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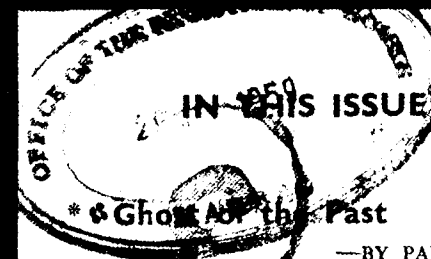
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# INDIA

## MAGAZINE



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USUAL FEATURES

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# INDIA MAGAZINE

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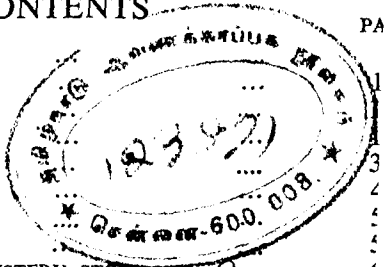
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EDITORIAL

# India Magazine

THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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No. 12

## A DANGEROUS TREND

WHAT will happen if the administration is decentralised and panchayats are given full powers? Will it be different from the British model of justice that we have known all these years? It will not only be different but also prove disruptive to our sense of unity if village autonomy is granted. If village councils replace courts judgments are apt to be biased. Will not local politicians and men with wealth and power attempt to influence decisions? Will the men who are expected to dispense justice be as learned, wise and impartial as the Magistrates and Judges who sit in courts and keep an open mind?

At a farewell function got up the other day, Mr. Justice A. S. P. Iyer, uttered a solemn note of warning against a dangerous move to entrust the duties of the court to panchayats. He said in very plain language that the politicians' ideal to substitute justice through panchayats for justice through the courts would result in chaos. We certainly had many grievances against the British but we must also concede that they have left behind, to use the words of Mr. A. S. P. Iyer, three wonderful things—"their system of justice, the English language and the spirit of democracy."

With the frantic attempts to belittle English and push it into the background our sense of unity is being corroded. Should we tamper with their system of justice even when we know that it is matchless? We can blame it for the law's delays but these can be reduced or even eliminated if only we are determined to end them. But the whole system will be knocked out of the bottom if we begin to think in terms of panchayat justice.

# Ghost Of The Past

By PADMA RAJAN

*[It was a case of marrying in haste and  
repenting at leisure !]*

MAHAVIR twirled his handle-bar moustache as he gazed down over the bridge at the wild stream flowing underneath. His thoughts were as turbulent as the waters. He had walked far out of town—nearly seven miles—and come to this bridge spanning the roaring stream. As if in sharp contrast stood the majestic range of hills, calm and delightful to the eye. Even though a hot sun was blazing the hills were enveloped in a thin veil of mist.

“Some day I will leave the plains and go to the hill where nothing will disturb me,” he told himself. But how could he remain cool and collected when something had happened to ruin his happiness? He had walked all the way to forget his worries but they relentlessly pursued him. He even toyed with the idea of committing suicide. The major event of his life was his

love marriage with Usha but it had gone on the rocks. His dreams had been shattered; he was now a cynical, disillusioned man. Life had suddenly ceased to hold any attractions for him.

His marriage with Usha last year was the natural culmination of a glorious romance. Every evening as he came out of the club and waited for the bus to carry him home, he saw a young woman standing near him. He felt something queer happening to his heart. Surely it was a case of love at first sight. Many were the sly glances that he cast in her direction. She was small—what you call petite—but oh, how well proportioned! And what a sweet radiant face she had. She was talking with some other girl but she did not fail to catch him looking at her. A smile, though very faint, seemed to be her answer. He wanted to

trail her to her home but second thoughts restrained him. All that night he kept on dreaming of her.

He was excited when he found her waiting at the bus stop even the next evening. He found the task of waiting for the bus quite a pleasant affair. The same girl came to talk with her. This time he gathered some information about this heart-stealer. Her name was Usha. Her friend had accosted her so. This was the second phase of the romance.

When on the third evening also he saw her his heart missed a beat most definitely. She appeared even more charming than before. The girl friend came and this time they did not wait for the bus. They entered a hotel, joking and giggling, and poor Mahavir was disappointed. But he suddenly brightened up. He saw a small black plastic purse on the ground. He knew at once that it belonged to Usha. He had seen her using it on the two previous evenings when she took cash out of it to pay the fare to the conductor.

His mind raced like a scooter, and he smiled to himself. He knew where she got down. So he boarded the bus and waited for her at the terminus. But when she did not turn up even after two hours he almost gave up hope. He even felt guilty and ashamed for detaining her purse so long. He ought to have returned it to her at the hotel itself. But, then, he had wanted

to meet her alone. Out of curiosity he opened it to see the contents. My! there were only twenty-eight naye paise and a four-anna coin.

At last she got down from a bus and put up her umbrella because there was a slight drizzle. He let her walk a few yards ahead towards the end of the bus terminus which opened on into a vast maidan. He caught up with her after a few minutes and spoke to her in an apologetic tone, handing her the purse. “Madam, if you would pardon me for this unusual meeting, I would like to return your purse which you dropped at the bus stop in front of the Young Men’s Club. You went with a friend into the hotel and I lost track of you...”

SHE smiled in gratitude. “Thank you very much, sir. Yes, it is my purse in which I keep small change. I had no occasion to look for it as I have a bigger purse for currency notes. Anyway, I thank you for all the trouble you have taken and I am glad to make your acquaintance.”

The music of her voice bewitched him and the nearness of her presence thrilled him to the very core of his being. But before they reached the main road he took leave of her and withdrew. “This time every night you can meet me. I walk through the maidan, you know,” she laughed, adding, “of course,

only if you have any business to go this way."

She hurried off as the drizzle developed into a sharp shower. But the significance of her words was not lost on him. And from the next day onwards he waited for her at the bus terminus and escorted her across the maidan. He found her to be very lively and graceful and she accepted his company as something very natural. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship and this evolved into love and intimacy. She took him to her three-room residence, small, compact and neat, and introduced him to her ailing mother. The only other member of the family was her brother, Raj, who was working as manager of a sugar mill near Munirabad. He was sending them regular remittances for running the home.

BEFORE he could ascertain his bearings, Mahavir realised that he had become crazy about Usha and that he could not live without her. His salary as accountant in a match factory, did not exceed Rs. 250 in all but he did not allow any thought of financial inadequacy to deter him. Not even the fact that Usha hailed from a different State and community stood in the way. He wrote to his parents in the village, asking them to cancel all arrangements for his marriage with the girl of their choice. He told them in his letter that he wanted some time to think and felt sure that they would consent

to wait until they heard from him again.

Having thrown his parents off the scent, Mahavir approached Usha's mother and straightaway asked for her daughter's hand. She was not surprised though she pretended to be. And when she called in Usha she appeared to be unusually bashful though she had not refused the kisses that he had so silently demanded from behind closed doors. Of course, the old woman expressed her pride in having him as her son-in-law. She herself hinted that her son Raj would not be able to attend the wedding as he had considerable pressure of work.

The marriage before the registrar was very quiet and simple. Mahavir did not even invite his friends and intended that the whole thing should be kept secret. He knew he had misled his parents and that they would disown him if they discovered the truth. But what did he care? He vacated his room and moved his personal effects to the bride's house.

LIFE in the first few months was one of unadulterated joy. Usha was a perfect witch and he was happy to remain under her hypnotic spell. She waited on him like a slave and pleased him in a thousand and one little ways. But he had made a discovery that puzzled him. Often during her sleep she talked fast as if a mortal fear had gripped her. "Oh, don't beat me, please! I

won't do that again, I promise. It was the most stupid mistake of my life." Then suddenly she would wake up, bathed in perspiration and stare vacantly at the wall. But he never questioned her about it.

Usha and her mother had gone to a dramatic show one evening and he had just then returned from office. In the bedroom he found his wife's box lying open. In her haste to attend the show he had forgotten to close it. He ferreted out the contents out of sheer curiosity and was amused as he took out two of her childhood toys. And then he picked up a small newspaper cutting and read through it. His head reeled. He felt as if he had touched a live electric wire. He read it again. It was a report in a Bombay paper, of a case of theft that had occurred five years before his marriage. And Usha was the accused. Found guilty of having stolen a jewel from a

jeweller's shop, she was sentenced by a Magistrate to six months' rigorous imprisonment. Her talk during her sleep only confirmed the grim truth. On the margin of the cutting she had written in her own hand: "Released ten days earlier..."

And that was why he had come a long way from his home towards the stream with the object of running away or throwing himself down into the stream. He stood there for several hours, smoking, thinking and gazing down at the waters below. He recalled how once he had been caned by his headmaster for stealing another boy's fountain-pen. Usha was transformed into a perfect girl now. She was honest with him and tried all her arts to please him and serve him. Well, who was he to sit in judgment over her indiscretion committed in a forgetful moment? He took out the cutting, tore it into bits and threw them down. Then, with a smile, he turned back home, eager for the kiss of the woman whom he had hated only a few hours ago. ‡‡

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# The Universe Of Science

By V. VENKATA RAO

SCIENCE is revealing new facts almost every minute. Our horizons are expanding; continuous addition of knowledge seems to be the order of the day. During the last seventy years, especially, our ideas of almost everything around us have been in a flux. Matter ceased to be hard and substantial. The distinction between matter and energy, as the two being of differently entire nature, no longer holds. They are not two separate entities, but are inter-convertible. Such conversion is taking place continuously in the universe; matter is transformed into energy in the womb of every star and energy is also transformed into matter in the far off and unimaginably cold interstellar spaces. The three dimensions of space are found to be insufficient to explain the nature of the physical world; a fourth dimension, time, has to be added to them and the universe has to be imagined as a four dimensional spacetime continuum. Experiments show

that the space is curved; a ray of light travels along a curved path under certain conditions. It is impossible to see the "Viswa Rupam" with the limited mundane vision.

## Some Examples

Let us consider a few examples.

Matter is made up of molecules and molecules are aggregates of atoms. There are 92 kinds of atoms in nature and man could build up ten more varieties, though they are not stable. They are called the atoms of the "Trans-Uranic elements." Atoms of different elements differ in mass primarily. An atom was considered to be a hard and uncuttable particle, as its very name implies. Later it was found that charged particles

were spontaneously emanating from certain atoms. So scientists attempted to break the atom. It was evident that the atom was constituted like the solar system. In the solar system there is the heavy sun at the centre and the planets revolve round him in different orbits. Similarly there is a heavy central mass called the 'nucleus' at the centre of the atom and it is positively charged, while negatively charged 'electrons' revolve round the nucleus in different orbits. The positive charge of the nucleus is just balanced by the negative charge of the revolving electrons and so the total charge of the atom is zero. Matter is thus uncharged or neutral.

## Atomic Bomb

The nucleus consists of protons, the positively charged particles and the neutrons, particles with no charge. The nucleus is a very compact and well knit structure. Though it is easy to remove some of the revolving electrons from an atom, it is very difficult to tamper with the nucleus. No chemical means could break it. But, it could be split up by the use of appropriate missiles fired with the requisite speeds. When the nucleus is broken—the act is technically called "Fission"—enormous quantities of energy are liberated. In the process of fission a minute part of matter is transformed into energy and the result is the atomic bomb. The heavy nucleus of uranium is

split up into relatively lighter nuclei. The atomic bomb dropped on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki destroyed about four square miles of each city and killed about 300,000 of the population, men, women and children.

