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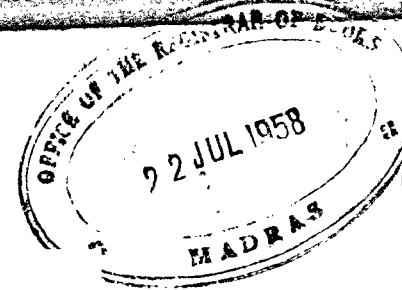
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ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE



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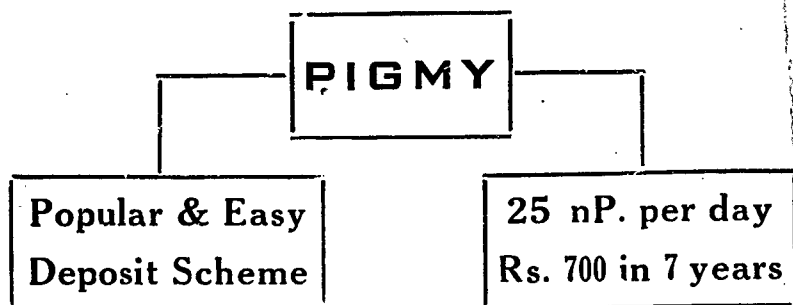
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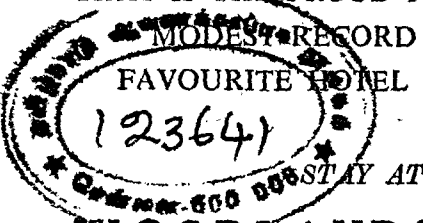
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JUNE, 1958

No. 2

CHIN CHIN & THE MIDGET

Ramji came to Dandeli in search of fortune and he found the manganese ore. He also came upon the belle of the forest tribe and was happy until twenty years later.

G. N. GIDWANI

It happened thirty years ago. It was a scorching summer day. The hot winds raised the burning sand. Ramji walked along the rail track unconcerned.

Amongst the fair, tall and well-shaped men and women of Marwar, God had by accident or design thrown a family of monkey-faced pudgy midgets. Ramji belonged to this family.

Be his looks as they might, the blood of Marwar was in his veins, so the wander lust seized him. Leaving the golden sands and the clear skies of his native land, he set out in search of fortune.

For months he roamed. He saw people and places but he moved on, until he reached Dandeli. Here he would tap the wealth of the forests. Here under the cool shades of the forests away from the sweltering heat of his native land, he would seek fame and fortune.

Boons, like misfortunes, do not come single. He discovered the manganese ore. He also met

Chin-Chin, the belle of the Dandeli forest tribes.

One evening as he was dreaming of the manganese mines and the Marwari combines that would come up in this area, an aboriginal maiden came to the edge of the Kali river and drank handfuls of its refreshing water.

Her healthy bosom showed from out of the ragged sari thrown across it. In her eyes Ramji saw rapturous abandon and defiance. Her rich soft hair fluttered under the wind and gracefully parted here and there. Ramji looked down at her ankles, for in Marwar they say, you can tell a beauty from her ankles. From head to foot Chin-Chin filled the bill.

He looked at her again and again. He liked her wild look and her dark skin. "That colour wouldn't fade or change," he said to himself. Above all she was of a manageable size. He had not liked big-boned women of his place.

Chin-Chin has left Dandeli and is now in Ceylon with her midget son. They are quite happy in their new environments.

Of all the everyday plants of this earth, grass is the least pretentious and the most important to mankind. It clothes the earth in an unmistakable way. Directly or indirectly it provides the bulk of man's food, his meat, his bread, every scrap of his cereal diet. Without grass we should all starve, we and all our animals. And what a dismal place this world would be!

So there it is the simple grass, perfect for its purpose and almost everywhere that plants can grow. It may vary into a hundred species, but never does it complicate itself too much. It grows tall, as bamboo. It grows generous, as corn. It grows lush and cool, as bluegrass. It is a weed sometimes, but it is a lawn, a pasture, a hayfield, a thousand-acre ocean of wheat. And now it greens the earth again, spring in the lifting blade, everywhere.—*New York Times*.

As the last stakes are driven into what is perhaps the world's longest fence in Queensland, Australia, farmers in the region are breathing sighs of relief. Their worst enemy, the dingo or wild dog, will be shut out forever from his happiest hunting grounds.

The six-foot-high fence, financed by the Queensland Government, will join up with "dingo-proof" fences built in the adjoining states of New South Wales and South Australia to enclose some of the richest pasture lands of the continent. It is too high for most dingoes to jump over, and trees nearby, which the dogs might climb to leap over, have been cut down.

"Did baby come from Heaven, Mummy?"
 "Of course, dear. Why?"
 "Fancy leaving Heaven for a place like this!"

KHAMGOAN MURDER CASE

On the morning of 13-10-1924, a gunny bag containing something heavy, was seen floating on the surface of the water of a well in Khamgoan.

few clothes were found along with the dead body in the bag. It was naturally enough in a highly decomposed state and was badly stinking.

At the inquest, it did not take long to identify it as of Sadasukh, a Marwari, who was residing at the house of one Raghunath. On close observation, it was discovered that the rope which was tied round the neck of the deceased had a double knot. A person wishing to commit suicide by strangulation can give one knot in the rope tied round his neck ; but he cannot give a second knot, as the tightening of the rope caused by the first knot would render him unconscious by reason of the pressure on the vital

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structures of the neck. That is to say, the double knotted ligature round the neck was a clear indication of the fact that death had been caused by strangulation by some one other than the deceased himself.

Investigation revealed that the deceased used to dine with Raghunath on paying eight annas per day. He had disappeared from the latter's house some days prior to the discovery of the body.

Suspicion naturally fell on Raghunath and it was confirmed when his friend, one Nathuram, asked him about it and got the information that he had killed the unfortunate man and thrown the body into the well.

The police contacted Raghunath and he soon confessed. He took them to the temple of Sati which was close by and in the north-east corner of the compound of the temple unearthed a *lota*, containing some ingots of gold and a number of gold and silverwares of the approximate value of Rs 2,000.

It was then learnt that Sadasukh had possessed many gold ornaments and sovereigns. Raghunath had produced only the ornaments and when asked as to what had become of the sovereigns, he hesitatingly undertook to produce them.

He then took the police to his house and from the northern room where cotton had been stacked in bags, he took out a small receptacle from one of the bags. It was emptied and found to contain 86 sovereigns. He accounted for the remaining sovereigns by asserting that he

had given them to a friend of his, one Moti.

The party then proceeded to the factory of Moti's malik which was close by. At that time Moti was sleeping. He was suddenly called upon to produce the sovereigns given over to him by Raghunath. Moti was not prepared for the surprise which was sprung on him. He exhibited a good deal of nervousness at first, but pulled himself together and ultimately agreed to produce the property. He then led the party to the compound of his factory and removing a bamboo post, he took out from inside the hole, a small bundle containing one gold bar weighing 26 tolas and two others weighing 6 tolas each and a gold ornament.

He was then queried as to what became of the sovereigns. He replied that the eight sovereigns which Raghunath had given him had been changed into rupees at the shop of a shroff and that the amount had been paid over to Raghunath.

It was soon proved that Moti had taken eight sovereigns about two or three days earlier for being cashed and got Rs. 120 in lieu thereof.

In short, property worth more than Rs. 5,000 in the shape of gold and silver bars and gold ornaments and sovereigns, was recovered from the possession of Raghunath and Moti by the Police.

Raghunath, Moti and one Narahari were arrested and placed on trial on a charge of murder.

There were no eye witnesses and inference as to culpability

could be drawn only from the confessions and the recovery of the properties.

In his statement before the committing court, Raghunath clearly admitted that the property produced from both the places belonged to Sadasukh. At the sessions trial, he admitted having produced 86 sovereigns before the police from a room in his house. He, however, denied having produced any property from the compound of Sati temple and stated that it was the police who took him to the Sati temple and pointing out to him a spot in the compound of that temple, had asked him to dig there and that from that place a *lota* containing gold bars and ornaments were recovered. He said he did not know to whom the *lota* and its contents belonged. The sovereigns, he added, were his own property.

But it was perfectly obvious that his statement before the committing Magistrate was true and that before the Sessions Judge false. His assertions could not displace the weight to be attached to a good number of incriminating circumstances which were almost decisive about his guilt. They were:

(1) Sadasukh had been living in his house till he disappeared.

(2) Raghunath did not report about the sudden disappearance of Sadasukh to the police or for that matter to any one else.

(3) Within a few days of his disappearance, his dead body had been found in a well half a mile away from Raghunath's house.

(4) Shortly after the recovery

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All aches and
Pains

of the dead body, Raghunath had admitted to Nathuram that he had murdered the deceased.

(5) After confessing, he had produced from two places considerable property belonging to and in the possession of Sadasukh till his death.

In short, it was evident that Raghunath was the murderer and that the murder was for the sake of his valuable property.

Regarding Moti, it was true that he was in possession of some of the properties owned by Sadasukh. But he was not on visiting terms with the deceased. In fact there was no evidence

that at anytime or at or about the relevant period he was visiting his house or seen in his company. Furthermore the property found in his possession had not been indentified by independent witnesses as being Sadasukh's, if indeed it was

capable of being identified.

Taking all these facts into consideration the courts convicted Raghunath alone of murder and sentenced him to transportation for life and acquitted Moti and Narahari. (Copyright with the author.)

CANARA BANK LTD.

The Directors of Canara Bank Limited have invested a sum of Rs. 110 lakhs in the new Central Government Loans subscription lists last month.

Further, as a gesture of the bank's traditionally hearty co-operation with the Mysore Government, it has also been decided to earmark a very substantial sum for investment in the Mysore State Development Loan whenever it will be announced.

REASON FOR HIS FITNESS

A healthy looking man of seventy called on a New York doctor and asked him to check-up on the state of his health.

The doctor examined him thoroughly and then told him he was in wonderful trim.

"Do tell me," he asked the old fellow as he paid his fee, "what is the secret of your wonderful fitness? Have you performed any regular system of exercise which would account for your being in such good shape?"

Replied the old man, "Well, it's like this, doctor. When my wife and I were married fifty years ago we agreed that whenever I lost my temper she was to remain silent. When she, on the other hand, was in a bad temper, I agreed to leave the house and go for a long walk.

"Well, for half a century, as a result, I've enjoyed a fine outdoor life with plenty of exercise, which undoubtedly accounts for my fitness to-day."

A sportsman's wife strongly objected to her husband gambling on horse; but he continued to back them secretly.

One evening an old friend, unaware of the prohibition, dropped in and said to the punter: "Well, did you have any luck with Sue the Second yesterday?"

Instantly the wife shot her husband an ugly look and went out of the room.

"You've torn it," groaned the husband. "My wife thinks I don't bet now. You'll have to square this with her."

In a few moments, when the wife returned, the friend said breezily: "I say, Mr. Brown. I'm awfully sorry if I misled you just now. Sue the Second isn't a horse, you know, she's a barmaid."

A Skit

THE BEARD

K. V. SIRKHEEL

It all started while we were having our morning shave.

"This blade is abominable," said my friend.

"So is mine," said I, "and to escape this ordeal I sometimes feel one should grow a beard and be done with the bother of shaving once for all."

"Then you will have an additional advantage," said my friend. "You need not much bother about your neck-tie either, as the

beard could be made to hide it."

That is a capital idea really, I thought. A long enough beard, flowing and luxurious will screen you, or rather your neck-tie from the public. The daily struggle with it, the hurry accompanying the tying of the knot, the desperate attempt to get it in right position, not to think, if possible, to achieve a dimple; all these troubles will be a thing of the past. How nice! The beard looked a

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blessing indeed! But would it be possible to imagine this disastrous departure though under the benevolent protection of a flowing beard, was the question. A host of bearded men leapt up to my mind—Carlyle, Tennyson, Ruskin, Freeman, Bryce, Trollope, Bernard Shaw, a series of bearded men of letters and literatuers. But, they, in spite of their beards, chose to wear an immaculate neck-tie which was no doubt hidden and like the elegiac rose “was born to blush unseen.” They still took the trouble to have it there all right. Not that its superfluity would have struck their wideawake and lively fancy, but I think they felt that it was a sartorial rudeness they should not perpetuate on society.

A closely buttoned-up coat like that of a Jesuit priest or the high-necked uniform of a cop or soldier enables them to go about without a neck-tie. But I believe that these men of piety and policing activities might sometimes sadly miss it. Like other small and unconsidered trifles in life, the neck-tie has its virtues and uses! Supposing they are at a loss to answer a lady's query for some information they cannot tenderly touch their neck-tie for inspiration. If they are at a loss to say the right thing during conversation they cannot go to it for a slight break in it so that the other fellow may say something. Perhaps, a sufficiently long and well grown beard may be helpful if you caressingly pass your hand on it. But you undertake a risk. In this respect the neck-tie is found more a ready helper than a beard. Anyway I

cannot wager for a beard until I grow one and feel which is the more dependable of the two.

I am afraid one inevitable and inexorable fact has been overlooked by my friend that once you grow a beard, you have always to go about with it, while you can wear or take off your neck-tie as and when you like. In that respect the beard becomes an obsession, a permanent appendage, a bugbear! My friend who is so bright in beards has forgotten this awful fact that once you grow the beard you will have to stick to it willy-nilly, unless you make a firm resolve to shave it off. The beard not only grows on your chin, but also grows on you, as it were, as if it is a pet always to be patted and taken care of and prevented from getting derelict or messy. While eating and drinking there is the constant fear of its getting in the way and making a show of itself. Bearded guests may lose much of the poetry and enjoyment of a lunch or dinner if a little mishap like spilling something on the beard happens and they are left to make a rather messy and prolonged use of their table napkins.

It was an idle thought of exchanging a beard for a neck-tie and so I completed my shave and took the best one I had and tied it carefully into the correct knot and got the ‘dimple’ and started out on a visit to my girl friend, who said, on seeing me that she liked the wine-coloured one I wore better than the tan-coloured Tootal. I was indeed highly flattered. Would she have said this if I had the beard?

LOVE IN THE COPSE

Following is an abridged version of a short story* by
A. Pushkin, the celebrated Russian writer and poet.

The estate of Ivan Petrovich Berestov was situated in one of our remotest provinces. Ivan Petrovich served in the Guard in his youth, obtained his discharge in the year 1797 and went to live on his property. He married a poor gentlewoman who died in child-birth during his absence some distance away on a hunting expedition. He soon found consolation for his loss in the management of his property.

He regarded himself as the wisest man in the whole district, which opinion his neighbours, who got into the habit of paying him long visits with their families, did nothing to shake.

His nearest neighbour, Grigori Ivanovich Muromsky, was the only person who did not get on with him. He was a gentleman of the old school. Having frittered away the greater part of his property in Moscow, and become

* From the Tales of Ivan Belkin published by the Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow.

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a widower, he went to live in the sole village remaining to him. He laid out a garden in the English style, on which he expended almost all the money he had. His stable boys were attired as English jockeys. His daughter had an English governess. He farmed his land according to the English system.

This Anglo-mania of Muromsky was much disliked by Berestov and he was never tired of finding fault with him.

Such were the relations between these two proprietors when Berestov's son came to visit him. Educated at the university of X., he intended to go into the army. But his father was opposed to the idea. And in the meantime the youthful Alexei lived the life of a gentleman at large. Alexie was a fine young fellow and naturally glances full of interest, which not seldom grew to admiration, were cast at him by the young ladies in the neighbourhood.

But none of the women devoted so much thought to him as the daughter of the Anglomaniac, Lisa. The fathers did not visit each other's houses, so that she had not yet seen Alexei, whereas all the young women of the neighbourhood talked of nothing but him. Lisa was seventeen years old. Her attractive, olive-skinned countenance was lit up by a pair of black eyes. Being an only child, she was, of course, spoilt and petted. Her liveliness and incessant pranks were the delight of her father and the despair of her governess, Miss Jackson.

Lisa was attended by her maid

Nastya, who was a little older, but just as flighty as her young mistress. Lisa was very fond of her, let her into all her secrets, and enlisted her aid in the preparation of her pranks.

"May I go out visiting to-day?" asked Nastya while dressing her mistress one morning.

"Certainly! Where are you going?"

"To Tugilovo, to the Berestovs'. It's the name-day of their cook's wife, and she came yesterday to invite us to dinner."

"Oh, indeed!" said Lisa. "The masters are at odds, but the servants entertain one another!"

"Our masters' quarrels are no business of ours," retorted Nastya. "Besides, I'm your servant, not your Papa's. You and young Berestov have not quarrelled yet, you know, so let the old folk fight it out among themselves!"

"Try and get a sight of Alexei Berestov, Nastya, and tell me exactly what he's like and what sort of person he is."

Nastya promised, and Lisa waited impatiently all day for her maid's return. Nastya came back in the evening. "Well," she said, as soon as she got into the room. "I've seen young Berestov; I had a good look at him."

"Well? Is it true he's so good looking?"

"He's ever so good looking, really handsome. Slim, tall, red-cheeked..."

"Really! And I was sure he would be pale. Well? How did he strike you—mournful,

pensive?"

"Not a bit of it! I never saw such a mad fellow in my life. He took it into his head to play catch with us."

"He play catch with you! You don't mean it!"

"But he did! And what's more—whenever he caught anyone he gave her a kiss."

"Oh, Nastya, you're telling stories!"

"I'm not!"

"Astonishing! Well, and what do they say about him in the house?"

"They say he's a very nice gentleman, ever so kind and cheery. The only thing wrong with him is that he's too fond of running after the girls. But I don't see much harm in that myself—he'll get over it."

"How I should like to see him!" sighed Lisa.

"Well, that's easy enough. He goes out every morning early with his gun."

"Oh, that would never do! He might think I was running after him. Besides, our fathers are on bad terms, so I can't get to know him anyhow...Oh, Nastya! I'll tell you what! I'll dress myself as a peasant girl!"

"Do that! Put on a homespun blouse, and a *sarajan*. I vouch for it Berestov won't overlook you!"

Lisa was awake the next day before day-break. She slid noiselessly into the peasant's attire and left the house by the back porch. The transparent sky, the morning freshness, the dew, the breeze and the singing of birds filled Lisa's heart with childish gaiety. When she arrived



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at the copse which marked the limits of her father's property, she slowed down. It was here that she was to wait for Alexei. Her heart beat violently—why, she could not have said; but it is the trepidation accompanying our youthful ventures which constitutes their principal charm. Lisa entered the twilight of the copse. Muffled sounds greeted the girl's ears from its depths, and her gaiety was instantly subdued. Little by little she gave herself up to blissful meditations. She thought...but who can say exactly what a girl of seventeen thinks about in a copse, between five and six o'clock of a spring morning? She walked on, absorbed in her thoughts, along a pathway shaded on either hand by tall trees, when suddenly a

dog came barking towards her. Lisa cried out in alarm. Almost at the same moment a young huntsman appeared from behind some bushes. "Don't be afraid, pretty one!" he said to Lisa. "My dog doesn't bite," Lisa, who had quite recovered from her fright, was quick to take advantage of the situation. "But I am afraid, Sir," she said, feigning a mixture of fear and shyness. "Look how fierce he is! He'll jump on me again."

Alexei (the reader will have guessed the stranger's identity), gazed steadily the while at the peasant lass. "I'll go with you if you're afraid," he said. "Will you allow me to walk beside you?"

"Who's to prevent you?" returned Lisa. "Anyone is free to use the road."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Priluchino. I'm the daughter of Vasili, the blacksmith. I've come to gather mushrooms." (Lisa dangled a bark basket from a string.) "And who are you, Sir? From Tugilovo?"

"Quite right," replied Alexei. "I'm the young master's valet." Alexei wished to meet her on an equal footing. But Lisa looked at him and laughed. "No, you're not," she said. "You can't take me in! I can see you're the master himself."

"What makes you think so?"

"Everything about you."

"But tell me what!"

"As if one couldn't tell the master from the man! You're dressed differently, you talk differently, and you don't call your dog the way we do."

Lisa's charms grew upon Alexei. Accustomed to treat the pretty village girls with scant ceremony, he tried to put his arm round her; but Lisa sprang back and suddenly assumed an expression so cold and forbidding that Alexei, though amused, refrained from further advances. "If you want to be friends with me in future," she said primly, "you mustn't forget yourself." Lisa made as if to go. Alexei seized her hand and held her back. "What's your name, pretty one?" "Akulina," replied Lisa, trying to extricate her fingers from Alexei's hand. "Let go of me, Sir, it's time for me to go home."

"Well, friend Akulina, I shall certainly go and see your father, Vasili the blacksmith."

"What?" cried Lisa. "For God's sake don't do that! If they were to find out at home that I had been talking to a gentleman all alone in the copse I should get it. My father, Vasili the blacksmith, would beat me black and blue."

"But I must see you again."

"I shall be coming here for mushrooms."

"But when?"

"I don't know—to-morrow perhaps!"

"Akulina dear, I would kiss you, if I dared. Make it to-morrow, at the same time—do!"

"Very well."

"And you won't disappoint me?"

"No, I won't."

"Swear you won't!"

"I swear by the Holy Cross that I'll come."

The young people parted.

Lisa went out of the wood, crossed the field, crept into the garden, and rushed headlong to the farmstead, where Nastya was waiting for her. Here she changed back into her own clothes, answering the eager questions of her *confidante* with an abstracted air.

She was mentally reviewing all the circumstances of the morning's rendezvous, the entire conversation between Akulina and the young hunter, and was beginning to feel qualms of conscience. She assured herself in vain that their conversation had not overstepped the limits of decency, that her prank could not possibly have any untoward consequences — conscience spoke louder than reason. The chief cause of her uneasiness was the promise she had given for the morrow, and she was within an ace of breaking her solemn vow. But Alexei, after waiting for her in vain, might go to the village to look for the true Akulina, the blacksmith's daughter, a plump pock-marked lass, and in this way guess at the trick Lisa had played him. The thought of this appalled her, and she made up her mind to go again to the copse the following morning, disguised as Akulina.

Alexei's ecstasy was unalloyed; all day he thought of nothing but his new acquaintance, and when night came his dreams were haunted by visions of the dusky beauty. He was up and dressed almost before the dawn. Without waiting to charge his musket he hastened to the place of the promised rendezvous. About half an hour passed in what was



unbearable suspense for him; at last he caught sight of a blue *sarafan* flitting among the bushes, and rushed to meet his dear Akulina. She received his ecstatic gratitude with a smile, but Alexei was quick to note the traces of dejection and anxiety on her countenance. He inquired the reason for them. Lisa confessed to him that she now regarded her conduct as indiscreet, and repented it, that she had been unwilling to break her word this time, but that this would be their last meeting, and that she begged him to break off an acquaintance which could hold nothing good

for them. He exerted all his eloquence to make Akulina retract her decision; he assured her of the innocence of his intentions, vowed never to give her grounds for repentance, to obey her will in all things, imploring her not to deprive him of the joy of meeting her alone, if only every other day, or two days a week. He employed the language of true passion, and, all the moment, really felt that he was in love. Lisa heard him out in silence. "Give me your word," she said, when he had finished, "that you will never look for me in the village, or make any inquiries about me. Give me your word never to seek a meeting with me, beyond those which I myself appoint." They parted a little later and Alexei, left to himself, could not understand how it was that a simple village lass had been able to get such unmistakable power over him in a mere two meetings. His relations with Akulina held the charm of novelty for him, and though the edicts of the strange peasant girl appeared to him onerous, the thought of breaking his word never so much as entered his head. Before two months had passed, Alexei was head over ears in love, and Lisa, though less articulate, was almost equally so. They both rejoiced in the present, and gave little thought to the future.

The thought of indissoluble bonds crossed their minds frequently, but they never spoke about this to each other. The reason is not far to seek—attached as Alexei was to his dear Akulina, he fully realized

the distance between himself and a poor peasant girl; and Lisa, knowing the hostility which existed between their fathers, did not dare to hope for a reconciliation between them. And then an important event bade fair to alter their standing in each other's eyes. One fine cold morning Berestov went out riding, taking with him five or six greyhounds, his groom, and a few serf boys with rattles. At the very same moment, Muromsky, tempted out by the fine weather, ordered his mare to be saddled, and trotted over his anglicized estate. As he rode up to the wood, he caught sight of his neighbour. If Muromsky could have foreseen this encounter he would undoubtedly have turned in another direction, but he came upon Berestov quite unexpectedly. There was no help for it. Muromsky, every inch the urbane European, rode up to his enemy and greeted him courteously. Berestov responded as cordially as a chained bear bidden by his leader to bow to the gentry. Just then a hare leaped out of the wood and made for the open field. Berestov and his groom hallooed at the top of their voices; they unleashed the dogs, and galloped after the hare at full speed. Muromsky's horse, which had never been used for hunting, took fright and bolted. Muromsky was unable to keep his seat and fell down rather heavily on the frost-hardened earth. Berestov who was not far off galloped up and asked Muromsky if he had hurt himself. In the meantime the groom had

brought back the mare and stood holding her by the bridle. He assisted Muromsky to mount, and Berestov invited the latter to his house. Muromsky felt obliged to accept the invitation, and thus Berestov returned in triumph, having caught a hare and led his enemy home, wounded and almost a prisoner of war.

