *Priya* is the delight of seeing the object of desire, *Moda* is the greater delight due to possessing the object of desire, and *Pramoda* is still greater delight due to the enjoyment of the object of desire. When the tension of the mind is released by the gradual satisfaction of a desire, the intellect of man turns inwards to glimpse the bliss of *atman* through the veil of *avidya*. If he rends assunder the veil he will not be like the poor family roaming about in the market of *samsara* for the little happiness of sense pleasure which is mixed with so much humiliation, pain and affliction. Each day *jiva* in the state of deep sleep goes near the treasure but due to the veil of ignorance does not attain it.



When he digs the bed of ignorance with the spade of enquiry into the real Self, with the strength of discrimination and dispassion, he recovers the hidden treasure of *atman* and becomes *atma-samrai* or self-monarch.

VANJI-KOTTAI VALIPAN

"When the bugles blow there is a good show" is the legend one sees painted in bold letters on the vans of Gemini Pictures Circuit. In the past Gemini boss Vasan has given many great pictures. His latest release, *Vanji-Kottai Valipan*, fully justifies this claim.

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"Can I go out and play with the boy next door, Mummy?"

"No. You know I don't like him."

"Then can I go out and fight him?"

A secluded spot, a beautiful lake,
an ideal companion and naturally the
picnic was memorable.

THE PICNIC

G. S. HIRANYAPPA

I am one of those who are fond of the countryside and I guess I have spent a good lot of time in camps pitched in rural areas. The gun and the rod have ever been my favourite instruments of sport, and my big station-wagon is always geared to take me and my kit into the rural unknown at a moment's notice.

But another important fact you must have in mind when you go a-hunting or on a picnic is—a girl. In this respect also, I consider myself exceedingly lucky, since Sarasa, my athletic wife, is as fond of hunting and swimming as she is of cooking and sewing. A lovely luscious cake of three-and-twenty, Sarasa's collection of jeans, shorts and slacks is well-known among her circle of friends and when she is dressed in any of these, she sends me into a fizzy of excitement, which is not to be wondered at, since Sarasa has the finest pair of feminine legs in this part of the country. Any other kind of husband might have frowned upon such tastes in his beloved, but I do not. A sportsman myself, I know that a girl who loves sports will be a healthy kind of companion to go through life with. Her cheerfulness will make for happiness at home. And Sarasa, the romping, tomboyish long-stemmed beauty of a girl that has enslaved

every heart is really a sports-woman to her finger tips. Which is one reason why I am and will always be head over heels in love with her.

Now, to return to my narrative. A friend of mine had told me of a lovely, secluded lake in a scrubby jungle forty miles due south-east of the city, an ideal spot for an outing. And I am not the one to pass such information by. With the result that on the Saturday I am speaking of, I found myself at day-break by the side of the lovely Sarasa (who was at the wheel), with our two English setters at the back in our station-wagon which was doing a good thirty miles per hour, bound for the lovely woodland lake. We had decided on a picnic.

The morning chill had not yet lifted and I had, therefore, put on my brown corduroys. My feet were encased in heavy boots, and a cashmere sweater kept me warm. But Sarasa, disdaining such precautions, had put on a pair of dazzling white shorts, and a light-blue sweater showed the contours of her lovely breasts. Her shoes were bright-red, and the easy effortlessness with which she drove the vehicle lent her an additional charm of its own. I blessed myself a thousand times for having obtained the hand of

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such a lovely girl, while the heavenly Aprasas no doubt turned green with envy at the sight of so much loveliness in what they are supposed to consider as a mere terrene world.

Sarasa is a very able driver, and aided by the very exact directions that I had received from my friend, we were able to reach our destination even before it was

eight o'clock in the morning. The sight of our vehicle at such an early hour startled the denizens of the jungle, and the birds which had gathered near the lake in large numbers set up a shrill cackle of protest. Our setters licked their chops, so to speak, at the sight of so much game and Sarasa's eyes sparkled at the sight of that lovely sheet of



SHE looks every inch a queen—Vyjayantimala in one of her greatest roles in Gemini's greatest picture *Vanji-Kottai Valipam*.

water which promised such ample scope for fun and frolic. I, of course, was beside myself with joy, and as soon as the wagon had come to a halt, kissed Sarasa repeatedly in an ecstasy of happiness. She laughingly submitted to my onslaught and hand in hand we alighted, ready to have a good day's enjoyment.

The dogs hopped about close on our heels and without much ado made a bee-line for the birds. The sight of the dogs in full cry made Sarasa tingle with joy, and she bounded after them dressed in shorts and possessed of a superb figure, she looked every inch a woodland nymph and her lovely complexion gave her the appearance of a Vedic goddess. Her easy gait had in it something

of the feline grace and made me pant with excitement. I started in pursuit and came up with her just as she reached the shores of the lake.

Running is always good for athletic young girls—it heightens their complexions and makes their loveliness seem divine. And Sarasa, my darling Sarasa, was a star attraction on the track while she was at college. So that when I came up with her in front of the cool sheet of water my beauteous babe had been transformed into a being of superhuman beauty and charm. It was a new awareness to me and I reacted swiftly to it. Taking her up in both my arms I bestowed a multitude of kisses on her face and holding her close

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to my breast, her legs dangling freely, waded knee-deep into the water. We had already kicked off our shoes and the shore bed was not slippery. Sarasa and I are both excellent swimmers and there was no fear of any mishap. The water was cool and refreshing and ideally suited to my purpose. I laughed with joy and Sarasa, with pretended mortification, for she now knew what I was up to.

It was an old trick—to give her a good ducking with all her clothes on. She strove to escape the ducking and clung to me in a gleeful effort to thwart me, but

to no avail. I dropped her lightly into the lake and caught her expertly just as her lovely supple body hit the surface. Wet all over and dripping with water, she laughed joyously as I lifted her again for another good ducking. This time the results were even more beautiful and she hit the water straight as a foil. I caught her up again and held her while two soft and sinewy arms encircled my neck.

"Let us get into our bathing suits darling," she murmured softly. Her wet body was pressed close to mine and both of us were feeling deliriously happy.



BALAJI and E. V. Saroja make a charming pair in Rajeswari Films' *Sumangali* to be released shortly

I started back with my delectable load in my arms and did not allow her to alight until we had reached our station-wagon. Our kit was still in the vehicle and we had to unpack it. The dogs had by this time returned from their futile chase, and greeted our arrival by gambolling around us, an eager look lighting up their eyes.

I set down my darling and allowed her to change her dress. Her wet clothes were by this time clinging to her body and made her look like a mermaid freshly emerged from water. Extracting a towel and some clothes from our kit she went behind the wagon and soon emerged in a two-piece bathing-suit which made her look ravishingly lovely. And in her hand was a packet of biscuits which she had purchased

the day before and which she had concealed in the towel in order to spring a surprise on me.

"Here is something for my darling," she said, giving me the biscuits and looked at me affectionately. "I shall get your breakfast ready," she whispered, as I, after nuzzling her hair, lifted her up in my arms and gazing into her soulful eyes, pressed my lips on hers. She lay still in my arms for a minute and then, gently disengaging herself, lowered herself on to the ground and went back to the wagon, lovely as a fawn, to arrange for my breakfast. The picnic had begun.

Who can say that Sarasa, my tomboy-darling Sarasa, the loveliest of playmates, is not the best of housewives as well?

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ON FLATTERY

K. V. Sirkheel

There is hardly anyone in the world who is not susceptible to flattery. I can say that I am always alert and on guard against its insidious charms and blandishments, and, I confess, I have been in spite of it an unconscious victim of it before I knew I was taken in. It happened only the other day in the train while I was going on tour. The man sitting opposite to me had a folded newspaper in his hands and told me that he was a struggling journalist and that he bought the paper at the stall as there was an article in it under the initial 'K' which appeared every Sunday and which greatly pleased him and he would be happy if he could attain that excellence in expression which the writer possessed. When we parted he said he was very grateful for the help he got from me which as a matter of fact saved him from starvation for the next few days. Though I did not disclose the identity of the writer to him whom he so much appreciated, I felt a secret glow of pride and pleasure at the thought that he held me as his ideal and this made myself shorter in cash that morning by five rupees. This is not the first but one of the many instances when my armour against flattery was ignominiously cracked and flattery with its twiddling fingers had tickled me in my ribs!