There is the reverse process of building up of heavier nuclei from hydrogen, which is the lightest of the known elements. It is known as "Fusion." As a result of the continuous fusion of the hydrogen nuclei in the womb of the sun we are getting heat and light from him. The process is supposed to be a complicated one. At the high temperatures and pressures obtaining in the womb of 864,000 mile-wide globe of the sun, nuclei of carbon and nitrogen co-operate to bring together four atoms of hydrogen and finally transform them into a single nucleus of helium.

Starting with a nucleus of carbon which has 12 units of mass we have a proton or the nucleus of hydrogen absorbed by it resulting in its transformation into a kind of nitrogen nucleus represented by N/13. It loses a positron or a positive electron and becomes a variety of carbon nucleus C/13. A proton fuses C/13 and an ordinary nitrogen nucleus N/14 is formed. Another proton fuses with it when a kind of oxygen nucleus O/15 is generated. That releases a positron and becomes a kind of nitrogen nucleus N/15. A proton fuses with it and finally a helium nucleus He/4 is ejected and

the carbon nucleus remains as it was in the beginning. Thus, it is a peculiar process in which the four incoming protons ultimately fuse together, give out two positrons, and transform themselves into a nucleus of helium. During this process the carbon and nitrogen nuclei do change, but ultimately they get back to their original condition. By this process, it is believed that the hydrogen in the sun is being transformed to helium. Further, every time a proton enters the parent nucleus energy is radiated in the form of high frequency gamma radiation. This gives us a clue as to the nature of the constitution of the stars.

#### Matter and Energy

Then, there is the dual aspect of matter and energy. The electrons and protons from which all matter is built up, behave as particles and as also packets of waves. The characteristics revealed by them depend upon the manner in which they are probed. In certain experiments, a beam of electrons travelling with speeds approaching that of light exhibit the remarkable property of driving a mill wheel placed in their path, behaving just like a jet of water turning a turbine or a stream of bullets from a machine gun. In some other experiments, electrons behave like waves of light and produce diffraction patterns. Likewise, a beam of ordinary light rays behaves like waves producing interference and

sometime like a stream of bullets snatching away a revolving electron in an atom. It is impossible to explain the observed phenomena unless we accept that both matter and energy possess dual aspects.

The scientist is on the verge of discovering some new truths. Space is infinite; time is infinite. Matter is continuously created. The pattern of the universe remains the same for ever, though the component parts are continuously changing. Strain however much we might, create whatever instruments of precision we could, it is impossible for the human eye to perceive "Viswa Rupam." Probably that is the reason why Lord Krishna bestowed "Divya Drishti" on Arjuna during the unfolding of that Song Celestial, Bhagavad Geeta, just before the battle of Kuru Kshetra. The Lord said "Divyam dadami the enakshunu pasya me yoga maiswaram." The reasons might be :

#### Is It Maya ?

The universe is expanding. Sometime back, when time was not yet born, an explosion occurred in the matter which formed the nucleus of the universe. And since then the scattered pieces are getting farther and farther apart. Each galaxy is a cluster of at least a hundred thousand million stars and the first aggregates of the primeval fragments are galaxies. They are receding from one another with incredible speeds.

The speed of recession of a galaxy is proportional to its distance from the observer. The greater the distance the greater is the speed of recession. At a distance of about 2000 million light years, a light year is the distance in miles travelled by light in one year with a velocity of 186,000 miles per second and is equal to  $186,000 \times 60 \times 60 \times 24 \times 365.3$  miles, which is approximately six million million miles—the galaxy recedes with a speed approaching the velocity of light with the result that the galaxies lying beyond that distance become invisible. The light emanating from such a galaxy can never reach the observer; for all purposes such a galaxy is as good as non-existent. That means that if we describe a sphere with a radius of 2000 million light years, the surface of the sphere represents an impenetrable cosmic curtain drawn by nature. Beyond the curtain there might be material objects but we can never see them even with the most powerful and penetrating telescopes we might hope to build, for the simple reason that the light from those objects never enters our instruments.

#### No End to It

And the wonder is that you carry your own cosmic curtain wherever you go in the universe. As you move from one galaxy to another, step, hop and jump, the cosmic curtain travels with you; its boundaries are shifted, but

beyond the curtain nothing will be visible. This idea inevitably leads us to the acceptance of continuous creation. For, ever since the birth of the universe the galaxies have been receding and if all the matter were created only at the beginning, all the galaxies should have receded beyond the cosmic curtain by now and the sky would have been dark and dreadful. The very fact that it is studded with myriads of multi-coloured points of light leads us to the acceptance of the idea of continuous creation. Ever receding galaxies leave behind voids and unless new galaxies filled them the sky could not have been what it is. Therefore, the idea of receding galaxies, which is largely borne out by observation, inevitably leads us to the acceptance of 'continuous creation.' And then, where are the galaxies receding into? How long will it happen? These two questions can be answered if only we accept that space is infinite. Probably it is why the great poet-philosopher Bhartrihari said: "Dikkaladyanavacchinna nantha chinmathra murthaye."

These are some of the aspects presented to us by science. The more we know about our environment the more we seem to have to know to understand it. Science is, after all, a human activity that leads us from facts to more facts. There may be no end to it. ¶¶

# The Newcomers

*[Radha, the cook, was very useful but she had other ideas.]*

THE doctor bent down over the woman patient and angrily turned to her husband. "A nice man you are to come to me for treatment at this stage. How long has she been ill?" he demanded.

"It is not my fault, Dr. Gupta," explained Mr. Kripal. "My wife, Shanta, developed fever thirty days ago. We were in our village at that time. At first I thought it must be malaria which is prevalent in our parts. So I gave her several tablets of Paludrine."

"I credited you with better sense," retorted the doctor. "It is a clear case of typhoid. Not only that. This is a relapse, don't you see, and a serious one at that. When the fever persisted and there was no shivering, you must have brought her to the city and had her admitted to the hospital. Why did you delay?"

"You see, Dr. Gupta, I had to perform a ceremony last week, and could return here only four days ago. Our old cook, Radha, is the widow of a noted Ayurvedic physician, and she gave my wife some herbal medicines and decoctions. We thought Shanta was rallying round when this evening she became unconscious. And to whom could I turn for help but to my old family physician? Can't you do something?"

BY

PRATAP GHOSH

At this time, a young woman in her twenties, plump and pretty, entered the hall from the front entrance and quickly disappeared into the kitchen. "Is this the cook, Kripal?" asked the doctor. "I thought you said you had some old woman in service." Kripal grinned. "No, doctor,

the cook is busy inside and she is very old. This young woman is Seeli, her daughter. And she looking for an eligible bachelor who can marry her and lift the burden off her shoulders."

"No time for these confidential details," said Dr. Gupta. "I can only say you haven't realised the gravity of your wife's condition. I am not satisfied with her pulse. I shall now give an injection. She must recover consciousness within three hours from now. If she does so, send for me again whatever the time. Otherwise don't call me and I am sorry..."

After giving the patient an injection he snapped his leather bag shut and was about to leave the house when he suddenly remembered something.

"Have you written to her maternal uncle Bhaskar about her illness. You should have sent for him. His place is not even an hour's journey from here."

"What a fool I am! It did not occur to me earlier to write to him," exclaimed Kripal. "I will send a messenger to him first thing tomorrow morning."

The doctor simply shrugged his shoulders but made no comment. He then bent over the patient to listen to something she muttered.

"Oh, that is nothing! She is always chanting Ram Nam

and she keeps a string of tulsi beads under the pillow. Even when she is wide awake these were her only words. She does not even speak to me."

"I am off now. There are two more patients to see," said the doctor, closing the door behind him.

Two hours later—it was past ten—Kripal was sitting on a sofa in the front room. The patient was still unconscious. Though her face was pale she looked radiantly beautiful—like an angel descended from heaven and choosing an earthly corner for a heavy spell of sleep. Nobody bothered about her—least of all Kripal who was holding Seeli in his lap and cuddling her.

THE old cook had succeeded in her designs. She had planned to kill Shanta by slow stages — by poisoning her—without rousing anybody's suspicion. Shanta had engaged her for assistance because she was feeling tired and worn out. At first Radha was very helpful and showed great willingness to serve her mistress. After a few days she brought in Seeli and told Shanta that her daughter was due to go back to her grandmother's home in the village. While Shanta was confined to bed, the old woman created several occasions and opportunities for secret meetings between

Kripal and her daughter. She sent Seeli into Kripal's room with tea and cakes, to fetch cups from his room, to take to him his last cup of milk before retiring to bed. She actually pushed her in and the young man slowly began to appreciate the charms of the fair newcomer.

Radha's aim was soon accomplished. One evening in his village home Kripal was all alone with Seeli while Shanta was chatting with her friends in the little bathing ghat. She suddenly remembered her keys which she had left in the kitchen. They were the keys to her boxes containing her jewels and costly clothes. She gently walked in and had the surprise of her life when she saw her husband kissing Seeli.

THERE had been days when Kripal was madly in love with his wife and would not part from her except to attend office. They would eat together and go out together on all other occasions, and he had insisted on her riding with him on his motor-bike. These rambles stopped only when she was in the family way. Great was the young wife's shock at this outrageous discovery. Kripal spoke to her cringingly to explain away this affair but she did not listen. Tears were her only answer. The next day she had a miscarriage and escaped with her life.

Shanta ceased to speak with anyone and when she was down with an attack of typhoid she did not care. She even welcomed death, counting the tulsi beads and chanting the name of the Lord.

BY midnight there was a knock and Kripal had to push Seeli away from his room before he could open the door. Bhaskar and his wife had arrived. Along with them came Dr. Gupta, glum and silent. He glowered at Kripal and walked in. Wonder of wonders! Shanta just then opened her eyes and recognised her uncle and aunt and the doctor. Gupta was pleased. "You are going to recover, my dear. I will try my best and bring in the best of my colleagues for consultation."

The very next day the doctor managed to send out Kripal and spoke stern words to Radha. He threatened to send the police after her if she and her daughter did not leave the city at once. If ever he saw Seeli with Kripal, he warned, the punishment for both mother and daughter on the charge of attempted poisoning would be swift and terrible. He gave Radha money enough to leave the city far behind. And the old cook agreed to obey the doctor and disappeared with her daughter before Kripal returned.

In another month Shanta was up and doing and had no further occasion to complain against Kripal. ‡‡

## HUMOROUS TALE

# DEVIL'S WORK

*[The wife became suspicious and the result was a quarrel]*

IT was ten thousand years before Christ when this incident happened—so the Chinese legends say. One fine morning Wong-Wong was bathing in the mountain stream, when something caught his eye. His curiosity was fully aroused and he edged towards the bank. A young beautiful fairy of the neighbouring forest was holding in her hand something that glittered in the sun. She pouted her lips and smiled at the thin, slab-like thing and with her right hand that was free, rubbed her cheeks and chin with some white powder.

How could Wong-Wong know that it was a mirror and the fairy was giving the finishing touches to her make-up? And that was the first mirror that man ever saw. The fairy, becoming aware that a man—a mere mortal—was watching her, suddenly vanished into the air.

Wong-Wong scratched his head in bewilderment, but he noticed that the fairy, in her hurry, had

left behind the glittering object. He emerged from the stream and picked up the mirror. He looked into it and gasped in wonder at the face of the man that stared back at him.

Wong-Wong laughed aloud as he gazed at the looking-glass. "Now the secret is out. That fairy has fallen in love with a fine young man. His face seems familiar, but I shall find out the fellow wherever he is and dig up the truth," he muttered to himself.

He took the mirror home and deposited it carefully in his big wooden box. But he was careful not to tell his wife, Lee, about his discovery.