The neighbours conversed in a perfectly friendly manner over their breakfast. Muromsky asked Berestov to let him have a carriage, admitting that the shaking-up he had received had unfitted him to ride his mare back. Berestov accompanied him to the entrance and Muromsky did not leave until he had received Berestov's word of honour to bring Alexei with him the very next day. Thus it

happened that the old, deep-rooted enmity showed promise of coming to an end, through the timidity of a mare.

Lisa came running out to meet Muromsky. "What's the matter, Papa?" she cried in astonishment. "Why are you limping? Where's your horse? Whose carriage is that?"

"You'll never guess, my dear," replied he. He gave her an account of the whole incident. Lisa could not believe her ears when he told her that the two Berestovs were coming to take dinner with them the next day. "What!" she exclaimed, turning pale. "The Berestovs—father and son? Dining with us to-morrow! You can do as you like, Papa, but I shall certainly not appear."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed

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her father. "What makes you so shy all of a sudden? Or is it that you feel a hereditary hatred for him, like the heroine of a novel? I won't have any more of this fooling."

"No, Papa, not for the world, not for anything in the world, will I appear in front of the Berestovs!" Muromsky who knew full well that there was nothing to be gained by opposing her, shrugged his shoulders, gave up the argument, and betook himself to rest after his memorable ride.

Lisa went to her room and called Nastya to her. The two held a lengthy conference on the subject of the morrow's visit. What would Alexi think when he recognized in the well-bred young lady his own Akulina? What would be his opinion of her conduct, her principles, her prudence? At the same time Lisa was extremely anxious to see the impression made on him by so unexpected a meeting... Suddenly she had a bright idea. She instantly communicated it to Nastya. Both were delighted with it and determined to put it into practice at all costs.

The next day at breakfast Muromsky asked his daughter if she still intended to hide from the Berestovs. "Since you wish it I will receive them, Papa," replied Lisa, "but only on condition that, whatever the guise in which I appear before them, and whatever I do, you will not scold me and will not show the slightest sign of astonishment or dissatisfaction."

"Up to your tricks again!" said Muromsky, laughing. "Very well,

I agree. Have your own way, my black-eyed madcap!" With these words he imprinted a kiss on her brow, and Lisa ran off to make her preparations.

Punctually at two a home-built carriage drawn by six horses entered the drive, rolling past the circle of bright green turf. Muromsky received his guests with the utmost cordiality, inviting them to inspect his garden and menageries before dinner, and leading them along well-swept gravel paths.

The three of them returned to the drawing room and sat down. When Lisa came into the room the father stopped short and hastily bit his lip. Lisa, his dusky Lisa, was powdered to the ears and attired like Miss Jackson with false curls. She was laced in till her figure was like the letter X and all her mother's diamonds which had not yet been pawned blazed at her fingers, her throat, and her ears. Alexei could not possibly have recognized his Akulina in this brilliant, but ludicrous female. His father rose to kiss her hand, and Alexei unwillingly followed his example. As his lips brushed her slender fingers it seemed to him he noticed a slight tremour pass over them.

They took their seats at the table. Lisa simpered, speaking through her teeth in a sing-song voice, and only in French. Her father kept looking at her, ignorant of her purpose, but finding it all extremely amusing.

At last the time came to leave the table. The guests took their departure, and Muromsky was free to indulge in laughter and

questions. "What put it into your head to fool them?" he asked Lisa. Lisa was charmed with the success of her idea. She flung her arms round her father's neck and ran off.

The reader will easily surmise that Lisa did not fail to appear at the trysting place on the following day. "You went to see our gentlefolk yesterday," she said the moment she met Alexei. "What do you think of our young lady?"

Alexei replied that he had not noticed her.

"A pity!" ejaculated Lisa.

"Why?" asked Alexei.

"Because I wanted to ask you if it's true what they say..."

"What do they say?"

"If it's true what they say... that I'm like her."

"What nonsense! She's a fright compared to you!"

"Oh, Sir, you shouldn't say that; our young lady is so fair, so elegant! How can I be compared with her?"

Alexei vowed that she was better than all the fair young ladies in the world.

A week passed and there were no further trysts because of rainy weather but they were exchanging letters. Their post-office was a hollow in an ancient oak tree. Nastya secretly fulfilled the function of postman. Alexei brought to the oak-tree letters written in a bold hand, and found there missives on cheap blue paper, scrawled over by his beloved.

In the meantime the relations which had so lately sprung up between Berestov and Muromsky were steadily improving, and soon turned into friendship,

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thanks to the following circumstances: Muromsky often reflected that at the death of Berestov all his property would go to Alexei when the latter would become one of the wealthiest proprietors in the district, and that there was no reason whatever why he should not marry Lisa. Old Berestov, for his part, while noting in his neighbour certain eccentricities did not, however, deny that he had many excellent qualities. For some time the two old men kept their thoughts to themselves, but there came a day when they at last opened their hearts to each other and embraced, promising to look into the matter

thoroughly.

That very evening Berestov called his son into his study, lit his pipe and said, after a short pause: "How is it, that you have quite stopped talking about a military career? Don't you sigh for a hussar's uniform any more?"

"No, Sir," replied Alexei respectfully. "I see it is not to your liking that I should enter the hussars—it is my duty to submit to your wishes."

"Good," said Berestov. "You are a dutiful son, I see. That is a great consolation to me. In the meanwhile I intend you to get married."

"Whom do you wish me to marry, Sir?" inquired the astonished Alexei.

"Lisa," he replied.

"But, Sir, I am not thinking of marriage as yet."

"You are not thinking, and therefore I have thought for you, and made up my mind."

"But, Sir, I don't like Lisa."

"You'll like her afterwards. Love follows on habit."

"I do not feel myself capable of making her happy."

"Never mind her happiness. What? Is this your respect for your parent's wishes? For shame!"

"Like it or not, Sir, I do not wish to marry, and I will not do so."

"Either you get married, or I will curse you and, as God is my judge, I will sell the property and fritter away the price I get for it, without leaving you a kopek. I give you three days for reflection, and till then keep out of my sight!"

Alexei knew that if his father got an idea in his head there was

no getting it out. But Alexei took after his sire, and it was just as difficult to get him to change his mind. He went to his room and pondered over the whims of parental authority, the personality of Lisa, his father's solemn threat of making him a beggar; until finally his thought came to rest on Akulina. For the first time he became clearly aware that he was passionately in love with her. The romantic idea of marrying a peasant girl and living by his own labours passed through his mind, and the more he thought about this determined act, the more reasonable did it seem. The trysts in the copse had ceased for some time on account of rainy weather. He sent Akulina a letter in which the writing was a model of clarity, and the style frenzied, informing her of the imminent threat to their happiness and at the same time offering her his hand. He took the letter at once to the post-office in the hollow oak, and went to bed well satisfied with himself.

The next day, firm in his resolution, Alexei went early in the morning to see Muromsky, and speak frankly to him. He hoped to arouse his magnanimity and get him on his side. But Muromsky was not at home.

"How vexatious!" he thought. "Well, is Lisa at home?" he asked the servant. "Yes, Sir." Alexei jumped off his horse, handing the reins to the servant, and went in unannounced.

"Everything will be settled," he said to himself, going towards the drawing room. "I'll have a talk with the lady herself." He

entered the room, and was thunderstruck. Lisa...no, Akulina...dear, olive-skinned Akulina, not in her *sarafan*, but in a white morning gown, was sitting at the window reading his letter; she was so absorbed that she did not hear him come in. Alexei could not stifle a joyful exclamation. Lisa started, raised her head, cried out, and tried to run away.

He tried to hold her back by force. "Akulina! Akulina!" Lisa tried to get away from him... "Akulina! Akulina, my beloved!" he repeated over and over again, showering kisses on her hands. Just then the door opened, and Muromsky entered.

"Aha!" he cried. "I see you've taken things into your own hands."

TIT FOR TAT

In the days when Philadelphia had an anti-kissing law, the skipper of a merchant ship, Captain Montague, was fined twenty dollars for having kissed his wife on landing after a six months' voyage.

The fine was paid. Then Captain Montague, in order to prove (as he said) that no malice was borne, asked the magistrates to dine aboard his ship before he left for his next voyage.

They accepted his invitation. He plied them with so much liquor that most of them were soon rather tipsy. Then the Captain told them: "Gentlemen, I have a strict law against drunkenness on my ship, just as you have a law against kissing in your streets. I paid my penalty, you must pay yours."

He then instructed his boatswain to administer to each erring magistrate a dozen strokes with a birch.

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THE I.N.A. TRIAL

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

Before the birth of our independence in 1947, patriotic masses in India were greatly stirred by one of the most famous and historic trials—a Court Martial—commencing from November 5, of 1943 at Red Fort, New Delhi. It was popularly called the I.N.A. Trial, (the Indian National Army) of which Subhas Chandra Bose was the head.

Much of the exploits of INA in those anxious days of World War II were hidden from public ken by a kind of press censorship. But during the I.N.A. trial the matter was all out. It was such a marvellously exciting trial. The first batch of officers of the I.N.A. to stand the trial were Captain Shaw Nawaz Khan, Lieutenant Gurbaksh Dillon and Captain Prem Kumar Seghal. The prosecution was led by Sir N.P. Engineer, the then Advocate General of India, instructed by Lt.-Col. P. Walsh, Military Prosecutor. The Judge-Advocate was Col F. C. A. Kerin, O.B.E. D.J.A.G., General Command. The military court consisted of seven members headed by the President Major General A. B. Blaxland.

The defence array was equally imposing. The galaxy of defence counsel included the Right Honourable Sir T. B. Sapru, Mr. Bhulabhai Desai, Pandit

Jawaharlal Nehru, Mr. Asaf Ali, Dr. Kailasnath Katju, Rai Bahadur Badridas, Kunwar Sir Dalip Singh (ex-judge, Lahore High Court), Bakshi Tek Chand (ex-judge, Lahore High Court) and Mr. P. K. Sen (ex-judge, Patna High Court.)

Needless to say the court hall was over flowing with public spirited spectators. Public interest had reached the summit. To them it looked as if the war of the I.N.A. was restaged in the court hall. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru of whom we had dilated in prior issues, was unfortunately ill at the time of actual trial. Bhulabhai Desai, second in command, took charge of the defence and it must be chronicled that he played a great and noble part in the excellent conduct of the defence.

The accused were charged with having waged war against the King and to have committed offences of Sections 121, 302, I.P.C. The prosecution opened the case with a detailed history and composition of the I.N.A., motivated to wage war against the Crown and in prosecution where of there were murders committed. The Attorney General added :

“The I.N.A. consisted of (a) Headquarters, (b) Hindustan Field Group, (c) Sherdil Guerilla Group, (d) Special Service Group,

(e) Intelligence Group and (f) Reinforcement Group. The first Hind Field Group consisted of the headquarters I, II & III Infantry Battalions, I. A. F. Battalion, Heavy Gun Battalion, No. 1. Engineer Coy., No. 1. Medical Company and No. 1 P/T. Coy. There was the Gandhi Guerilla Regiment, Azad Guerilla Regiment, and Nehru Guerilla Regiment, and there was yet another Subhas Regiment after the arrival of Subhas Chandra Bose in Singapore. The idea of forming the I.N.A. was no doubt old with the members of the Independence League. There is no doubt that the Japanese accepted the idea for the sake of the propaganda value it gave to their cause. (An im-

pending Japanese invasion of India was then the talk everywhere.)

“Two days after the surrender of Singapore on 17-2-42, a large number of Indian P.O.Ws were made to march to the Ferrer Park in Singapore where they were addressed first by Major Fujiwara who had been entrusted with the task of winning over the Indian forces to the Japanese side. Next Capt. Mohan Singh addressed saying, ‘We are going to form an Indian National Army and we are going to fight for the independence of India. You must all join.’ Formally the I.N.A. came into existence on 1-9-1942. Persuasion and propaganda was meanwhile in full swing. In March 1942 Captain

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Shaw Nawaz Khan, then Commander of the Neesoon P.O.W. Camp, addressed some two or three hundred officers, V.C.Os and N.C. Os asking them to explain to the P.O.Ws the resolutions passed in the conference held in Capt. Mohan Singh's headquarters purporting that all Indians despite their differences of religions must join together to fight for the freedom of India. His audience agreed to the proposal."

The prosecution then dealt with the Bangkok Conference in June 1942 presided over by Rash Behari Ghose, the series of recruitment efforts made to form the I.N. Army, Lt. Nag's effort to prepare an I.N.A. Act following the Indian Army Act, and the organizational drive behind the I.N.A. with monetary help from the enemies of the British. Numerous documents were filed by the prosecution to prove the above details, some of which were under the signature of Shaw Nawaz Khan and Capt. Seghal. Their diaries were also produced to show the details of their military plans and execution. Sir Noshiwaran then detailed the documentary evidence to show that Capt. Seghal gave the order to shoot four sepoys of the I.N.A., and that Lt. Dhillon got them shot on 6-3-1945. The Advocate General then detailed the charge against Shaw Nawaz Khan of abetment of murder of gunner Mohammed Hussain by Khazin Shaw and Arya Singh. He added strikingly:

"If the accused seek to rely upon any general or special exception or upon any proviso in

the Indian Penal Code, the burden of proving the existence of circumstances bringing the case with such exception or proviso under Sec. 105 of the Indian Evidence Act, is upon the accused and the court shall presume the absence of such circumstances. The prosecution will submit that any plea that they were bound or justified by law in doing what they did cannot avail them. Joining with rebels in an act of rebellion or with enemies in acts of hostility makes a man a traitor. An act of treason cannot give any sort of rights, nor can it exempt a person from criminal responsibility for the subsequent acts. Even if an act is done under a command where the command is traitorous, obedience to that command is also traitorous. It is submitted that the accused cannot in law seek to justify what they did as having been done under the authority of the Indian National Army Act...All orders under the I.N.A. Act or by any Tribunal or authority purporting to be established by it are without sanction. No authority purporting to be given under that Act can be recognised by this court or indeed by any court of this country...They cannot protect the persons who made such orders or who acted upon them."

The prosecution then examined a host of witnesses led by Lt. Nag, who produced and proved many a document and deposed to the organisation of the I.N.A. that "he himself accepted appointment as a J.A.U. and D.A.G. in the I.N.A. since he felt I.N.A. represented

the patriotic movement of Indians. By voluntary contributions the Azad Hind Bank, which was the bank of the Provisional Government of Free India, had a Reserve Fund of more than ten crores of rupees." The witness verified a proclamation of the Indian National Army filed by the defence and signed by the members of the Provisional Government. Subhas Chandra Bose was the head of the State, Minister for War and Foreign Affairs; Capt. Mrs. Lakshmi Swaminathan (Women's Organisation); S.A. Iyer (Publicity and Propaganda); Lt. Col. A. L. Ahmed, Lt.-Col. I. N. Baghat, Lt.-Col. A. C. Chatterjee (Finance); Lt.-Col. J. K. Bhonsle, Lt.-Col. Gulzara Singh, Lt.-Col. M. Kiani and Lt.-Col. Shaw Nawaz Khan and others (Representatives of Armed Forces); A. M. Sahai (Secretary with Ministerial rank); Rash Behari Ghose (Supreme Adviser); A.N. Sarkar (Legal Adviser) and others formed the other members of the Provisional Government.

Mr. Bhulabhai Desai ably cross-examined Lt. Nag, wherein he admitted, "During the organization of the I.N.A., Capt. Mohan Singh declared that in their fight for freedom of India they would fight the Japanese if need arose. The Provisional Government of Azad Hind was organised by Germany, Japan, Thailand, the Philippines, Croatia, Manchuria and the Burma Governments. The Andaman and Nicobar islands were ceded to the Government by the Japanese in recognition of its

right to administer all the territories freed from the British. I remember the offer of Subhas Chandra Bose that every unwilling person might leave the I.N.A. Bose also said at a meeting, that when the Azad Hind Government launches its fight, it would do so under the leadership of its own Government and when it marches into India, the administration of the liberated tracts would automatically come into the hands of the Provincial Government. The arms and ammunition of the A. H. F. were all captured British arms and ammunition and the fauj was trained by the Indian officers and was always controlled by them."

A series of other witnesses were examined to corroborate the prosecution case of beatings, tortures and propaganda speeches. Then the witnesses to prove murders and abetment of murders were examined.

The accused denied they were guilty of any offence and made individual statements which though historic and interesting we do not have the space to dilate them here now.

The defence examined eleven witnesses out of the seventy cited. The statements of the accused taken along with the admission made by the prosecution witnesses during cross-examination exploded the prosecution theory that I.N.A. was a puppet army dominated by the Japanese and that fearful methods were used for the recruitment of its members. The defence witnesses among whom were some high officials of the Japanese army and Foreign

Office amply proved all these.

On December 1st 1945 Sri Bhulabhai Desai began his memorable and historic defence arguments. He said :

"Substantially there is really one charge before the court, because in so far as the charge of murder is concerned, it is part of the first charge ; and I say so for this reason that it would be quite possible, in the case of a charge of waging war against the King, to be able to charge every single act of firing a shot, which would be, I think, *reductio ad absurdum* ; and therefore it will be my duty later on to point out to the court that really and truly there is only one charge before the court and that is waging war against the King. Evidence has been admitted on other matters to which I would not wish at this stage to refer, so that for the moment, I will occupy the time of the court for the purpose of

considering what facts have been established in support of the first charge, namely, waging war against the King ; and in due course it will be my duty to point out to the court that in so far as the second charge is concerned there is no foundation in fact for it except to this extent that in reference to the four persons who are alleged to have been shot there is on record evidence that they were tried and sentence passed. In reference to Mohammed Hussain, there is nothing on record to show that any sentence was passed. In all these cases, it will be my duty to submit that on the evidence the court is bound to come to the conclusion that though sentence in one case was passed and not at all passed in the other, none of these sentences was actually carried out..."

(To be continued.)

SHAW & HIS BEARD

A young and ambitious advertising consultant once sent George Bernard Shaw his company's latest electric razor for the latter's famous beard.

Shaw returned the razor saying that he had no intention of shaving his beard. He was keeping it for the reason he grew it which was the same reason his father had given him for growing his. "I was about five at the time," Shaw wrote, "and I was standing at my father's knee whilst he was shaving. I said to him, 'Daddy, why do you shave?' He looked at me in silence for a full minute before throwing the razor out of the window saying, 'Why the hell do I?' He never did again."

PREPARED FOR THE WORST

"It's awfully late!" he remarked to his friend, after a long bout at the local. "What will you say to your wife?"

"Oh, nothing much, you know," was the reply. "'Good morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."

CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

The many problems that confront an Indian mother resident in U. S. in bringing up her children are described in the following article by Parvathi Thampi in *New York Times* magazine, which incidentally brings out the vast difference between the Indian and Western way of life.

An Indian woman (not a squaw) walks along a street in New York complete in sari, jewelry, mark on forehead, even perhaps a nose ring ; beside her walks a little cowboy complete in cowboy outfit with pistol and holster, hooks and spurs. She talks to him in her own language or in English with a slightly foreign accent, and he replies in one expressive, drawling all-American "O. K." This is a sight that is becoming increasingly familiar in cosmopolitan New York. This child is a child of two worlds, a byproduct of the United Nations, a synthesis of the Old World and the New—in short an American-Asian or, to put it even briefly an Amerasian.

To be the parent of this new species is a distinct nuisance. From the very beginning, you are faced with a formidable and immaculate rival and opponent in the form of "Johnny's mother". No matter what you do—or do not do—your young son or daughter is going to tell you that "Johnny's mother" does exactly the opposite. Many of your theories on child up-bringing—if you had any—are going to be shaken or shattered. Take the simple matter of spanking, as you

took children in general, for granted. You seldom had beaten your child in India (a life of leisure is more conducive to an unruffled temper) but if you did beat him it was forgotten as soon as it was done.

Here, however, the first time you spank him he turns accusing eyes on you and says, "Johnny, says his mother never beats him." Of course, you hastily explain to him that beating him only shows how much you love him, but he knows the real reason, you beat him because the beds were unmade and the laundry was in the machine and the dishes were in the sink and he happened to be conveniently in the way. The next time he is in the way you try the path of reason no doubt followed by "Johnny's mother".

"You had better not touch the oven, son—do you want to get burned?"

"Yes."

"If you do not listen to me I will have to lock you up."

"Where?"

"In the closet."

"Oh, I love the closet."

"Do you want mother to beat you, after all?"

"Johnny's mother never..."

Children whom you used to

think of as simple, helpless beings become over here complex individuals with a queer knack of turning their parents into helpless simpletons. It seems their every action is scrutinised, dissected, analysed and blown out of all proportion to its importance. Plain shrieking becomes a "terrific emotional reaction", fighting with other children denotes some sort of "persecution" or suppression, talking in one's sleep shows that hidden resentments exist and walking in one's sleep probably means subconscious desires.

Conscious desires are, of course, too clearly evident. Children who used to be quite content with marbles, tamarind seeds, tins, rags and may be a mongrel dog or monkey as playthings now desire and demand everything from walking dolls to live elephants. You can never leave a grocery or drugstore without buying a colouring book (though there are half a dozen lying uncoloured at home) or some bubblegum (and back in your country didn't they say chewing gum caused cancer?)

You are afraid that this constant acquisition of small goods might inculcate extravagant habits in these young citizens of a country whose byword is, and has to be, economy. For this reason you fight hard against pocket money or a weekly allowance. Though it is quite a common feature among upper classes in India, still you consider it against all Indian traditions. You believe that until your daughter gets married or your son finishes his education you provide them with

all that is necessary, in your mature opinion, for their material, moral and mental well-being without giving them money.

But as always you give in here too. Since they now demand a dollar a week (which is what "Johnny's mother" gives) and you would rather give nothing, you finally compromise at a quarter a week. It is not a matter of parsimony, but of principle. And that is why you are horrified when your son demands 50 cents from you for baby sitting with his little sister for an hour. You quote the example of good Hari, in India, who used to look after a dozen younger brothers and sisters cheerfully all day for nothing. But junior is adamant: "Doesn't Daddy get paid for working?" Such logic is incontrovertible. It is hard to explain to children that there are some things that just cannot be measured in terms of time or money and that this dollar-an-hour mentality is the plague of modern civilization.

Undoubtedly, the children have more material for fun in this country. You have only to see them racing on a sled down a snow-covered hill, whirling in a carousal, gazing at the wonders in the Museum of Natural History, sucking an ice cream cone...you have only to see all this to realise that you would not deny them these happy experiences, these pleasant memories, for anything in the world. But you cannot help feeling that they are getting too much too soon, that they are getting too much surfeited, satiated with external man-made

pleasures at an age when just to be alive is wonderful and when their senses are all awakening to the marvels of the world around them. Their every hour is so crowded with activities that you wonder if they are having enough time to discover themselves.

Yet to deny them the treats and amenities that other children have here is in itself cruel, for it is these things—the ingenious toys, television, the playgrounds—that take the place of the spacious backyard at home in India with the chicken coop and the family cow (who can be a child's dearest companion); the many family celebrations; the serene grandfather, with tales of wisdom and humour; the grandmother whose hospitable lap is a haven; and the servants who will do everything for a child from crooning to clowning. You and your husband have to take the place of all of them combined and the difficulty is that you never seem to have enough time here.

Still, it is some consolation to you to realise that in the process of doing everything for your child from wiping his nose to wiping his tears, you really get to know him better than those successful slightly sophisticated parents in modern India who, in their social-official whirl have a tendency to leave their children to ayahs or poor relations.

Once they start going to school, you hope that study will occupy most of their thoughts, but you find that it is a long way from starting school to studying in earnest...As for homework, he thinks you mean "helping mother with the dishes."

Then you think of your 6-year-old nephew who used to be in school from 9 till 3 studying fractions and decimals, history, geography, nature, reading, writing and gymnastics who, on returning home, would have master come to coach him in those subjects in which he was not sufficiently proficient and who finally had at last to do a half-hour of home work.

Beside him your son seems a healthy, happy little savage. Of course, you do not admit to your children that this poor little nephew did have the pinched, plucked look of the over-educated, but you dread the day when you go back to your country and your relations ask your son, as they will surely do, to recite all his tables by heart and the day when he is going to be pitted against thousands of other boys of his age in those fiercely competitive examinations that will make all the difference between success and failure in his life. For in spite of steadily improving conditions in India, her people are too many and her jobs are too few. It is still academic ability that counts over technical or specialised skill and certainly over such qualities as sociability and "smartness".