"A little flattery is a necessary thing," said Disraeli, the great scholar-statesman, "and when it

comes to royalty you must lay it on with a trowel." He was a man who was noted for his pre-science, sagacity and wisdom. Whatever the moralist may say about it to the contrary its timely and judicious use has helped many a climber up the ladder of life which the moralist all the time held it for him. It has been the experience in life that many a man has felt that he lost the opportunity of a lifetime for not speaking the polite and flattering word at the right moment. How many young women have borne the pangs of disappointed love just because their lovers failed to utter the right word at the psychological moment! It has been the sad story of many a man of eminence that he came down from the heights not because of the slip of his foot, but because of the slip of his tongue!

Bacon, the great philosopher, has paid a compliment to this soothing opiate by his observation that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. According to him there is an element of hero worship in it. You raise the man to the heights and look upon him as, what I may call, your 'beau-ideal' and love to imitate him in his dress, deportment, style of speech or writing and even thinking and thus pay a sort of high homage to his excellence. Otherwise why do we make such a song of a Tagore, a Vivekananda or a Gandhi? Because of their unique qualities which they

exhibited in life and the marvellous appeal they had to the common man. There is self surrender in the act of imitation. This self surrender on the part of the worshipped and thereby the world is better for an attempt at such healthy emulation by the common man to reach a higher ideal. Even the gods do not, I believe, share the moralists' point of view regarding flattery, as they are only disposed to shower blessings on man after receiving adequate praise and worship from him. We see people kneeling in churches and burying their faces in their hands devoutly begging for favours and making pilgrimages to please their saints. Such worshipful praise moves even the hearts of anchorites.

Coming to the intimate relations of married and family life you can more easily control and quieten an unruly youngster who makes a disturbing noise by a "Darling, you are such a good boy. Please do stop making that noise" than by a frown. The little fellow suddenly feels that he is good or perhaps better than what he is and gives you relief. The same thing holds good in case of women. A little flattery acts as a sedative and a stimulant. A happy "Cheer up, sweetheart" or "You have made me happy, honey" helps greatly to brighten the tired look of a wife. It is never out of place even if you happen to be a Darby and she a Joan. It helps to bring back a host of dear memories of green lanes, sunny skies, eager meetings and hot kisses and suddenly brighten up the drab familiarity of a well nigh exhausted married life. It warms

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up one's heart to see that there is still a fugitive spark in the fallen ashes of the grape. Like a sudden beam of slanting light from the disappearing sun it touches one up with its glow and illumines the room in which one lives. I am reminded of a beautiful incident in Disraeli's married life which was a singularly happy one. It is recorded in his biography that his devoted wife on a memorable night after a stormy but successful House of Commons debate was waiting for him outside in her brougham to give him the much needed refreshment of his favourite cake and bottle of

sherry. Disraeli after partaking of the refreshments felt pleased and said to her, "My dear, you are more like a mistress to me than a wife!" The compliment is as beautiful as it is Disraelian. She felt really proud of it and it is said that she repeated it to her friends to say how much she valued it from her 'Dizzy'.

It requires a suavity of nature and quick perception to give praise at the proper moment. Ill-timed praise or flattery falls on the ear like hollow sound. The same, well timed, comes tinkling like music and soothes the ear and touches the soul. We have a great many such beautiful instances in the olden days which were spacious and courtly and full of colour and pageantry.

The Elizabethan age blossomed in such an atmosphere of unforgettable splendour and gave us a Shakespeare, a Ben Johnson, a Spencer and a host of writers in song and prose who hold us still in their thrall. Queen Elizabeth I, as the centre and symbol of such an age was full of sprightly wit and graceful talk. Once it is said that she went on a visit to one of her nobles, Sir Nicholas Bacon. When she came to his house and found it too small she said, "My lord, what a little house you've gotten!"

He answered, "Madam, the house is well, but it is you who are made too great for the house." Who can say that flattery hath not its uses?

LAST STRAW

The Australian farmer came back, puffing and blowing, and threw the rake in the corner.

"Good Heavens, Dad!" cried his wife. "Why did you want to chase that poor man off the farm like you did?"

"Reason enough," growled the farmer. "I've just had to buy you that hat and dress, and I had to buy Daisy a present for her birthday, and I had to buy a new suit for David because he's gone crazy on that Burke girl. I had to buy a new set of harness for the buggy, and a cow rug for Strawberry, and I had to buy a licence for the dog—"

"Yes, but what has that got to do with it?"

"That fellow asked me if I wanted to buy something for the mosquitoes!"

Back from a sight-seeing holiday in Egypt, a woman tourist was showing her souvenirs. "I bought that scarab from an Arab boy, who assured me he had stolen it himself during excavations in the temple," she said. "I'm sure it must be genuine, because the boy had such an honest little face."

One great cause of dissatisfaction in the world is not liking to work and not being able to avoid it.

The highest wisdom is to do good.

A Jataka Tale

COURTESY PLEASE

SWAMI SRIDANANDA

In one of his previous incarnations Lord Buddha was born as a bull-calf in the palace of the king of Rajageh. The little bull was made over to a Brahmin as a gift. The bull grew up into a lusty beast under the protection of its master. The Brahmin was very proud of it. The good man did not grudge spending a large slice of his poor income for the upkeep of his pet. It was a strange animal. One day the bull accosted the Brahmin and said, "Master, go thou to the market place and announce that I will drag fifty carts fully loaded with paddy at a time, unaided and alone. If anybody challenges please accept the challenge."

The Brahmin was beside himself with joy. He hastened to the public place and made the proclamation as directed by the bull. The challenge was accepted. The people said that he would forfeit the whole quantity of paddy if the bull could not perform such a feat. The Brahmin accepted the challenge.

The following day people thronged in thousands at the market place to witness the mighty performance of the bull. A chain of fifty carts loaded with paddy was put on the road. The bull was yoked to the train of carts. The appointed hour drew near. The mob waited with bated breath. Then the Brahmin strutted proudly towards the bull with a whip in his hand and shouted to the animal: "Thou

ass of a bull! Thou hast eaten me out of house and home. If thou art true to thy salt, O brute, drag thou these carts and fetch me a reward!"

No sooner had those uncharitable words fallen on the ears of the bull than its heart sank within itself. The cold manner of the Brahmin had frozen its limbs. Try hard as it might, its limbs would not move. The Brahmin was enraged. But anger was of no avail against the broken spirits of the animal. At last, humiliated and broken-hearted, the Brahmin retired.

The next day the bull said to the Brahmin, "Master, courtesy please! Impoliteness is ungentlemanliness. Yesterday I was hit hard by thy behaviour. I could not oblige thee in spite of myself. Once more I want to help thee. This time thou shalt bet for five hundred cartloads."

Preparations were ready for a second show. The Brahmin approached the bull, patted it on its back and very affectionately said, "My son, behold thou the vast concourse of people. They expect to see thee perform a great feat of strength. Do thou please rise to the occasion and fulfil their expectation by dragging these carts. God speed you!"

The bull at once responded. The carts moved and the Brahmin was amply rewarded. Then he realised that even the Vedas cannot help one who is devoid of good manners.

A Skit

ON PUT - POCKETING

N. GANGA RAM, M. A.

A representative of a well known newspaper, who recently undertook *pada yatra* to Navina Ramarajya and stayed there for a couple of days, describes a wonderful experience of put-pocketing (as opposed to pick-pocketing) which he came across in that state.

On the evening of this delightful visit there the journalist was pushing his way through one of the crowded and busy streets, stopping now and then to gape at the marvellously displayed shop-windows. As he reached the end of the street he felt a little tired and to cheer up he casually inserted his hand into his jibba pocket to take out his snuff-box when lo! he felt something smooth and velvety. Perplexed, he hurriedly took it out—only to find out that it was a beautiful purse filled with currency notes and coins to the value of Rs. 241.15! A neatly printed note which was also found in the purse said that the gift was with the best compliments of the Thyagis Association of the Navina Ramarajya.

Naturally the newshound was a-thirst to gather information regarding the novel association. On making discreet enquiries, he came to understand that the organization of the put-pockets was the brainwave of a quandom pick-pocket whose turnover, until the day of his reformation, was

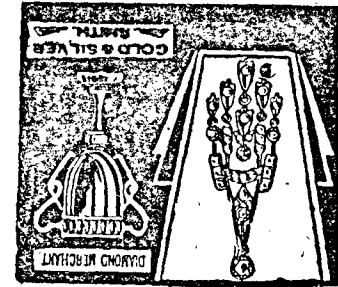
said to have exceeded Rs.2,500/- on some field days. The ace pick-pocket happened to pick the pocket of a poor wage-earner and also chanced to see the agony he underwent. Strangely enough it touched his heart. He was immensely ashamed that he should have fattened on the fruits of other men's toil, and he made a vow then and there that he would never again pick a pocket in his life. It was in that penitent hour that he got the inspiration to start Thyagis Association.