Young Lee, however, got suspicious when she saw her husband opening the wooden box off and on, and grinning to himself. One day, he inquisitively stole into the room, and lifted the lid of the box. As she gazed into the small mirror, the face of a lovely young woman stared back at her. Ah! now she knew the truth!

Her husband had fallen in love with the owner of this beautiful face. "I am going to find her out and wring her neck," she muttered in rage and vexation.

At this moment, before she could close the box, her husband unexpectedly returned, and there ensued a battle of words between them. The husband swore that the quaint object in the box only showed up a man but the wife shouted it was a lie. There was a beautiful woman behind the frame and he had fallen for her, so she asserted, and she was very bitter in her allegations.

The couple decided to place their dispute before the temple priest and invite him to sit in judgment. The learned gentleman in the holy robes listened patiently to the accusations of

the wife and the explanations of the husband. He then asked them to show him the glistening object which had caused all the domestic storm.

Wong-Wong gave him the mirror. The priest looked long and steadily at it. A holy man's face, solemn and serious, gazed back at him. The priest gravely bowed his head with all reverence before the mirror and then turned to Wong-Wong and Lee:

"My children!" he observed, "this seems to be some devil's work, or perhaps a gift from Heaven, not fit to be in the hands of ordinary mortals like you. So you had better go home and forget all about this amazing object: I am convening a conference of the chief priests of the land to discuss this discovery!"—BARU.

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## SHORT STORY

# DOUBLE-DEALING

By K. BHARGAVA

492

AS he stood before the full-length mirror in his room, combing his curly head, Mohan looked very thoughtful. The city had become too hot for him in spite of the fact that society ladies worshipped the very ground that he walked on. Tall, handsome and debonair, he was regarded as the most eligible bachelor—a glamour boy

another in taking him to their homes by turns and entertaining him with food and love. That was how he got on in life. He helped himself to their money. There were among others Suprabha, Shanti, Anandhi, Radha and Purnima. The last-named was his latest flame and it was to her big bungalow that Mohan was pre-

Mohan decided to play a secret game but the woman whom he tried to cheat proved to be a hard nut to crack...

who set feminine hearts throbbing with excitement.

He was not very highly educated—there was some obscurity about the place and institution where he studied. But he disguised his lack of education with a smart dress which always gave out an agreeable scent. The airs he gave and the affected way in which he spoke enabled him to find a place in the innermost circle of fashion beauties. They vied with one

Purnima was fat and forty but she was reputed to be the richest woman. Six months ago he met her at a theatre. She had just then settled down in the city. Her husband had been a lieutenant-colonel who saw service overseas during the Second World War but he died in Singapore. Purnima had shut herself up in her home for nearly six years and wasted away in sorrow. It was to forget her

past that she came to the city and abandoned herself to a gay life. When she saw Mohan she fell violently in love with him. He was only twenty-five, several years younger than herself. But the barrier of years between them drove her crazier than ever. Mohan's brown eyes, broad forehead, pencil-like moustache, sharp nose and black curly head stamped themselves on her mind. She forgot her late husband and wanted to hold this young man in her arms and have a fling.

EVEN Mohan was carried off his feet by her wild and passionate ways. He remembered the night when she took him to her palatial bungalow. She had not bought a car as yet, and they both went in a taxi. There was only an old couple to attend on her—the husband being her servant and his wife serving as the cook. Mohan and his hostess shared an excellent meal and she gave him the best of her wines. She said with a merry twinkle in her eyes that her husband had left a large stock of the finest foreign liquor. It is needless to add the footnote that their hearts went pit-a-pat as the bottles were depleted one after another. When Purnima nestled close to him and eagerly sought for his warm kisses Mohan responded with equal ardour. Though she was not beautiful he found her to be very attractive. In less than a week he deserted all his other sweethearts who jealously scoffed and sneered at his new find.

For the sake of appearances, Purnima opened her door to him only late in the nights. She still pretended to be in mourning.

She provided him with money to pay the rent for his room, for his dress, for his meals and even for his conveyance. She was, of course, discreet enough not to give this allowance direct for fear of hurting his pride and self-respect. Early every Sunday morning before he got up she would slip some currency notes into the breast pocket of his coat which was hanging on the nail. She made no reference to this nor did he speak about it at any time. It was, however, tacitly understood between them and he showed his grateful appreciation by satisfying all her whims. She then slowly dropped a hint: How happy they could be if only they were married!

MOHAN suddenly began to tire of his sweetheart. As he carefully thought over her proposal he shuddered in horror. What would happen ten years later supposing he was tied down to this aging woman? Her wealth notwithstanding, she would grow very old, infirm and grey-haired and he would still have vigorous blood coursing in his veins. What a stupid mistake he had made! Only a month ago he had met Sorna, a beautiful girl of sweet seventeen whom he had seen in the house next to his lodging. She accepted many of

his little gifts and did not resist his caresses when he cornered her in the dark unfrequented lane. She was poor but what of that? It would be easier for him to make a conquest—if only he had had plenty of money. He could then spin her round his finger. Two days ago they had gone to a studio and had several snapshots of themselves taken in different tantalising poses. And then an idea flashed across his mind. Purnima, the drunken fool, always left her safe open and it was bursting with stacks of currency notes. He would secrete some of them into his valise and walk off without rousing her suspicion. That night he would make more violent love to her and ply her with more liquor. He would, of course, drink moderately and walk up to her safe at 2 a. m. when she would sleep like a log of wood and even an elephant could not shake off her torpor.

Mohan chuckled to himself as he stepped jauntily into Purnima's bungalow. His sweetheart was as light-hearted as ever and embraced him with greater warmth than usual. That night both of them cracked jokes and laughed over their glasses.

She was sound asleep as Mohan silently got up at 2 a. m. and walked on tiptoe towards the safe facing their cot. He flashed a small torch-light and probed the contents

of the safe. He took a score of wads of crisp new notes and placed them silently on the floor. As he bent down, arching his back, a shot rang out and he slumped to the floor. Purnima had taken out her revolver from under her pillow and fired at him. Was she not a soldier's wife? And she had a gun licence, of course. That young fool had kept a photograph of Sorna and of himself together in the very pocket into which Purnima dropped her allowance last Sunday and she found out the tall-tale picture. With the instinct and shrewdness of a woman she had pieced out the romantic episode. Her jealousy knew no bounds.

When she sent for the police they had nothing to find fault with in Purnima. She had shot a thief in self-defence. Even the Magistrate who exonerated her was all praise for the widow's bravery and presence of mind. †

### CORK MISSING !

A disreputable character in court had just admitted being drunk.

"Did you have to drink the whole bottle at one sitting?" demanded his Honour.

"Couldn't help it, Judge," answered the inebriate, "I lost the cork."

# The New Spirit of Dreams

By S. B. KULKARNI

TO get oneself lost in the wonderland of dreams and reveries is the only inexpensive hobby worth cultivating in this Sputnik Age. And it is a healthy hobby too. I am fully convinced of the fact that the habit of dreaming will act as a "magic cure" for many a mental deformity of young men today. A man in the street wishes to become a world-famous figure overnight. Again, we come across many young science students with high expectations like becoming scientists and engineers of tomorrow. But cases of excellencies are rather exceptional. Scientists like Einstein, humanitarians like Schweitzer and explorers like Tenzing are born only once in a century. Only a few among us possess that scientific acumen and sensation-hungry spirit. Hence the frustration and mental illness of many a man of this age. Modern physicians should

cure such cases by this "dream-pathology." Of course, they must not forget my name as the discoverer of this "neo-pathology." Dreaming has a healing effect in the sense it bridges the gulf between expectations and observations. Dreams are to the life what streams are to the forest. Man must possess a faculty or otherwise run the risk of making life as dry as dust.

## Trip to Moon

Modern authors have become all too matter-of-fact and prosaic. Let them be injected by this new spirit of dreams so that they, like all good imaginative artists, may not lag behind the scientists in having a trip to the moon.

The dream-world of my conception has taken modern character. It moves like man-made baby moons careering

madly through the space. Unusually associated beauty and terror rule over it. It is too attractive and too dangerous. But an habitual dreamer need not fear any Sputnik-wreck. Like a trained captain of a space-ship a dreamer must rein his imagination. You can ask your head to roam in the limitless space but you must keep your feet tight to the ground. When Ike uttered, "our head is in the air and feet upon the earth" he really defined what a trained dreamer should constitute.

## Utter Fantasy

And this hobby can be cultivated by any one. It requires no money. It has no special conditions. It is not limited (like engineering and medical professions) to the first class or the higher second class dreamers. Anybody can indulge in dreaming at any time and anywhere. There is nothing orthodox or conventional in this procedure. A game of dreaming requires no club. You can enjoy a dream either when you are awake or fast asleep either in a small room or in a moonlit night out of doors.

In my case, a moonlit night with all its silver beauty makes me forget this world and become a lost man within no time. Silver

clouds sailing across under the blue canopy of the sky studded with twinkling stars do fascinate my hungry eyes. The moon makes me meditate on the utter fantasy of the space. I find myself visiting the moon, the first visitor travelling in a space-ship listening to the heavenly symphonies and dazzled by the beauty divine. I dream of the "Sputnik Times" publishing my photograph (with an autograph) and making S. B. K. on the fashion of G. B. S., a world-famous personality!

But then something goes wrong somewhere and beauty leads to the terrible fact that it is also possible (like Laika) that the first visitor to the moon may also experience a crash and be no more. That makes my sleepy skeleton a bit uneasy and lo! I am close to the ground. But downfall from the airship causes no sound. Instead, it provides me with a sumptuous dish of fairy experiences. An exercise of dreaming is provocative and enthralling to the lethargic minds.

My heroic attempts shall continue forever till the last moment I shall be breathing. And the death where there is no waking is simply another name for a long undisturbed dream...

## Glamour Stars

### In Rags!

**I**T is extraordinary how unexpected outfits will add glamour to a woman's appearance—and how few of them are created by the great fashion houses.

In the French film "La Fille de Feu," Claudine Dupuis proves how attractive a girl can look in a one-piece tunic made roughly out of sacking. Her fellow-countrywoman, Marina Vlady, looks equally wonderful in the very worn and tattered woollen dress she wore in "La Sorciere."

It's the same story with Brigitte Bardot and Francoise Arnoul. Both of these French charmers can look wonderful dressed up for a premiere—but they are at their best in poorly clothed parts, or the most casual off-set costumes, writes Alison Barnes in "Tit-Bits."

By the way, another Bardot—

Mijanou, B.B.'s little sister—is now busy carving out a place for herself in the film world. Though she's certainly shapely and pretty enough to enter the pin-up stakes she shuns the limelight off-duty.

#### Wearer Attracts

Mijanou wears the simplest of clothes because she likes them, avoids parties, and for swimming wears the most modest and unrevealing of swimsuits!

Probably the greatest achievement in looking glamorous in the ugliest of clothes was Leslie Carons in "Lili." With a ragged fringe haircut she wore completely shapeless dresses, much too long, over-thick, dark stockings and ugly, flat shoes. Yet that indefinable star quality shone through.

Glamour is often at its best when the clothes are old and torn. Then all the interest is focused on the wearer—not on the fashion designer!

Silvana Mangano has never looked lovelier than when she stood up to her thighs in the "Bitter Rice" mud, wearing holed stockings, outgrown shorts and a split shirt. Rossana Podesta trod the same road in a tattered skirt that flapped around her splendid bare legs and a torn top sliding off her beautiful shoulders.