There is an ever present conflict between the present and the future, between the life a child leads here and the life he will lead back in the East—for go back he must. Language is one of the dilemmas which the parent of every little Amerasian has to face. The problem is not that he might not speak English—which he learns all too soon, in his own

fashion—but that he forgets his own language so easily.

And the same thing goes for food.

Another problem that confronts the mother of growing Indian children in America is religion. Religion is usually the foundation of life in India. But what can children make of it without its trappings, without the temples and the festival, the feasts, the reading of the holy epics and the visits to holy places, without the music and the flowers and the lighted lamps? In the beginning of your stay here you might make some valiant attempts in that direction, but the lighting of many lamps and the exploding of fire crackers do not go very well in an apartment house in New York. You settle instead for long moral lectures and bedtime prayers, which more often than not are pure lip service and frequently end thus:

"Did we say our prayers well?"

"Yes," you say (because it is easier to say than "No").

"Then will you take us to the movies to-morrow?"

Not the faintest trace of godliness! You console yourself with the fact that the chanting of a thousand divine names does not make one any more saintly.

This gradual, but certain process of denationalisation is the hardest fact that an Indian parent has to face. It is perhaps more noticeable with a daughter than with a son. Few girls in India would be considered accomplished unless they had learned a little Indian music (vocal or instrumental) or per-

haps some Indian dancing. You try to sing Indian tunes to your little daughter here but she definitely prefers "Mary had a little lamb." You take her to an Indian dance recital but she enjoyed the ballet of the "Nutcracker" much more. You try to dress her Indian-style but you soon realise she is infinitely happier in blue jeans.

As she grows older, the problem becomes more acute. Dating, using make-up, rock-n-roll and the like are so very alien to the whole concept of Indian womanhood, whose basic quality is an innate modesty that, if you have a teen-age daughter, you might despair when you see her behaving like other American teen-agers. (You know very well that all this is passing phase, and that these same girls are going to grow up into efficient, sensible women and these same teen-age boys into solid, hard-working men)...

And so, finally, you send them home—home to relatives there or to a boarding school. This step is generally taken not because the children may not like being here (they love it) but because you believe that they should not be torn away from their roots. You are also afraid that if they stay here too long they will miss too much when they do go back home—the many amenities from soda fountains to children's libraries.

You are afraid they will miss a social life of their own group, for in India social life is for the family *en masse* and many a child goes patiently to sleep on his mother's lap during a pro-

longed visit or wedding feast. You have good reason to fear that too long a stay here might deprive them of that acquired immunity to certain tropical diseases, which children in India develop. You are afraid that they might, in fact, become disgruntled exiles in their own country.

The decision to send them home is not an easy one, especially if you sit outside on a warm day in New York (or may be in a little town in Connecticut or Pennsylvania, for American hospitality is indefatigable) and watching your children play, realise that they are no different from their playmates in America

except in appearance. Your daughter dashes about merrily with children of other continents. Your son comes tearing down the path in feathered headdress and make-believe bows and arrows yelling, "I'm an Indian! Yippee...!" A group of boys of various races, playing happily, suddenly start quarrelling the way boys do, and the mother of one of them calls out, "Quarrelling! Shame on you boys—when your fathers are working for peace!"

The seed of internationalism, the concept of peace, has been sown in them. Whether it will take root and flourish, only time can tell.

THE REASON WHY

A junior member of the staff was asking his boss to give him a rise.

"I don't know what's the matter with you young fellows," complained his employer. "I started here at two pounds a week, and after three years I was making only three pounds. But I worked hard and saved hard, and when my boss went bankrupt I bought him out."

"That proves what I always thought," exclaimed the young man. "You can't pay assistants low wages and expect to stay in business."

Choirboy (to vicar): "The choir is organizing a cricket team, sir, and we wondered if you would lend us the bats which the verger says you have in the belfry."

A film star was grumbling about the fact that he had not been called upon to make a speech at the farewell luncheon to a big cinema executive who was retiring. "What makes it worse, old man, is that I spent all afternoon in the make-up department having a lump put in my throat."

One of the sure ways to happiness is to learn to enjoy all the things you think you dislike.

It's no use itching for something if you haven't the energy to scratch for it.

SHADOW & SUBSTANCE

SWAMI SIVANANDA

There was once a man who did not want his shadow. He discovered that it always came along with him, haunting him every minute. He said to himself: "I will bury this shadow. I must rid myself of it."

He dug a deep pit. When he looked into it he found his shadow at the bottom of the pit. He was exceedingly glad. He made haste to fill the pit with mud! But as he shoved mud into it, he found to his dismay that the shadow was coming up! Quickly he filled the pit; and the shadow was again on top of it. He gave up the job.

He wanted to run away from his shadow. He began to run; but he was running away from the sun. He found that his shadow was running ahead of him and he could not overtake it, however fast he ran.

He turned round and began to run towards the sun. He was happy now that he was able to

keep his shadow behind. He was running ahead of the shadow now.

Finally exhausted by his exertion he lay himself down flat on the ground. He turned to his left and right to see if the shadow was anywhere there. No. He had "buried" it. So, he slept peacefully.

Even so, "I-ness" and "mine-ness" follow man, dogging his footsteps always. Egoism comes on top of all that the sadhaka does to bury it. It runs ahead of him as he starts running away from it. Pride of learning, pride of tapasya, sevabhimāna etc., etc., it takes a number of forms. But when man starts running towards God, then it is left behind. When he surrenders himself to God totally it completely vanishes.

Therefore, turn towards the Supreme Light of Lights, Atma. Surrender yourself completely, totally and unreservedly to the Supreme self. Realise the self and be free this very minute.

FLAT RETORT

The landlord wrote to one of his tenants: "Dear Sir, I regret to inform you that my rent is six weeks overdue. Will you kindly forward me a cheque?"

Next day he was surprised to get this reply: "Dear Sir, I can see no good reason why I should pay your rent. I can't even pay my own."

It is a far greater calamity to have an empty heart than an empty purse.

Tapping the Limitless Source Of Solar Energy

Scientists are now hopeful of tapping the limitless source of solar energy stored up in atoms of oxygen in the upper atmosphere.

The oxygen in the lower atmosphere, which makes life possible, consists of two atoms of the element combined into molecules. At a height of sixty miles or so the intense rays of the sun break up these molecules into their constituent atoms, each atom storing up the solar energy used in the breaking-up process.

If such single atoms could be made to recombine, they would release that stored-up energy for use as a fuel that would continually be replenished as long as the sun kept shining.

Possible techniques for bringing about such a recombination of the single oxygen atoms in the upper atmosphere, which would make it possible for man to harness the sun to his chariot for the propulsion of high-flying aircraft and the operation of manned satellites designed to serve as "chemical factories in the sky," were recently outlined at the meeting of the American

Chemical Society.

Diabetes Drug

Dr. Henry Dolger, chief of the diabetes clinic at Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, says that the oral anti-diabetes drug named Orinase has demonstrated the existence of two distinct types of diabetes.

By proving itself effective in more than 50 per cent of the adult diabetic population, Dr. Dolger said, the new drug points up the fact that there are two distinct categories of diabetes patients: those whose pancreases are capable of producing insulin deficiency because of interference with its proper liberation or use, and those whose pancreases are incapable of producing insulin.

Treatment with Orinase, Dr. Dolger reported, stimulates the production of insulin in a large percentage of adult diabetics—especially those who have developed the disease in middle or old age. On the other hand, juvenile diabetics, who acquire the disease in childhood, have no inherent insulin available, and thus do not respond to Orinase.

Those who actually know the most are always aware how little they really know.

There is only one thing worse than being in a rut, that is not being on any road at all.

The Increasing Burden of Taxes In India

A. D. SHROFF

After prolonged consideration I have come to the conclusion that if confidence in the economic situation of the country is to be revived, the new pattern of taxation will have to be jettisoned into the limbo of oblivion.

In the first place let us see what this new pattern of income-tax is. There is first income-tax and super-tax on individuals. We have had these taxes for many years in this country. But the drastic changes which are effected have brought people with only Rs. 3,000 annual income within the mischief of the Income-Tax Act, whereas for many years the limit was Rs. 4,800 per annum. People in the higher brackets, from last year, are subjected to as much as 77% on their earned incomes and 84% on unearned incomes. The latter consists of things like dividends on investments and rent on houses.

On companies, there is income-tax and corporation tax. The total tax burden has been recently increased to a little over 51% against a little over 45% which was obtaining for a number of years. Then there is the recently levied capital gains tax. All capital gains over Rs. 7,500 are subject to a tax of 25%. This tax has been levied on an unscientific basis. There are other countries in the world which also levy this tax. But the main objective of this tax

should be such that it encourages long-term investment. For instance in U. S. A., the Capital Gains Tax works on such a basis that the shorter the period of investment, the higher the tax; the longer the investment is held, the tax burden diminishes to a small and reasonable figure.

There are also taxes on excess dividend and bonus shares. The former operates when a company declares more than 6% dividend. If the dividend is between 6 and 10%, the company is subjected to a penal tax of 10%; if the dividend is between 10 and 18% then the penalty is 20%; if the dividend exceeds 18% then the penal tax is 30%. This tax works very harshly particularly in the case of companies which are called private companies and which come under a section of the Indian Income Tax Act called Section 23A. In my experience, there is no more mischievous piece of legislation in the field of taxation on the Statute Book today than Section 23A. This section is causing untold harm particularly to medium scale industries. Under our conditions, where new capital issues are so very difficult to raise, and particularly to parties who are not known to the public and whose credit has not been established with the investing public, a large number of these projects start on the basis of a promoter

having an idea of setting up a new industry. In many cases the promoter himself happens to be a technical man but he has not got enough money to start the industry. He seeks the assistance of a few friends or relations, collects a certain amount of capital and starts the industry. He puts in hard work and when the industry makes good, it comes under the mischief of Section 23A, which says that 60% of profit after paying taxes must be compulsorily distributed. The effect of distributing 60% of profits on a capital which is essentially small is that the dividend rate works up to a percentage where the penal taxes on excess dividend come to operate. I am connected with a number of small and medium scale industries. I see how the operation of Section 23A drains away the resources of these companies. No scope is left for expansion. However good the project may be, the people concerned are not sufficiently known to the public and in many cases not even to banks with the result that business which is prosperous and which provides considerable scope for expansion in future only stagnates.

There is the Wealth Tax on individuals and companies. If you are fortunate enough to possess wealth of over two lakhs of rupees as an individual, you come under the tax. This is a graded tax. From two lakhs to twelve lakhs of rupees, you pay half per cent on your wealth; from twelve to twenty-two lakhs, one per cent; and over that you pay one and a half per cent. This half per cent or one per cent may

look small. But one per cent on capital is something different from paying 6 per cent on income. If one assumes that investment should bring in a reasonable return of six per cent, one per cent tax on wealth is a severe burden. The taxes are generally not paid by selling off property. Therefore, the Wealth Tax becomes an incidence on the assessable income for the year. If the incidence of Wealth Tax is added to income tax and super tax, it casts a very heavy burden. I know a number of cases where after meeting all the dues on income tax, super tax and wealth tax, not only does 100% of the assessable income for the year disappear, but one is compelled to sell a part of his capital to meet tax obligations. Therefore, when wealth tax works out to that sort of incidence, ethically it can never be justified. It is nothing else but capital levy. Capital levies have been imposed in different countries of the world, but they are not of an annual character. They are imposed during some national emergency or project and collected one year. The result of the Wealth Tax on individuals would be particularly hard on people at the age of 25, 30, or 35. If the average life span is 60 years, for 35, 30 or 25 years to go on paying the Wealth Tax would simply mean impoverishing the man.

There is the Expenditure Tax. This is most obnoxious of the new taxes. It is a tax paid after one has met all the liabilities to the State—income tax, super tax and wealth tax. When one is left with a certain amount of money

after paying these taxes, even here the State says, "You shall not spend the balance of your income without paying a tax." A friend of mine who is a research student tells me that the Expenditure Tax was levied in the Roman Empire in the first century B. C. by Emperor Augustus. I would have credited our Government with various other things but not with such a fine historical sense. At least after first century B. C. it has been revived here.

Then we have the Estate Duty. Till now it was leviable after death on property worth a lakh and over at steeply graded rates which rise from 4 to 40%. It is now proposed to be levied at the figure of Rs. 50,000. So you pay tax while you live, and you pay tax when you are gone too.

The Budget for 1958-59 brings in a Gift Tax. Any gift of over Rs. 10,000 in one year will be subjected to a Gift Tax.

Apart from all these direct taxes, the new pattern of taxation consists in a wide and extensive field of excise duties. One has only to take a look at some figures to appreciate what excise duties mean today compared to what they were some years ago. In the last ten years revenues from excise duties rose from Rs. 50.63 crores to Rs. 304 crores which is the estimated yield in the Budget for 1958-59. These excise duties are imposed on a number of commodities—sugar, cement, steel ingots, tobacco, matches, cigarette, paper, vegetable products, motor spirits, etc. Most of these products come within the necessities of life. If there is any class of people that has been hit more

than other, it is the middle class and the lower middle class who have been crushed by these excessive excise duties. The Government does not appreciate sufficiently the plight of the middle class in this country. In any society, and particularly in a democratic one, the middle class constitute the backbone of the society. The Government does not yet realise the possible serious political repercussions of casting such heavy burden on the middle class. It does not understand that the worm sometimes turns.

The six-fold increase in ten years in excise duties has had two particular effects on the economy. First, prices have risen all round accentuating the inflationary pressure in the country. Second, it has hit the middle class and people with fixed income, like pensioners and people dependent on contributions such as those made by family trusts. While the Government goes on piling up excise duties, it is surprising that it does not recognise an important economic fact, that is, there is something like consumer's resistance. You can go on selling a commodity at the reasonable price, and people will buy it. With more incomes, people will buy more! But if you raise the price of commodities to a certain level, there will be a certain amount of resistance from consumers. The experience with regard to cotton cloth in the last two years should convince anyone about this. Till September 1956 there was a booming market in cloth. The production was going up, mills were selling cloth very easily and on an average a

mill had hardly two to three weeks' production in stock. The very steep increase in excise duties in September 1956 completely changed the position. It has generated a very fierce type of consumer's resistance with the result that not only the prices have come down to a level lower than what they were in September 1956 but the demand for cloth has gone down substantially. The result is that cotton mills are carrying much larger stocks than

they had ever carried in their history. Moreover, about 26 mills have already closed down and more are likely to close down despite some relief which was recently granted in excise duties. This experience of heavy excise duty on cloth ought to open the eyes of the Government and make it understand that excise duties cannot be increased indefinitely without causing certain reaction on the general purchasing community.

LOVELY FRENCH WOMEN

A lovely English woman sitting by the side of a French politician at a banquet in Paris asked :

"Tell me, are Parisiennes really more charming than any other women?"

Said the politician without hesitation : "They are, indeed, madam. Why? Because a Parisienne has the beauty of a rose bud when she's twenty, the bewitching quality of a love song when she's thirty, and is quite perfect at forty."

"And after forty?" the English woman asked.

"Madam," replied the politician, "a true Parisienne is never more than forty, whatever her age!"

A temperance reformer was conducting her campaign outside a public house. As one man came out of the door exuding alcohol fumes, she put a hand on his arm, and said : "Reflect ; if you arrive at the gates of Heaven with your breath reeking of liquor, do you think St. Peter will let you in?"

"My good woman," said the man, "when I go to Heaven I expect to leave my breath behind."

A new minister drew one of his parishioners aside. "I sincerely trust," he said, "that nothing in the sermon offended your husband. I noticed he walked out right in the middle of it."

"Oh, my," laughed the woman, "you mustn't pay any attention to George. He's been walking in his sleep ever since he was a baby!"

A conceited novelist was walking with a friend when they passed a house on which a tablet had recently been fixed to commemorate a poet who had lived there.

"I wonder what they'll put over my door when I die?" said the novelist. "House to let," replied the friend.

STORY OF KHATVANGA

SWAMI SRIDANANDA

"An hour, O king, is just what is left to you in your present embodied existence," said the devas to Khatvanga.

Khatvanga was the son of Visvasaha, a king of the Solar race. He was privileged to be the fourth in the line of the ancestors of Dasaratha, the father of Sri Ramachandra. Khatvanga was renowned as a Chakravarti who held the entire world under his sway. His glorious career as a just and wise monarch opened up an ever widening vista of prosperity and fame for him. Even the gods paid homage to his noble king.

It came to pass that the devas were engaged in a bloody warfare with the asuras. The devas found it hard to hold their own against their powerful enemies. It was nothing unusual in those days for the devas to seek human help in times of danger and so they solicited the help of Khatvanga to fight the asuras. The king readily complied with their request and went to heavens. In the battle that followed Khatvanga proved himself a deadly scourge on the enemies. Asuras died by the thousands and were in the end forced to surrender. The devas honoured their benefactor enthusiastically. But being devas they knew that his life on earth was nearing end and they informed him of the fact.

"Therefore, O brave king," continued the devas, "do thou choose any boon that will make

you happy in your last moments."

"What type of happiness do you mean?" enquired the king.

"Intense sense-enjoyments."

"How long?"

"As long as you live."

"But you say I have only one hour more to live."

"Yes indeed."

I deem it utter foolishness and want of discrimination to run after the will of the wisp of a sense pleasure, when life itself is flickering out," rejoined the king.

"Yes, you are wise," complimented the devas.

Khatvanga was a warrior in every fibre of his being. In the moment of elation of a hard won victory he had been told the shocking news of his fast approaching death. It would have plunged any other mortal into an abysmal depth of sorrow and despair. But he was unperturbed. All events—fortunate and unfortunate alike—afforded him sport and adventure. It was a thrilling joy for him to be told that death was knocking at his door. And his martial spirit induced him to see through death as well. Forthwith the heroic king took leave of the devas and returned to his capital.

There he did not busy himself in settling the domestic affairs or in consoling his relations. When the house was on fire he did not, like the foolish man in the tale, hurry to set right the furniture but firmly set upon saving himself. Khatvanga could justly

pride over his past, for, ever since his boyhood he was devoted to dharma. Silly pleasures had no attraction for him. Even so this crucial hour called forth the best out of him. Without brooding over the horrors of death he had his mind fixed on the Highest Reality. Wives, children, name, fame and even the vast empire appeared as mere tinsel before the Supreme Reality. High was his goal, firm his mind, and one-

pointed his pursuit. An all consuming passion for realising the Ultimate Truth raged within his soul. Guided by reason the wise king soon transcended the frailties of human mind and attained union with the Supreme Purusha. He attained the highest Purushartha within the short time of an hour. Khatvanga laid siege to the citadel of Truth and took it by force of one-pointed devotion.

OUTSIZE

A very large woman entered a tube train and two men got up and gave her their seats. She was so big that a small boy sat gazing at her in wonder.

Eventually she said impatiently, "Little boy, what are you looking at me for?"

The youngster, embarrassed, stammered, "L-l-lady, there isn't anywhere else to look."

"Have you a completely blank one?" asked a woman of the assistant at a birthday card counter. "My husband and I aren't speaking."

"My husband's changed since our marriage. He eats out of my hand now."

"Well, that certainly must save a lot of washing up."

"Well, little girl," said a friend of the family to the daughter, "what are you going to do when you get as big as Mummy?"

"Slim!" was the reply.

An attractive girl listened to chiding words from a policeman about the brevity of her bathing suit. What, he wanted to know, would her mother say if she saw her?

"She'd probably order me to bring it back at once," said the modern miss. "It's hers, you know."

They who nurse hatred and ill will towards you, wrong and harm you, mar your interests in order to safeguard their own, are really harming themselves. Hence they are stupid and as such deserve compassion. Take pity on them, return their hatred and ill will with love and requite their wrong doing and disservice with generosity and good offices. You will then get love and good offices from all quarters and your real interests will be served.—Kalyan.

GRACE OF THE DIVINE MOTHER

'VELANDAI'

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

I wish to explain the *kataksha* of the Divine Mother with reference to a verse from *Soundarya Lahari* to the effect: "*Drsha draghee yasya dara-dalita-neelotpala-rucha, daveeyamsan deenam snaya krpaya, mam api siva; Anena ayam dhanya bhavati nacha le hanir, iyata, vane va harmya va samskara nipato himakarah.*"

Addressing the Divine Mother, Sri Adi Sankaracharya requests Her to bathe even him who is helpless and standing at a great distance, with the far-reaching glance of her soothing blue eye, beautiful as a half-blossomed blue lily. By this act, the Acharya says, the Mother stands to lose nothing while he would be blessed and achieve the goal of life. The soothing moonlight falls equally on a forest and a beautiful mansion.

It is noteworthy that though Adi Sankara was the embodiment of the Divine Mother, for the purpose of instilling *bhakti* in the minds of the people, he humbled himself (*deena* or helpless) and considered himself as standing in the last place in the queue of people awaiting to receive the grace of the Mother. By invoking Her to bless 'even him' (*mam api*), he suggests by inference the existence of persons

more deserving to receive Her grace. On the other hand he describes the glance of the Mother as reaching the far ends of the universe and embracing everything. In such a spirit of humility and intense devotion, Sri Adi Sankara has given us a rich devotional treasure in the form of *Soundarya Lahari* and it is up to us to benefit by it.

His Holiness continued taking up another verse in *Soundarya Lahari* :

Dhanuh paushpam maurvee madhukarmayee pancha visikha, vasanta samunto malya marud aayodhana rattah; Thatha pyekah sarvam, himagiri—sute kamapi karpam, apangat, te labdhiva jagat idam, anango, vijayate.

This means Ananga (Cupid) conquers this world, though he is equipped only with a bow of sugarcane whose string consists of a row of bees, and five arrows of flowers and has as lieutenant only Vasanta or spring. This feat he is able to achieve because he has obtained the grace of Parvati conveyed through the corners of her eyes.

In this conquest of the world, the bow is sweet and brittle. The arrows are fragrant and soft. The person who wields the weapon is Ananga, one without form.

The function of a lord is both protection and punishment. Siva

protected the world by swallowing the poison generated when the ocean of milk was churned. In other words He took upon Himself the sins of the world in order to save humanity. It is this function of God which Christians attribute to Christ, namely saving the sinners. Siva punished Cupid when he disturbed His penance, but restored him to life, though without form, at the entreaty of Rati. Parvati as Kamakshi or Sivakami Sundari is depicted as holding the bow and arrows of Kamadeva. As she controls kama with her eyes, she is called Kamakshi. She holds

the sweet bow representing the minds of human beings and the five arrows, representing the five senses, through which the mind functions and wins the grace of Siva, who alone as the destroyer of 'kama' and 'kala' is capable of saving us from the cycle of birth and death. If we surrender ourselves to the grace of the Divine Mother, in the way Sri Sankara has shown us in the '*Soundarya Lahari*,' she (Kamakshi) will help us to keep the mind and the senses under control and purify our heart, so that we may realise the ultimate truth and achieve happiness.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE

While Anatole Deibler was at school in France, his best friend was Jean Pierre Rousseau. One day Jean chided Anatole.

"Your father is France's chief executioner," he said. "I suppose one day you'll also earn your living by beheading people. Why, you might even have to behead me!"

Anatole did not want to follow in his father's footsteps, but fate forced him into it. Wherever he went to work people found out that he was the son of "Monsieur de Paris," the public executioner, and Anatole was kicked out of one job after another, until at last he was forced to become his father's apprentice.

Years later, when he had been appointed chief executioner in France, Deibler went to execute the notorious murderer, Vacher. The date inked in on his calendar was December 31st, 1898.

When Vacher was led to the guillotine, Deibler started aghast. Vacher was none other than his old friend, Rousseau!

"We meet again, Anatole," said Rousseau, alias Vacher. "Remember your promise of thirty years ago? It was on December 31st, 1868, that you promised to make my end quick and merciful."

A few seconds later Deibler bowed his head as his old friend died.

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TOO LAZY

A young man walked into the yard at a local works, and after wandering around was stopped by the manager, who asked: "What can I do for you?"

"Oh," said the young man, "is there any fear of a job here?"

PRIME MINISTER NEHRU

Indians have a kindly way of greeting those whom they love with great garlands of marigolds. One garland is a fine thing to receive, and a proud thing to wear for a bit. But there is never just one garland. There are mounds of them, hung around the honoured man's neck until his head droops and he longs for an escape from their sticky sweetness. In the shattering heat of this land, their prickly weight becomes almost more than a man can bear.

Jawaharlal Nehru is a man who suffers from garlands. He wears them for a brief moment, then pulls them off. Give him just one flower, he often has pleaded, just one flower is beauty enough for any man.