The association was open to all who, like the founder, regretted their past actions and mode of life and vowed that thereafter they would earn their living the honest way by the sweat of their brow. It was obligatory on the part of the members to donate with a full heart a good slice of their earnings past and present, to the association which would arrange to put velvety purses containing varying sums of money into the pockets of those who were poor and in great need of money. This putting business was done by the members during their spare time, who because of their "nimble" fingers were most qualified to do the job. They were, of course, given a brief course of lectures accompanied by practical demonstration as to how to spot out men in need and skillfully put purses into their

pockets.

Was there any justification for such an association? Should the association resort to put-pocketing? Will it not do if it straightaway gave all the money donated by the members to some charitable organization? The founder of the association, it was stated, did not believe in charities and trusts. "Why," he said, "it's elementary that we should resort to put-pocketing. If one gives away money straightaway there is no thrill in it. Just as you feel thrilled when you find that you have won a first prize in a lottery so also you feel greatly thrilled when you find suddenly that a well filled purse had been put in your pocket. Normally speaking you can make out from one's appearance whether one is poor or not. Appearances, they say, are deceptive. And once in a way we may go wrong. But our members are so thoroughly trained that they rarely go wrong! The beginners first start practising on Class III and Class IV employees of the Government, and put purses!"

Mind you, these put-pockets conduct themselves very cleverly and never show themselves out; otherwise all the thrill will be lost. There is another reason also why one has to be discreet and clever. Sometimes the put-pockets are mistaken for pick-pockets if they happen to get caught in the act. In such cases they quietly go to the police station where they produce their identification cards bearing the signature of the founder of the association. The police officer verifies the signature with the



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specimen signature recorded with him and if found okay releases the member. But thereafter such members are prohibited by the association to put purses. This regulation, it will be appreciated, prevents put-pockets from being easily recognised. But the only snag about the working of this laudable philanthropic association is the professional pick-pockets (even Navina Ramarajya is not free from these nimble-fingered fraternity) do not hesitate to pick the purses put by the association members.

It is comforting, however, to note that the research panel of the association is now trying to perfect a novel zip-like device which while allowing the putting of purses in the pockets will not permit anything to be taken out unless a safety button hidden somewhere in the apparel is first pressed.

It is doubtful whether the put-pocketing idea will spread beyond the borders of Navina Ramarajya, but the days of the pick pockets are definitely numbered!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

"You never realize how the human voice can change," said a husband to his friend, "until a woman stops quarrelling with her husband and answers the telephone."

Think individually and do not let your mind be a looking glass for the minds of others.

Day by day, hourly, always remind yourself that in you lies the power able to conquer all things—the golden link in the chain between God and man. Make this your own belief, make it a part of your real self and you will be surprised at the change it will work in you in being as in doing.

THE SPINSTER

"Cats my dear!" said the spinster. "I hate the very sight of them. I had a sweet little canary and some cat got that. I had a perfect parrot and some cat got that. I had an adorable fiance once, and—oh, don't mention cats to me!"

THE HINT

An after-dinner speaker had talked for fifteen minutes.

"After partaking of such a meal," he rambled on, "I feel that if I had eaten any more I would be unable to talk."

From the far end of the table came an order to a waiter: "Give him a sandwich."

Alimony is a payment that can be avoided either by staying single or staying married.

The Seer of Kamakoti Speaks (11)

THE SPUTNIKS

VELANDAI

His Holiness Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam expounded eternal vedic truths amidst the din of the modern sputnik age in one of his recent Madras lectures. He emphasised the fact that Saivism or Vaishnavism or any other system of Hindu religious thought, had the vedas as its basis. The vedas represented the cumulative wisdom of the ages. In the stream of Veda Neri, or Vedic Dharma, the various systems of religious thought are like bathing ghats. The principles enunciated by the vedas are elucidated in stories and in simple songs which used to be sung in olden days by every housewife while at work. The children who listened to the stories or heard the songs used to get soaked in the vedic spirit unconsciously. Times have changed and those wholesome traditions have begun to disappear.

It is being argued in some quarters, His Holiness said, as to why we should continue to hug these ancient ways when science has advanced so much as to enable man to create artificial satellites and to make them go round the earth. But such people ignore the fact that all these material advancements are of no avail when there is no peace within oneself. What is the use of the entire world to a man, if in the process of acquiring it, he loses his soul? It is



also worth remembering that the country which has created the sputnik is also getting the Mahabharata translated and that this great Indian epic is being taught in the schools even though religion is not. It will not be a surprise if the Russians begin to treasure the Mahabharata with great enthusiasm.

The vedic religion commanded the allegiance of millions of people in spite of the absence of propaganda or missionary institutions to propagate it. It is the example of great men who lived that religion that sustained the faith of the people. Good men who had attained to a high level of *jnana*, won universal

respect of the caste in which they were born.

Godliness and love for all are the qualities by which the greatness of a person is judged. So long as such men continue to illuminate the dark corners of the heart, the vedic religion will wield its influence not only in this country but outside also. It is only when we regularly and faithfully practice the *anushtana* enjoined upon us, that society can produce outstanding persons of the type mentioned earlier. If even one in a thousand rises to great heights by such *anushtanas*, it will be a gain to society and a strength to our religion.

Our religion has grown and spread through the spiritual influence of perfected souls. Even in the recent past persons like Kabirdas and Masthan Saheb have been influenced by vedic thought. Threats from disturbing elements need not detract us from doing what is right. Trouble may come if it is His will. Do not floods and epidemics take a heavy toll occasionally? The oppression of Aurangazeb produced a Sivaji and an Ahalya Bai. God is both *bhayakrit* and *bhayanasana*. Therefore we need not feel disturbed. Whatever happens will be for our good. We must act in faith. God's will be done. If each of us performs the *anushtana* prescribed for him, the cumulative effect of the *anushtanas* of all will be the welfare of society. One does his religious duty in the

interest of all. In order that each may do his part well, different duties have been prescribed for different persons. The *anushtana* prescribed for one is neither superior to nor inferior than that prescribed for another. On the other hand, one who is enjoined to do *bhajan* only, may reach the ultimate goal earlier than another who has to perform elaborate rituals. Therefore mutual respect and mutual love should prevail in society. The man doing devoutly the *anushtana* prescribed for him will be the true soldier of vedic religion.

The ignorance of western scholars in dubbing Hindu religion as polytheistic is pitiable. The uniqueness of our religion lies in the fact that under whatever name a devotee worships his *Ishtadevata*, he considers Him as the all-prevading Paramatma. Hindu is polytheistic. In fact the culmination of the conception of the Supreme is monism. That is, Advaita vedanta, Isvara, Narayana and Parashakti—are all different aspects of the one supreme Being. That is illustrated in the divine form of Ardhanariswara and Sankara Narayana. Such manifestations of the Divine are to be seen in many South Indian temples such as Ardhanariswara at Trichengode, Sankaranarayana at Sankaran Kovil in Tirunelveli, and Harihar in Mysore. It is significant that in the temple at Tirupparkadal near Kaveripakkam Siva and Vishnu are found together.

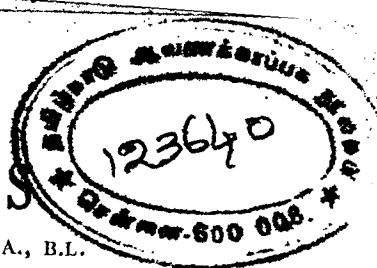
"My husband and I both like the same things," Mrs. Brown told her friend. "But it took him twelve years to learn."



COURT LIFE (36)

C. R. DAS

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



Few lawyers have earned as much fame as the late C. R. Das. An indefatigable fighter of politics, a parliamentarian and a lawyer. In his days he was a towering personality in Indian politics and an outstanding success in the legal world as well. His robust nationalism, his sincerity of purpose and forensic ability all carved him out as the veritable hero of the masses. C. R. Das in Bengal and the late S. Satyamurthy of Madras had one thing in common. They knew to fight the English bureaucrat at his own game in politics through the constitutional arena of the Legislature.