#### In Moth-eaten Sweater

In "Rice Girls," we saw Elsa Martinelli spattered with mud, her long, dark hair hanging in dishevelled tendrils about her fragile little face, her head protected from the blazing sun by a shapeless straw hat.

Now Juliette Greco, starring in "Roots of Heaven," makes an equally dramatic appearance in a moth-eaten sweater and shapeless hat and looks better than most girls would in a Dior model!

To go in the opposite extreme, no one knows better than the Oriental woman how to use rich fabrics and gorgeous colours to good effect.

When she was in Paris recently making a Franco-Japanese picture, "Un Francais a Tokio,"

lovely Keiko Kishi calmly crossed the threshold of Christian Dior's famous salon clad in her simple and wonderfully becoming kimono. Two other Japanese devotees of the kimono are Eiko Ando, who stars with John Wayne in "The Bravados," and Miko Taka, who fell in love with Marlon Brando in "Sayonara."

#### In Graceful Sari

In "The Wind Cannot Read" the beautiful Japanese actress Yoko Tani wore gorgeous kimonos. But, oddly enough, while she was in India making the picture, Yoko Tani fell in love with the graceful and simple Indian sari.

She bought one in a wonderful shade of crushed tangerine, bordered and patterned in gold—and made a tremendous hit wearing it to a Paris cocktail party!

She also wears a sari for lounging around the studios while filming—because she finds it comfortable as well as glamorous.

#### Revealing!

There's a lot to be said for the two styles of glamour in Biblical times, as seen in "The Ten Commandments." There are the fabulous chiffon draperies and sparkling jewels seen on royal ladies, like Anne Baxter, and, in striking contrast, the poverty-

stricken garments of the Hebrew slaves, such as Debra Paget.

You may favour the slick and cute, like the jaunty lounging pants many of the stars wear off-duty, or a simple but revealing sarong, such as Dorothy Dandridge sports in the French film, "Tamango," and France Nuyen wears in "South Pacific."

Nobody could describe a nurse's uniform as revealing, but it did wonderful things for Mai Zetterling in "The Truth About Women" and for Sylvia Syms in "No Time For Tears."

Personally, I found Dawn Addams quite irresistible in her Wrens officer's uniform in "The Silent Enemy"—and nobody ever exuded more appeal from a soot-stained overall or an outsize dressing-gown than Sophia Loren in "The Key."

A girl often looks most appealing when wearing a garment borrowed from a man, especially if it's several sizes too big for her! Striped pyjamas, a tailored shirt, jeans, even a dressing-gown belonging to a large husband—these are all very flattering garments.

### Most Delightful

Whatever she wore, young Christine Carere, the French actress with the golden-auburn hair, would look good. But the most delightful picture I've ever seen of her was taken when she

was in Hollywood making "A Certain Smile," her new romantic hit in which she stars, opposite Rossano Brazzi.

Because she had to leave her handsome young husband behind in Paris she used to telephone him every night. And, to make her feel closer to him, she always slipped into one of his dressing-gowns that she had brought with her specially and which suited her down to the ground, which was where it reached.

Anne Heywood, while making "Floods of Fear," rehearsed water shots in a somewhat bizarre costume of her own design—long woollen combinations, ski-socks and frogman flippers!

When the cameras started rolling in earnest, she dispensed with all that in favour of a flimsy nylon slip.

### When It is Wet!

While we're discussing the glamour value of clothing—or the lack of it—do be sure to take full note of the "rain dance" in "Nor the Moon by Night." For when the Zulu ladies taking part were required to wear clothing above the waist as well as below—for the sake of the censor—they just couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. They'd always danced it that way!

Finally, some chiffon was wrapped around them. Which was fine—except for the fact that it began to rain as the young ladies danced...

And you know what happens when chiffon gets wet!

## INDIAN FILM NEWS

### WIZARDS OF MUSIC

It was a usual day; the sun rose over the city of Bombay heralding another day of activities in the studios, and also in Famous Studios, Mahalaxmi, the nerve centre of the Indian film industry.

And yet, it was not a usual day, for on that morning Shanker Jaikishen, the famous duo of music directors, were from early morning rehearsing the theme song of Raj Kapoor's forthcoming production "Jis Desh Mein Ganga Behti Hai."

I reached their music room at 7 a.m. They were already working at the tune for the last one hour, writes the Bombay Cinema Correspondent of the "Hindustan Standard."

"Why do you work so early in the morning?" I asked them.

"Because, creative artistes all over the world can do most of their work either only early in the morning or late at night," Jaikishen, the handsome, youth-

and younger member of the team replied.

### Late at Night

"I also do most of my work at night," Jaikishen replied. "Late in the night, when the world goes to sleep, I sit in my room with the harmonium. My only companion at that time, in fact, my only witness, is the tape recorder. All that I compose is recorded on the tape. Then I cannot wait. I cannot let my compositions get stale. At the earliest possible opportunity I make use of my newly composed melodies."

When asked about what they considered to be their best work, music director Shanker replied: "We have done some of our finest work with people who were not only great film makers but also great friends. In order to create great music, a music director must have an appreciative captain of the team, an understanding director. We did our best work with Raj Kapoor and Amiya Chakrabarti and in

some of the earlier films of Kishore Sahu. Also, in the latter period of our free lance compositions, we are proud of our compositions in "Basant Bahar," "Chori Chori," "Yahudi," "Shararat," "Anari," "Kanhaiya" and "Love Marriage."

Shanker Jaikishen consider that their finest picture included "Barsat," "Nagina," "Badal," "Awara," "Boot Polish," "Shree 420," "Aah," "Daag," "Patita," "Seema" etc.

### Greatest Test

"The greatest test of a music director," said Jaikishen, "is his capacity to create music for different kinds of films." He further explained the point by saying that they composed music in a starless film like "Boot Polish," in a mystery murder drama "Nagina," in a comedy like "Shree 420," in a serious social subject like "Seema," in a costume film like "Yahudi."

"Speaking for ourselves," Shanker said, "We are always happy when we get a new kind of music to compose."

Shanker Jaikishen started their association together in Prithvi Theatres where they were part of the youthful group of musicians. They started life very young. Both of them are still under thirty years of age and Jaikishen is still a bachelor.

Shanker Jaikishen believe that

the Indian film music directors have done a great service to the country by taking out our music from the rigid old classical traditions and giving it a new shape by imbibing the best things in the foreign music. "The amalgamation of the best melodies in the Indian and the western musical systems is one of the greatest musical achievements of our time," they say.

### Pleasing Music

Yet, in spite of this, the music directors are not blind to the glory of their own music and they do not believe in outright plagiarism. In fact, by composing pleasing Indian music for their recent films, they have put up a strong and effective front against the inculcation of such styles as the "Rock-'n-roll" in the Indian cinema. Actually, they have composed a song "Teen kanastar" in "Love Marriage" in which they have compared the cheap vulgarity of the "rock-'n-roll" with the pleasing Indian music, and tried to prove the superiority of the latter.

Shanker and Jaikishen have many traits in common. They both own Dodge cars, they are both non-vegetarians. They both are great followers of many sports and they yield to none in their admiration and regard for Raj Kapoor who introduced them to filmdom.

Shanker and Jaikishen, in the eventful last ten years, have composed dream sequences, duets, choruses, dance numbers, solos, ghazals, classical songs etc. Through all these efforts they have been associated and assisted by their favourite song writers Shailendra and Hasrat Jaipuri. Shailendra was formerly a factory employee and has deep progressive convictions which he conveys through his lyrics. Hasrat Jaipuri, on the other hand, is steeped in the colourful traditions of the Urdu poetry and his songs mostly reflect the well-known romanticism of Urdu lyrics.

### His Message

Shanker Jaikishen greatly values the criticism of the Press and their friends and also the appreciation. They have won twice the Film Journalists' Award and once the Filmfare Award for Best Music. Their film "Boot Polish" won the Grand Prix for Music at the International Film Festival held in Indonesia two years ago. Two of their songs, "Awara Hun" and "Mera Jutai Hai Japane" are popular in many Middle East countries, Eastern European States and also in China and Russia.

Among all the music directors they have probably the greatest following in the student community. Every now and then they are invited by a group of students to participate and preside over their functions.

"We love the younger generation," Shanker once said when presiding over a gathering of the youth in a Bombay suburb. "For, if only the young men and women of today are sufficiently interested in the trends of modern music, can we hope to have still greater musical achievements tomorrow?"

Asked for a New Year message, Shanker Jaikishen said: "We hope that in the year 1959 we will have less of Rock and Roll and more of creative film music."

### SWIMMING SCENES

Consequent on the success of "Dilli-Ka-Thug" in which Nutan wore a bathing suit for some of the scenes, it is said that many producers are asking the heroines of their pictures to appear in bathing suits, no matter whether the sequence requires it or not. The heroines are hesitant and it should be so. Such demands of the producers are not healthy and they should vehemently be condemned. Who knows, we may not have more and more films with swimming heroines?

### Married Again

Pakistani stars, Santosh Kumar and Sabiha, were secretly married recently at Karachi. For both of them this is the second marriage. Santosh has a daughter by his previous wife, while Sabiha was married to her cousin previously.

## RUMOURS

Strong rumours are set afloat about the marriage of Padmini, the second of the Travancore sisters, currently appearing in Ashok Kumar's "Kalpana." Though he denied the rumours of marriage some time back, she is busy completing her current assignments at Madras. She will marry no doubt but when and whom? are the questions which she never answers but smiles instead. This much is sure that Padmini is going to marry and that too very soon. Picture-goers may have to wait for the details.

### FILM QUIZ

1. Name the first Indian film which got an International Award.
2. Which is the first film produced under Rajkamal Kalamandir banner?
3. What is the real name of Dilip Kumar?
4. Name the film in which Nanda made her debut.
5. Who scored music for 'Basant Bahar'?

(Turn to page 31 for answers.)

### 'MADHUMATI'—Indian entry for 'OSCAR'

The Film Federation of India has selected Bimal Roy Productions' "Madhumati" for the Oscar contest for the year 1958.

Starring Dilip Kumar, Vyjayanthimala in the lead, "Madhumati" was produced and directed

by Bimal Roy. The picture is creating box office records wherever it is released.

Let us hope at least this time India bags an Oscar.

### ABOUT MOVIES, MEN & . . . MATTERS

A. V. M.'s "Bhabhi" recently celebrated the Golden Jubilee at Calcutta and other centres. Almost all Hindi pictures, made by A. V. M., were popular and "Bhabhi" now has proved that A. V. M., could do it. The Golden Jubilee is not a thing that can go with every picture. Producers and cine-goers should be proud of this achievement, though this is not the first time that a Hindi film made in the South had such a tremendous ovation. (Gemini's 'Chandrallekha' had a very enthusiastic reception in the North.)

But what made "Bhabhi" click? The story in particular had so much of human appeal coupled with good acting, good technical standards, good lyrics and music. The author of the story Prabhavati Devi Saraswati is of opinion that A.V.M. had given flesh and blood to her ideas. This is a fine compliment to the producers for their sincerity in adaptation.

## JUNGLE THRILLER

Homi Wadia, the producer-director of "Zimbo," visited Bangalore recently where the picture was released.

Homi Wadia, with his brother J. B. H. Wadia under the banner of Basant Pictures, has given us many good pictures. They have specialised in making thrillers and mythologicals, thus catering to the needs of the masses. There are a few socials as well to their credit.

Having made a box-office hit in colour ("Hatimtai") now they have come out with a jungle thriller in colour—"Zimbo."