Just one flower for our Panditji? people ask. Then they smile and say it cannot be, and in their kindness and love, and in their fearful clinging to the man, continue to hang the garlands heavier about his neck.

The garlands of marigolds Nehru can cast aside, sometimes petulantly, often with a silent, gray weariness. But in these past couple of weeks, writes A. M. Rosenthal, *New York Times* Delhi correspondent, Nehru has found that he has not been able to cast aside the heavy garlands of the Prime Ministership and party politics and receive from the people the one flower of leadership above office he desires. He tried to do this and failed because of the terrified clamouring from his party—"Sir, this is an

atom bomb," "Panditji, you are leaving us orphans"—and because of his own indecisions, failures and doubts.

Nehru's brief painfully emotional struggle to leave the Prime Ministership for awhile had ended for the time being. But among those people who know him well and share his unease and turmoil, there is a deep belief that this was no act of coyness, no mincing attempt to win a vote of confidence. It was a real but not completely thought-through attempt—"urge" is Nehru's word for it—to give the country the kind of leadership he feels it needs now more than it needs a popular Prime Minister. This thought still is with Nehru and one day he will try again.

For Jawaharlal Nehru, the idea that he could serve India and himself best if he were not weighed down and bound down by the duties of the Prime Ministership was not a new one. He tried futilely four years ago. It is a dream that is particularly and deeply Indian.

Nehru speaks with the accent of Harrow and Cambridge. He is as at home in the company of Lord Louis Mountbatten as he is in the company of any member of his Cabinet. His is often and swiftly impatient with the pace of Indian life and the centuries of religion, superstition and tradition in which it is rooted. But Nehru is not an Englishman in Indian dress. He is an Indian who has enriched his own background and traditions with the thoughts

and ways of the west, but for him and his country there is never any doubt that he is an Indian.

Nehru's dream comes from a variety of Indian inspirations, some of them conscious, some of them perhaps below the level of his thinking. The tradition of a man in the fullness of his life leaving the world and striving to attain purity is part of the Hindu religion, in which Nehru does not believe, but into which he was born.

This tradition might have been part of the "urge" in Nehru but it was not what he really wanted. Nehru is not a holy man of the hills but a worldly leader in the plains. Closer and more powerful was the tradition of Gandhi.

It was as a father-symbol and near-God that Gandhi led India and Nehru, not as a politician in office. This kind of leadership, aloof from office, was never granted to Nehru. The country

had different demands to make of him. And in any case, "Jawaharlal always likes to bustle around and run things" his friends say with a touch of fond annoyance.

Ancient India and Gandhi's India contributed their parts to the urge. The rest comes from Nehru as he is today and India as she is today, both of them a bit weary with the long struggle, both of them searching for answers and changes.

Nehru is 68 years old. He is fit and wiry and he is fond of proclaiming that his doctors agree. But if age does not weigh on Nehru, four decades of intensity and unrelieved responsibility do.

Under this burden of work Nehru had begun to feel that the mental tone was not what it should be and that he needed time for thinking. For the first time a new phrase has come to be used about Nehru—"the old man."

THE MALE VARIETY

Entering a little music shop in a London suburb, the violinist asked the Cockney assistant for an E-string.

The man seriously produced a box from behind the counter and said: "D'you mind pickin' one out for yourself, sir? I can 'ardly tell the he's from the she's."

NOT HIS WIFE

"Just look at old Phillips over there—thoroughly enjoying himself! And I've always understood he was a woman-hater."

"So he is—but she isn't with him to-night."

SIMPLE REPLY

A soldier appeared before his company commander charged with using insulting language to his sergeant.

"Please, sir," he protested, "I was only answering a question."

"Only answering a question?" snapped the officer.

"Well, sir, the sergeant said, 'What do you think I am?' and I told him."

MARRIED MONSTER FOR MONEY

This strange story of a man who married a monster for the sake of money is related by a London weekly :

Over five hundred years ago a young and lovely French girl called Honorinde fell in love with and married the greatest sportsman of the day, the Comte de Poitiers. They were very rich and very happy, particularly when the young wife found she was expecting her first child.

One day the energetic Comte went hunting in the woods and came back with a huge wild boar. He thought it would please Honorinde to see his capture, so he cut off its head and brought it in to show her. The sight of the bleeding boar's head on a dish was too much for the terrified girl, and she fainted.

Her fright had hideous results. When her baby was born it had the head of a wild boar on the body of a girl.

The father was so broken-hearted he ordered the monstrosity to be drowned. But the little creature was saved by a servant who hadn't the heart to drown her. Instead he took the child to the nearest monastery and laid her on the steps. The monks felt she had been sent to them for a purpose. In great secrecy they brought up the little boar-girl whom they named Benedicte. She learned to walk and sit down,

even to kneel and courtesy, but although she could understand all that was said to her she was never able to speak, read or write.

When her husband died Honorinde, who had no other children, was told by the old servant what had happened. She went to the monks and asked to see her daughter, but the sight of the child made her feel so ill she couldn't bear to stay in the same room with her. Filled with horror she gave the monks a huge sum of money and left, never to see the boar-girl again.

The prior, realizing that Benedicte came from such a wealthy family, suggested to his ambitious nephew that he marry her. The young man was understandably reluctant. But he finally agreed.

This strange marriage was a dismal failure. Benedicte bit her husband each time he came near her. Indeed, one day she attacked him with such ferociousness that, fearing he would be torn to pieces, he seized a pistol and shot her dead.

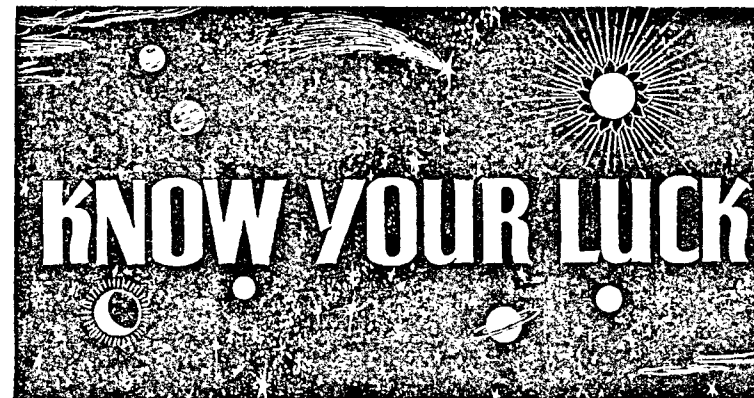
Honorinde had her unhappy child buried at Fontevrault, and over her tomb she built an abbey and herself became its first abbess.

It was known as the Community of Benedictine Nuns. In the dome was sculptured a boar's head in memory of its namesake.

WEIGHTY WORDS

"I always believe in weighing my words before speaking," said Mrs. Hobson.

"And you don't give short weight, either," said her husband.



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planetary changes are many during this month.

Aswani
Bharani &
Krithika
Sani, Budha, Sukra
are the important
planets concerned

causing some unexpected changes in the outlook of your life. The only redeeming feature is Surya-Trikona-Guru in the second half when many of your expectations are fulfilled. Your ruler Mangal is still in the 12th house viz. of worries, anxieties, despondency and heavy expenditure. Sani will get back into the 8th house, equally causing you mental pain and frustration from the very beginning of the month itself. You are counselled therefore to go slowly without rushing through your projected plans and avoiding excitement. For, the second half affords you greater facilities in realising the objectives in the line of least resistance if you don't rush through them in the first half. Health is not satisfactory during this month.

It is expected to improve as the month is under way, on account of the aspect of Guru to your lord Mangal. With Mangal in the 12th house and Sani in the 8th house you may not be able to muster courage as against your enemies working against you secretly. Second half shows relief therein. Financially, first half indicates greater pressure for money. Second half is more pliable and so you will be enabled to forestall your difficulties and meet them in time without disappointment. For, your lord of wealth enters his own house which is your house of wealth so that you may not be troubled financially. Officially there is not much to be gained. Second half may however gain you your boss's favour. Merchants will find this month dull and static. Second half might prove slightly advantageous.

3, 7, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 21, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Planetary combination presages

greater benefic influences radiating especially from the 2nd half of this month.

First half shows no satisfactory or ensured success in your undertakings. House problem might be predominantly working in your mind, at least in respect of better amenities thereof, which you will solve more easily in the second half. You may be worried through near relations like parents or official problems. But Guru in the 5th house assures some relief in the 2nd half. Domestically, you may be bothered more in the first half than in the 2nd. Then your old relatives are seen causing you greater anxiety unnecessarily. If you are an eye patient you will feel greater relief from 2nd half onwards. Financially, heavy expenditure is envisaged in the first half and you may be also unnecessarily worried on that score. Second half is more favourable for your financial affairs. More money will pass through year hands from the 17th of June when the lord of your income comes to his own house. One of your children will give you greater satisfaction and happiness. Officially, this is a more encouraging month than before. Boss's favour is likely to be enjoyed. New thoughts will cross your mind in respect of your future prospects and also domestic matters besides your relationship with your relatives from the 2nd half onwards. Health may not be quite good on

account of stomach derangement. Merchants will do well during this month. New businesses may be started and new partnership may be formed for better turn over and income during the month.

5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary positions seem to augur no more beneficial results than in the last month. Your ruler

enters the 12th house on the 17th when he will be aspected by the major planet Guru. So you are full of plans for future improvements. Meanwhile Surya in the 11th house confers advantages and successes in some of your undertakings through friends, papers, correspondence, and officers. One of your brothers also may take an important role in your affairs. Financially Budha, the lord of income, entering the 12th house, should cause you heavier expenditure but equally indicates more encouraging source of income on account of the aspect of Guru to Budha in particular. Your general health will be poor on account of the positions of Sani and Mangal making you more tired. Your wife also may not keep fit. Children will cause you greater anxiety as the month is under way. You will also be worried through your own relations. Officially you may not expect much. There will be unnecessary anxiety caused owing to your surroundings in the official circle. Avoid

discourses or discussions with your higher ups from the 2nd half. Merchants will find this month more encouraging speculatively. They will find hindrances being removed so as to have better profits and business expansion. Partnership is encouraging. Business expansion at other places may be viewed favourably in some cases.

3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 16, 17, 12, 20, 21, 24, 26, 29 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planetary combinations portend

harmonious state of affairs obtaining around you during this month. Surya in the 11th should give you a hopeful surrounding with help from friends and relatives in the first half. The solar course in the 1st half is more auspicious and propitious for good many successes of your cherished hopes. You will be quite popular in the sphere of your work also. Second half things may drift and drag on without the expected results for some time only. Greater relief is seen from the 21st when Sukra enters his own house to confer his pleasant beneficial results. Second half shows higher expenditure, a journey to the north and help through near relations. Domestically this month is equally good like the last one. Change of house may be contemplated and decided in the first half. Officially first half is better for gain of your boss's favour. There may be unnecessary anxiety through your co-workers from the 2nd half. Believe not your

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friends in the 2nd half as their influences are more discouraging. Merchants will find greater gains in their business speculations. Second half will prove more lucrative. Partnership business will fare well especially in the 2nd half.

1, 3, 6, 7, 10, 14, 16, 17, 22, 24, 25, 28 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary map during this month shows favourable influences operating to your advantage. The solar course through the 10th house

especially in the first half when aspected by Guru, is highly elevated to confer special advantages and favours on you in the midst of your social work, domestic and official too. It may bring you to the notice of your sympathisers and wellwishers so that you may enjoy a proud time of it. Second half is equally important when your ruler Surya is coursing through the house of friends

admirers and success in many of your undertakings. Government is favourably disposed towards you. Financially, this month is fairly more encouraging than the last one, particularly the second half when the lord of gain of income comes home. More money will therefore pass through your hand than before. Expenditure all the same runs increasingly high on account of circumstances beyond your control. Money may come through more sources than one. Writing, publication, agency, partnership, and other sources where you are inclined are all calculated to accent your financial conveniences. Domestically, this month is fairly good and more so in the last week when Sukra comes home. Marriage negotiations will happily terminate. Physical health may worry you to some extent on account of ailments in the 4th and 8th. Great care is needed for avoiding disturbed health, caused by disturbing factors in the stomach. Business men will be equally lucky in getting good profits. Mangal in the 8th might make them impulsive in business speculations causing some loss.

3, 5, 7, 11, 14, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary conditions may not prove as congenial to your interest as desired. Your ruler

† Uttara-phalgun
† Hastha and
† Chitra

Budha enters the 9th house and is quite secure being fortified by the aspect of Guru. But other planets viz. Rahu, Sani, Mangal, Kethu and Sukra are all unhappily configured

indicating your disturbed mind, domestic worries through your relations and obstacles in the way of your progressive march of life and finally some adverse allegations or aspersions against you. Greater relief in this respect is foreshadowed from the second half in particular. Domestically you may not be happy in the home circle. Your wife may not keep fit or may offer some inharmonious surroundings. One of your brothers or a relation of yours may annoy you though there are no justifiable reasons. Your own health may require special treatment as you may not be quite carefree physically. Financially, this month causes some inconveniences in the first half and offers greater relief in the second half after the 21st. Money may come through distant place, higher ups or government, bank, etc., as the case may be. Insurance men will be in the limelight in their field of work during this month. Officially, this month offers greater encouragement from the second half onwards. Avoid dispute or discussions with your boss. Merchants may find this month particularly lucky for their foreign business connections and lucrative business with the customers. Partnership may be under disturbed waters.

3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 20, 22, 24, 28, are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Planetary map does not envisage better state of affairs in the first half. Your ruler in the 7th house is well secured and is out for an opposi-

50

et of your private a marriage proposition course of the month. Course in the first half prove hopeful to you in half. In the second half ha and Sukra, the lords of your cherished e marching to favourable so that you may win lectives in the line of least ce. Domestically you be happier in the nd half. Better facilities to house surroundings envisaged during the second half. Financially, you will have no inconvenience felt though you may find expenditure items coming up to your surprise. Help may come through your relations, papers, writings. News from a distance may cheer you up. Your health may not be very satisfactory in the first half owing to some chronic complaints caused by excessive heat. A journey is indicated in a few cases. You will be more religious and pious from the second half onwards. Lawyers, educationists and administrators will have a luckier time of it. Officially, you may feel more encouraged during this month. Perhaps second half may prove more beneficial. You need your boss's grace more than before and you have therefore to curry favour by dint of hard and honest work. Merchants will be okay. Partnership will prove better. Foreign market will respond encouragingly.

1, 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 20, 24, 25, 26 are better days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary map radiates greater

benefic influences over your affairs this month since Guru has moved into favourable house and Sukra will occupy the 7th house kendra from the 21st June. The solar course will no doubt bring you into the public life during the first half. Guru's position will accent the aspect of Surya bringing you to the limelight and giving you courage of your mind in spite of oppositions around you. Budha in the 7th from the 2nd June is favourable for your success in the open through friends and relations. Writers, publishers, astrologers, or mystics, or saints will have a successful life in their career. Second half perhaps may not prove better from your health point of you. A distant journey may be envisaged. Unexpected money may also be your luck. Unpleasant news may be heard. You may gain through your wife or relations. Marriage affair will be successful more in the first half in some cases, and may be finalised in the second half in some other cases. Officially, the month is favoured by you. boss so that you may gain some special advantage in service. Merchants will be fairly successful in all their business ventures. Perhaps second half is more lucky and lucrative. Partnership will be prosperous.

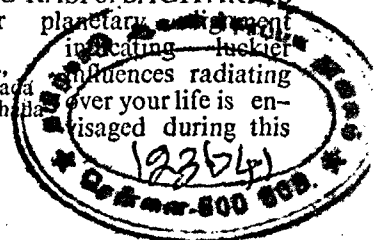
1, 3, 5, 7, 13, 16, 17, 21, 25, 27 are better days.

DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

Better planetary map

indicating luckier influences radiating over your life is envisaged during this

† Moola,
† Poorvashada
† Uttara



month. The solar course in the first half is fairly indicative of the settlement of good many affairs of yours to your satisfaction in spite of the delay that had ensued before. Budha enters the 6th house which is aspected by Guru, denoting that a new undertaking which has been crossing your mind all these days is waiting for you. Success therein is significantly evident! Saturn will march back to the 12th house by retrogression which may not be helpful to you during this month. Its implication is a financial setback when you expect some measure of success in your attempt of gaining it. Still Budha's entry into the 7th house in kendra to your lord Guru shows general success and the correct lead you take for the attainment of your cherished objectives. Second half is specially favourable when according to your current state of affairs obtaining around you, you will be individualised in the sphere of your activities, occupying a front rank besides taking the leadership as the case may be. Mangal in the fourth and Sani on your rasi may not be helpful for a happy tranquil home surroundings. Second half may cause you anxiety in respect of your wife's health. In a few cases a marriage may be performed. Financially you will be better in the second half. In some cases under some radical directions as per your horoscope a loan may be raised temporarily. Officially this is an encouraging month showing boss's favour and appreciation of your work. Change of duties is envisaged in a few cases. Merchants will find the second half

more lucrative than the first. Partnership will improve. New business customers will be contacted.

3, 5, 7, 12, 13, 14, 17, 21, 22, 24, 25, 28 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

During the first half planetary conditions don't show favourable configurations of their positions. Ravi in the first half will cause you much anxiety domestically and socially. Your children will cause you much worry. Financially Sani in the 12th may not prove convenient. Much expenditure is in store. Second half will be lucky when Sani enters back the 11th house. Sudden money may come through friends and business and society. Domestically second half is better when Sukra enters his own house. Your children will cause you satisfaction. Your plans and schemes of life will bear fruit. You may contact men of high society and gain through them. Birth of a child is indicated in a few cases during this month. Rare relations will visit your house as guests. Your general health may not be good in the second half owing to general debility. You will be considered efficient in your work in the second half. Avoid accidents in the second half also. Officially you stand a good chance of promotion or gain your boss's favour considerably. You may visit your native place if you are away or meet your relations to your surprise. Business men will find this month speculatively suc-

cessful. Foreign business will be more attractive and lucrative. New connections may be established. Partnership will prove prosperous.

2, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 20, 21, 24, 29 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Planetary style during this month does not presage improvement over the last month. Major planets, Sani and

Guru, are ill placed. Unnecessary anxiety, mental worry or fear complex, general unhealthy physical condition, friction with others around you and disturbed relationship with others by word and deed are the outstanding features during this month. Domestically first half is not as happy as the second one when by the entry of Sukra in the 4th house you may expect better harmony and happiness in the domestic circle. One of your children also will cause you some anxiety. A house-change may be crossing your mind during this month. If you get it you will find the house happy and comfortable in all respects with all its amenities. Financially first half is better while the second half may cause extra pressure but suddenly it will be relieved towards the end of the month. Your expenditure is sudden and unexpected. New knowledge will be gained in your profession. Your general health is far below par owing to stomach trouble. It is likely you may meet men of learning and spiritual knowledge and also visit

temples and do pious service or deeds. Officially this month is not an unlucky one. You are held in high hopes by your boss who likes you. Your work is heavier than before from the 2nd half. Merchants will find this month probably better than the last. More profits will be gained. Foreign business will be specially successful and lucrative.

2, 3, 7, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 21, 24, 30 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planetary map showers greater radiation of their benefic influences on your life during this month. Your ruler in the 7th house, aspecting Surya in the 3rd house, is a special feature of the month settling important issues that have been pending so far to your advantage. You may either win over your elders or may gain through them in the first half. A journey may not be outside the month's picture. Important ceremonies may attract your notice and money may be spent over the same. You may interest yourself more about your relations as to their improvements and the developments that have been working in their mind so far. An important ceremonial function may occur or may interest you. Any court case during this month will be won by your good luck. Financially there may be pressure but equally your conveniences will also be met. Second half perhaps will find you more money through your relations and friends or government in a few cases. One of your brothers or sisters will

claim your special attention. If you are a journalist or a musician or an industrialist, you will be unusually lucky during this month. A house move may be envisaged in the second half. Car owners may find a change but they must be very careful in driving lest there should be an accident during this month.

Officially this is an ordinary month wherein you may not gain anything appreciable through your boss. Avoid friction. Merchants will find this month more speculatively inclined. Unnecessary commitment may be avoided during this month.

2, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 16, 20, 21, 25, 26, 29 are better days.

READING RACKS IN FACTORIES

In America's factories and offices, reading racks are being widely used today as a tool for improving employee attitudes and building goodwill between workers and management.

The racks, at convenient points, contain attractive, pocket-size booklets—easy to read and understand on a variety of subjects. These are offered free on a self-service basis. The employees help themselves to whatever material interests them.

In most companies from three to five titles are offered at one time, with a new title substituted at the rate of one a week. The subjects, designed to appeal to different tastes, generally fall into your categories; economics and social problems; health and safety; hobbies, home-making and sports; moral and spiritual guidance.

The material is carefully chosen from many sources—magazines, speeches by prominent men, current books on non-fictional subjects, and special articles written specifically for the informational medium.

Numerous surveys in large and small plants indicate that the rack programmes are popular with both rank-and-file and supervisory employees. From company after company come reports that 98 percent of the employees take booklets out of the racks at some time, 94 percent read them, and 91 percent take them home to be read by their families and friends.

The average pick-up rate in most companies is about 50 to 60 percent. Thus, a plant with 1,000 employees would normally use 500 to 600 copies of a new booklet titles each week. Based on an average "take" rate of 50 percent, the cost of the programme is estimated at 1.50 dollars per employee.

Companies using the rack programme believe that it helps reduce accidents and absenteeism through useful booklets on health and safety at home and at work.

TRUE LOVE

If you have all the money in the world, it won't compensate you if there is no love in your life...Where there is true love, there is no such thing as poverty. Love is the treasure of Heaven.

—Marie Corelli.

Machine That Creates Climates

PIERRE DE LATIL

Agriculture is the oldest of all human techniques. It is also one of the most essential and will become increasingly so in years to come as the world population grows and there are millions more mouths to feed.

Agronomy, on the other hand, is the newest of sciences, a branch that has only just been opened up. That may seem a strange statement—most people will tell you that agronomy is a well-established science, that has already stood the test of time and experience—but just let me prove my point.

How does a physicist or a physiologist, or for that matter any scientist, set about studying a scientific process? He conducts his experiments in such a way that all the factors, save one, are invariable, and he demonstrates the effects of this one variable factor by giving it different values. Through this method he can unravel a complex process and show how it hinges on different factors. That is the ABC of all scientific research.

But it is not so easy for the agronomist who wants to study the influence of soil and climate on, say, ten new varieties of wheat. He would begin by saying that he requires ten or may be twenty years to complete his study in co-operation with research workers in other countries, and plenty of funds at his disposal.

But even so he will not be over ambitious, for he knows that it is

practically impossible to show the influence of a single factor—such as the dryness of the soil, the air, or an early cold spell—on the growth or size of the grains of wheat, because all the factors are interrelated and you cannot make one vary without affecting the others. The dryness of the soil, for instance, is usually related to the dryness of the air: if you change one, you change the other. As for an early winter—which may occur only once or twice during the long experimental period—it will probably be accompanied by other exceptional meteorological conditions.

Since the agronomist has to rely on Nature to change the conditions of growth and climate, it is impossible for him to conduct a really scientific study in plant physiology, as research workers do in all other branches of science, to unravel all the complicated influences involved in plant growth. What he really needs is a means of making Nature obey his least commands, a way of modifying, for instance, the dryness of the air without changing any other climatic factor.

Today man has built machines to do just that: they can produce, artificially, all the conditions required by science. The idea of building these machines—or *phytotrons* as they are called—stemmed from the work of a Dutch botanist Dlaauw who, in

1958, conducted research under artificial lighting, to study the effects of different temperatures upon tulips. Another Dutchman, Dr. Frits Went of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena in the United States, developed the same method even further. In 1949 he installed a series of air-conditioned rooms where he could vary any factor at will. His colleagues chaffed him, joking about his "phytotron", for the nuclear physicists' cyclotron was then the pride of the institute. But the term, the Greek *phytos* - plant - was taken up again by the famous physicist Clark Millikan, at the inauguration of the new laboratories. The phytotron, he predicted, would become as important for plants as the cyclotron is for atoms, only its economic scope would be much greater.

By varying the length of "days" and "nights" in the phytotron, and modifying the rhythm of their alternation, Professor Went was able to demonstrate the importance of the duration of periods of light and darkness in the life of a plant. He proved, in particular, that heat is much less important for certain tropical plants than days and nights of equal duration.