It was in the Alipore Bomb Case that C. R. Das made a great name and fame. We had already adverted to some aspects of the case while dealing with Aurobindo Ghose in Mr. Norton's conduct of the prosecution in the said case. Altogether about 55 witnesses were examined, the enquiry before the Magistrate having taken nearly 76 days. Thirty one accused, among whom were Barindra Kumar Ghose and his brother Aurobindo, then a professor, were arraigned for offences under section 121, 121 A, 122, 123, of the Indian Penal Code. C. R. Das defended the accused Aurobindo and he had a

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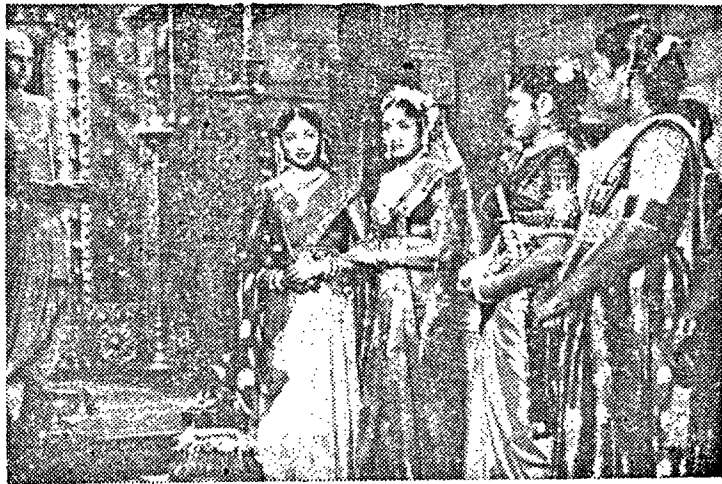
giant to face in Mr. Norton, the special prosecutor. The argument turned on the connotation of the word 'sweets' in an incriminating letter. The prosecution weaved out a case that the word 'sweets' meant 'bombs.' C. R. Das put up an able defence argument. He said to Mr. C. P. Beachcroft, I. C. S., Additional Session Judge at Alipore :

Your Honour will find that having regard to the circumstances as disclosed in the evidence of this case, Your Honour cannot accept the document as being in the handwriting of Barindra Kumar Ghose, or that it was sent to Aurobindo Ghose. What does it show? The letter is supposed to have been written by one brother to another at Surat. Therefore if this letter is genuine both the brothers were at Surat at that time. I submit that it

is utterly improbable, assuming that both the brothers are conspirators, that one brother should write to another brother in this way. There they could have talked to each other, explained their thoughts—each to the other—without waiting at all. The letter states, 'We must have sweets all over India ready made for emergency. I wait here for your answer.' The case for the prosecution is that Barin used to address Aurobindo as 'shejda'. Did Barin forget this when writing this letter? He writes 'Dear brother'. In this country no younger brother would write to any elder brother as 'Dear brother' except to the eldest brother.

Judge : What do they write?

C. R. Das : Mejda, Shejda, etc. The fact that both the brothers



SRI RANJANI, Rushyendramani and others in Bharat Productions' *Vikramadithan* to be released shortly

Coming at Surat, Barin wrote to Aurobindo is extremely improbable.

I draw Your Honour's attention to the fact that Barin signs as 'Barindra Kumar Ghose'. My learned friend says that Aurobindo and Barindra are Europeanised. But Barin came to India at the venerable age of one year. I left England fifteen years ago. I do not know whether the

custom has changed there. But when I was in England I noticed that a brother never set out his full name when writing to another brother.

Judge : I would not put my full name. I would omit my surname.

C. R. Das : Nobody would sign like that considering the probabilities. I submit that when a brother desires to communicate

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something to another brother, the proper form of signing his name is not to give the full name like Barindra Kumar Ghose. This sweets letter is taken with Aurobindo and treasured down. It is taken to different places in the Bombay Presidency. It is brought to Calcutta back again. It is kept at 23 Scotts Lane for a couple of months and the police are lucky enough to find the letter at 48 Grey Street. It is grossly improbable. I submit that under the circumstances Your Honour will hesitate to accept this as evidence and proof against Aurobindo Ghose.

C. R. Das later at the final address in defence of Aurobindo Ghose made a remarkable forensic hit. "I must thank Your Honour and gentlemen assessors for the very kind and patient hearing you have given me throughout this case. My only wish was that the task might have fallen on other hands to place this case before the court; but as it fell on my hands, I did all I possibly could to place the evidence in this case before the court in a connected form Your Honour will find that my learned friend's case is that Aurobindo is the head of this conspiracy. He has credited Aurobindo with vast intellectual attainments and with vast powers of organisation and his case was that he was directing this conspiracy and was working from behind. Now it is with reference to this that I make my submission before Your Honour, that having regard to the nature of the conspiracy which has been established by the evidence, if it has been



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established at all, it is impossible that Aurobindo could even have believed that conspiracy was likely to succeed. If you say that Aurobindo is not gifted with the intellectual powers with which you have credited him, that is another matter My friend has referred to the thousand and one ramifications of that conspiracy and he has argued that there was a conspiracy from Calcutta to Tuticorin and other places and in order to substantiate this vast conspiracy as it were, he has not hesitated to bring a charge of conspiracy against persons of whom there is not the slightest evidence or record to show that they were in any way connected with it. I want you to disregard all that; the conspiracy is in my learned friend's (Mr. Eardley Norton's) imagination If the Government takes into its head to believe that there is a vast conspiracy which is threatening the

ability of the government, it is common knowledge that you do come across spies who give false evidence. I shall just read a passage from a book written by an eminent judge. 'The Government under those circumstances have spies who wriggle into the case, evesdrop into families, abstract correspondence and forge letters.' Therefore the evidence given before you is evidence that you can expect in a case like this."

C. R. Das then dealt with the wealth of details in testimony and finally made this fervent peroration. "My appeal to you, therefore, is that a man like this who is being charged with the offences imputed to him stands not only before the bar in this court but stands before the bar of the High Court of History and my appeal to you is this: That long after this controversy is hushed in silence, long after this turmoil, this agitation ceases, long after he is dead and gone, he will be looked upon as the poet of patriotism, as the prophet of nationalism and the lover of humanity. Long after he is dead and gone, his words will be echoed and reechoed, not only in India, but across distant seas and lands The time has come for you, sir, to consider your judgment and for you gentlemen, (the jury) to consider your verdict. I appeal to you sir, (the judge) in the name of all the traditions of the English Bench that forms the most glorious chapter of English history To you gentlemen (the jury) I appeal in the name of the very ideal Aurobindo preached and in

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the name of all the traditions in our country; and let it not be said that two of his own countrymen were overcome by passions and prejudices and yielded to the clamour of the moment."

The verdict was at long last given. Aurobindo was acquitted along with sixteen others. But Barindra and others were sentenced.

C. R. Das won a doughty battle. He was verily called the Lion of Bengal. Probably this was said of his political status. But it will be equally true to say that he was tallest of the Bar of Bengal in those days.

THE SPINNING ATOM

Yet another fundamental discovery regarding matter is announced. It is that the electrons not only spin round the nucleus like the planets round the sun but also spin on their axis like the earth!

That the electron may have this property was suggested many years ago to explain a small detail in the spectrum of atoms which stood in the way of a satisfactory understanding of the atom's constitution. But it was recently proved to be true and this basic knowledge has, it is stated, resulted in extending the range of radio telescopes a thousand times. This will help scientists to probe into the distant horizon of the universe and wrest its secret and find out how it is constantly being created afresh!

"I think," says a scientist, "we can expect discoveries as far reaching and important as those of electricity and atomic energy, or the invention of the airplane and the radio, all in the next half century."

Blood Serum

The beginning of a new era in medical history is predicted by a remarkable discovery which enables doctors to detect all types of diseases before they actually manifest themselves in the body.

Studies in Johns Hopkins University have shown that each disease produces its own charac-

teristic patterns of blood serum fractions. This means that medical science has at last a universal diagnostic blood test to detect the presence of disease in its early, and hence more often curable, stages.

The blood of normal persons contains three specific types of mucoids in certain proportions. The pattern of these mucoids in the serum changes with each specific abnormal condition, each disease manifesting itself in a characteristic pattern of these mucoids.

The diseases studied so far included rheumatic fever, kidney diseases such as nephrosis and nephritis, tuberculosis, heart disease, four types of cancer and three types of mental disease. In all these cases the mucoid pattern was characteristic of the disease and by studying the pattern of mucoids the diseases can be detected and treated before actually they manifest themselves in clinical symptoms.

Sun Spots

Those who have a penchant for figures may read this with profit.

The sun spot activity for February and March was the greatest observed since 1612. What these solar fireworks mean can be understood from the following:

For example, on Feb. 1956, the sun suddenly "blew its top" and shot a tongue of flaming gas

space equal in violence, according to official estimate at the time, to 100 million hydrogen bombs exploding all at once. As much as one billion tons of the sun's gases, mostly hydrogen, were expelled at the speed of 700 miles per second, or more than 2,500,000 miles per hour.