At a press conference Homi Wadia said that the present system of distribution of raw film should go. He said that because of the raw film cut, producers were in hot waters. Having staked their fortune on the films they had to suspend the shooting of films for want of raw film.

He gave some statistical figures regarding the foreign exchange our pictures are earning and also said that the present raw film cut hampered the growth of the industry.

He has plans to start a projector-making plant in India.

## STARS AT LEISURE

Film stars rarely get leisure, particularly these days when they are acting in about at least ten pictures at a time. But when they do get some leisure they utilise it to the maximum extent.

Matinee idol Dilip Kumar, one of the highest paid stars in India, when he gets leisure, goes for a long drive. It may be to the Swiss Hotel in New Delhi or a far-off village.

Raj Kapoor, now busy producing his own film "Jish Desh Men Ganga Bahti Hai," under R. K. banner always thinks about films he likes to make. He finds out locations for the films he intends to make. "Work is leisure," says Raj Kapoor and we cannot dispute that fact, for, at present he is working in about ten films besides producing and acting in his own film.

Women usually love children, be it theirs or somebody's, especially when they have no children. So, it is no wonder if Nargis likes children. She spends her hard-earned leisure with her brother's children. She loves reading books. Her favourite author is Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore. Now that she is married the Dutts are expecting a visit from the stork. According to some reports, she may utilise the leisure to look after her hubby

Sunil Dutt and then her own children when she becomes a mother.

### LITTLE KNOWN FACTS

Some of the 'Firsts' of India were produced by Wadia Brothers. The first jungle film ("Toofani Duniya") the first English film ("The Court Dancer,") starring Sadhana Bose and Prithviraj) the first Sindhi film ("Ekta") and the first jungle film in colour ("Zimbo") were produced by Wadias.

\* \* \*

Johnny Walker, the popular comedian, is married to Noor, one-time supporting actress and now they are proud parents of two daughters.

\* \* \*

Ashok Kumar, the ever green hero of the Indian screen failed in B.A. in 1933. Next year he came through with distinction.

\* \* \*

The three Ganguly brothers—Ashok, Anup and Kishore—appeared together in Satyen Bose's ('Bandi'). Now they are seen again together in K. S. Films' "Chalti Ka Naam Gaadi."

## Here & There

B. R. Chopra's ('Naya Daur') starring Dilip Kumar and Vyjayantimala, is now dubbed in French.

\* \* \*

"Pather Panchali" which won many international awards is named as the best foreign film of 1958 by the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures of New York. Incidentally this is the first Indian film to have had a commercial screening in America.

\* \* \*

Girija, the up and coming star of the South, will play the lead in Basant Pictures' mythological 'Chandrasena.'

\* \* \*

"Mother India" was witnessed by Nasser, the President of the United Arab Republic, at Cairo.

\* \* \*

Music maestro S. D. Burman will shortly visit Europe to study folk music. He will study folk music of Italy in particular for adaptation in I. S. Johar's "Bewaquooof."

Raj Kapoor is reported to have signed a contract at five lakhs of rupees for appearing in a film.

\* \* \*

Nutan from this year and onwards will feature in one picture at a time.

### LEST WE FORGET

The Father of the Indian Film Industry died on 16th Feb. 1944. Born on 30-4-1870, at Nasik, Dadasaheb Phalke, was educated in Maratha High School, J. J. Institute of Arts and Arts School, Baroda. For sometime he worked in the Archaeological Department. Later he opened a fine art printing press. In 1909, he went to Germany and came back, specialised in colour printing.

After witnessing "Life of Christ" his thoughts concentrated on movie making. He went to England and brought the things he needed for the production of films.

His first picture "Raja Harishchandra" opened in the Coronation Theatre on 17th May

1913. With his two productions—"Basmasura Mohini" and "Savithri"—he went to London. These were screened for selected audiences. "Bioscope" in its editorial said, "Phalke's pictures are technically surprisingly excellent."

By 1937, he produced about 125 pictures. Many of the films he made were mythologicals.

After his death we found a street in Bombay named after him and that was all that was done to keep his memory alive.

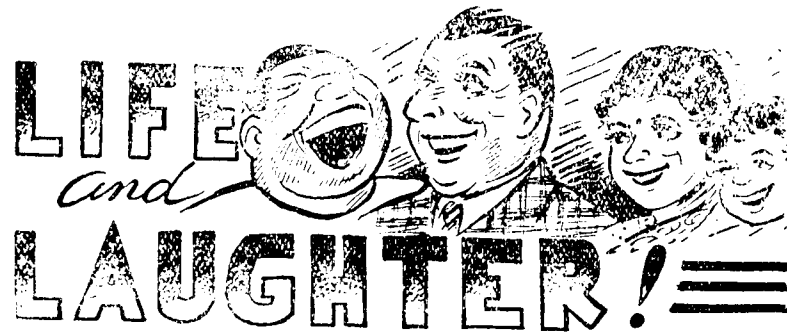
### Answers to Film Quiz :

1. Chetan Anand's 'Neech Nagar' which won the Grand Prix in Cannes Film Festival in the year 1946.
2. 'Shakuntala' directed by V. Shantaram.
3. Yusuf Khan.
4. Rajkamal's 'Toofan Aur Deeya.'
5. Shankar-Jaikishen.

—By N. Rajashekha

*Patient meekness takes injuries like pills,  
not chewing, but swallowing them down,  
laconically suffering, and silently passing  
them over, while angered pride makes  
a noise...at every scratch.*

—SIR THOMAS BROWNE



#### SUCH A PULL

"Do you always extract teeth painlessly?" the patient asked the dentist.

"Not always," was the reply. "The other day I nearly dislocated my wrist."

\* \* \*

#### CAREFUL COUNT!

Seven-year-old Jimmy was unusually restless when in church with his mother, so that she was very pleased one Sunday morning to see him sitting with bowed head and clasped hands throughout a lengthy prayer. When, later, she expressed appreciation of his attentive manner, the boy's face widened into a smile.

"That fly," he chuckled, walked in and out of my hands exactly two hundred and sixty-five times!"

#### JUST ONE

They sat in the moonlight. "Just one," he pleaded.

"No, certainly not," she replied.

"Please, darling," he persisted.

"Don't ask me again," she insisted. "I've only one left and I want to smoke that on the way to work in the morning."

\* \* \*

#### REACTION

"What did Daddy say when you asked him for my hand?"

"Oh," replied Harold, "he did his best to be pleasant. He said there was something about me that he really admired."

"Did he say what?"

"Yes—my impudence."

#### A BIT SMALLER

In desperate need of accommodation, a man asked a naturalist if he knew where he could find a house. The naturalist replied: "House? Boy, you're getting soft. Why don't you live in the open air, let Mother Nature cover you with a blanket of stars, and have the blue firmament above as a roof?"

"Frankly," said the man, "I had in mind something a bit smaller."

\* \* \*

#### HAUNTING

"How did you get your start as a ghost-story writer?"

"Haunting publishers' offices."

\* \* \*

#### WORTHY OF REGARD

Going to the office with Brown every morning, Smith noticed that he raised his hat to Dr. Blunt, the family doctor, whom they met on his rounds.

"Why do you raise your hat?" asked Smith.

"Because my wife always does what he tells her," replied Brown.

\* \* \*

#### NICE PRESENT

A car stopped at the frontier and a Customs official looked at

the occupants' passports.

"Your passport is in order," he said to the driver, "but can you prove that this lady is your wife?"

The driver glanced at his forbidding-looking companion, and whispered to the official: "There's a nice present for you if you can prove she isn't!"

\* \* \*

#### SOME FOOL!

Three times within five minutes of buying a ticket at a cinema, a foreigner returned and asked for new ones.

"What's the matter?" asked the girl in the box-office.

"Well," replied the man, "dere's some fool upstairs vot keeps tearing dem in half."

\* \* \*

#### TEACHING THE CHILD

"No, son," said McPherson, "just double up your fist like this—verra tightly."

"Och, shame on ye, Sandy," interrupted his wife, "teaching the wee bairn to fight, and him only five years old."

"Fight, nothing," was the reply. "I'm showin' the laddie how to carry a penny safely."

SHORT STORY

# A GIDDY SPELL

By R. BHUPENDER

THE bus did not turn up for a long time. The two friends Krishnaji and Sundar were snorting in impatience.

"We are sure to miss the first half of the picture," sighed Sundar. "We can't get into the first bus. It is bound to be overcrowded, and there will be a mad scramble for seats. Shall we go back?"

*Sundar forgot his home and his duty to his ailing parents when he met Janaki. Strange was the sequel to this affair.*

Krishnaji shook his head.

"Remember, my dear Sundar, we have met after a long time. You are my guest and must obey my orders. Let us at least enjoy part of the film. What if the bus comes late? Let us talk for a while. You have not cared to write to me all these years. I met your friend Narain two years ago. He just dropped some mysterious hints about you and went off."

Sundar was surprised.

"Really? What was the mystery behind what he said?" he asked.

"It is for you to explain," laughed Krishnaji. "He spoke of your having run away or disappeared and left your parents in the lurch. The fellow would have gone on with his story but he remembered that we were the

thickest friends. So he bit his lips for his indiscretion and hurried off with some excuse. Well, fellow, what happened? You are rich enough and the only son of your parents who are doting on you. I can't for the life of me imagine that they ill-treat you. What made you run off?"

Sundar grinned. "So you have caught me and pinned me down, my dear pal! But how can

I hide from you the closest secret of my life? I would myself have told you about it this morning itself but I had clean forgotten all about the incident until you quoted Narain."

"So it touches something vital, I should believe. I am surprised you didn't write to me about it. Come on, these beggars at the bus stop are a terrible nuisance. We shall move a little away from the crowd."

Five years ago (said Sundar) my father fell very ill. He is troubled with rheumatism, you know. During the year I am speaking of we had heavy rains and biting cold. Father simply couldn't stand it in spite of all the warm rugs, shawls, mufflers, hot-water bottles and other special conveniences. The doctor who was attending on him advised my mother to send for me. I came rushing home with my heart alternating between hope and despair. I thought the world would collapse if my father died. I was that fond of him.

For over a month the old man battled with death. The inflammation of the joints gave him indescribable agony and I couldn't bear to hear him groaning and moaning. But his will was firm and he conquered death. With the advent of summer he recovered though he could not move out of his room.

During this time a young girl

who hawked vegetables came every day and brought for father's use some rare greens, ginger and tomato. Janaki was her name. You can't imagine what a lovely girl she was—with beautiful dark eyes, a charming smile always playing about her lips, a supple and slender figure and delicious curves in the right places. I see, you are laughing at my glowing description. I tell you, I can't find the right words to give you an adequate idea of her great beauty.

SHE had married a vegetable vendor and sold flowers in the evenings. She came regularly to our house to serve vegetables in the morning and flowers for puja in the evening. Every time I eagerly opened the door to take delivery of the things she brought. I always stared at her for several minutes without batting an eyelid. She, too, returned the stare with her inimitable smile. She understood me and often whispered jokingly, "Oh, you young master! You are becoming a bad man. Why do you look at me so? Do you want to eat me?"

One night she came very late with her flowers. Both my parents were fast asleep upstairs. I seized the flower packet from her hand and laid it aside. Instead of walking out as usual she paused for a while. I touched her arm to feel its silky softness. She leaned against me and I buried my face in the

mass of her soft and scented hair. I forgot to tell you earlier. She was always neatly dressed unlike the women of her profession. Of course, she wore some cheap jewellery but it did not detract from her beauty a bit.

"Don't touch me, master," she teased in a low voice. "You are warned!"