A few years ago a smaller phytotron was set up at Liege University in Belgium under the direction of Professor Bouillenne. Another, on a much larger scale, is now undergoing final machinery tests, in Paris. This phytotron is bigger even than its American counterpart. It includes a "suite" of 21 experimental chambers where Pierre Chouard, professor

of plant physiology at Paris University, will be able to control an equal number of "micro-climates" with absolute precision. Environmental factors will be established independently in each laboratory. Conditions can be made to change in a matter of minutes from the dampness of the tropical forest to the extreme dryness of the desert. Specialists will be able to raise or lower the prevailing temperatures almost instantly by 20 or 30 degrees, to shorten or lengthen the duration of the "day", to vary the intensity of the light, to concentrate whole "winters" in a few short weeks, or "years" in a few months.

The experiments will continue until the spring of 1959 when the Paris phytotron will be opened to botanists from all countries. "We want it to be a laboratory on a European scale," Professor Chouard commented.

"And how long would my hypothetic study of the ten new varieties of wheat take in your phytotron?" I asked.

"A fortnight to draw up the research programme; four or five months to conduct the experiments; and a few more days to collate the results. Say, six months at the outside. But we would really have studied the problem from every conceivable angle, and we would know exactly what influence each individual factor exerts, independently from all the others, on each of the new wheat varieties."

So meet the phytotron—the machine that creates climates and can change the seasons.—*Unesco.*

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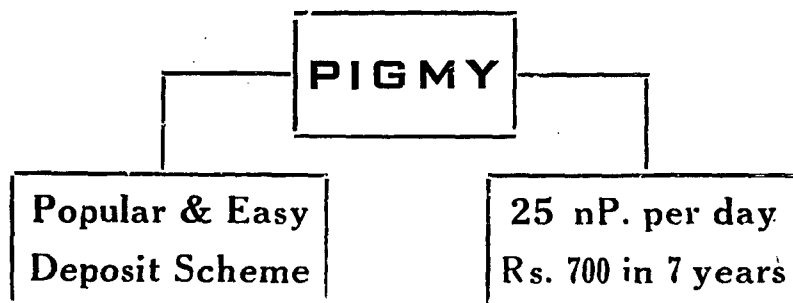
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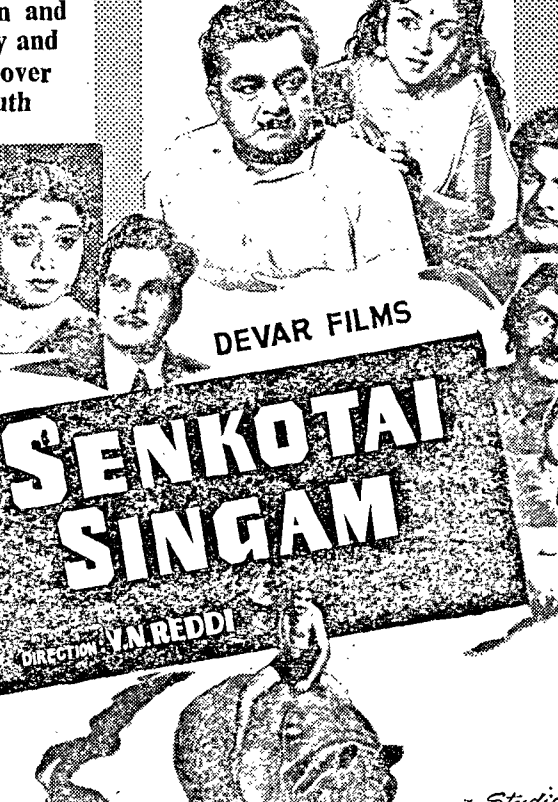
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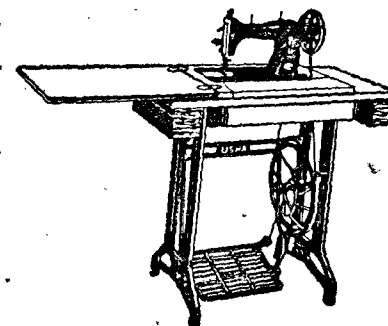
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THE LUCKY ACCIDENT

"I will meet you again even if I have to have another accident," said Prem, and he did meet her.

LALITA RAJAMONY, M. A.

"You're feeling better, yes?" Through a mist of semi-awake consciousness the words fell on Prem's ears like soft music. His eyes now open, rested on a vision of feminine beauty, so compelling that it stirred him more deeply than anything he had felt before.

"Yes," he muttered vaguely looking round the large cool room in which he lay on a comfortable sofa, a wet compress bound tightly about his head. "I think so," and raised his hand towards the wet bandage under which he had suddenly become conscious that he had the grandfather of all headaches. With a quick gesture, the girl who was leaning above his head gazing down upon him with her lovely eyes radiating sympathy and tender solicitude, caught his hand in her soft olive-hued one and pressed it down again as she shook her head. "No, no, you must not do that. Your head pains you I expect, but that is natural. Luckily for you, it proved harder than the lamp-

post."

"Of course," he smiled memory flooding his bemused brain and the sequence of events that preceded this episode flashed into his mind with startling clearness. He had been cycling on the Poona-Bombay road for sight seeing—for one thing cycling was his favourite sport, and secondly he was on casual leave—and he had just turned a corner when a playful little boy had darted out of a bye-lane trundling his hoop and in trying to avoid him the bicycle had skidded and gone headlong into the lamp-post. The girl who had seen the accident had bidden her servants to bring him in and had done the needful towards restoring him to consciousness. She had also got his name: Major Prem Kumar, Senior Intelligence Officer, Indian Army, from his card case and had straightaway phoned the authorities.

He tried to sit up but she peremptorily bade him remain still until the military ambulance arrived to take him away. He

realized that he may not be long with this lovely person who had so suddenly been thrust into his life. Her name, it transpired, was Lalita and she was a Maharashtrian of a very old and distinguished family.

For several minutes they talked. "I have not thanked you properly," he said after a while, "for bandaging me up and everything. I must see you again!"

The loud clanging of a bell in the street announced the arrival of the ambulance. A moment later the servant heralded in two stretcher bearers, and the officer who accompanied them turned out to be her brother. Lalita told him in few quick words what had transpired. They lifted him on the stretcher and he only had time to say, "Goodbye for the moment. As soon as I am fit I mean to see you again even if I have to stage another accident on your doorstep!"

She laughed then a low delightful laugh, but she shook her head and said, "I hope you'll soon recover from your injury!"

Though Prem Kumar was determined to get to know more about this girl whom fate had thrown into his life, that self-same destiny deemed it fit that he should go away from the place.

For, a few days after his arrival at the Military Hospital where he had been taken and where he had been convalescing he was surprised to receive a wire from his G. O. C. in Chief asking him to start immediately and join duty at once in Srinagar. There had been fresh tribal activity and heavy fighting.

The airfield was buzzing with activity when Prem landed in Srinagar, his head swathed in a bandage but otherwise quite fit. A sickle moon was lighting the sky with its luminant rays and the last glow of the sunset was still faintly pink on the horizon. By morning he was on duty to reconnoitre the enemy rear, ascertain the nature of their regrouping, the strength of tribesmen, the arms they carried and report to the headquarters by radio. His was a daring and highly skilful assignment.

In the midst of the hidden paradise of natural charm and grandeur—soaring peaks, flower-spangled pastures and a lovely lake—it was unbelievable that in the midst of such peace and splendour mirrored in the lake at twilight, such barbarous things as warfare and strife could exist. He had two worries as he settled down to this job in hand—his conscious mind was on the job on hand of giving faithful and accurate reports which would halt the onslaught of the raiders. His sub-conscious mind was thinking of quite different things following its own train of thought. Something about dark, dreamy eyes, about a voice sweet and musical like the tinkling of silver bells, the touch of fingers soft as silk, magical in their healing tenderness.

He and his men were now traversing rugged desolate country. As far as eye could see, hills zigzagged awkwardly over the horizon. Presently the flat jungle was faintly visible through the bluish haze turning milky under the faint light of the moon

getting brighter now. They were nearing the enemy positions now. No time for waking dreams. His job was a hazardous one. Fellows thought he was lucky. "Prem's luck" they said. Well, perhaps there was a bit of skill in it too. Luck was nine tenths of the game of hazard. The atmosphere was surcharged with tension as a mass of rain clouds gathered in the sky. Prem had a kind of sixth sense. He was listening intently and he knew that the tribesmen, or at least a few of them, lurked behind what appeared to be a mound of stones. He gave the order to charge and the enemy cursing and swearing at being taken unawares put up a stiff resistance but what was the use? They were all routed to a man but something sharp and burning thudded into Prem's shoulder. He knew he was hit for the warm blood soaked rapidly into his clothes. Exhaustion and the sense of overwhelming pain overcame him and he drifted into total oblivion. A moment of consciousness returned to him and he found himself being hoisted into the stretcher by his erstwhile companions. He was aware of the peaceful morning sky, of the boughs of the trees waving against it, of the dewy flower scents of early dawn. Then a sea of pain rolled over him submerging him in its depths and he lost consciousness again.

In the days that followed, it was as though he were bound to the spoke of some vast wheel that rotated through space. He passed from utter blackness to the grey-ness of semi-consciousness, back again to the merciful blank-



ness of total unconsciousness. In his delirium he muttered to himself and twisted and groaned; his mind was active, images floated into it and he was trying to explain to these shadowy figures he knew, who looked at him, listened to what he said but made no reply.

For eight weary days he lay in the base hospital to which he had been carried. The bullet had been extracted from his shoulder, his broken bones set. Eight confused days and agonising pain—pain like that of a hooded baleful figure pressing his ghastly hand on his chest and pushing him again and again into the dark but merciful sea of unconsciousness.

When he awoke to dreamy consciousness he found himself

in a white bed—one of many beds arranged in orderly rows—and someone was bending over him, someone who asked him if he felt easier. He essayed to answer, to smile. "Don't worry," said the gentle voice. "Try and keep quiet. I'll send a sister to you." He drew a long sigh and closed his eyes. The reality of his surroundings began to steal upon him. He was in hospital. His thoughts gathering clearness reverted to the central star of his life which had become eclipsed to sight and sense by the darkness of pain—and Lalita's face, fair and sweet and provocative, shone upon him with brilliancy and charm. The vision was so entrancing that he kept his eyes fast closed—to open them would be to see the long ward of the hospital, the array of the wounded. Presently he drifted into sound sleep and when he awoke it was night.

The lights in the ward were shaded and silence reigned except for a weary sigh or moan from some brave lad struggling against restlessness and pain.

A woman sat beside his bed, her figure indistinctly outlined seemed graceful and vaguely familiar. She wore the uniform of the Military Nursing Service.

JURY'S VERDICT!

The lawyer was addressing the jury in a murder trial when he noticed that there were only eleven men in the jury box. He was summing up and had already spoken for two hours, so was a little disconcerted.

"There are only eleven men in the jury box," he told the foreman, "where is the twelfth?"

"Please, sir," said the foreman, "he was called away by an urgent message just after lunch. But it's all right—he's left his verdict with me!"

Seeing that he was awake, she went over to a side table and brought a cup full of milk. He closed his eyes as she passed her arm under his pillow and raised his head so that his lips might sip the fluid with ease. He drank and as he lay back he suddenly opened his eyes wider. A thrill of wild lightninglike ecstasy sent a shock of new life through him from head to foot.

"Lalita!" he cried in amazement. "Lalita!"

So he has met Lalita again. He was happy. He had seen her. The aching weariness which had enveloped him for days was relieved with this ray of light. She was there and she had remembered him.

Lalita smoothed Prem's aching brow with her loving fingers. There was a look of a youthful spirit of fun in her eyes. Prem saw it and that seemed to settle the aching query of a nerve in his brain that had long throbbed and troubled him and he fell into sound sleep.

A soft wind nestled in the leaves of the champak tree out in the garden. The scent of jasmine and rose drifted in through the window borne on the evening zephyr.

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

CORPUS DELICTI MURDER

S. RAJAGOPALAN

For a conviction for murder, the body of the murdered person must be forthcoming, although it is not the law that simply because the body is not found, or as happens, is skilfully got rid of, the murderer should go scot free. In such circumstances, however, a very high standard of proof is required, leading only to one hypothesis, namely, that there had been a murder.

Some years ago in England, a conviction for murder was affirmed even without the body being found. But it attracted world-wide criticism and the Home Office interfered and commuted the sentence. In India, the courts find an obvious solution. They may not convict for murder, but charge the killer under section 20 IPC for causing the disappearance of the commission of murder.

Saib Khatoon was a young woman of twentyfive in Sindh. She was married to one Fateh

Mohammed who was of her own age. Two and a half years previously she had fallen into a well. Her head was injured and in consequence her intelligence became somewhat impaired. Thenceforth she was subject to fits of mental aberration. About a month before 17-3-33 she went to her father and told him that she went in fear of her life. Her husband she said had falsely charged her with having committed adultery with one Bahawal and according to the Baluchi custom her life and that of the adulterer were to be taken away.

Bahawal too got terrified and called together his kindred. Saib Khatoon's father was also present. Bahawal took oath upon the Holy Koran that he had not misbehaved with her. Now that the accusation had been proved false Saib Khatoon's father went to his son-in-law's place which was two miles off, and tried to persuade him to take back his

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daughter. Fateh Mohammed, however, did not comply. But ten days later he seemed to have changed his mind and called on his father-in-law and demanded that his wife be sent to his house. The father did not comply. He called again, a few days later. The father thereupon took out the Holy Koran and the son-in-law took it and swore upon it that he would not harm his daughter. Reassured by this oath, the father allowed his daughter to go, and Fateh Mohammed took her back to his house. But the father's mind was not at ease and he asked his sister who lived nearby, to keep a watch over his daughter.

Three days later, his nephew came to him and told him that Saib Khatoon was not in her house. The father immediately went to his son-in-law, but found the house locked from outside. He suspected foul play and raised a hue and cry. The police took up the investigation. On the night previous to the disappearance Saib Khatoon, it was esta-

blished, was with her husband. On the following morning the house was found locked, and so they forced open the door. It was found that there was blood on the walls and on the floor, on the mat, on the quilt and elsewhere. This blood was certified later by the chemical examiner to be human blood. Fateh Mohammed was arrested. The police found a bullock cart which bore blood stains. The bullock cart tracks were traced up to the river and there were indications that the body had been thrown into the river.

Fateh Mohammed said that his wife must have committed suicide, but it did not fit in with the chain of evidence which unhesitatingly pointed to the fact of a murder. Nevertheless the body of Saib Khatoon was never found and hence the judges felt it safer to convict him for an offence under S. 201 I. P. C and sentenced him to prison for seven years.

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CLOSE UP

After a cautious batsman had been in for half an hour without scoring, the fielders began to get annoyed. At last they closed within a few feet of him and waited eagerly for the catch.

It was essential that his wicket should fall before the time came to draw stumps. Closer and closer came the fielders, until there was barely room for the batsman to raise his bat.

Suddenly a piping voice was heard from amongst the spectators. "Look out, Bill," it said. "Mind you don't get your pocket picked!"

When Lord Bacon was Chancellor of England a quick-witted criminal was brought before him. Eventually he was sentenced to be hanged.

"Your Honour should let me go," he observed, "for we're kin. My name is Hogg and hog is kin to bacon."

"Not till it's hung," replied Lord Bacon.

*Story of a fairy who fell
in love with a human.*

THE FOX FAIRY

SHEN CHI-CHI*

THERE was a young lord named Wei Yin who was the ninth son of the daughter of the Prince of Hsinnam. He was rather wild and a heavy drinker. His cousin's husband was named Cheng, who had studied the military arts, and was also fond of drinking and women. Since he was poor and had no home of his own, he lived with his wife's family. Cheng and Wei became great friends, and were always together. One day, they were walking together through the capital on their way to a drinking

party when Cheng, who had some private business, left Wei saying he would join him later at the feast and rode south on his donkey.

On the road Cheng came upon three girls, one of whom, dressed in a white gown, was very beautiful. Pleasantly surprised Cheng whipped up his donkey to circle round them, wanting to accost them but lacking the courage. The girl in white kept glancing at him in what seemed an encouraging way, so Cheng asked jokingly:

"Why should beautiful girls go

* Abridged from the book *The Dragon King's Daughter* published by the Foreign Languages Press, Peking.

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on foot?"

The girl in white smiled and said: "If people with mounts aren't polite enough to offer us a lift, what else can we do?"

"My poor donkey is not good enough for such beautiful girls as you," said Cheng. "But I shall offer it now, and I shall be glad to follow you on foot."

He and the girl in white looked at each other and laughed, and with her two maids teasing them, they were soon on familiar terms. Cheng accompanied these girls eastward and came to a magnificent house with thick walls and a big gate. As the girl in white went through the gate, she looked back and said, "Wait a little." One of her maids stayed at the gate and asked him his name. Cheng told her, then asked the name of the girl, and learned that her name was Jen.

Presently Cheng was invited in. Candles were set out and the table spread. After they had drunk several cups of wine the girl, who had changed her dress, reappeared. Then they drank a great deal and were very merry, and late at night they went to bed together. Her coquetry and charm, the way she sang and laughed and moved—it was all exquisite and quite out of this world. When it was nearly dawn, Jen said, "You had better go now." Having arranged to come again, Cheng left.

When he reached the end of the street, he saw a bread shop there where a light was burning and the stove had been lit. Sitting under the awning, waiting for the morning drum, Cheng began chatting with the shop-

keeper. Pointing to where he had spent the night, he asked, "When you turn east from here you come to a big gate—whose house is that?"

"It's all in ruins," said the shopkeeper. "There's no house there."

"But I was there," insisted Cheng. "How can you say there is no house?"

The shopkeeper suddenly realized what had happened. "Ah, now I understand!" he exclaimed. "There's a fairy there, which often tempts men to spend the night with her. She has been seen three times. So you met her too, did you?"

Ashamed to admit the truth, Cheng denied this. When it was light he looked at the place again, and found the walls and the gate still there, but only waste land and a deserted garden behind.

After he went home, Cheng saw Wei who blamed him for not joining him the previous day. But instead of telling him the truth, Cheng made up an excuse. He was still bewitched by the fairy's beauty, however, and longed to see her again, unable to drive her image from his heart. About a fortnight later, in a clothes shop in the market, he suddenly came upon her again. Her maids were with her too. When Cheng called out to her, she tried to slip into the crowd to avoid him; but he called her name repeatedly, and pushed forward. Then, with her back to him, and her fan behind her, she demanded: "You know who I am. Why do you follow me?"

"What if I do?" asked Cheng.

"I feel ashamed to face you," she said.

"I love you so much, how could you leave me?" he protested.

"It's not that I want to leave you, but I am afraid you may hate me now."

Cheng swore that he still loved her and became more insistent in his request, whereupon the girl turned and let fall the fan, appearing as dazzlingly beautiful as ever.

"There are many fairies about," she told Cheng. "It's just that you don't recognise them for what they are. You needn't think it strange."

When Cheng begged her to come back to him, she said, "People dislike fox fairies because they often harm men; but I am not like that. If I have not lost your favour, I would like to serve you all my life." When Cheng discussed with her where they could live, Jen said, "If you go east from here, you'll come to a house with a big tree towering above its roof. It's in a quiet district. Why don't you rent it? The other day when I first met you, there was a gentleman riding on a white horse towards the east. Wasn't he your brother-in-law? There's a lot of furniture in his house you can borrow."

Acting on Jen's advice, Cheng went to Wei and asked to borrow the furniture. When asked why he needed it, he said, "I have just got a beautiful mistress and a house for her. I want to borrow the furniture for her use."

Wei lent him curtains, bed and bedding, and sent an intelligent servant with him to have a look

AMRUTANJAN



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at the girl. Presently the servant ran back, panting and perspiring. Wei stepped forward to ask, "Have you seen her? What does she look like?"

"Marvellous! I've never seen anyone like her!"

"Wei had many relations and had seen many beautiful women in his numerous adventures. Accordingly he asked whether Cheng's mistress was as beautiful as one of these.

"No comparison!" exclaimed the servant. Wei mentioned four or five other names, but still the servant answered that they were not to be compared.

"Is that possible?" Wei exclaimed. Then he hastily put on a new cap, and went to call on Cheng.

It happened that Cheng was out. Going in, Wei found she was even more beautiful than he had been told. Mad with passion he took her in his arms to assault her, only to meet with resistance. He pressed her hard, with all his strength, and the girl, who was exhausted and drenched with perspiration, knew she could hardly escape. Then her body became limp, and she looked heart-broken.

"Why do you look so sad?" asked Wei.

With a long sigh, she answered, "I am sorry for Cheng."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"You are young and rich, and have many beautiful mistresses. You have seen many like me. But Cheng is a poor man, and I am the only woman he loves. How can you rob him of his only love while you have so many?"

A gallant man with a sense of justice, when Wei heard this he desisted, composed himself and apologized. Then Cheng came back, and they exchanged cordial greetings.

Jen often met Wei and went out with him on foot or by carriage. He spent practically every day with her until they became the best of friends, taking great delight in each other's company. Jen was everything to him except his mistress, so Wei loved and respected her and grudged her nothing. Even eating and drinking he could not forget her.

Thus a year passed. Cheng was appointed a captain of Huaili Prefecture, with his headquarters at Chincheng. So when he was going to his post he asked Jen to accompany him. But she refused.

"We should only be together for a month or two," she said. "A witch told me it would be unlucky for me to go west this year. That's why I don't want to go."

But Cheng was so eager for her to go, he could think of nothing else. He laughed, and said, "How can an intelligent girl like you be so superstitious?"

"If what the witch said was true," said Jen, "and I die because I go with you, won't you be sorry?"

"Nonsense!" declared Cheng. Finally Jen was forced against her will to go.

Wei lent her his horse, and saw them off, Jen riding ahead on the horse, with Cheng behind on his donkey, followed by Jen's maid and other attendants. At that time the gamekeepers outside the West Gate had been training hunting dogs for some ten days. As Jen was passing, the dogs suddenly leapt out from the bushes, and Cheng saw Jen drop to the ground, turn into a fox and fly southwards with the dogs in hot pursuit. He ran forward and shouted at the dogs, but could not restrain them; and after running a few hundred yards she was caught and killed. Shedding tears, Cheng took money from his pocket to buy back the carcass, which was then buried with a pointed stick into the ground to mark the place.

When he looked back, her horse was eating grass by the roadside, her clothes were lying on the saddle, while her shoes and stockings were hanging on the stirrups like the skin shed by a cicada. Her trinkets had dropped to the ground, but everything else belonging to her had vanished, including her women slaves.

About ten days later Cheng went back to the capital. Wei was pleased to see him, and coming forward to greet him asked, "Is Jen well?"

Shedding tears, Cheng replied, "She is dead!"

Wei was stricken with grief at

this news. They embraced each other, and mourned bitterly. Then Wei asked what sickness had caused her death.

"She was killed by hunting dogs," answered Cheng.

"Even fierce dogs cannot kill people," protested Wei.

"But she was no human being."

"What?" exclaimed Wei in amazement. When Cheng had told him the whole story, he marvelled. The next day he went by carriage and opened the grave. Sure enough there was the carcass of the fox and he returned home in great grief.

A heart that is filled with compassion, forgiveness and peace is the true abode of God.—Swami Ramdas.

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FAREWELL TO ENGLISH

K. V. Sirkheel

"Farewell is the saddest word in the English language," said, I believe, Mary Ann Evans, better known in the realm of literature as George Elliot, "as there is an image of death in every parting."

How true! How often do we feel when an intimate and dear friend bids farewell and prepares to go on a long journey, that something untoward may happen to him, and that we may not see him again, despite the fact we wish him bon voyage. It may be a baseless fear, but it is a vague and disturbing thought, that casts a shadow on the encouraging smiles we exchange. On the eve of such a leave taking, you feel you should spend as much time in your friend's company as possible and prolong the pleasure.

It is with something like such a feeling that I open a favourite book of essays or prose writing of my beloved English authors, now-a-days. Could it be possible that these delightful volumes, which have given me such perennial pleasure, this happy companionship of delightful thought and expression, will go out of the sphere of enjoyment, though not to me immediately, but to the coming younger generation? It is indeed a sad and chilling thought. If I leave these books to them, they will be put away, or thrown into odd corners and neglected, as by then the

period of the term for the existence of English in India would end, and Hindi would have the pride and primacy of place all over the country. It is with such a languishing thought I open a book, and lovingly and affectionately turn over its pages, glean a familiar phrase here or hunt for a memorable quotation there, and entertain myself in the company of literary friends, who have held me in their spell for the past so many years. True there are some more years for their leave-taking. Yes. But it is hardly a consolation. The shadow of separation has already fallen on the sun-lit path of our uninterrupted enjoyment.