That flare started as a bubble of gas that expanded at the rate of 60 miles per second. It grew steadily more brilliant for five to ten minutes. Then suddenly a top knot of the bubble sped up 700 miles per second. This knot, about 20,000 miles in diameter shot out for a distance of 200,000 miles before it became too faint to see. The force to produce this sudden acceleration, it was calculated, was more than 1,000

times the pull of the earth's gravity.

World's Water Resources

A panel of experts has made an interesting and valuable recommendation to the United Nations. It has been suggested that a special office or unit be established within the world organization to begin a massive study of the use of the world's water resources. Many of the problems are international in character, especially where streams cross national boundaries or form them. A first objective would be the settlement of international disputes over waterways and water rights.

This, however, is only the beginning, writes the *New York*

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mes. The panel declares that several hundred billion dollars will be spent within the next half century in the development of water resources. The use of water as a source of power and means of irrigation is nothing new. It has been part of the progress of civilization for many millenia. But we are coming more and more to realize that efforts have not always been wisely expended and that returns have been less than could have been wished or even confidently expected. There is still much to learn and we need to learn it.

The development of new sources of power such as atomic or solar energy may make it possible

to put water to work in somewhat different ways. The conversion of sea water, for example, in which rapid strides are now being made, opens up a whole new vista of possibilities. As water tables in many areas are being lowered through increased usage the development of new sources of supply becomes imperative. Sea water is one of those sources.

The United Nations can have a big field for study and operation. If it can help to settle some conflicts so much the better. If it can be a leading and guiding force in the world-wide study of water use it will have made an immense contribution to human welfare.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

"I maintain that people who do not vote at elections ought to be fined!" stormed a man in a pub.

"Oh, I don't know," smiled his friend. "Sometimes I feel those who did vote ought to be fined."

"He is quite content to lead a hand-to-mouth existence—provided it is somebody else's hand."

"I hate secrets. Either they're too good to keep, or not worth keeping."

"Jones is a cheat, and I'm not playing golf with him again."

"How's that?"

"Well, how could he find his lost ball on the edge of the green when it was in my pocket?"

THE RUB

"Didn't you enjoy the party, Mac?" asked a friend the next day.

"No. I did not."

"What was wrong?"

"There are two kinds of people at every party; those who want to leave and those who don't—and the trouble is that they are usually married to each other."

CRISIS IN FILM INDUSTRY

The film industry in India is facing a grave crisis. Never in its long history of over fifty years has the industry been confronted with such a serious situation as that at present. And the most painful part of it is that the crisis has been brought about by the Government by just a stroke of their pen!

South Indian producers feel that the cut of 60 per cent in the import of raw films will paralyse the industry which has been steadily built up by private enterprise. It is to-day the second largest industry in India and any cut in the import of raw films will mean large scale unemployment with its consequent unpleasant after effects.

Sri B. Nagi Reddy of Vijaya Productions and chief of Vauhini Studios, the biggest studio in the

east, has placed before the public some telling facts. Here they are:

1. India ranks second only to U. S. in the world in film production. And in India itself, it is the second largest industry, the first being the textile industry.

2. Madras now occupies the pride of place as the biggest film producing centre in India, having wrested this position from Bombay, which had wrested it from Calcutta.

3. The Government derives income from this industry in the shape of (i) Entertainment tax (ii) Show tax, (iii) Income-tax and (iv) Super tax. Through the first two taxes, Government takes away Rs. 350 of every Rs. 1,000 collected at the theatres, and this without any effort on their part. The theatres collect and remit

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the revenue. In the whole country the industry pays about Rs. 12 crores in the shape of taxes.

4. In Madras 90 per cent of the proceeds of the entertainment tax is allotted to Panchayats and Municipalities. This revenue forms 30 per cent of the total revenue of the Panchayats. For collecting the remaining 70 per cent of the proceeds the film companies spend 60 per cent on the cost of collection, including salaries to staff.

5. The Government also derives revenue in the shape of freight on films, posters, etc., transported by rail.

6. The actors and actresses, distributors and exhibitors also pay tax to the Centre on their incomes from the industry.

7. According to a U. S. Commerce Department survey, 276 professions and arts are connected directly or indirectly with the film industry. A few of them are printing, publishing, process (block) making, tailoring, painting, music and dancing. These arts and professions flourish because of the industry and, they in turn, swell the Government's revenue.

8. Raw film is not at present produced in this country: hence, there is no alternative to importing it from abroad. Every year two crores rupees worth of raw film is imported.

9. But it is wrong to think that this is so much drain on our foreign exchange resources. While we import raw film, we, at the same time, export finished pictures to Ceylon, Burma,

Malaya, Siam and Indonesia, countries in the Middle East and to South Africa. The foreign exchange earned by this export is more than what is spent on the import of raw film.

10. Our film technicians have mastered the intricacies of the art by their own efforts, without going to any school or college. Some 60 per cent of these self-reliant people will lose their living as a result of Government's policy. Indeed, more than half the number of people in the industry will have to retire, if production falls. The masses will also be denied recreation at low cost.

11. For the film producer himself, this is an unmerited blow. He abides absolutely by all rules and regulations. Not an inch of any picture goes out of the studio unless it is passed by the Board of Censors.

12. It may be argued that the cut in raw film import does not affect established producers. But what of new comers? Fresh blood is essential for a growing art. Government's policy will discourage fresh entrants and strike a blow on the head of those coming into the field with new ideas.

13. Does the Government have an animus against the cinema? If that is so, it can end it by a fiat instead of subjecting it to slow death by torture. But then the Government itself encourages the industry by awards and certificates. What is behind this "Jekyll and Hyde" policy? Why nurse the baby with one hand and crush it with another?

RECENT CHANGES IN THE TAX STRUCTURE

N. A. PALKHIVALA

1757 and 1857 were historic years in the history of India. 1957 witnessed a landmark, not in the political history of this country, but in its economic and taxation laws. We have, almost without realising it, passed through a revolution so far as taxation laws are concerned. We are perhaps far too near it to realise the full implications of what has recently happened, but history may note 1957 as the most important year in the history of the taxation laws of this country.

Among the new taxes, we have the Wealth-tax, the Expenditure-tax and the Capital Gains tax. On a plain and grammatical construction of the Wealth-tax Act, 1957, it is not possible to submit, in many cases, a statement of net wealth as required by the Act and state on oath that it is correct. The reason is that in the charging section—(Section 3)—the charge is levied on net wealth; 'net wealth' is defined by Section 2 (m) as the excess of the value of assets over liabilities; and the 'value of an asset' is defined by Section 7 as "the price which in the opinion of the Wealth tax Officer it would fetch if sold in the open market on the valuation date." Since you do not know who will be your Wealth tax Officer, or what will be his subjective opinion regarding the value of

your assets, you do not know what in his opinion will be the extent of your wealth, and consequently in respect of matters like jewels and houses where subjective valuation by different persons may give different results. You cannot truthfully say on oath that what you have submitted is the 'net wealth' as defined by the Wealth tax Act. What you submit to the Wealth-tax Officer is merely your prediction as to what in his opinion your assets would have fetched in the open market at the valuation date.

The Wealth-tax is founded on the theory that one of the main objects of taxation is not merely to bring more revenue to the State but to reduce the disparity between wealth and poverty. But expropriation by the State would achieve the same result and where you have a situation like the present one, where the wealth-tax and the income-tax between themselves swallow up the entire income of an assessee and leave no part of the income to the assessee to be spent on himself, the law may be rightly described as a law virtually entailing expropriation under the guise of taxation.

An assessee under the Wealth-tax Act must have a valuation made of all his assets every year. That process is fairly simple when one deals with shares and securities but it is a difficult

process when you deal other assets like houses and jewels. One wonders how many assesseees would put themselves to the trouble and expense, as technically and strictly speaking they should, of trying to ascertain the correct market value of various assets other than shares and securities on each valuation date. Perhaps it was to relieve the assessee of that bother that the Legislature enacted that the value is to be what it is in the opinion of the Wealth-tax Officer, so that an assessee may make a fair estimate of what the normal mentality of tax officers in India is and on that basis try to ascertain what the officer is likely to take the assets to be worth. In respect of all conceivable assets from bangles to buildings, the omniscient Wealth-tax Officer is supposed to know the true value and his opinion would decide how much wealth-tax you should pay.