I drew back, as if stung by a scorpion. "Janaki, please don't mistake me. It just was a little fun. Don't report me to your husband. I know he is a pucca rowdy and will kill me if he learns that I have slighted you."

Janaki laughed. "Oh, master! You don't seem to have met any girls before. We don't mean what we say. When I warned you not to touch me I was only playful. And I want to be like this..." She opened out her arms and held me in a tight embrace. "Now feel my hands, my face and my waist." She then warmly kissed me on the lips.

I FELT a sort of fire burning through my body but it was an exquisite experience. My parents were sleeping undisturbed upstairs all the time. I was caressing this woman in the front room below. She left me with fervent assurances of her eternal love for me.

Once or twice every week she would come to my house rather late in the night and

we spent an hour or two together. I gave her more money than she wanted despite her protests. One day she revealed that she was only the mistress of the rowdy, not his wife. He had three other concubines and watched their movements with jealous interest. A number of men in his service spied on his women and reported to him.

AFTER some weeks Janaki was not to be seen. My mother was complaining that her supplies of vegetables and flowers had mysteriously stopped. I knew that something had gone wrong but I was afraid to make enquiries. In the hope that she would call some day I always slept downstairs. My guess was correct. She came stealthily one night, looking like a hunted deer. In between stifled sobs she told me a sad tale. Her sweetheart, the rowdy, had discovered that she was in possession of a good deal of money when he examined her box. He pricked her with pins and tortured her in other ways just to wring a confession from her. His other mistresses—the jealous cats that they were—slapped her and kicked her until she became unconscious. She told some plausible story about an old aunt who had entrusted to her that money but never gave an inkling of the truth.

I struck a match to see the bruises on her body. There were several, which shocked me and brought tears into my eyes.

Luckily for her, they were fast healing. She was receiving treatment in the hospital. She had suspended her vegetable and flower business lest her meeting with me should be watched. The rowdy had run away from town and was in hiding now. The police were strongly suspicious of him and hunting for him in connection with a murder case.

IN the week that followed, she persuaded me to run away with her and live happily for a while. I faced a serious crisis of conscience. My father was not yet fully recovered and mother was depending upon me to attend to the household duties and look after the farms. But which young man—I mean, the average type—would resist the call of love? In the following week I took a good part of my father's money from the safe—enough to meet our needs at least for some years. Janaki waited for me at the station and together we left for Bombay. We lived there very happily though we hid ourselves in a slum dwelling. My father had unleashed the police forces to search for me and gave them my photo. But we dodged them all.

We hopped from city to city—we chose only the crowded ones like Ahmedabad, Calcutta and Delhi. Soon, however, my money ran out and the prospect of starvation was imminent. Janaki was wearing jewels worth some three thousand rupees—all my gifts—but she never offered

to have them pawned. I tried to get a job in Calcutta but with my clothes in tatters I was ashamed of entering any office premises.

WHEN I returned to the dungeon where we were residing I had the surprise of my life. Janaki had gone. An old woman told me that a man who had been seeing her frequently in my absence took her away. It appears he hailed from her own village and accidentally met her a month back.

What remained for me to do? I borrowed from the woman three rupees on promise of double that amount in a few days. That night I sent my father an express telegram and asked him to send me two hundred rupees. By next morning a telegraph money order was received. I wept in joy and relief. I had not eaten any food for a whole day. I gave the old woman ten rupees in gratitude, bought a new dress and hurried back home. My parents embraced and welcomed me as if I had just come back from college. They knew of my lapse but never questioned me about my absence. The next month, however, they arranged for my marriage.

--Please see page 80

## FOR LOVELY HAIR

**T**O aid you in keeping your hair at its loveliest, its shining, glowing best, there are various types of preparations on the market produced by alert cosmeticians. However, it might be well to remember that you cannot beat the hair brush away for stimulating the scalp, for removing daily dust and grime, distributing the natural oil over the entire head and furnishing it with gloss and life.

It doesn't matter how many minutes you spend on the brushing provided you wield the brush vigorously and feel the scalp tingle as a result. Choose a good, stiff, long-bristled hair-brush and, bending forward from the waist with the head down, brush from the neck hairline forward over the top of the head to the ends of the hair.

### Brush Upward

Separate the hair into small strands from the top of the head and brush out from the scalp to the ends of the strands. Brush it upward to lift it from

the scalp. Then part the hair in small sections and brush up and down.

When you have the brushing formula, start in on the scalp and rotate the fingers in a motion to stimulate circulation. Place the tips of the fingers on the scalp and rotate the fingers in a circular motion until the scalp moves freely on the skull.

By A. D.

Work from the sides, front, and back to the crown of the head, until you have covered the entire scalp area.

If your hair shows a tendency to be dry, use a small amount of brilliantine on the hair daily. Don't overdo with brilliantine application, or a greasy effect will result. Use just enough for a slight sheen, then use the hairbrush to work it into the hair thoroughly to provide a good gloss.

### In Case of Dandruff

To keep the scalp free from a case of troublesome dandruff the hair should be shampooed frequently once or twice a week. Brushing the hair vigorously with a stiff-bristled brush every night for the proverbial 100 strokes will do much in the way of warding off such a dandruff condition.

However, if the dandruff condition persists, you may take daily shampoos. There is no danger in frequent shampooing because, eventually, you will get back to the once-a-week shampoo when the condition subsides. Just make sure that you rinse the hair carefully and dry thoroughly.

Between shampoos massage a good scalp tonic into the scalp. Don't use the lotion excessively but just enough to be absorbed by the pores of the scalp. If you have a few minutes to spare during the day, place the hand on the scalp, with fingers spread widely and rotate the fingers along the scalp.

You may also go over the entire scalp daily, using a fine-toothed comb to scrape off any fine, dry scales. Hot oil treatments are beneficial in clearing up the condition. After applying the heated oil, dip a turkish

towel in water, as hot as you can stand, wring it out and then wrap it around your head. Let the oil application remain on overnight and shampoo the hair the next morning.

### Unruly Hair

What is the best way to set your hair? With thick or thin wave-set lotion or with a cream setting agent? According to one family firm of hair specialists, the answer depends basically on the texture, weight and condition of your hair.

Soft, baby-fine hair can be set most successfully, they say, with a thin, clear wave-set lotion. Hair of this type very often lacks body, but try to make up for it with a thick wave lotion and it will leave a dried, flaking lotion to be brushed out later.

Heavier or more unmanageable hair is best tamed with a thicker lotion, or if you prefer, with the cream-type set. The solid cream set can be real make-up magic when it is used on full, unruly hair which has a tendency towards dryness.

### The Trick

For some reason probably connected with its unique chemistry the cream set, used while the hair is still damp after shampooing, achieves a startling

—Please see page 41

## DEFECTIVE VISION IN CHILDREN

**M**ANY parents apparently do not realise either the importance of eye defects or the fact that most of the common conditions are readily curable, if the right treatment is obtained at the right time.

A squint, for example, may prevent a girl, or even a boy, from obtaining a post in which a good personal appearance is essential. Yet squint can be discovered at a very early age, and treatment begun long before a child begins school. Treatment nowadays consists largely of glasses and eye exercises, and comparatively few cases require operation.

### Severe Handicap

A defect of vision, such as short-sight, may be a severe handicap to a boy on leaving school, if he wishes to enter an

occupation which requires a high standard of eyesight, such as the navigation of ships or aircraft, or the driving of mechanically propelled vehicles, or the close precision work carried on in many trades. The effect of the handicap is greatly lessened if the defect has been corrected by suitable glasses.

BY A PHYSICIAN

These eye defects are invariably discovered at school medical inspections, and the services of qualified opticians and ophthalmic surgeons are available to all parents. It is found, however, that parents do not always avail themselves of these specialist services, do not insist on the child wearing his glasses regular-

ly, or do not attend for periodic re-examination to enable the glasses to be changed when necessary. The result of such neglect may be that the condition has deteriorated, or that the boy suffers unnecessarily from eyestrain which may affect not only his school activities but also his efficiency and safety when he begins work.

### Watering Eyes

Many conditions of the eyes and eyelids, such as styes, inflamed lids and "watering" eyes, are not necessarily signs of eyestrain or poor sight, but are indications of anaemia or some other disorder of the general health. They should not be neglected, however, and the possibility of the eyesight being at fault should also be considered. Twitching of the eyelids may be merely a "habit spasm," or it may be a sign of some nervous disease.

It is of greater importance, from the point of view of eyesight, to notice whether a child holds a book which he is reading either very close to his eyes or far away from them, whether he complains of headache, or of the print becoming "blurred" after a period of reading or

whether he fails to distinguish objects at the same distance as other children of the same age.

A child should never be allowed to wear glasses which have not been prescribed for him, simply because they enable him, for the time being, to see better; they may do actual harm, and even the frames of lenses should be individually fitted. An optician or an ophthalmic surgeon will not prescribe glasses for a child unless glasses are necessary.

### For Lovely Hair

—Continued from page 39

illusion in the finished wave. Dried and brushed out, the hair has a lustre that seems to come from beneath, as though every scalp were polished and shining. Used as a regular grooming aid for dry wispy hair ends and droopy curls the cream set is good.

But however you set your hair, and whether you use a cream shampoo with lanolin or a bland castile, the best wave will not insure beauty to hair dull with a soap film. Rinse, rinse, rinse. That's the trick above all others.

# Questions & Answers

*All types of questions from our readers are welcome. Answers may be diverting, informative or instructive as the case may be but under no circumstances is any offence meant to anyone.*

**N. Lakshminarayana, Guntakal.**

**Q.**—What will be the last thought of a jilted lover?

**A.**—To murder the woman whom he has been loving—perhaps—or to think of all grapes as being sour and to renounce this world of women!

**Q.**—Is it true that contentment which is one of the aims of life on earth should be derived from devotion to God?

**A.**—We all know that is the truth but we also know that truth and practice are poles apart. Don't we see dying men greedily clutching at paper currency which they imagine is more permanent in value!

**T. Krishna Bhat, Mangalore.**

**Q.**—Man knows woman is deceitful and imperfect. Still why does he want to marry her?

**A.**—That is the eternal riddle of life. Even after thousands of years some reader may still ask some future magazine editor this very question, and man will still go hunting after the elusive mystery that is woman!

**C. Satish, Kammameth.**

**Q.**—What happens when our preparation meets opportunity?

**A.**—We think that it is not the opportunity we have been expecting and let it slip by!

**P. Krishna Rao, Rourkela.**

**Q.**—How can we come to know that when we see the man, whether he is married or unmarried?

**A.**—It is easy. A married man has usually a hunted look on his face! There are, however, exceptions to this rule.

**Kasturi Anjaneyulu, Anaparti.**

**Q.**—Why do young men keep themselves away from old men?

**A.**—Not if they have money to leave or they have unmarried daughters with large dowries or good looks!

**Y. V. Visveswaran, Coimbatore.**

**Q.**—Would you mind changing the title of the section "Questions and Answers" into "India Calling" or "Voice of India" as the former sounds ancient?

**A.**—What is there in a name? Is the rose less fragrant just because it is called rose all through the ages?

**Ram Kumar, Bombay.**

**Q.**—In an English magazine I came across very badly spelt words: "Trgic," "Agry" etc. What do you think?

**A.**—We can only say that if you go on reading such shabbily edited magazines, it will spell your ruin! Go in for "India Magazine" which is a fountain-head of literary grace. No empty boasting this!