My first acquaintance as a boy with English was not unlike the first meeting of Boswell with the great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson. It was forbidding and disappointing. But like Boswell, something in me compelled me to cultivate the acquaintance and like it. By slow degrees it grew up till on my part it rose to the height of worshipful veneration, and, on its part, it descended on me like a loving benediction. In spite of the drawbacks of Boswell's nature, his tactless and teasing questions, and troublesome inquisitiveness, the great lexicographer developed a warm corner in his heart for his "Bossy." Did he not write to him that he missed him and loved him from the bottom of his

heart? Such is the affectionate hold English has on me. It is so I am sure with a great many men and women in our country, who have come under its irresistible spell. They realise that they own their light and leading to the literature of Britain more than its rule, which helped to shape their aspiration in life and strengthen their backs to stand up and serve their country.

Its lyrical qualities and charm of undying beauty have been captured by Tagore, its dynamic energy and love of freedom inspired Gandhiji and Nehru to struggle for and win the freedom of the country. Those who labour in the preservation of our freedom and the revival of our past greatness have themselves drunk deep in the health-giving waters of the wells of English literature, pure and undefiled. The epoch-making Constitution of India is recorded in English by her sons, and this is comforting thought that this high honour that is given to her will preserve her for her worship and respect in days to come, whatever may happen to her as the language of our administration. The seal of



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primacy has been set on her. No one can pluck the shining diadem from her brow. She will command the respect due to her even after Hindi replaces it as our lingua franca. *Vive L'Anglais!* *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*

THE SUICIDE BRIDGE

The Colorado Street Bridge connecting Los Angeles with Pasadena in California has a reputation as a suicide bridge. Most of those who have hurtled from it have chosen the same spot from which to step off into eternity. The place is marked by a metal plate.

There is a story that when the bridge was built workmen found a pair of human hands protruding from the cement at this spot. A labourer is believed to have been accidentally covered up when the wet cement was poured into the moulds.

The more careful you are with what you say the easier it is to be a man of your word.

SCIENCE NOTES

World's Richest Treasure House

Science is breaking into the richest treasure house in the world — the sea — according to the U. S. National Geographic Society.

Oceans cover about 70 percent of the globe and hoard many things prized by men. For example, there is enough gold in sea water to make every person on earth a millionaire, if it could be extracted easily.

Silver and other precious metals, useful chemicals and a rich supply of food other than fish are all locked in the sea, awaiting the development of economical processes to release them.

Some are being extracted now. Brine has provided salt for countless centuries. Magnesium is used in the manufacture of airplane and rocket parts. Ocean-given bromine makes possible high-test gasoline and goes into sedatives, photographic chemicals, dyes and other products.

Scientists foresee farming the sea in the manner of land agriculture. This is being done now with oysters and mussels, which do not move about after they are planted.

One of the most important things in the sea is plain water, which is one of man's most precious natural resources. Desalted ocean water could solve many problems of shortage. Once this process becomes economical, the dream of making arid regions bloom could become a reality

around the word.

HUMAN AURA

Sometime ago there appeared in *MacLeans* of Canada an article in which it was stated that in the not very distant future police may be able to trace criminals by their aura.

The human aura is distinctive like the fingerprint. But in case of detection by fingerprints, the criminal must actually touch some object, and touch it carefully, deliberately, although possibly unwittingly or unknowingly, in order that there may be left a traceable and definite imprint. In the case of the human aura, however, the individual need not actually touch a thing or be in contact with it in order to leave some impression, some registration of his aura upon one or more objects in a room.

What is this aura? It is some emanations from the body, which have proved too elusive for scientific analysis, but bloodhounds seem to recognise this substance from the uncanny way they lead the police to the criminals.

There is every hope that science will find a way to detect this aura and the time is not far off when the future detective may visit the place of a crime with some strange contraption to detect the radiations from the human aura and thus classify the nature, character, personality

and appearance of the criminal being sought.

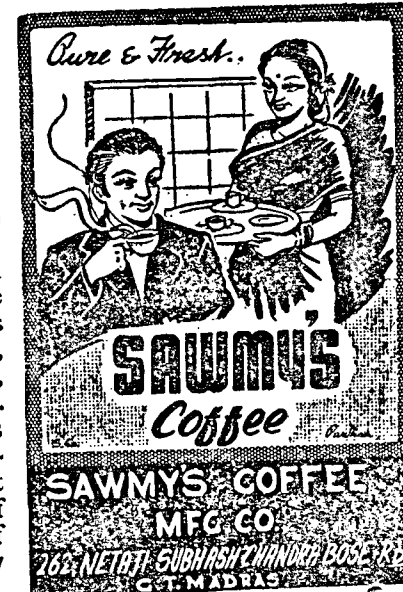
WORLD'S LARGEST SOLAR POWER STATION

Soviet scientists have designed what is to be the world's largest solar power station, to be built in the Ararat Valley in Armenia. Some 1,300 mirrors with a total area of about five acres will be mounted on special carriages which will move automatically, according to the sun's position, along 22 concentric railways. They will focus the sun's rays on to a boiler mounted on a 130-foot tower. It is estimated that 2,500,000 kilowatt hours of electricity and 20,000 tons of steam will be produced annually by the installation.

Solar water heaters have been built on a large scale in the Soviet Union in recent years. A new practical device is a solar cooking stove which functions even in winter since it does not depend on the heat of the sun's rays but on sunlight, which is transformed into electricity by means of photo elements.

SURGERY FOR EPILEPSY

American doctors have found that certain types of epilepsy are due to damage in a restricted region of the "cortex" — or outer bark — of the brain, a surface made up of thousands of millions of nerve cells. Many things can cause the damage — a hereditary defect, injury from a blow on the head or fall, an old infection. In any event, scar tissues may form and the affected region is abnormally sensitive.



Now, normal actions of a human being are made possible and coordinated by nerve impulses, which are electrical discharges passing along nerve fibres. In epilepsy, however, it is as if these nerve impulses run wild, usually spreading without purpose from the damaged part of the brain. The most familiar result, of course, is a convulsion. But epilepsy may also take the form of hallucinations or strange behaviour accompanied by a loss of consciousness.

During the past ten years or so, brain surgeons in the United States and other countries have developed operations in which they remove damaged parts of the brain. They commonly perform these operations using a local anesthetic only, to kill pain in the scalp. The brain itself

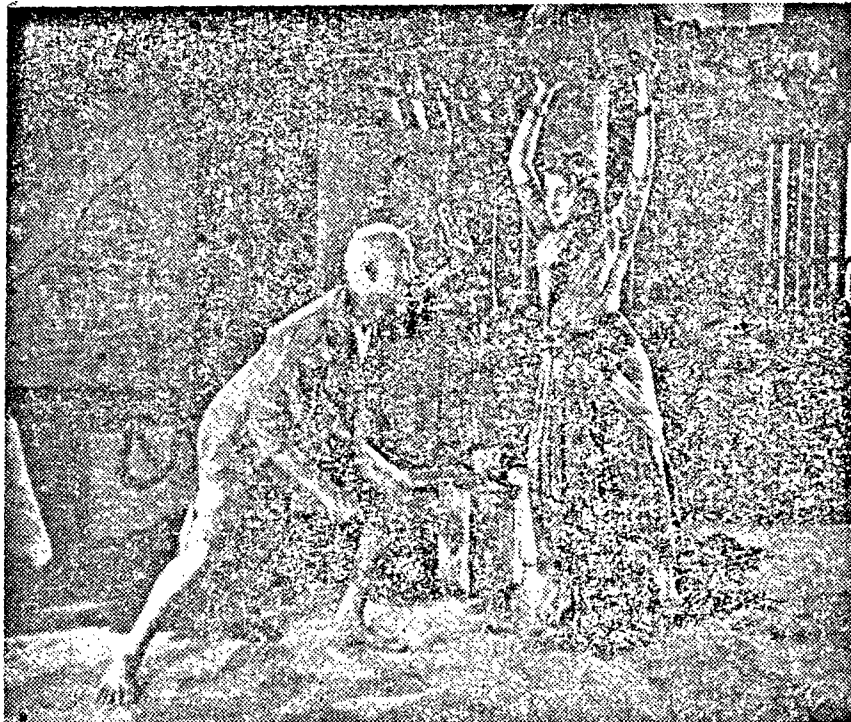
feels no pain and the patient is fully conscious. The surgeon first uses special electrodes — fine wire contacts which carry electrical currents. Placed on the brain's surface, the contacts stimulate nerve cells and produce records which help the surgeon locate the damaged region. Removing the region may benefit as many as three out of four patients.

UNREPENTANT

"Bobby," said the teacher sternly. "You know that you have broken the eighth commandment by stealing John's apple?"

"Well miss," replied the unrepentant boy. "I thought I might as well break the eighth and have the apple as break the tenth and only covet it."

God's grace is supreme ; without it nothing is achieved. Pray to Him unceasingly for His grace. Prayer is efficacious. He lovingly hears your prayers.—Swami Brahmananda.



Woman may be the weaker sex but she is no coward as this scene shows. E. V. Saroja and Villain Natarajan in Rajeswari Films' *Sumangali*.

Rambles in Court Life (38)

THE INA TRIAL

This is the continuation of the article on the INA trial which appeared in our last issue. In this the leading defence counsel presents his masterly arguments which exonerated the accused.

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

Mr. Bhulabhai Desai, the leading defence counsel, continued in his address to the court this wise:

"There are one or two matters which I am bound to mention to the court before I come to the actual facts of the case. This case raises issues which are not of the normal type which a court martial is called upon to decide, because, most, if not all of such cases, are generally cases of individual dereliction of duty or individual offences. Here is a

case in which, I venture to say—and the evidence supports it—that it is not all a case of what you might call three individuals waging war against the King. The evidence amply bears out the fact that these men charged before you were part of an organised army which waged war against the King even according to the prosecution. Therefore, the case before the court is not a personal one of any sort or kind. The honour and the law of the Indian

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National Army are on trial before this court. What is now on trial before the court is the right to wage war with immunity on the part of a subject race for their liberation.

"I shall be able to cite authorities on International Law that a nation or part of a nation does reach a stage where it is entitled to wage war for its liberation, and I shall be able to prove that point to Your Honour's satisfaction.

"There is another thing which I wish to say, and I say it with a certain degree of earnestness. The case has naturally aroused a considerable amount of public interest. It is not for me to say whether it is right or not but the fact remains that it is so, and opinions have been expressed from the point of view of the public and from the point of view of what I might call 'official sources' beginning with the Viceroy of India. You, sirs, having sworn to justice to these men, on the evidence before you, will, I have not the slightest doubt come to your own decision guided by your conscience and entirely unaffected by opinions for and against them. For in all trials of this kind—and in a few of them I had the honour to be engaged—it is very difficult for the human mind to maintain that detachment which justice requires. In the case of juries, I have had to caution them against the use or abuse of the effect of public expressions of opinion on matters which it is for them to decide. In this case what I wish to say is this. Having studied the rules which guide the proceedings before this

court, I find that you, sirs, are the judges of both the law and the fact and you will very seriously regard his advice but in the end the final decision is your privilege and your responsibility. Therefore, what I might have done in another place I do not do before you and that is, I cannot say I will address the judge in law and the jury on facts. There is an easier process, because I must confess that before a trained judge it is easier to deal with the question of law than before a tribunal of this character. At the same time, I have this consolation that sometimes if the law is plain—as I submit it is in this case—it will probably be much easier appealing to commonsense, to establish the law on which I rely, and I desire to ask your indulgence and your attention in the somewhat difficult case I am undertaking."

Mr. Bhulabhai Desai concluding his opening remarks stated he would not weary the court with reading of the evidence (250 pages) and exhibits (150 pages) except when necessary. He formulated the following leading facts and events for his address:

1. Declaration of war by Japan on 7th December 1941 against Britain and America.
2. Surrender of the British troops in Singapore on 15-2-1942.
3. The formal handing over ceremony at Fereer park on 17-2-1942.
4. The formation of the first I. N. A. in September 1942 and its dissolution in the following December after the arrest of Capt. Mohan

Singh.

5. The arrival of Subhash Chandra Bose in Singapore on 2-7-1943. His taking over command of the I.N.A., the Great East Asia Conference called by him and its acceptance of his proposal of establishing a Provisional Government of Free India.
6. The proclamation of the Provisional Government on 21-10-1943 and the taking of the oath of allegiance by the Ministers.
7. Declaration of war by this Government on Britain and America, the I. N. A. functioning under the orders of that state.
8. The movement of this Government from Singapore

to Rangoon, the movement of the I. N. A. from Burma into, beyond and within the territories of India right up to Kohima and beyond, and the retreat of the army back again until the event which took place at Rangoon slightly before, at the time and slightly after the occupation of Burma by the British forces.

Mr. Desai took up the first point and argued that the prosecution did not attempt seriously even to cross examine the witnesses on this point.

The I. N. A. Government was established firstly to liberate India and secondly to protect the life, property, and honour of Indians in South East Asia. It

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was, however, wholly irrelevant that it had failed in the first objective. What was important was that it was a fully organised Government to which two million odd people owed allegiance. It was no government of a set of rebels or a sort of desultory crowd and it had every right to declare war for the purpose for which it intended to fight. The fact that the state and the government was duly recognised by the Axis Powers was proof and more than proof that it had the right to declare war, for it is quite unnecessary either in law or in fact that the recognition must be by a particular number of governments or by a particular class of government. It having the right to declare war in so far as its armies were concerned, they became subject to the International laws of war. Hence any act done in the prosecution of the declared war is justified by the mere fact of the war itself. The evidence clearly disclosed that the state had an army which was properly organised, having its own distinctive badges and emblems, functioning under regularly appointed officers."

Mr. Desai continued: "I am obliged to the prosecution in this matter for I was spared the necessity of proving this proposition. They put in document after document to show that the Indian National Army was properly organised. It was regularised by the I. N. A. Act which was drawn up in accordance with the provisions of the Indian Army Act. I now refer to the point made out in cross examination about the

provision of whipping in that Act. The Indian Army Act of 1911 itself contained such provisions in section 45 and that although about the time of this war this particular item had been omitted the provision for 'corporeal punishment' including whipping was definitely made in the Defence of India Act and Ordinance 37 of 1943 (Secs. 22 and 23 part II). Therefore I submit to the court this was properly organised army, having a code of its own, which for all practical purposes is the Indian Army Act and any condemnation of it is condemnation of the Indian Army Act itself, which I submit is not the purpose of the prosecution in this case.

"The next point which is established I submit is this—though I speak with less confidence, because I do not see it admitted—but the fact has been proved and it is my duty to examine the evidence on it, that the Japanese Government or Nippon Government as it is called, ceded to the new India state the islands of Nicobar and Andamans, that the Indian state acquired territory in the form of Ziawadi, which is about fifty square miles in area, and that it is administered for a period of four to six months—the Manipur and Vishnupur areas. Lt. Nag gave definite evidence that the two islands were ceded, a declaration to that effect by the Japanese Government announced by a document which is a statement of Gen. Tojo being proved before the Court. That the purpose was carried out was shown beyond dispute by the facts that the new Indian state sent a

Chief Commissioner to administer the renamed islands and that at a definite ceremony the Naval and Military authorities in charge of the islands handed them over to the Commissioner on behalf of the Indian State at Port Blair. Let me now advert to the difference between the prosecution and the defence on the actual form and extent of administration of the island. Lt. Col. Loganathan had repeatedly told the court that he was not in a position to take any department other than the education department without first taking over the police department. In reality by the exigencies of the situation it was not possible to take over the complete administration. In law and in fact, however, the islands were given over to the Indian State and they were renamed SHAHID and SWARAJ. The administration of Ziawadi and the areas occupied by the I. N. A. point out this. It is a remarkable thing to notice that on the re-occupation of Burma & Malaya, every single document which was in the possession of this Free Indian State was found intact. It is amazing. It only emphasises and I wish to make a point of this—that there was a complete organisation and was as good as could be reasonably expected. That alone accounts for half the documents which my learned friend was able to produce.

The state in question had resources of its own, thirtyfive lakhs of rupees which was sequestered by the British authorities. The said Government had prepared to issue stamps of its

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own, and had in fact issued some. Lastly this Indian state had a Civil and an Army Gazette of its own. The first question of law raised was: Had this state the right and was she entitled to make a war as it did for the liberties of India? I refer to Sec. 79 I.P.C. wherein it is stated that nothing is an offence which is done by any person who is justified by law. The term law includes 'International law'. In such a position it is unthinkable that any member of an organised army could be charged with an offence merely because he fought one or ten or a million men belonging to an army of the state

with which he is at war. It is, therefore, perfectly obvious that in such a case only International and not Municipal law will apply to the person concerned.

"I shall now deal with the right to make war and quote certain authorities. Wheaton, for example, laid down 'that war, in the absence of any International authority competent to suppress effectively international wrongs, has always been held legal by international law.' The states declaring war need not be fully sovereign. Any war made for purpose of liberating oneself from foreign yoke is completely justified by modern international law. And it would be a travesty of justice if we were to be told that the Indian Army may go as soldier and fight for the freedom

of England against Germany, for England against Italy, for England against Japan, and yet a stage may not be reached when FREE Indian state may not wish to free itself from any country, including itself. We maintain that this particular war according to the decisions require no justification. If one state can declare war then the other state can also declare war and fight and anything done in its due prosecution has no civil consequences of any kind. Wheaton says, 'It seems to be now settled that it is unnecessary in order to constitute war that both parties should be acknowledged as independent nations or sovereign states. A war may certainly exist between a state and a suzerain as the Boer War.'"

(To be continued.)

CLEVER CONFIDENCE TRICK

A man with a large suitcase—tastefully spattered with extensive foreign hotel labels—arrived at the front door of a London house converted into flats and rang the top floor bell. There was no answer, but the landlady, who lived on the ground floor and spent much of her time at the window, was overcome with curiosity and opened the door to the stranger.

"I am trying to find my brother," he explained with a charming smile, "but I seem to have missed him. Been travelling all night only just arrived in the city. Perhaps you would allow me to my bag here in the hall. I suppose it will be quite safe here. I brought him some rather valuable old family silver."

The landlady had a key of the upper flat and insisted that tenant's brother should leave the family silver safely inside. "But suppose I turned out to be a burglar?" laughed the young man.

"Get away with you—I can see the family likeness between you and your brother," retorted the landlady.

So the traveller from abroad spent a profitable ten minutes in the empty flat, helped himself to all the jewellery, left an old suitcase in exchange and stepped out of the house, having returned the key to the landlady and thanked her effusively.

The tenant never had a brother—but he and his wife had obviously been closely watched for some time before the perfect "job" was brought off. The too-trusting landlady had to pay compensation.

If you are in a hurry pass this over. Read it at a calm moment and ponder over it.

HEALING BY GODS LAWS

For many years, busy doctors have been telling their patients to relax, but, everybody does not realise that relaxation can be learned and must be practised. Those skilled in relaxation have

discovered that it is a wonderful to healing and that the technique may become a part of oneself and always be available for instant operation.

Healing may be assisted by the physician, surgeon, psychiatrist, or any person interested in helping mankind to a healthier and happier life, but all actual healing comes from God and can be accomplished only through the function of God's laws. If those laws are broken, if we do not live in harmony with them, we must take the consequences, writes Ena Kildetoft, F. R. C. in this "ucian Digest."

Intact who are brought to the emphasis and use of these laws point themselves healed and call it a miracle. The real miracle is that we can so interfere with God's intentions towards ourselves and yet survive! Self-healing simply means our becoming acquainted with the Cosmic laws and living in accordance with them, so that the damage caused by living out of harmony with the laws can be undone.

Man is a dual being, and his inner psychic aspects must be in harmony with his outer material

aspects. Anything that affects one affects the other. Emotions and mental attitudes affects the psychic body and bring forth a manifestation in the material body.

Long before any ache, pain or sore spot is manifested in the body, the lack of love has been at work on the inner man.

Every time resentments, grudges, frustrations, doubts, fears, anger or feelings of inadequacy are permitted to invade a person's being the overflowing love is cut off. When this happens the body shows a manifestation of disharmony. Somewhere the circulation is cut off, nerve endings are starved, a gland is thrown out of balance, a vital organ is overworked or a resistance is lowered and invading germs can cause harm because of the interference with natural immunity.

Why has man overlooked the fact that "poisonous" thoughts harboured in deep recesses of the consciousness can cause general disease and complete breakdown of the entire system?

Emotional and mental attitudes are reflected in the reactions of the body. When a person is angry, he sets his jaw and sometimes clenches his fist. Self-opinionated persons often have hard and staring eyes, especially when they are determined to convert some one to their way of

thinking. Hurt feelings and emotional entanglements may cause the throat to become tight and tense, resulting in speech defects.

If these reactions are held within and made part of daily living, the jaw becomes permanently set and the throat becomes a weak spot which gives out just when most needed. All these tense body attitudes rob the muscles of their elasticity and they become fixed in one position. Rarely do they relax even in sleep. It has been established that negative thoughts and attitudes affect the body and cause ill health and that a rigid, biased unloving nature creates a rigid unyielding body. Your whole nature is intimately united. You cannot say, "I will not be resentful" and continue to keep your jaws set. You cannot justify acts of retaliation and expect to be healed.

It is surely reasonable to feel that when relieving strain causing headaches, ulcers, sleeplessness, and untold other ills, one should start with the body. Once the body becomes relaxed and physical strain released, the emotional and mental tensions will miraculously be released too.

Try it yourself. Now that you are aware that you set your

jaw when you are emotionally involved in a situation, just deliberately let it go next time you are annoyed. Sigh out your breath until you are quite empty, and see if the emotional strain does not lessen. Do this often enough, and the day will come when you have a split second to decide whether to tense up physically and emotionally, creating poison in the body, or whether to let go.

Your awareness and practice will give you free choice: it will replace the habit insisting that you follow the old pattern. Learn to know your body and how it reacts to your attitudes. As you do so and learn to "let go" physically, you will find that you gain a great release physically. You will gain health for the body and attainment for the soul.

This approach to self healing, once learned, becomes forever a part of you. It brings you health and happiness, and makes you available at all times to help others. It frees your whole being for creative work. Quicken your awareness, become acquainted with universal laws, and realise that you must bring the harmony of these laws right through your simplest action. You will then follow through in harmony to greater things.

PUTTING HIM WISE

A young actor bumped into a well-established colleague at a theatrical club. "Tell me," he began, "would you advise me to use James Asterisk as an agent? Is he trustworthy?"

"You've got me on the spot," said the older actor, "but let me put it this way. If Asterisk had his conscience removed—it would be a minor operation."

Is the Universe Infinite?

How many suns are there in the universe? Does space curve itself and is it boundless and ageless? These and other mysteries of the universe will soon be solved thanks to the Big Schmidt and Hale telescopes.

In observatories all over the world astronomers are examining excitedly the "pages" of a new sky atlas such as the world has never seen before—a superb map of the heavens which is already revealing secrets of the universe. Undertaken by the National Geographic Society (U. S. A.) and the California Institute of Technology which operates the Mount Palomar Observatory, the atlas is the first section of a giant map of the universe, the result of some seven years of intensive work.

Intriguingly, the results of this intensive study are already posing new queries, while the answers to others seem tantalisingly close.

One special piece of optical equipment—the "Big Schmidt" telescope—has brought reality to the astronomers' dreams by making it possible to photograph the heavens to a hitherto unprecedented depth in space—600 million light years. In reality Big Schmidt is a huge camera, named after its designer Dr. Bernhard Schmidt, a German optical specialist. It has a wide-angle lens measuring 48-inches in diameter and a reflecting mirror of 120-inches. It is a superb camera, penetrating with high fidelity ten times deeper into the heavens and showing a space volume a thou-

sand times greater than any ever touched in previous attempts to chart the skies photographically. These qualities enable it to take pictures of hitherto unknown sharpness and clarity at enormous distances. A "light-year" is the distance light travels in one year, roughly six million million miles. The Big Schmidt can reach out some 600 million light-years to obtain its pictures.

Originally, this wonderful telescope was not designed specifically as a "camera" but rather as a "scouting instrument" for the mighty 200-inch Hale telescope at Palomar Observatory. But in the sky survey it was soon found that the 48-inch Big Schmidt was of paramount importance. With its wide-angle reflector its telescope "eye" recorded on supersensitive film all visible objects in great cone-shaped slices of space, reaching out to an average distance of 2,000 billion billion miles. It accomplished in a few years a task for which the "mightier" 200-inch Hale telescope would have needed 10,000 years or so, though the latter "sees" about three times as far.

Yet the Hale is vital too, for when the Big Schmidt discovers some unusual phenomena they are studied intensively by the Hale telescope. The immense scope

of the work may be better visualized when it is known that the new sky atlas will keep astronomers all over the world busy studying the results for an estimated 50 to 100 years.

When conditions are suitable the Big Schmidt goes into action, but even then it is possible to obtain (usually) only four matching pairs of red and blue photographic plates a night.

Each section of the sky is photographed on 14-inch photographic plates through red and blue filters. For a blue exposure about 30 minutes are needed, for a red approximately an hour. This "double" exposure reveals more clearly the colour, temperature and brilliance of distant stars, and moreover will enable astronomers to learn more about the "novae" and "supernovae"—those stars that suddenly and inexplicably explode and swiftly burn themselves out amid a brightness estimated to be millions of times greater than that of the sun.