The expenditure-tax is a novel mode of taxation and it is one of the ironies of history that a nation which has so little to spend should be the first to levy a tax on expenditure. You first pay income-tax on the income you earn; when you spend it you again pay excise duty, sales tax, etc., which taxes are always passed on to the consumer; and thereafter at the end of the year you again pay expenditure-tax on what you have spent.

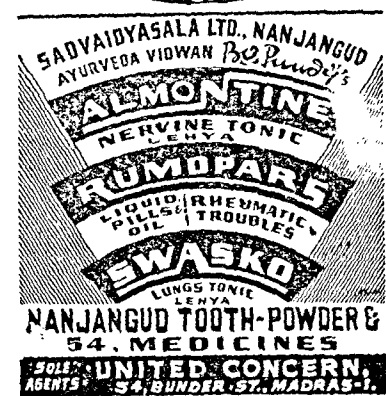
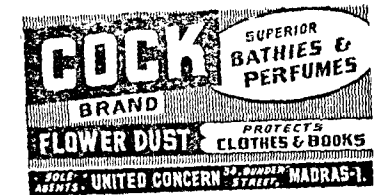
Two justifications have been pleaded in support of the expenditure-tax:—first, that it is necessary to make the scheme of taxation water-tight and, secondly, that it discourages

ostensible expenditure instead of making the scheme water-tight the wealth-tax and the expenditure-tax may only provide two more incentives to suppression of income. Till 1957 if you suppressed your income you avoided one kind of tax. Now by suppressing it you can also avoid the expenditure-tax if you choose to save the income. So a tax levy which is intended to make the scheme of taxation water-tight may only make the nation more saturated and dripping with tax evasion. Just as recovery under the Estate Duty Act was not what it was expected to be, in all probability the expenditure-tax and the wealth-tax will not achieve the results they are expected to achieve either by way of recovery of tax or by way of prevention of tax evasion.

The second justification for the expenditure-tax is the object set out in the Statement of Objects and Reasons, viz., to discourage ostensible expenditure. Ostensible expenditure is hardly indulged in on any wide scale in this country. Even without the expenditure-tax, in a few years' time ostensible expenditure would become as extinct in this country as the 'dodo' or the mastodon. You do not need a novel tax, tried in the history of mankind, in order to discourage what is not a widespread evil. Apart from the fact that reckless expenditure is hardly a public evil in India, there are economic consequences of restricting expenditure which merit serious consideration. In the United States, the most prosperous country in the world, more than

for any purchases are effected on credit; people buy goods which they have no means of using for at the moment of use. That is understood to promote the economic prosperity of the nation. In India, we are now seeking to go in the contrary direction and discourage people from spending even within their means. The excise and customs duties are already a strong deterrent to purchase of those goods which can procure for us foreign exchange by being exported abroad. And you certainly do not need the expenditure-tax to achieve the same result.

Certain allowances are given in respect of expenditure for certain purchases and, therefore, the Expenditure-tax Officer would be entitled to go into the question as to the purpose for which the expenditure was incurred! Thus, what you spend, what you save, and what you give are to become the subject of scrutiny by the State authorities. This regimentation, this control over the private affairs of individuals, is something against which all lovers of liberty will always rebel. The only difficulty is that this type of rebellion creates no effect in the governmental quarters because it does not result in the burning of tramcars or the stoning of automobiles. If you have a proposal to levy a negligible additional excise duty on tea or sugar, you have riots and civil commotion and the proposal to levy the tax is promptly dropped. If you have the levy of wealth-tax on companies, which is in fact more irrational



than the additional excise duty on tea or sugar, the tax is still persisted in because there are no violent demonstrations of public antipathy. That is a very unfortunate aspect of the working of democracy in India. It would be a true democracy where the Executive is as responsive to intellectual arguments as to manifestations of lawlessness and violence.

1/2 Krithika 1/2 Rohini & 1/2 Mrigashira favourable results during this month comparatively. Planets in the 6th, 8th, 10th and 12th make the realisation of your cherished objectives difficult. They indicate disappointment, slow progress of your undertakings, unnecessary excitement and inquisitiveness, anxiety about your wife's health, desire for change of surroundings and lastly your disturbed health owing to improper functioning of your system. Financially, heavy expenditure is indicated though income may also be satisfactory. Second half onwards, heavier expenditure and greater conveniences of money will be evident. Friends will play a great part in your welfare in the first half. Your own relations are adversely inclined towards you.

Domestically you may not feel as happy as before because of Mangal and Surya. A change of house may be in the picture for a few. Investment is propitious during this month. You will be easily influenced by persons around you. Officially second half is more encouraging and more profitable. Your boss will be too exacting in his demands. You will have unnecessary worry in the first half officially. Merchants will do well in the first half though there may be heavy expenditure. Partnership may not be fruitful. Foreign business will be lucrative. New business connections may be established.

2, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 20, 25, 26, 29, 31 are better days.

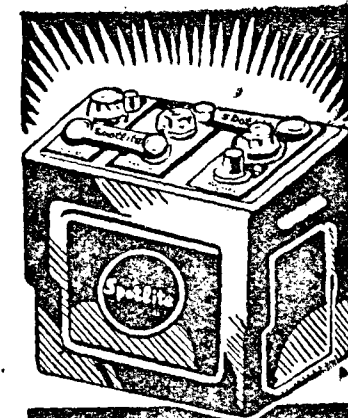
MITHUNA RASI or GEMIN.

First of this month presents a rosy picture of your life, since many of the planets are in congenial alignment with your affairs of life. Surya in the 11th house should give you all that is desirable through friends and relations. A journey is envisaged. You may be helped by higher-ups either at home or in your professional field. Life is socially happy and gay. Second half might prove slightly dull comparatively. Surya's course through the 12th house might slow down the speed of your successful activities for some time. Some set back may be seen delaying the accomplishment of your cherished desires. Financially this month is more encouraging and satisfactory though the expenditure may be seen mounting higher and higher. Money may be gained through speculative business or near relations as the case may be. Your ruler enters again the house of gain viz. Mesha on the 10th and is therefore expected to bring advantages and gainful positions financially and professionally too. Domestic environment will be more congenial to your interest making you feel more comfortable and happy in spite of heavier expenditure incurred owing to Mangal's aspect to the 12th house. Officially this is equally a good month of favour of your boss for your promotion and higher position. You will be happy in your surroundings. Merchants will have a lucky time of it during this month. Partners will

be more lucrative. New partnership may be formed in a few cases. Foreign business will be more encouraging during this month. 1, 2, 10, 12, 14, 16, 17, 18, 22, 25, 26, 27, 29 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planetary map radiates greater benefic influences over your life during this month. The solar course in the 10th house in the first half is quite encouraging in regard to your achievement professionally. You have reached a height in which you can enjoy officially more than in the past the favour of bigger magnates and influential friends and relations. The position of Sani in the 5th and Sukra in the 9th are calculated to shed greater influences on your life's activities so that you may be enjoying more popularity than ever. Second half shows better influences at work and greater achievements through friends, who may be officers, rallying round you to make your life happy and delightful. A member of your house will come up well during this month. Financially the lord of wealth is coursing through the 11th house of gain and acquisition of money and other advantages opening up new avenues of income. Your expenditure is seen mounting up increasingly and the money angle will take a new orientation in the line of your professional activities. One of your brothers will claim your special attention during this month. Domestically this month may be said to be



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happy in the first half in particular. Investment or house move may occur in a few cases. Vehicular happiness may cause a problem. Officially first half is more favourable than the second, though second half is happier in some respects. You may easily ingratiate yourself into the favour of your boss. Merchants will find this month more favourable and advantageous. Partnership may fare well in the first half in particular. Some differences may be felt amongst the partners in the first half. Any investment may better be postponed. Foreign business is prosperous.