**Shanti Swarup, Kharagpur.**

**Q.**—I don't understand why sages deserve respect?

**A.**—Because they acquire divinity even while they are alive.

**Q.**—Why should they repress emotions and do violence to their sensual feelings?

**A.**—It is just what everyone should attempt as their ideal. Desire for flesh, if allowed to grow, will never be satisfied even as fire can never be put out if you go on pouring ghee over it. To modern men this sort of argument will be funny until they are too old to do anything!

*This month's prize of five rupees for the best question has been awarded to: Shanti Swarup, Kharagpur*

# Hope Springs Eternal

*Sharda was taken to Bombay to forget her troubles and help in a relative's household. Life seemed to beckon to her again. . .*

I WAS born and brought up in a village in Mysore, where misery and poverty were prevalent. I was the third in a family of six children. Our father was a small-time farmer and our mother had died two years back. I and my two elder sisters had to manage the entire household. We had a little education in the village school. Except for this, no serious attention was paid towards our education — our father could not read or write himself. All our days were spent either on the farm working with father or doing some domestic work, like stitching clothes and mending old things. All of us were hard-working and always keen on doing some work or other.

Later, as my two elder sisters

were married, they separated from us. The same year, my father died. My youngest brother was taken away by my eldest sister. I was left alone at fourteen to manage the household. I started the day with drawing water

BY  
R. N. ACHARYA

from the well for cooking, drinking, and washing. We used firewood; it was cheaper than charcoal. We also used oil lamps for lighting during nights.

With the death of my father, my eldest sister occupied the

house. A year later, I was married to a near relative.

So I had to leave my village. I was frightened when my husband returned home drunk every night. He had a terrible temper and pushed me around as he liked. This almost sickened me. He earned very little. After some time, my ornaments were pawned for running the house. In the mornings, he was good to me, like a mahatma; but in the nights, he was a devil. I approached my elder sisters for help; but they advised me to put up with my lot and be faithful to my lawfully wedded husband. That same night my husband beat me for going over to my sisters. I cried bitterly. I knew I wasn't any luckier than many other women. For every married woman had some kind of domestic trouble or other. "That is the way marriage goes," my eldest sister had said, "full of troubles. From the first night and then every consecutive night you'll learn what marriage is."

I vaguely knew that marriage meant one baby every year and that my tongue would sharpen like those of the other women with the increase in the number of children in the family—which led to more poverty and more misery. I almost fell ill at twenty-five. But, suddenly, the unexpected happened. My husband died of excessive drinking. So, widowed early in life, I went back to my sisters. My husband's house was auction-

ed to pay off his debts. The entire village cursed me for the sad demise of my husband. They all looked at me as though I was a witch. My eldest sister's husband planned to take me to Bombay to his brother's place whose house I had to look after. Agreeing to his terms and to the wishes of my sisters, I left the village with him.

We got down at Dadar. I was scared at the sight of the crowd and the big, noisy railway station. There came his brothers accompanied by a lady. I felt ashamed of the old saree I wore. I stood dumb and folded my palms as they greeted me. I did not utter a word but the woman, dressed so stylish, her hair so neatly combed, addressed me with politeness. I felt I never knew people were so good. I felt a new chapter of my life was beginning to open. For, till then I was uncared for, neglected, clumsy and foolish. A kind of fear crept over me for I knew how poorly we had lived, but the woman was very kind to me.

AND then we got to their residence. I was introduced to a pregnant woman lying in a bed; she was the other sister-in-law of my brother-in-law. I looked around and admired the grandeur of the cosy three-room block and sat silently on the ground as they went on chatting. Later, I found they used charcoal or gas stove, tap water, and a maid-servant did all the

cleaning and washing work. She even entered the kitchen which was prohibited for servants according to our village family traditions. Always feeling shy in the presence of women, I wished I had never come to Bombay. But, yet, things looked bright for me. A week later my brother-in-law returned to his village and left me in their care.

THE pregnant woman, Pratima, requested me not to sit by the fire-side too long but to make things easy for myself. The other woman, Prabhavati, cut off the suffix, "Ammal," to my name and shortened it to "Sharda." I was asked to speak softly and not loudly. I also observed that they all spoke in a highly polished manner. In the nights, we all sat together while eating, for during the daytime, they went to work and food was sent to them through the servant. At first I was afraid to sit with them; but Pratima insisted that I should join them and not think that I was called upon to do only cooking. I was to share in their joys and sorrows.

Kumar, the young boy in the house, was studying in the tenth class. He taught me to read and write English and utter a few words of broken Marathi, to be able to talk with the servant. He kept me informed of the happenings around the world and took me every evening for a five-minute walk. My relatives distributed the delicacies cooked by me to the neighbours

and flattered me. So, when the neighbours visited us I began to make friends with them and I knew I had to change my habits and outlook completely. But every time they started asking me questions about my family, I felt annoyed, ashamed and sat silent. Pratima was always there, supporting me and doing the needful. I soon discovered that women there, even at thirty-five, looked young, like me. Also, they were not talkative like my sisters or the village-folk. Hence I had to change to look more modern.

IN almost a year's time, I saw both Pratima and Prabha become mothers: each bore a boy. As the babies grew up, Pratima and Prabha helped me in the household work and I got more time to look after my own welfare. Whatever money they had given me, I saved and then I began to buy new clothes and dress like them; I wanted to see how my neighbours lived. Prabha told me I looked attractive and pleasing and Pratima took me one day with her to the office where she worked. They gladly welcomed my change and took me to the cinema with them and then put ideas of re-marriage into my head. The women and the men and Kumar had given me a wonderful time—all the fun and excitement I had wanted. I began to blush and say that I couldn't get married again even if I wanted to; but they all laughed at me.

To my amazement, it so happened that one day, as I was going down the stairs, a man with some luggage coming up, asked me if I lived there. I replied to him in the affirmative and found myself showing him our neighbour whom he asked for. He called and the woman inside burst out with tears and embraced him warmly and then her daughter Sheela did likewise. Presently, a door opposite to me banged open and out stepped my relatives greeting the man. I was still standing there feeling cold inside me and the joys and tears of the women made me weep to myself. Why didn't I have someone like that who could love me, protect and take care of me? I didn't have my parents' love or my sisters' or my brothers' or my husband's. I was like a pet animal related to all of them! I went inside and began to cry but just then all of them came in and Sheela introduced me to the new gent. I turned my face to him as he said, "Why are you weeping, Sharda? I just saw you quite okay," and then without further comment, he gave me a packet of sweets, as he did to everybody else and dried my eyes.

"Who is he?" I asked Sheela.

"You'll come to know me better soon," the young man answered.

MY investigations revealed that he was her brother, now come on a month's leave from

New Delhi. When our neighbours were gone my people gathered around me but I got away with some excuse. Then as Pratima's husband was going to office, he asked her to look after me. Before parting they clung to each other, which brought the vision of my drunkard husband, and then my head began to ache.

The next day, the new arrival, Madhukar, and his sister, visited us in the evening; and finding that I had recovered from my morning's slight temperature invited me to accompany them to Chowpathy. Both Pratima and Prabha backed them and persuaded me to go out.

As I looked at him..... I found he was so different from the rest that I decided to be brisk and got dressed and accompanied them. He did all the talking on the way, which amused me. Before that no one had talked so intimately to me and it made me feel so alive. Then he told me that his sister had mentioned about me at intervals in her letters to him.

As we sat down on the beach, he began, "Why were you weeping yesterday?"

I explained to him that I had a severe headache.

"How did it come to you so suddenly?" he further enquired. For, a few minutes earlier he had seen me okay and active on the stairs. He further asked me if

I wanted any medical help and then finally the subject changed to cinemas as his sister grew impatient with our conversation.

"Don't you two want to engage me in talking with you?" she asked us and then our topic changed.

LATER, that night, as he came to us when we were all eating I jocularly asked him to join us and to my surprise he sat down with a plate!

"Never refuse, when Sharda invites you to a meal. I've heard she really does good cooking."

There was laughter. I laughed, too, a little silently.

"Don't you want to inform Mother you're eating with us?" I asked.

"I'll tell Mother you pressed me to sup with you," he continued.

There was a roar of laughter. He was such a nice and wonderful masculine figure that he made me feel happy. He also had his own way of using words.

Then Prabha's husband asked him when he intended getting married and Pratima's husband argued that he should find a girl like me; but Kumar added, "Why don't you marry, Sharda?" and the words ran like wild fire through my veins.

I never looked up at anyone from my plate.

I was in love with him. I argued with my gnawing conscience and then, slowly, looked at the women there with their husbands and babies and then at Madhu. He told them that he was going to marry me and seeing me blush put it off as a joke. As I served him some food, I said, "Why are you staring at me? Look at your plate."

"Sharda, are you angry with me?" he asked.

"Madhu, please eat your food," I said.

He figured out that I wasn't serious. After supper he offered me a paan as I escaped to the verandah and pulling me closer to him asked me if I was afraid to speak to him or whether I preferred to be aloof from him. "Not at all," I shrugged. The next Sunday, we were all invited to his house to tea. But I couldn't go as I lay sick in bed. Madhu came in and sat on my bed. I raised myself and rested against the pillows and we sat talking. At last, he held me in his arms and kissed me on the lips, and said, "You'll be my bride, won't you?" But I took time to answer him. I couldn't tell him I had scrubbed, cleaned and washed for years

together in my farmhouse: that my past was ugly and sordid. Was there not some hindrance to our marriage? "How can we get married?" (I knew I was lying.)

"I LOVE you, Sharda. I'll ask Mother to help us, and don't think of all that caste-and-religion stuff. We don't believe in those things here; look at Prabha and her husband. No caste system, no tradition-bar, no old things revived," he kept on saying:

I sat crying as my head rested on his shoulder. He put his arms around me, whispering loving words into my ears, but I kept crying as if my heart would break. "I'll call a doctor," he said and asked me to rest. It was some days later, after I was well, that Prabha and Pratima took me to Madhu's place.

There, to my horror, I saw his mother lying dead and so many women weeping. I went to Madhu near the window and asked him how it all happened. I felt his cold hands and started brushing his hair with my palm. "My mother.....", he said with tears in his eyes and his sister Sheela pulled me to another room to tell me something. Never had I experienced such a feeling deep in me for Madhu! I didn't see him for a couple of days but Sheela told me that he was going away to Delhi in a week's time.

"Doesn't he want to speak to me?" I questioned her.

"Go to my room; he wants to see you," she said. Pratima insisted I'd better go, and pushed me out.

I went to him. He called me in a feeble voice and grabbing me by the shoulders, he said, "Sharda, don't sob for anything now, but look at me. Mother said I could marry you; but you'll have to wait for some weeks or so. Then we can be together. Maybe, we could raise a big family."

"Oh! Madhu!" I buried my head on his shoulder. "I love you. I'll do anything to make you happy and we'll have the biggest family in town."

And pulling me closer to him, he stroked my hair. "Why were you crying that morning when I arrived in town?" he asked.

I POURED out to him my whole story. He just relaxed and tried to make me tell it, as simply as possible.

"You'll make me a good wife," he said, "I'm going to marry you for love."

This I knew—love.....was important.....in my life. ‡

# THE EXCHANGE!

By D. BALSON

*The two women met after a long time, and introduced their husbands...And, then, there was occasion for laughter!*

"MARRIAGES are made in Heaven," they say. If so why, on earth, should we fret and fume so much about marriage, not to speak of the despicable formalities that go with it? In days gone by, there used to be a ceremony called, "Swayamwara," by which a bride usually selected her partner from amongst a host of invitees by garlanding her chosen elect.

But, now-a-days, especially among the so-called middle class, the sacred institution of marriage has sunk to the fatuous level of a business transaction in Stock Exchange.