In all, nearly three-quarters of the sky visible from Palomar have been photographed and recorded.

What mysteries and secrets of the universe will this new atlas help our astronomers to solve? It is difficult to say, of course, but among mysteries which have long excited the earth's astronomers are these:

How old are the stars? Are they ageless, or are some continually being born while others die?

Do celestial systems hurtling outward eventually reach the speed of light and disappear from view for ever?

Does space curve somewhere out on the edge of the vast stretches of the universe—or is it boundless?

What is the power which operates the universe?

What causes those gigantic explosions that astronomers have seen from time to time both in the Milky Way and in the nebulae millions of miles further into space?

What is the true source of cosmic rays?

How many suns are there in the heavens? One expert put forward the theory that all the grains of sand on every beach in the world would not equal the number of suns in the heavens!

Almost from the beginning of the survey astounding discoveries have been made. In 1950, for instance, the discovery of two new dwarf stellar systems in the Constellation of Leo was announced. Up to this time, the smallest known galaxies were estimated to possess a diameter of about 3,000 light-years; the smaller of the new discoveries is estimated to have a diameter of only 1,500 light-years, which suggests that perhaps even smaller stellar systems exist.

Then, in 1951, came the announcement of a much more startling discovery, namely, that there are more than 1,000 clusters of nebulae in the heavens as compared with the twenty known prior the survey. These clusters are great masses of stars and gas, some as far as 350 million light-years away.

But the most revolutionary discovery of all was made by Dr. Walter Baade, early in 1953. Working at Palomar, Dr. Baade

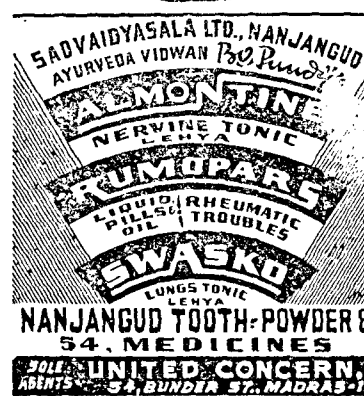
found that, contrary to scientific belief, all stellar systems beyond the earth's own galaxy (the Milky Way) are twice as far away as previously believed. The most distant galaxies visible through the 200-inch Hale telescope, Dr. Baade discovered, are two billion light-years away.

What is the significance of this discovery? The observable universe has a volume eight times as great as believed, while its age is put at four billion years.

Almost daily new aggregations of stars and systems of stars, nebulae like the Milky Way, are discovered. Of the Milky Way itself much new information has been added. In shape it is now seen as a great flat wheel of stars, slowly spinning in space, with "arms" of stars, gas and dust spiralling off its rim.

The foregoing is but a microscopic fragment of new knowledge about the universe which the sky atlas has already revealed.

Perhaps we shall learn how large creation really is. We may even learn whether the universe is of uniform structure, and whether it had a definite beginning in space and time? Perhaps, also, we may discover whether the universe will end one day, or



simply go on extending outward endlessly into space. ---Unesco.

"Flattery is a splendid cure for stiff necks," said John.

"Why?" asked his friend.

"There are few heads it won't turn."

"I have always had a presentiment," she said, "that I should die young."

"Well, darling," remarked her dearest friend, "you didn't, did you?"

SERVICE TO RELIGION

'VELANDAI'

His Holiness Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam in one of his discourses said:

The temples of Muruga, Vinayaka, Draupadi, Dharmaraja, Mariamman and Ayyanar or Sashta are the special features of Tamilnad. There are besides temples for some other village deities also. The management of some of these temples has got disorganised for various reasons. But in recent times Bhajana Matams have come into existence in almost every village. In a city like Madras, there are several bhajana groups. These Bhajana Matams and bhajana groups seem to be well organised. These organisations may take in willing workers and expand their activities in certain directions for the benefit of the community as a whole.

Churches and mosques have been taking care of the dead bodies of destitutes belonging to their respective religions and giving them burial in a proper manner. But there is no agency to take care of the dead bodies of destitute Hindus. Members of bhajana groups can undertake this desirable social service. They can also render monetary and personal help for the funeral of poor Hindus. Similarly the disposal of unclaimed Hindu dead in jails and hospitals can be attended to.

These bhajana groups or sepa-



rate organisations formed for the purpose can minister to the religious needs of prisoners in jails and patients in hospitals. Permission has now been accorded for conducting religious classes inside the jails by Hindus, Muslims and Christians. Hindus are not taking advantage of this concession while others are. Steps must be taken to remedy this defect. Distribution of booklets and pamphlets containing the lives of pious men or religious stories, the organisation of *kalakshepams* and the holding of discourses can be undertaken for their benefit. By these means, if we are able to reform even one in a hundred it will be an achieve-

ment for society. It will also create a feeling in the prisoners that society has not neglected them. In the case of patients who are obliged to remain in hospitals for long periods, voluntary organisations can arrange weekly poojas in some famous temples and distribute prasada to them. They can also be given specially written pamphlets or booklets calculated to promote devotion in their hearts. These patients, if they happen to die, will then die with the name of God on their lips. When a start is made in the above direction, we can take up the question of religious instruction which does not form part of the regular curriculum in schools, though religion continues to be taught in Christian Mission schools. Unfortunately our children are growing up ignorant of our great religious traditions. If missionaries found a happy hunting ground in Hindu society for securing converts, we are ourselves to blame. If we set our house in order and create a feeling that vedic religion is not a neglected religion, but there are people to take care of it, then even those two have gone out of our fold for various reasons will be induced to come back. Our religion will thereby be strengthened and people will be able to practice it with self respect.

It is further desirable that a marriage should be attended by all the relations; that applies to deaths also. But under modern conditions the expenditure involved in satisfying all the relations sometimes compels the people to celebrate the marriage



in some out of the way place. Every person who attends a marriage, whether he be a friend or a relation, should make some cash present. This will lighten the burden of the person conducting the marriage. Costly presents are made at the marriage of rich persons. The process should be reversed. This spirit of mutual co-operation will also have a healthy effect on dowry system which now obeys the law of supply and demand.

The service to religion and the system of mutual co-operation I have indicated will promote the happiness of all.

Associations should be formed in every town and cities. Members of this association should once a week go round the main temple in their jurisdiction and spend sometime in meditation, prayer and bhajana.

Membership of these associations should be based on willingness to work, ability and leisure to render service, and not on castes or communities. The idea is that whatever be the nature of the composition of these bodies, their work should be for the Hindu society as a whole. It is by working together for a common cause that differences can be obliterated.

PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS

SWAMI SIVANANDA

Besides the scriptural teachings, all religions have the "sayings" of their prophets. These are also classed under proverbs, though these include other ideas. Those of the proverbs which have such a spiritual background have as much of deep, secret and mystical meaning as the scriptural utterances themselves. That marks the real idea which they wish to convey to be misconstrued by posterity; and often some non-sensical notes are sounded in a futile attempt to give a true rendering of this sublime music!

Let us take a few examples from the Tamil literature. There is a beautiful (and amusing as it has become nowadays) proverb which means: "When you see (the) dog, there is no stone; when you see (the) stone, there is no dog". This has come to be regarded as a remark made by someone in a light vein, or at least not in a very serious mood. The proverb is taken to convey what it literally does. A man is passing along the road in a village. Several dogs stroll about him. "What a pity!" he is made to think, "there are so many dogs all about me. How I wish there was a stone near at hand, so that I could enjoy a throw at them!" During a pilgrimage the same man looks at beautiful, well polished stones lining the banks of the Ganges; then he thinks: "What a pity, again! Here there are any number of the most lovely

stones. But, not a dog to hit them with!" This is the interpretation of the vulgar. Even the serious amongst humanity nowadays will at best interpret it to mean that this proverb merely restates an old idea regarding earthly fortunes. Where money is most needed, it is usually absent; where it is already superfluous, it is found in more and more abundance. Few care to stop to think what the proverb really has to convey.

To arrive at the real purport of the proverb, we should know the context in which that proverb took its birth. Only then can we understand the sense which the letters wish to convey.

A sculptor moves around an old temple, with every one of his senses and the mind absorbed in the beauty of the carvings on the walls of the temple. He feels the tail of a cat; ah, how beautiful it is! There, the mouth of the lion with that stone-ball inside! So, he moves from one carving to another. He takes a turn. "Lo! That huge dog! If only it jumps on me. Look at its sharp teeth; and its blood-thirsty tongue flowing out of its mouth! It is looking directly at me. Oh, my God what am I to do now?" Perplexed, he closes his eyes. One minute passes, two, three, four. Still the dog is hesitant. "Why, probably it is chained." He throws a small stone at it. It does not move. He goes nearer.

Still it stands where it was, staring at him all the time. "Why, it does not even wag its tail! Peculiar dog it must be." He goes yet nearer, and touches its tail. His whole body rocks with laughter at his own idiotic behaviour. It is made of stone! Yet, such was the workmanship, the colouring and the art that it actually looks like a live dog. This is what was meant by the poet who said: "When there is the dog, there is no stone; when there is the stone, there is no dog." When you see the dog, there was no idea that it was of stone. When you realise it is made of stone, the idea of dog vanishes! What a travesty of truth it is to superimpose all sorts of ludicrous ideas on this proverb which conveys the highest truth! When you see the diversity, unity disappears; and vice versa. When you realise God, world disappears; when you lose yourself in the world, you cannot realise God!

This idea is beautifully expressed in many a couplet in Tamil literature. One says "The elephant screened the wood; and in the wood disappeared the elephant." It sounds mystic. Take an instance. A young child has an elephant made of mango wood which he got as a present from his fond parent. A carpenter is working on the verandah. It runs to him and shows the elephant to him. "See, how big are his legs. Look at his window-like ears. Pooh! The tusks will pierce your chest." It plays with it as if it were an elephant in reality. The carpenter takes the doll in the hand and examines it.



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"Why, child, it is not a good one." "What, my elephant?" "Yes. It is made of mango wood. It will get spoiled soon." To the carpenter, it is not an elephant, but a piece of wood! Such is the difference in the attitude towards the world between the worldly man and a saint. The worldly man sees the world as a diversity, as a mixture of pleasure and pain as a conglomeration of objects: the saint perceives the one hidden essence which pervades the whole universe, to him it is an "abhasa" of that Existence-Knowledge-Bliss Absolute, Brahman.

Now, take another proverb. Translated into English, it means, "When the 'ooru' is split, things were easy for the dancer." This word "ooru" is taken to mean "village". There once lived in a village a big zamindar who owned the entire village itself. A street-dancer used to visit the place once in a way and get rich

presents from the zamindar after a performance of his art. The zamindar died, and his two sons inherited their father's property. Naturally, it was divided between the two. As happens with most of the South Indian families, they both established their own houses. Now, the street-dancer again visited the village and found the zamindar's household divided between the two brothers. He went to one of the brothers and exhibited his feats. He received rich presents from him. He then visited the other brother and gave a performance there also. This brother also gave rich presents, but found out by and by the value of those given by his brother. Out of sheer vanity, he gave more than his brother did! Thus, whereas the dancer would have got presents only from one zamindar, he was now able to get a lion's share in view of the fact that the family was split into two. This is taken to be the real meaning of the proverb.

A moral is usually drawn from the story that families should ever try to remain united; or else some "third party" would plunder both parties to his own advantage at the expense of both of them! When we understand the real meaning, however, we would merely laugh at such perverted explanations.

An important word in the proverb "ooru" is misunderstood to mean a "village" and a whole parable is woven round it! If we think for a while, we are sure to arrive at the correct meaning of the whole proverb. The word "ooru" has been borrowed from Sanskrit where it means "thigh".

You are probably aware of the story of Oorvasi's birth. Sage Narayana was performing severe penance in the Himalayas for innumerable years. Indra, who usually gets upset whenever a saint performs penance, wanted to foil Narayana's attempts. He sent many celestial damsels to tempt Sage Narayana. They approached him with this end in view. They danced, sang, and spread their tempting net over the saint absorbed in his Self. He sensed the mischief; opened his eyes and saw the damsels straining every one of their nerves to disturb him. He smiled at their folly! And as they were looking on, struck his right thigh with his palm. To the bewilderment of the celestials, there arose from that thigh a veritable army of the most bewitching female forms. These latter charmed Indra's messengers who fell their victims instantly. They soon forgot all about their mission and remained there itself. Indra waited and waited. At last, despaired of the return of his missionaries, he sent some of his deputies to find out the cause of their delay. Those Devas, in their turn, were themselves the victims of Sage Narayana's creations. Indra himself came later, found out the fact. But for the Sage's grace upon him, Indra would himself have fallen a victim to the lustful looks of these women. Realising his incapacity, Indra at once fell prostrate at Narayana's feet and begged his pardon. Afraid that his own celestials would fade into insignificance if the sage's creations were allowed to compete with them, he requested Narayana to withdraw the women that he created. The sage at once recalled all the damsels except one to enter his thigh. This one he sent with Indra. She was Urvashi—one who lived in the thigh of Narayana.

That is what "ooru" means. Now, taking this meaning of the word, let us analyse the proverb again. "Because of the separation of the thigh, it was easy for the dancer." The famous story of the Dance of Siva comes before our mind's eye. Parvati, Lord Siva's consort, challenged her husband to a dance-competition. To establish his supremacy over her, the Lord danced for a long time. Parvati was equally adept. She proved his equal in every respect. At last a queer idea struck him. He raised one of his legs up and danced. No decent woman could do that without losing her chastity and proper demeanour! Parvati reflected for a moment, and submitted. She acknowledged defeat. The proverb reminds us of this divine event. "Was it not because the thighs were separated, that victory was easy for the Dancer?"

One more to the point.

There is what is commonly agreed to be a funny proverb which taken literally means: "The burning ghat can be known only if (one) has died previously." It is absurd on the face of it. It is not necessary for one to have died previously to know where the dead bodies are burnt. One passes by the village burning ghat often enough to know where it is. Further, one who dies does not know where he is being taken! So it is impossible for dead man

to know the burning ghat.

A proverb cannot be without meaning; and the meaning is often hidden in a mystery. This proverb should have its meaning; it cannot be for mere fun.

Now, let us probe a little deeper. "Burning ghat" represents destruction, or that which burns. The first part of the proverb literally means, "At the death of 'before' and 'after' only" We all know that the first thing that asserts itself in man is 'I', the false ego that arrogates to itself the doership of every action. The next is a natural corollary of the first—the idea of "mineness" which spreads its possessive net over a large field and gets the 'I' itself entangled in its meshes! Every one of the saints and seers of India has declared emphatically that unless this false ego is annihilated in toto a man cannot attain salvation. Whatever path he might follow, this is a condition prerequisite to realisation. All the Tamil saints have trumpeted this truth in unmistakable terms; and one has chosen to express it in the form of the



proverb! "O fool! Only when the first thing (I) and the later thing (mine) die, can you perceive that Ghat of Knowledge which burns ignorance!" What a sublime thought! And, what a tragic mutilation has it suffered by the passage of time and by falling into the hands of unthinking revellers! May you all understand the real import of the great sayings and imbibe it in your everyday life!

A STRANGE LOVE STORY

Love came to a young woman living in a southern state of America on the day a new and handsome postman began delivering letters in the street where she lived with her wealthy parents. From her window she watched him pass by—and then devised a clever plan to see him more often.

She began writing brief letters on every conceivable subject to the President of the U. S. knowing it is a White House custom always to acknowledge all letters received. She also wrote scores of letters to friends, always asking for a prompt reply.

When the postman called, the young woman would dash downstairs to take in the letters personally, hoping to exchange a few words with him. But sometimes the household's pretty maid servant reached the door before her and took in the letters.

The young woman went on writing and receiving letters for nearly two years, yet every time she did manage to see the postman he seemed oblivious to her charms.

Then, suddenly, he ceased to call. His successor told her the man she adored had got a transfer to an indoor job at the post office.

But what shocked the girl most was the additional news that the heart-throb postman was going to marry shortly. He had fallen in love with the maid servant following his frequent visits to the house!

GRANDMOTHER!

"Women are queer! See that one over there with the pram?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was attracted by the way she was cuddling her baby, and remarked what a grand mother she was. She glared at me, then smacked my face."

"You shouldn't talk so fast!"

Notice in a tailor's window:

"Don't stand outside and faint. Come inside and have a good fit."

THE 547 LIVES OF BUDDHA

MONIQUE LAMBERT

Fairy tales in the West generally begin with the words "Once upon a time..." and they end with the comforting assurance that the heroes "lived happily ever afterwards and had lots of children". Their moral is obvious: happiness on earth is a good thing when it is deserved.

This same feeling of magic is to be found in the tales from the writings of the community of monks established by the Sakya Muni Buddha. Known as the Jataka or "Birth Stories", the 547 tales and legends that make up this anthology are said to have been written by the Buddha himself to spread his teaching in a simple, convincing and concise way. A number of the stories, translated into French by Ginette Terral, were recently published in the Unesco Collection of Representative Works (Indian series).

The Jataka or previous lives of the Bodhisatta (the future Buddha) often begin with the words "Long ago when Bradhamatta ruled over Baranasi, the Bodhisatta was reincarnated in the form of..." And the tale sometimes concludes: "He did good all his life, he was charitable and he went to heaven." Sometimes, the ending is a practical moral expressed in a light and humorous way.

By the way in which the story develops and the presence of supernatural characters, the Jataka are very close to the fairy tales and folk tales of Western countries—the behaviour of human

beings and animals are described in much the same way the world over. "What is more unusual is the sometimes unexpected ending and the feelings described in these stories—for they also express a religious teaching.

There are two kinds of stories: in the first, the Bodhisatta is the central figure of the plot, who exercises a moral influence through his behaviour. Such, for example, is the story of the son of the King of Benares in whom the Bodhisatta was reincarnated and who pretended for 16 years to be deaf, dumb and paralysed rather than become a cruel ruler.

In the second type of story, the Bodhisatta plays the part of an onlooker who at the end of the story states the moral of the tale. There is, for instance, the story of the King who was too talkative. His minister (the Bodhisatta) tells him the parable of the tortoise who was being carried by two geese to another land; but who talked so much that it let go of the stick it was hanging on to and so crashed to earth. This fable and the Bodhisatta's moral greatly impressed the King and "from that day onwards he became sparing of his words."

Every time the Bodhisatta plays the central role, he combines all the virtues, like the characters who, in Western tales, symbolize a just cause. Nothing can upset his calm serenity—neither temptation nor deceit. His virtues, or

those which he teaches are qualities stemming from the mind: to become Buddha and to attain eternal peace in Nirvana, he must first free himself from the cycle of pain caused by rebirth.

The various reincarnations through which the Bodhisatta passes—sometimes in the shape of an animal (a gazelle, a monkey, a hare), sometimes as a human being or the soul of an inanimate object—are not due to chance: they are the result of his *karma*, the sum total of the actions, good or bad, accomplished during his previous lives. To free himself from the cycle he must practise virtue. Physical and spiritual ascetism is not the only road to Nirvana. Another is mystical contemplation which prompts the Bodhisatta and his disciples to retire to a mountain to meditate.

The ascetism which he practises enable him to keep his mind alert and to direct his intelligence towards the experiences of his previous lives, moulding his behaviour accordingly. Thus the Bodhisatta appears in the tales as a prudent and far-seeing man who foresees all the consequences of hasty action. Reincarnated as a caravaneer who has to cross a particularly arid desert, he takes all the necessary precautions stocking up supplies of water for the caravan and uncovering the plots which in the form of mirages have been laid by the *yakkas* or ogres who feed off human flesh. Through his wisdom and far-sightedness, all the members of the caravan are saved and the merchandise is transported safely to its destination.

The Bodhisatta is even ready to sacrifice his life to ensure the happiness of others. Such is the story of the hare who jumps into the fire to satisfy the hunger of the Brahmin beggar. But the Brahmin is none other than the king of the gods sent to test the Bodhisatta and the flames of the fire are harmless.

Though the Bodhisatta is the most disinterested of beings, all his actions are carefully thought out and he has little faith in the kindness of others. Thus, when reincarnated in the shape of a woodpecker, he saves a lion who has swallowed a bone by carefully wedging a stick between his jaws to stop the beast from snapping. Having removed the bone, he quickly flies off out of reach, but, to test the lion, he asks for his reward. He has no illusions, however, realizing that it is useless to force people to be grateful.

Freedom from worry and sorrow, and time for meditation, is the ideal of the future Buddha. This conscious effort towards detachment may explain a kind of indifference to human suffering. The characters in the tales are never very moved by the death of others nor by their misfortunes, but they are always ready to aid them.

The teaching of the future Buddha, as exemplified by his lives, exclude fear and despair: every being can overcome ignorance and attain to supreme wisdom; none of his mistakes is irreparable. If he refrains from violence and from folly, if he achieves a universal love of mankind, he will receive illumination and will free himself from the pain of existence. —Unesco.

The Land of the Centenarians

A recent survey has shown that in Georgia there are over a thousand near centenarians who are still active and working.

PROF. GRIGORY PITSKHELAURI, M. D.

Two people from the Caucasus—Arsigiri Khazitov, and Tsiped Abzive who recently died at the age of 180—were probably the oldest people in the world.

Makhmud Eviazov, from Azerbaijan, who is still alive and well, is now about 150. For almost 140 years he has been working in agriculture. He has a big family, including 160 grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren.

An expedition sent out by the Georgian Institute of Labour Hygiene and Occupational Diseases established that there are about 1,000 people in Georgia who are over ninety.

It is interesting to note that most of the aged people are women, only one third of them being men. This is evidently accounted for by the fact that arteriosclerosis, metabolic disorders, heart diseases caused by smoking and physical injuries contribute to a higher mortality among men.

We have studied in detail the hygienic and sanitary conditions under which more than 1,000 aged people in Georgia live and work, and the state of their health.

Some people naively think that the main factor in preserving life

and health is the absence of any kind of work. Scientific studies and numerous facts show that none of the people who have lived to a ripe old age have been idle. Laziness and idleness are enemies of health and longevity. Labour not only gives people a pleasant feeling of vitality, it also helps them to preserve their mental and physical powers and their interest in life around them.

Among the members of the "Akhali Tskhovreba" Collective Farm in the mountain village of Zemo-Vedia in the Ochamchire District in Georgia there are eight farmers who have attained an extremely old age and maintained their mental faculties unimpaired. The collective farm chairman often summons what he calls the "Council of the Elders", at which the old men discuss problems pertaining to the development of the collective farm and make useful recommendations.

M. Bendeliani, 125, lives and works in his garden in the village of Kelasuri in the Sukhumi District. Until a few years ago he was a forester and he retired from this job only on the insistence of his relatives.

People who live in Tkvarcheli know Suleiman Arshba, 124, who still has all his teeth.

Arshba started work as a shepherd, later he was a blacksmith for many years and in later life took up gardening.

One of the most noteworthy characteristics of the thousand people in question is that nearly all of them have families. Only five women among them have never been married. As a rule, long-lived people have many children.

The overwhelming majority of these people have never suffered from any illnesses. Some of them had the first medical examination in their lives when we studied them. Out of a thousand of these old people more than 300 by no means look their age, but many years younger. Two of the old men suffer from cataract, only 72 of them use glasses, and only 36 complained of deafness. Their internal organs show no particular pathological troubles. Most of those studied have a sound nervous system and a good memory. They remember events of the remote past particularly well.

It is especially interesting to note the diet of the "long-livers". They have meals at fixed hours, 3-4 times a day, and without any specially planned diet. Not more than 25 people in the group are vegetarians or live on a milk diet.

The food they eat consists of meat, vegetables and dairy produce. Their ration includes also "lobio" beans, porridge made of maize flour, cheese, sour-milk and a great deal of piquant sauces and spices which improve the appetite and give a better

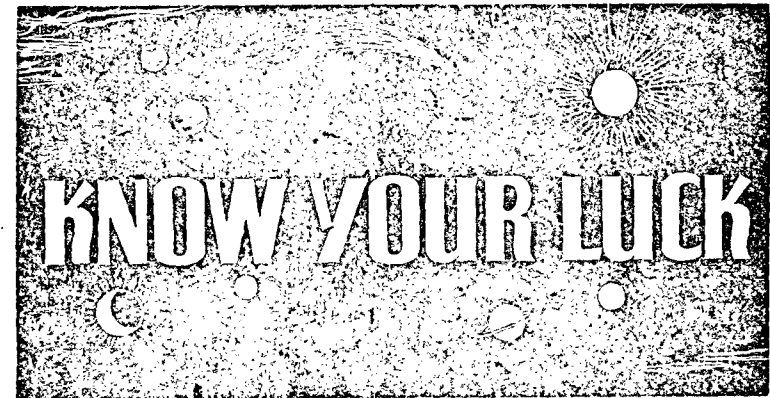
taste to food. Fresh fruit has an important place in the diet. Some of the old people think that an abundance of fruit (especially grapes) and honey has contributed a great deal to preserving their health and life for so many years.