2, 3, 8, 10, 12, 16, 18, 25, 29, 30 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary combination seems to be in no way better than last month since the major planets coupled with others are not well aligned. Your ruler

in the 9th house may bring false hopes or optimistic view of realising an important cherished object which may not very likely be accomplished in the first half. Second half is more encouraging in this respect when through the patronage and kind sympathy of your wellwishers you have a chance of coming up and realising your projected plans. Your ruler will be coursing through the 10th house viz., the house of attainment your professional aspiration. You will therefore find it easier to work and accomplish your plan then. Guru in the 2nd house from 17th is a

favourable star-turn favouring your activities with successful accomplishment. You will move in high circles and gain through people higher up in society. Mangal in the 7th may cause you to be more actively engaged and at times even get excited. An opposition may be felt during this month through your relation or an enemy of yours. Marriage alliance may be happily concluded in spite of oppositions. Financially the month may prove more convenient after the 10th when the lord of the finance enters the 9th house. Money may be gained through higher levels, distant places, banks and companies, as the case may be. Domestically the month may not be as happy owing to your own commitments. House problem may become acute during this month. A house move is envisaged in a few cases. Officially, second half is much more lucky and advantageous on account of your boss's appreciation of your work. Merchants will find first half better than the second. Partnership may be labouring under disadvantages. 2, 4, 10, 12, 16, 18, 26, 30 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary alignment reveals an admixture of benefic and malefic influences. Guru, Sukra, Mangal and Surya in second half are all favourably con-figured during this month indicating general welfare, financial improvement and help when needed besides domestic comforts and other social duties. But

the 8th, Rahu in the 2nd, Your lord Budha in the 6th suggest ill health, distant journey, disturbed mental peace and some unnecessary blame or accusation from others. The solar course in the 8th house may bring about enemies during the first half. Mangal in the 6th aspecting your rasi may heat your system causing excitement and quarrelsomeness in your dealings with the public. Your own brother may react against you while there is no apparent reason for this attitude on his part. You may gain through papers or records as the case may be. Financially this is in fact a better month than the last one. More money may flow in easily. You may gain through women or companies or associations. You will do pious deeds. Officially, you may hope greater encouragement and boss's favour. Your work will involve greater responsibility than before. Merchants will have a good time. More business will flow and will prove profitable. Foreign business will be prosperous.

2, 4, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20, 24, 25, 26, 29 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Planetary positions in the first half indicate your eagerness for delightful social life this month. You may move in higher circles but great care is needed to avoid disturbed feelings while with them. Your general health may be disturbed on account of throat and stomach trouble. Mangal in the 5th causes stomach upset due to gastric complaint and irritation

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of the bowels. The solar course through the 7th house should make you individualistic in your work and attitude. More friends are seen in the first half. One of your near relations may come up very well to your delight. Second half may not be better than the first. Guru in the 12th, Surya in the 8th are not a happy combination causing you general anxiety as to your welfare and health. Heavy expenditure is indicated in the second half. Financially there is higher expenditure as the month is under-way. First half is better for financial conveniences. Officially you may not have any encouragement. More hopes than their realisation may be your experience. Merchants will find this month more fortunate in the first half. Partnership may labour under some disadvantages or other. Speculation may not prove successful. Foreign business may fare well in the first half.

1, 2, 3, 8, 10, 12, 13, 17, 20, 22, 23, 26, 27, 30 are better days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

This month is slightly better than the last one. Guru [‡] Vishaka, though unfavourably [‡] Anuradha, configured aspects & Jeshta, your lord Mangal and 10th lord Surya in the 6th. This brings about brighter surroundings, better outlook of life, and greater encouragement in your professional activity. You will also come in contact with business magnates who will sympathise with you in your aspirations. Your Lord Mangal is coursing through 4th house gain-

ing domestic peace and presents besides securing practical knowledge, propitious investment on land, property or vehicle. Surya in the 6th will render powerless all those who are inimically disposed towards you. Second half may bring about some opposition in the open in which you may seem to gain. There will be friends around you then, and consequently you may accomplish many of your objects also. Financially Guru may not help you in the first half. All the same you will be optimistically inclined to realise your hopes in the second half when Guru will enter the 11th house of gain on the 17th. Avoid oppositions and friction in the 2nd half as far as possible. A happy ceremony may occur during the month. Officially first half is more promising than the second. Your aspirations will meet with impediments, since Mangal and Surya are in square with each other. Merchants will find this month more lucrative in the first half only. Expenditure is heavier in the first half. Some hidden gain here and there may be evident in the second half also.

2, 4, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29, 30 are better days.

DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

Planetary style provides better luck when compared [‡] Moola, with last month's. [‡] Poorvashada The solar course [‡] Uttarashada through the 5th house and your lord Guru through the 11th house are indicative of your gain through

and domestic life. Surya being the lord of the 9th in the 5th house indicates that one of your children will bring about greater harmony and general prosperity. Surya in the 5th might cause your meeting with your near elder relations in the first half if not already in the last month. It may give you both physical and mental energy to grapple with your difficulties around you. Second half when Surya enters the 6th house and Guru, your ruler, in the 10th house, there will be greater satisfaction and success of your undertakings besides settlement of good many pending affairs. Your general health perhaps may not be quite good owing to functioning disorder of throat and stomach. One or two important undertakings may receive a setback temporarily. Financially planets are more favourably posited. Good income is enjoyed beside good savings during this month. Friends are seen rallying round you influencing your life to your advantage during this month. Officially, second half is more encouraging and gainful. Some work will be thrust back on your shoulders or if you are acting in a higher grade you may be reverted to your previous job after the 17th of this month. Merchants will be lucky in their business turnover especially in the first half. Partnership will undergo slight change. Foreign business will prove encouraging. 10, 12, 14, 18, 20, 24, 25, 26, 29 are good days. 24th is an important date to note.

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MISCELLANY

A miniaturised digital computer, or "electronic brain," that can fly a jet interceptor plane under all combat conditions from its take-off to its landing, has been developed by the Hughes Aircraft Company in Los Angeles, California. It is now being manufactured for immediate use.

The device, called Digitair, is not restricted to airborne military use, but could easily be adapted for use in the new supersonic jet passenger planes, the company says.

It is described as "small enough to fit into the cabinet of a very large table model radio set." Despite its small size, Digitair can make 9,600 basic arithmetical computations in one second, and render 6,250 decisions in one minute.

When in action, the device can perform all the necessary computations associated with the flight, navigation, search and attack functions of a plane on an interceptor mission. As a result, the pilot is left free to concentrate almost exclusively on the tactical decisions involved in a battle in the sky.

The Digitair computer is provided with the facts it needs for its computations by the radar of the plane in which it is carried and by coded information sent to it by ground stations. It simultaneously takes in 61 different types of information and "puts out" 30 types. In doing so it performs or monitors 16 separate navigation and flight control functions.

These include such operations as actuating the plane's control surfaces to correct pitch or roll; telling the pilot to increase or decrease his speed; maintaining a constant check on available fuel and the distance the plane can fly on it under existing conditions.

The machine also provides the pilot with the target range and tells him the proper speed and altitude to fly in order to intercept the target accurately.

"Digitair can solve more than one problem at a time," manufacturers say. "It can be working on a navigation problem while at the same time making calculations of wind directions and speed reckoning on an enemy bomber. The computer will decide at what point to intercept and at what altitude, and will automatically fire the plane's armament."

HIS ADVICE

Sandor Petoff, a Hungarian poet, was very poor and often had to beg coins to buy his daily roll of bread.

One day he wanted to cross a river by ferry but had nothing with which to pay his fare. Resorting to his wit, he called the ferryman aside and said: "In God's name, take me across the river.

get to the other side, I will tell you something that you are a rich man."

The ferryman hedged but eventually agreed. "Now, sir," he said, "when they reached the other bank, 'I'll have the advice that you seem incapable of acting on yourself. How do I get rich?'"

"Be sure that never again do you row me or anyone else over this river for nothing," answered Sandor. "Neglect that caution, and you'll stay poor for life."

UNIQUE SHOP

Sponsored by the Old Town Chicago Boys' Clubs is a store in Chicago with a unique reputation.

Only good deeds will purchase the goods, which range from baked beans to bicycles. Any lad wishing to buy a pair of shoes, skates, bicycle, etc., earns for himself credit tokens by doing odd jobs and running errands. When he has lodged enough credit coupons he presents them in exchange for the article required.

The store is kept going by local businessmen, who donate merchandise.

ON WOMEN

One may easily lead a woman when the cord is composed of golden threads.

A saint stands a poor chance in the race for a woman's heart against an engaging pirate, an impetuous cave man or a fascinating rogue.

Women are like shadows. Pursue them and they'll run from you; run from them and they'll follow you.

In thousands of years Eve has learnt to perfection the art of keeping Man guessing as to her real feelings and intentions.

Those who do not know how to give orders can never give advice to a woman.

AIR TRAVEL AND HEALTH

Over 90,000,000 people travelled by air on scheduled flights throughout the world, compared with 2,500,000 in 1937; during 1958 the figure is expected to reach the 100,000,000 mark. This tremendous increase in air travel may soon over-tax the facilities at many international airports, not the least with regard to sanitary conditions.

This problem was discussed recently by the World Health Organization Expert Committee on Sanitation of International Airports, at its first meeting in Geneva. The International Sanitary Regulations already set up by the WHO refer expressly to the quarantinable diseases such as smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, etc., and deal with safe water supplies, disposal of waste, control of insects, rats and other disease carriers.

When recommending that air passengers must be given the best

possible hygienic protection, the WHO experts recognize that successful health of crew members is even more important for safe travel. The risk of sudden illness affecting crew members may be reduced by emergency landings and, consequently, hazards to passengers. The Committee proposed the publication of an international manual on airport sanitation which would give recommendations on the provision of safe drinking water and food, and good rest facilities to maintain the efficiency of crews and the comfort of passengers on international flights. Suggestions for control at airports of disease carriers such as insects and rats would also be included.

WEATHER RESEARCH

Meteorological rockets which mount to a height of roughly 60 miles, descend by parachute and can be used again, are being launched by Soviet scientists from Kheis Island in the Arctic and from the Soviet research vessel Ob in Antarctic waters, during the International Geophysical Year.

The rocket, 23 feet in length, is fired to a height of about 45 miles where a separating motor blows the nose and body apart. Parachutes then open on the two sections: the nose continues upwards for a distance of some 10 miles, the parachute acting as a stabiliser and slowing it down as it descends to a speed of about 13 feet per second. Bayonet-like blades dig into the ground as it lands, holding the container with its load of instruments upright. The rocket body is also recovered and can be used again.

Several of these rockets have already been launched, and have provided Soviet scientists with valuable information on the distribution of air temperatures and pressures in the medium stratosphere. A special concentration of rocket firings will be made during June and July this year, as planned at the rocket conference held in Washington last autumn.

HEALTH OF PEOPLE

In the ten years since its constitution came into force in 1948, the World Health Organisation has contributed to the well-being and happiness of millions of human beings all over the world. The period has shown a phenomenal decline in mortality, due mainly to advances in environmental sanitation and disease control. This means that in more developed countries a new-born girl can be expected to live 4-5 years longer than ten years ago, and a new-born boy 3-4 years longer. In rapidly developing countries these figures may be as high as 11 and 10 years.

Deaths from infectious and parasitic diseases, such as cholera, typhus, smallpox, plague, relapsing fever and yellow fever, have decreased by about half. Up to 1948 malaria attacked some 300 million people each year, resulting in 3 million deaths; these figures have been cut by 30 per cent but the disease still persists. The big inter-

national health problem. Tuberculosis remains one of the most infectious diseases; but in 1955 a turning point was reached with the advent of new drugs promising a revolution in its treatment. Apart from its world-wide campaigns to combat these diseases, WHO has helped many countries to set up improved health services in maternal and child welfare, environmental sanitation, nutrition and in many other fields.

On the other hand, growing dangers to health have been revealed such as heart disease and cancer, poliomyelitis, accidents and mental diseases. Through its world-wide network, WHO helps experts to exchange information and experience and to evolve new methods of combating these threats more rapidly and effectively.

A JUNGLE SAGA

A record of an ancient Indian culture which may soon disappear completely is depicted in the new Swedish colour film "A Jungle Saga", made by Sweden's documentary producer Arne Sucksdorff. The film, which took three years to make, describes life among the people of the Muria tribe in Central India.

It is of particular interest as modern industry and communications are encroaching on the isolated Muria people, and the original character of their ancient community may soon be lost for ever.

WAXWORKS FOR WASHINGTON

Washington, D. C. will soon have a "wax museum" of the type made famous by Mme. Tussaud. The only one of its kind in the United States, it will depict great moments in American history and display lifelike figures of Columbus, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Andrew Jackson, Henry Ford, George Washington Carver and many other men who have played an important role in the history and development of the United States. The museum will be historically accurate. For example, Franklin D. Roosevelt is shown at Yalta with Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin.

JAPANESE GARDEN IN PARIS

Last month a plane from Tokyo brought to Paris a small kimonoed figure with a large bundle of trees. It was Motonori Suzue, a 28-year-old gardener from Tolushima bringing a gift from the peoples of Japan for the new Unesco Headquarters in the Place de Fontenoy, Paris.

The garden, designed by Isamu Noguchi, the Japanese American artist, sculptor and landscape gardener engaged by Unesco in agreement with the Japanese Government.

It is thanks to voluntary contributions from Unesco well-

...this month presents
wishers in Japan that Motonori Suzue was able to move the native village and come to Paris to help Noguchi with the structure of And it is thanks not only to the money they collected to their work that nearly 100 tons of decorative Japanese rock are in waterfalls, bridges, seats and boulders which will give a distinctive character to this 20th century Japanese garden.

Although he has never been to Europe before, Suzue seems completely at home on the Paris site where, with traditional Japanese tools and in his native costume, he is already at work on the garden. These types of flowering cherries will form an alley across the garden and the other trees will be scattered around the large central pond and the delegates' patio.

BOOKS In U. S.

The magazine, *Publishers Weekly* reported that 13,142 books were published in the United States during 1957. The only publication total that surpassed 1957's in this century was 1910's total of 13,470 titles. At that time, however, pamphlets were counted as books. This is true only to a limited extent today.

Three hundred and twenty two publishers with individual outputs ranging from 5 to 401 titles issued 11,566 titles, or 88 percent of 1957's total output. Leading among publishers issuing 100 or more titles were Macmillan Company with 401 titles, Harper Brothers with 349 titles and McGraw-Hill with 311 titles. They were followed by Doubleday & Company, Oxford University Press and Prentice-Hall.

Two young men saw two pretty girls meet at a railway station and embrace.

"That's what's wrong with the country," remarked one.

"What do you mean?" asked his pal.

"Women doing men's work."

In a genteel tea-room in Cheltenham, two young men were discussing a matrimonial prospect.

"I know he's rich," said the first, "but isn't he too old, be considered?"

"My dear," replied her friend with a sigh, "he's too eligible to be considered old."

"I was a fool when I married you," grumbled a wife.

Her husband flushed with anger: "Well, don't blame me, I didn't know at the time!"

"John is so original. He says things to me as nobody else would dream of saying."

"What's he been saying now—asking you to marry him?"

KAHANIYA

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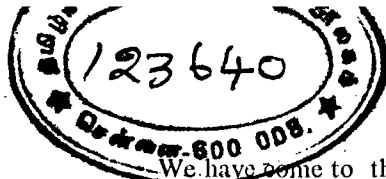
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Ourself

We have come to the end of our labour this month given us great pleasure to bring out this fourth annual issue. We hope the readers are satisfied with its contents both in quality and variety.

It was four years ago this month that the first issue of *Kalanyo Monthly* was placed before the public. The monthly has since then regularly appeared on the stalls on the first of every month and sales have been steadily going up. We are thankful both to our numerous contributors and to the many advertisers who have extended their help and support to us in making this monthly a popular success.

In the fifth year of publication we hope to introduce one or two new features but there is little hope of increasing the number of pages in the ordinary issues because of the high cost of newsprint. We are averse to increase the price of 25 naye paise but we will do our best to give good value for the money.

India, after the freedom, is changing fast. Though the first Five Year Plan has not appreciably increased the average income of the people, the second and subsequent Five Year Plans are bound to result in increased prosperity all round. Foreigners who have come to the country have been greatly impressed by the remarkable progress made in the short period of a decade. It is our desire to devote in the near future a few pages to the economic and political life of the country.

We once again wish to express our thanks to all our contributors and advertisers for their co-operation and goodwill in the past and hope the same will be forthcoming in greater measure in the future.

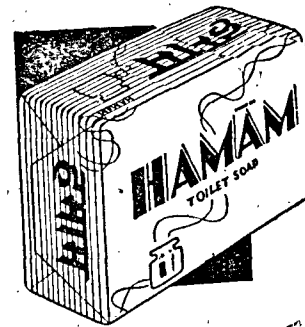
—Editor, K.

Love Begets Love

Love begets love, service promotes the spirit of service. Love stimulates hatred and ill will aggravates hostile feelings. Whatever you give will redound to you in an infinitely enhanced measure. You love all, and you evoke love and love alone from all sides.—*Chan.*

If anyone is really prompted by his evil disposition to harm you, the remedy does not lie in paying him in his own coin. If you repay evil with evil, hatred with hatred, these unquestionably injurious and foolish thoughts obviously exist in you. By these evil thoughts you will only be aggravating his wickedness and hatred even by pouring oblations into the fire you cause it to flare up. The figures are harmful both to you and to him. Your wellbeing consists in quitting his wickedness and hatred with love and good offices.—*Chan.*

Be flower fresh,
flower lovely



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