Long-lived people are moderate with regard to alcoholic drinks and wine. Out of the 1,000 only four are heavy smokers, 168 smoke moderately, and the rest of them have never smoked. Many of the old men speak of the harmful effect of smoking, giving the example of their own lives as proof, and often advise the younger men to give up the habit.

The creative activities of the old men in Georgia are interesting and varied. Many of them are dancers, singers and skilful at playing ancient instruments.

The study of the conditions of life of Georgia's long-lived people warrants the conclusion that anybody can retard the ageing process by arranging his life reasonably. The important thing to remember is that people should start thinking of longevity at an early age, and not when they are on the wrong side of sixty, for disorders that set in at an early age leave their trace for a lifetime.

Work in which people are interested and find to their liking is an important stimulant. Life can be extended by reasonably organizing labour and rest, observing the rules of personal hygiene, by regular meals, exercise, sufficient sleep and, last but not least, reasonable care of the nervous system.



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planetary map does not promise better state of affairs during this month for you in general.

During the first half major planets are ill placed showing delayed success, journey, accident, differences with relations, financial pressure, and trouble through near relations. Second half is more favourable when major planet Guru will enter the 7th house. You ruler Mangal enters his own rasi and Sukra, the lord of wealth, enters the 3rd house; this promises better state of financial affairs in particular, help from higher-ups and relations, and your domestically inclined disposition. Financially, though Sukra is in his own house aspected by Guru, pressure in money matters is felt. Your own relations will worry you financially while in second half sudden money will be acquired on or about the 28th and all your difficulties will be minimised. Eye sight in a few cases may be

affected. Change of house may be thought of in the first half. Heavy expenditure will result on account of your commitments. Officially, second half is more encouraging than the first. Your boss will not be favourably inclined in the first week. Your work will be heavier than before. Physically you may not be keeping fit during the month. Last week of the month indicates an acute type of stomach derangement or in a few cases, there will be unnecessary aspersion cast on you. Merchants will feel better in the second half from the 22nd onwards. Partnership is encouraging.

3, 4, 14, 16, 19, 23, 28 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

This is a very promising month for you. Planetary set up is favourably aligned particularly in the first half when you may expect good relationship

with others, favour from higher ups, successful undertakings, good administration of your affairs, etc. Financially, first half is slightly better. Money from a distant place may come to you or through your relations. Second half, financial pressure increases, yet your commitments will be conveniently met. A journey is expected in the second half. You will be domestically inclined also. Correspondence, writing, deep thinking will be favoured by the planetary combinations. Private enemies may pursue you in the second half. Avoid increased commitments in the second half. Officially, there may not be much gain in the month. First half may bring boss's favour. Physically second half is not a good period; greater care is necessary regarding your diet. Merchants will be lucky during the first half. Business stalemate is evident in the second half. Partnership will be favourable during this month.

2, 4, 12, 14, 16, 18, 23, 28, 30 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary configuration spells an admixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ Mrigashira, $\frac{1}{2}$ Ardra & $\frac{1}{2}$ Punarvasu influences at work during this month.

The two benefics flanking on both sides of your rasi are quite favourable for the happy and active social life. Mangal and Guru in square to Surya on your rasi might cause some dejection or accident in some cases while other planets might minimise the danger ahead. New learning and new source of income will be

your experience during this month. Surya in the first half favours the journalistic pursuit. Commission agency business, your near relations like brothers, and finally your efforts to improve your domestic amenities are emphasised during this month. One of your sons will come up to your expectation in the second half. Domestically you will feel better in the first half. Officially you may stand a chance of a promotion or a change of job or enjoy boss's favour. Second half is more favourable officially and financially. Merchants will be luckier in the second half after the 11th of July. Speculatively they will gain more profit. Partnership will be very much favoured in the second half.

1, 3, 4, 9, 14, 16, 18, 23, 28 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planetary alignment during this month sounds $\frac{1}{2}$ Punarvasu, $\frac{1}{2}$ Pushya & $\frac{1}{2}$ Ashlesha more encouraging in the second half when Guru enters the 4th house and Mangal enters the 10th house. Heavy expenditure is caused in the first half. You will be worried through your own relations. Domestically you will not be happy owing to incongruent elements around you. Your own relations will accuse you. Avoid important signatures on documents after the 11th. You will not have peace of mind at all during this month. Your friends may not prove sincere and honest in dealing with you. Second half registers financial improvements. You will be more

inclined domestically also then. You will be in fluctuating moods and indcisive. Avoid friction with others near about you and in all your correspondence. Domestically you will improve your general condition of amenities. One of your children will come up well to your satisfaction after the 11th. Officially, second half shows your activities in your vocational field. New job may be obtained in a few cases or change of duty may occur in a few cases. Merchants will find this month more profitable in the second half. Partnership will prosper. Foreign business will improve.

1, 3, 4, 14, 18, 23, 21, 28 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

First half seems to be more promising than the second since Surya and Sukra and Guru are in favourable positions. Your lord Surya is coursing through the house of gain, friends and money, popularity and influence, acquisition of knowledge and happy social life. But Mangal in the 8th house in square to Surya and Guru is an incongruent element and a reactionary planet causing differences of opinion with relations, disappointment in correspondence, disfavour from Government and accident in a few cases if it had not already occurred in the last month. Surya's position in the 10th house and the 11th house is an encouraging feature promising help through higher ups, favours from the expected

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Pillaiar Kovil Kadai)

quarters, better brotherly feeling than before, greater gain through correspondence and popularity in the sphere of your work. Financially, first half is said to be luckier than the second when owing to the increasing items of rising expenditure, financial pressure may be felt. Domestically second half is better. Greater harmony prevails at home. Health of your wife may cause you some anxiety. Your own general health may be disturbed due to functional and nervous troubles for some time. You have to be more yielding than relentless, obstinate and uncompromising and fretting. Officially, you gain in this month more than in the last. Your boss will be more inclined towards you from the 11th onwards. A journey is envisaged in the 2nd half. Merchants will find the second half luckier particularly as to foreign business. All those people who are having foreign relationships through business will

do well until October 10th when Mangal turns *vakra*.

3, 8, 11, 16, 13, 23, 28, 30 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

But for Mangal in the 7th house, and 8th house partly, this month should have proved a welcome one to you in all respects. Planets

are massing around 9th, 10th and 11th houses and are very favourably disposed, indicating that this is the time for you to make hay while the sun shines. These planets denote your holding a high position, your work in office being appreciated. You will be in the limelight and popular with members of the office and outside and patronage extended to you by higher ups or sympathetic and influential friends of yours. Surya passing through the 10th house for 5 days and then entering the 11th house for 15 days thereafter will render it easy to gain the cherished objectives at a higher level. Sukra's position helps you largely in financial matters and the social circle in which you take keen interest. Your ruler Budha in the 11th house brings you some friends but temporarily in the first half. Some enemies are also in the picture of your life causing you some anxiety in regard to your dealings with them. Financially this is a very helpful and encouraging month. Expenditure starts from the last week of the month. Physically your general health may not be good as also of your wife, in the

course of the month. A journey may be envisaged during this month. Officially, you stand to gain much. Merchants may temporarily meet with some unexpected difficulties only to be resolved after the 11th. More money may be gained in the second half onwards. Partnership will fare well.

3, 4, 5, 8, 11, 12, 16, 18, 26, 28 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Your ruler in the 8th house aspected by Sani is not quite happy. Mentally you are more worried for no reason whatsoever. Guru's aspect should make you externally happy in all respects. His entry into the 9th house of general happiness and Surya's entry into the 10th house besides Guru's entry into your own rasi, all these must wake you up to the reality of friends, domestic happiness, and finance. Your lord of 7th house entering his own house, viz. Mesha on the 11th, should make you perfectly happy in conjugal life. Mangal, the lord of wealth and education, is well configured making it easy for you to achieve your goal in view both financially and socially and you will have no complaint whatsoever. A change in the residence is envisaged since planets are aligning themselves favourably. Officially, this month is equally lucky for you to raise yourself to a higher stature through the help of your boss. A journey is also envisaged. Merchants will be lucky during this month as the month is underway. Partnership

will prosper. Foreign business relationship will improve satisfactorily.

3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 16, 18, 23, 25, 28 are better days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Sani during this month and Surya during the first half are not favourably inclined in general. Unless you had planets in Simha ill placed at birth this month may be said to be good for you. Sukra in the 7th aspected by Guru is a special feature obtaining around you bringing the expected help and advancement with enhanced reputation but you shouldn't push yourself much beyond your capacity after the first half when you may get a setback. General success attends you during this month in particular. Your ruler Mangal entering his own house from the 11th is not good in one way as it disturbs your general health besides causing you financial pressure necessitating the raising of hand loans where need be. Second half is not good for your wife's health. The month is favourable for all marriage seekers. Financially this month is good in the beginning and though troubled in the second half, relief is soon obtained. Domestically better happiness is claimed but not enjoyed. Influence of an elderly person is seen over you during this month limiting your prerogatives in domestic life. Officially second half is better. Transfer will be gained easily if desired otherwise a change of duty is involved.

Merchants will be fortunate in the first half. Their speculative businesses will bring satisfactory results. Second half may not be as good as before. Partnership will fare well.

2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 14, 16, 23, 28, 30 are better days.

DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

The special note of this month is on your career interests. Guru in the 10th house as the lord of your rasi, highlights your affairs regarding your occupation, father, mother, your abiding ambition in the new outlook of life, your superiority complex over your subordinates, your overbearing and proud nature or assumption of airs whenever you are exercising authority and finally your tension with friends and relations. Guru in the 10th house is the important star turn from the 22nd onwards indicating special accent of general progress in life both socially and professionally during this month. First half refers to your work, money affairs and your aggressive contact with people with whom you are adversely inclined, since Mangal aspects Guru. The month is such that you will feel impelled to do something important. The trine of Sukra to Guru is helpful in getting round the routine of duty and relaxing in a quiet atmosphere. A distant journey is envisaged in the second half or in a few cases your general health may be affected. Financially heavier expenditure is in store though you may not be

inconvenienced in your commitments. Your own relations will attribute bad motives unnecessarily during this month. A marriage question in which you are interested may crop up suddenly. Officially the 7th house Surya is stimulating enabling you to bring yourself and your talents to attention of higher people. You may gain officially. Merchants will find this month more favourable especially in the second half. Their speculation takes a bigger turn of business adventure. Partnership is a speciality during this month.

4, 8, 14, 16, 23, 28 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

Better alignment of planets seems to be ahead of you during this month. Guru enters back to the 10th house causing you some mental strain and stress regarding your professional affairs in particular. The solar course in the 6th may stiffen your attitude towards work, subordinates and relations during the first half. During the second half Mangal and Surya again come under fiery aspects causing troubles in the domestic and outside circle. Your friends are more powerful now from the 11th when you can expect some help through them. But keep them as far away as possible since their relationship might wound your mind in the course of the month. Your wife also may not make you happy domestically. If there is any court case, you had better have it postponed to a later

date. Some property question may come up for your serious consideration during this month. Otherwise a house move may be in the month's picture. Domestically you may not feel quite happy owing to quarrelsome elements around you. Officially you may wait for a change during this month. Merchants will find this month an admixture of good and bad influences at work. Partnership will fare better in the month. New partnership may be found encouraging. Foreign business will be successful till the 22nd.

3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 14, 16, 19, 23, 28 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

The solar course through the 5th house in the first half concerns your relationship and anxiety about children and your furtherance of special desires and pet ambitions during this month. You will entertain friends and relations or meet your rare friends. Mangal in the 2nd will bring about unnecessary friction. His entry into the next house is very helpful to you and will make you more emboldened and active mentally and physically so that your outlook on life may prove brighter and more delightful. Guru in the 8th may cause some delay in some of your aspirations. The last week will be particularly lucky for you in realising many of your cherished hopes and desires through the favours of higher ups. Mental lord Budha in Kataka till the

20th and thereafter in the 7th house makes you highly strung in mind causing confusion over affairs of your loved ones, and also spiritually inclined mentality in your surroundings. One of your children will attract or claim your special attention from the 20th. The emotional side of life is aroused by the romantic planets of Kuja and Sukra besides Ravi and Budha. Financially first half shows heavy fluctuations while second half favours special conveniences to meet your commitments. Investment is propitious during this month. Marriage affair, if any, engaging your attention, may prove fruitful. Officially better luck is evidenced in the second half. Change of work or a transfer may not be an improbability. Merchants will do well in the second half. Foreign business has greater success during this month.

4, 7, 8, 9, 16, 23, 27, 28 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

First half presents a more congenial planetary position in all your affairs. Mangal on your rasi may cause you anxiety as to monetary affairs till the 11th. Thereafter his entry into his own house of income is a promising

sign of your financial conveniences. You may gain through your relations, friends, companies and banks, as the case may be. The aspects of Saturn to the 11th house brings you in contact with your old friends with whom there may be mutual help. Sukra in his own house till the 17th may favour your journalistic attitude, correspondence with your brothers or sisters, good news or communication about you in general etc. Mangal's aspect to Surya may worry you as to a house problem. Guru in the 7th house aspected by Mangal on your rasi may land you in some open scuffle or opposition in some monetary or legal matters. A ceremony may occur during this month. Financially heavier expenditure is indicated. Planets over your rasi and in the 4th and 7th also may not make you care-free as to accident till the 11th of this month. Domestically you may feel better after the 11th. Second half may keep you worried over domestic affairs in particular. Officially first half is better while the second one may reveal a transfer or necessitate your taking leave for some time. Merchants will be lucky in the second half. Partnership will be favoured this month. Foreign business may prove equally attractive and lucrative.

3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 14, 16, 15, 23, 28 are better days.

"I don't know, Angus, marriage seems such a solemn thing. Have you counted the cost?"

"The cost, darling? Why, my cousin's a clergyman. He'll marry us for nothing."

Filled House With Ants As Revenge

Some people will go to fantastic lengths to exact revenge because of some real or imagined grievance.

A professional violinist in the United States, for instance, got the worst of a business deal and then secretly planned an amazing revenge, writes Ashley Brown in *Tit-Bits*. He rented a house next to the businessman's home and then set about making the place impossible to live in.

He practised his violin playing at all hours, thumped a piano at one o'clock in the morning and often played a cornet near his neighbour's bedroom window when he was in bed. The long-suffering businessman took legal action against him, but the violinist continued to "serenade" him loudly at every opportunity.

His persistence finally made his victim move away from the district. But the fanatical avenger was still not satisfied. He bought out his victim's next-door neighbours, moved in and started afresh to annoy him with music played at all hours on a variety of instruments, including a bassoon.

The distracted businessman again went to law, but could get no real redress, so he made a further move to a detached house in a country district, feeling he would be safe there from his persecutor. But he wasn't.

The violinist hired a brass band and a man with a barrel organ to play four or five evenings a week outside the other man's house. The victim sued the

violinist who cheerfully paid £1,000 and afterwards confided to a friend that he thought his revenge cheap!

Another strange story of revenge concerns a retired Yorkshire doctor who had a dog which often barked half the night, greatly disturbing his neighbour, an enthusiastic naturalist.

After standing it for some time, the naturalist went to law, but the case went against him. He had to pay costs as well as continue to endure the dog's barking. This embittered him and he planned revenge.

A week later the dog owner's house had a great plague of ants. It was a mystery where they came from. The nuisance grew worse and worse as the summer advanced. Ants by the million invaded the house. There were ants in the food, the beds, the carpets, the curtains and all the efforts of the doctor and his household failed to stop the inflow.

Tens of thousands of the invaders were tiny red ants which were almost impossible to exterminate. The dog owner was nearly driven mad by the invasion.

He was preparing to quit the house when one night he heard a slight noise downstairs. He hurried down the ant-ridden stairs and discovered a masked man emptying a large bagful of ants on to the dining room floor. It was the naturalist, caught in the act.

The mystery was solved and the naturalist was sued. He admitted that he had introduced

all the ants over a long period. He confessed that he had even caught his enemy's dog, tied perforated bags of ants round its neck, and let it go home to shed them all over the house during the owner's absence. He said that the ants did not sting.

The naturalist paid heavy damages, but was obviously proud of the way he had hit back at his neighbour with ants.

Sometimes a jealous wife exacts an odd revenge. A German woman who discovered that her sixty-year-old husband was taking a pretty girl to dances and parties waited till he was asleep one night. Then she quietly sprinkled itching powder on the under side of his wig.

Off went the husband next day to meet his secret sweetheart. They were strolling happily towards sunny seats in a park cafe when the man suddenly felt a great desire to scratch his head. He managed to control it, but ten minutes later, as they were being served with coffee, he could stand the tickling no longer.

He tore off his wig and rubbed his head vigorously. When the girl realized for the first time

that her companion was quite bald, she accused him of deceiving her about his age, got up and walked away. The pair never met again.

When a shapely young cashier in a Paris restaurant spurned the advances of a bank clerk who lunched there, he sought revenge.

First he obtained a photograph of the girl—one taken when she entered a beauty contest and which revealed her charms. Then he had several hundred copies of the photograph made.

In the name of the girl, he proceeded to reply to all the matrimonial advertisements of lonely bachelors he could find in Paris. Each reply said: "I am so longing for a soul mate. I am waiting for you. My photo, which I enclose, will show you what I am like."

The result was an almost unending procession of lonely bachelors to the flat where the girl lived. They crowded the stairway. They argued. And all of them flourished the photo and the letter.

The alarmed hall porter sent for the police—and next day the embarrassed girl was looking for a new flat.

LEGAL ADVICE

"The Army wouldn't take my husband because he had flat feet," said a woman consulting her lawyer. "Can I get a divorce because of his flat feet?"

The legal man replied: "Not until you have evidence that his feet are in the wrong flat."

The average female mouse has about six families a year, each of about six. They in turn start breeding at about four months. A pair of mice which entered a house and managed to dodge cats and traps would increase to 300 or 400 by the end of a year. If, after two years, nothing had been done to exterminate them, the house might have a mouse population of 50,000.

AGE OF MARRIAGE

A young girl living in Ireland, Bolivia or Swaziland may legally marry at the age of twelve; in Denmark, Czechoslovakia or Ethiopia she must wait until she is eighteen.

Boys in Burma, Chile and Spain may marry at fourteen, but in the German Federal Republic, Peru and Sweden they may not marry before they are twentyone.

The minimum age of marriage varies widely in different parts of the world. In some countries, particularly in Asia and Africa, there are no restrictions and young people are allowed to marry as soon as they reach the age of puberty, according to traditional or religious practice. Even in some of the more socially and economically advanced nations, girls may marry at the age of twelve and boys at fourteen.

A study on the subject made by United Nations was discussed recently in Geneva by the U. N. Commission on the Status of Women. The meeting had before it a recommendation on "the desirability of free consent of both parties, and the establishment of a minimum age for marriage, preferably not less than fourteen years.

According to U. N. study, differences exist not only between one country and another but also within certain countries with a federal system of government. In Australia, for instance, legislation in some states sets the marriageable age of a girl at sixteen, while in others the age is twelve. Similar variations are found between the provinces of Canada and the states of the United States.

A number of countries, among them the USSR and Yugoslavia, require only the consent of the parties to be married, assuming they have reached the legal age. Young people in most of Western Europe, Latin America, the British Commonwealth and the United States may marry before the specified age with the consent of their parents or guardians. In some areas, parents or guardians of the prospective bride must give their consent but this is not required for the groom. In yet others, the consent of parents or guardians is considered a major requirement for marriage.

A boy was asked to define the word agriculture.

"Agriculture," he said, "is something like farming, only farming is doing it."

"When are you going to fix that fence, George?" asked his wife.

"Oh, next week, when young Percy comes home from college."

"But what will the boy know about fixing fences?"

"He ought to know a heap. He wrote me that he'd been taking fencing lessons for a month."

Cure for Nervousness

PERHAPS you've had to get up and make a speech at a wedding, dinner or trade union function. Were you very nervous? Don't worry: you're in good company.

When Mark Twain first stood up to lecture he felt as if his mouth was filled with cotton and his pulse was racing. General Grant led a great army to victory; yet when he tried to speak in public he confessed he practically had paralysis and nervous collapse.

"The first time I attempted to make a public talk," Lloyd George confessed, "I was in a state of misery ... my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and I could hardly get out a word."

Is there a cure for this nervousness? Yes, says Dale Carnegie, who hit world fame with *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. Men have always admired courage. So, no matter how your heart may be pounding, stride forth bravely and act as if you loved it. Draw yourself up to your full height, look your audience straight in the eyes, and begin to talk as confidently as if every one of them owed you money and had gathered there to beg for an extension of credit.

If you must make nervous movements, place your hands behind your back and twist your fingers where no one can see them—or wiggle your toes.

LINCOLN'S FAVOURITE STORY

Abraham Lincoln was fond of telling funny stories. One he used to tell with roaring success concerned a late traveller trying to reach home over the black muddy roads of the Illinois prairies who was overtaken by a storm, an inferno of thunder, lightning and torrential rain.

Finally, a crash more terrific than any he'd ever known brought him to his knees. He wasn't usually given to praying, but "Oh, Lord," he gasped, "if it is all the same to you, please give us a little more light and a little less noise."

LOST WIFE IN DICE GAME

Two Italians were engaged in a dice game, and towards midnight one was just about cleaned out and started betting his last possessions: his cow, his horse, finally his house.

With nothing left except his attractive wife he challenged his opponent, a bachelor, to take her in a final throw; win the winsome woman or call it quits. To win, the broke one had to get eleven in two throws. He got ten and wept as his conqueror led the woman away.

The unhappy husband took the matter to court and the astoni-

shed judge said that a man could not gamble away his wife. She was told to return home.

"But I like the man who won me," she told the judge, blushing. "I want to stay won." And she did.

EGG A ADY

Old hen: "Let me give you a piece of good advice."

Young hen: "What is it?"

Old hen: "An egg a day keeps the axe away."

WELL MATED

"Are they a well-mated couple?" Mrs. Frenchify asked her husband.

"Oh, they certainly are," he said. "He snores and she's deaf."

Achievements are like trousers—they become threadbare if you rest on them.

PARTIAL WELCOME

Client (just acquitted on burglary charge): "Well, good-bye, I'll drop in on you some time."

Counsel: "All right, but make it in the daytime, please."

Teacher (looking over Junior's home work): "I don't see how it's possible for a single person to make so many mistakes."

Junior (proudly): "It wasn't a single person, Miss. Father helped me."

Reproof is a medicine like mercury or opium; if it be improperly administered, it will do harm instead of good.

—H. Mann.

Thank not those faithful who praise all thy words and actions, but those who kindly reprove thy faults.

—Socrates.

It is truly said sympathy is never wasted unless you give it to yourself.

BIGOTRY

Asked how she liked her new boss, a young secretary remarked, "Oh, he isn't so bad. Only he's kind of bigoted."

"How do you mean?"

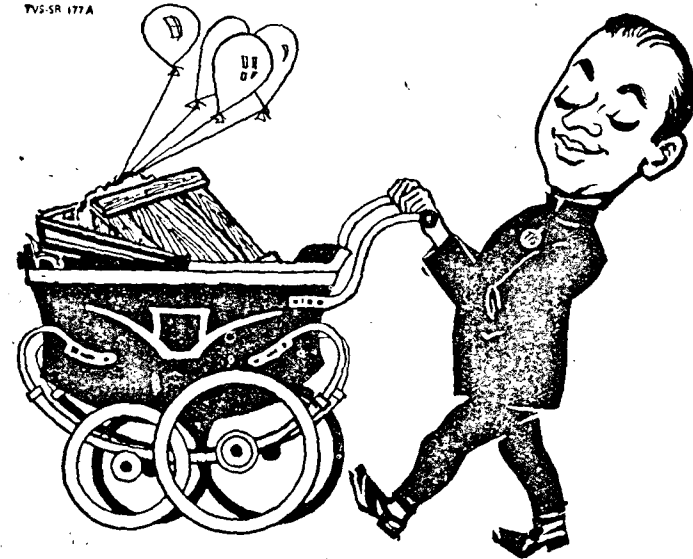
"Well," explained the girl, "he thinks words can only be spelled one way."

AT LAST

Friend: "And what is your son going to be when he's passed his final exam?"

Father: "An old man."

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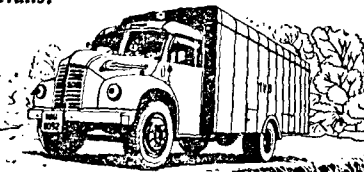
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