The "bride hunt" as it is often aptly named, is the most ludicrous system. A small party consisting of a dozen people including the prospective bridegroom visit at least two dozen houses of marriageable girls. The reason advanced is

that both the boy and the girl may see each other. The result is often this. The boy will be searching his heart as to which girl appealed to him most whereas the girl would have forgotten all the boys who had come to see her.

It does not end there. The bridegroom and his cortege have to be sumptuously fed at every house. Very often, the considerations of money and allied future benefits weigh more than the emotions of hearts. Amongst such avarice and greed, somehow people get married and never look back on the loathsome path that united them.

BUT sometimes these things land us in strange and delicate situations later on in life, when one is apt to question the sagacity of "bride hunt" and wonder whether this boy-and-girl meeting (if at all necessary) could not have been arranged otherwise.

One such experience fell to my lot the other day, within the City Exhibition grounds. Inside the ladies' section of the "Family Planning Centre," I came across Prema, my best friend at college.

It was two years since we both left college and during those two years we had neither heard about nor seen each other though we had taken a solemn promise to be regularly corresponding. And what a lot of change! Prema, the thin, tall girl had grown into a stout and buxom woman and was having a chubby baby in her arms.

The happenings of two years were enough subjects for us to talk about so as to even forget our husbands, who, we admitted, would have long before come out of the Gents section and been waiting impatiently outside. Finally we made our way out.

But I saw my husband in friendly conversation with another man, quite oblivious of our approach. Coming nearer, I saw to my stupefaction who the man was, and my wonder knew no bounds when Prema introduced him as her husband. I too introduced my husband to Prema.

Four pairs of hands went up in greeting and four pairs of eyes dilated at the painful divinity of the yet undiscussed past.

Since it was getting late, we immediately parted company promising to meet later on, thus putting an end to further embarrassment.

On our way home, my husband said slowly, "Kamala, you know, your Prema's husband is my best friend. Poor chap, he has married the girl whom I once rejected."

"But she was then very lean," he added as if on after-thought.

I laughed and remarked, "Prema is now so plumpy."

"Yes," he said tersely.

"Do you regret your choice?" I asked teasingly.

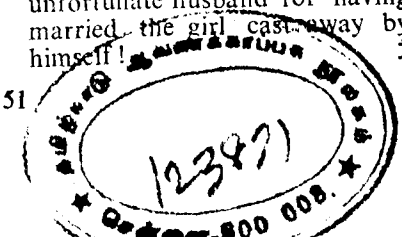
"No, my dear Kamala, how can I, when I have you?" he replied, more to assure himself, I thought.

WE then proceeded silently when I laughed again after some time.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked.

I said, "Nothing."

Yes, how could I have said to him that the poor chap of his friend would then be, in all certainty, prating to Prema about how he once came to see me with a view to matrimony and was probably pitying my unfortunate husband for having married the girl cast away by himself!



# How To Make up Your Mind

BY A PSYCHOLOGIST

**M**AYBE you know a fellow like Ram. When he has to make a decision he makes it quickly and easily. You may have trouble deciding how much to tip a waiter or how to ask for a rise or whether to buy a suit now or wait for a sale. Such decisions never bother Ram.

But if you have been envying him—you should not.

True, he makes decisions swiftly and with no effort, but hardly any of his decisions turn out right. Either the decision does not solve the problem it was supposed to solve, or he is miserable afterwards because he did not decide another way.

Psychologists recognise that the ability to make sharp and effective decisions is more crucial than most people think. They have disturbing proof that

indecisiveness can ruin a marriage or spoil the relationship between parents and children. It can kill a man's chances of running a successful business or getting ahead in someone else's business.

Lately they have discovered that just as many people are thwarted and unhappy because they make decisions quickly and easily. No one suspects that because they are so decisive they often marry the wrong girl—they waste time and money on enterprises that not really interest them—they start a job with great promise and get promoted fast but end up getting nowhere.

## Pitiable Plight

Here is one example: Two months ago, Mr. Laxman (we will call him that) was promoted as production manager of a factory. It was a big promotion

and Mr. Laxman took over his new duties with his usual directness. He worked out ways of streamlining the production line: he showed his assistants why there should be more workers on some jobs and fewer on others; he requisitioned new machinery that would produce more at less cost.

But, last week, Mr. Laxman was out of job. None of his decisions had worked out. The new machinery did not work as well as the old. The systems he set up on the production line slowed up output and the workers he had switched around had to be switched back again. In the two months he was production manager, output was the lowest since the factory had opened.

## Please Check up!

Psychologists have been trying to learn why people like Mr. Laxman make so many disastrous decisions. They have learned that whenever Mr. Laxman thinks he has a choice to make, he makes it in a hurry. If he has to decide something trivial—as what to eat in a restaurant or what film to see—he never hesitates a moment. If he has to decide something vital—like where to live or when to propose to his girl or whether to change his job—he decides this quickly, too.

Now Mr. Laxman's way of making decisions is not likely to get him into trouble as long as

he has only small decisions to make; but when it comes to a big decision, you cannot expect to make a sound one if you are in a rush. You should take plenty of time to set down all the facts in the situation, to think up all the alternative solutions and then decide.

If you are not sure what type of decider you are, take a sharp look at yourself and confirm or deny the following examples:

1. You buy things and take them home and then feel like returning them.
  2. You have changed jobs frequently.
  3. You are uncomfortable in a new situation.
  4. You think you like someone and start to become friendly and then discover the person bores you.
  5. It bothers you when someone cancels a date at the last minute.
  6. You are annoyed by people who cannot make up their minds.
- If most of your answers were "yes," then possibly you do not like being undecided and, therefore, make decisions too hastily and impulsively.

The fellow who makes decisions too fast has much in

common with the one who can't make up his mind on anything. For instance, let us talk about Mrs. Sree.

### Difficult Decision

Mrs. Sree's young child entered school last summer and since then Mrs. Sree has thought perhaps she ought to take a job. She has not been able to decide whether she should because then she might not be there when the child gets home from school. She lives in a flat in Bombay Central and thinks she would like to move to a house in the suburbs but she cannot decide if it is fair to ask her husband to change his job, since he has to be at work early in the morning.

Mrs. Sree cannot make these decisions and thinks it is because she has so many crucial decisions to make. That is what most indecisive people tell themselves. They think they cannot make up their minds about a problem because they have too many problems to solve and not enough time to solve them. This approach does not explain indecisiveness. It just keeps the person from seeing how indecisive he is.

Your power to make a decision about any situation does not hinge on how complex or confusing the situation is. It depends on your confidence in your ability to make the right choice.

### First Alternative

Suppose you are too decisive or not decisive enough. What can you do about it? You can start by being more confident that you can make effective decisions by telling yourself that the feeling you cannot make wise choices is an emotional habit borrowed from your past and need no longer exist.

Any day in the week you are faced with a parade of these minor decisions: Should you wear a blue tie or a green one? Should you bathe before breakfast or after? Should you stand in a crowded bus or hope for a seat in the next one? You can think of more, of course, but in all, the decisions should be made the same way. Choose the first alternative that comes to mind.

### Useful Tips

How should you handle a big decision? The following suggestions may help you to make clear and sound choices.

1. Get a pencil and paper and write down your problem precisely and briefly like a telegram.

2. Next list all solutions you can think of. People often make the wrong choice because they do not consider all alternatives.

3. After you have listed all the alternatives, look at each closely and weigh them. Give each a rating of one to ten.

--Please see page 60

### SHORT STORY

# THE VICTIM

By T. A. WASWANI

HWANG Cho's tea house was not a big place, not so ventilated, and not so well-lighted, but all the same people from all walks of life gathered there to sip some tea in the evening and forget their worries.

Hwang Cho's bulky figure proved how rich he had grown.

"My brother, the world's too much with us," the other would say in reply. But when they met this particular day, they were not so much happy nor the greetings were exchanged for their very brows were caricatured with thoughtful worries.

They quietly sat down and looked blankly at each other. The

Tse and Kwe thought out a perfect scheme to rob the proprietor of the tea house and laid a trap...

Before he closed his place, he had plenty of cash with him and his prosperity increased with the adversity and worries of the towns-folk.

Among others, Tse was a regular visitor, and Kwe was never a day breaker. "The crop is bad this year too and the whole business is gone to the dragon," Tse would greet Kwe with an air of dissatisfaction.

silence was only broken by the occasional washing of crockery in the tea house. Then, suddenly, Tse looked up at the small and only lamp that hung not very high above the table. "I've got an idea," he whispered slowly.

"What's that?" Kwe inquired with a glimmer of hope.

"It's an easy thing. I figure, we can have some money."

"You're right, let's sell ourselves by auction." Kwe said in a morose mood.

"Not so," Tse whispered, "Let's go out, and I'll unfold the whole plan." He stood up and reached for a coin to pay for the two unfinished cups of tea. They walked down to the counter where Hwang Cho still sat with brocaded black velvet on his hand. "Brother, here's our small share to your eternal prosperity." Hwang Cho smiled, took the money and deposited it in his usual teak-wood chest.

NEXT evening, Tse entered the tea house of Hwang Cho with the usual greeting smile on his thick lips, and sat down at the next vacant table. He eyed the man sitting quietly at the front table, close to Hwang Cho's counter. He seemed to be a new pelican. The man with interlocked arms was drowned deep in his intriguing thoughts. He seemed so much engrossed that the cup of tea before him lay untouched. Then slowly with a cinematographic motion, he moved his eyeballs and looked at the wooden pillar where to a nail was fixed. To the nail was knotted the one end of a rope. The rope led to the pulley in the roof and then ran down to hold the only kerosene lamp. Now watchfully and with pretended unconcern, he looked at the demi-god of Hwang Cho,

and finally his eyes reached for the entrance.

KWE stood at the door. He looked like a ghost in the street outside, darkened by the sunset. He blinked, and shook his head slightly. Then getting the response from Tse he slowly entered the restaurant.

Tse stood up from his chair, cunningly jerked the lamp rope and shook his shoulders unconcernedly when it fell like a thunderbolt on the ground, missing the table. The whole place was plunged into darkness.

In that new hell, Hwang Cho created chaos when he began shouting, "My cash! My cash! Somebody's taking all my money."

Kwe had acted according to the plan, and only the final scene remained to be staged, then he and his friend would grow rich overnight.

Immediately candles were lighted. "I saw him! I saw him!" Kwe shouted pointing at the new quiet man sitting at the next table.

"Indeed, I also saw him." Tse also jointed his conspirator. "I saw him get up from his seat, rush towards the

cash box, take the money and hand it over to a man."

THE man was quite unmoved by the false accusations. He just looked at his accusers, then sipped some tea for the first time and quietly said, "They are the devils. They did tell no truth."

"I saw you, you can't escape now," Kwe shouted accusingly.

"I didn't get up from my seat, even for a second," the new customer protested looking at Hwang Cho's pale face. But, all the same, his eyes were glimmering, and he seemed not to be worried about anything.

"But you did get up. I can't distrust my very own eyes," Kwe said, "You got up, rushed towards the cash box, took the money, and handed it over to someone who immediately ran out of this place."

"It's all bluff. There is no grain of truth in what they say," the man protested.

"You call it bluff and false, but the police will see the truth in it, when they chain you and throw you into prison," Kwe shouted.

The accused took the cup, sipped the tea again.

The Police Inspector was just approaching the place. It was no use protesting or arguing with block-heads who would not believe anything even though

it may be the truth. After all, who would listen to a house sparrow's chirping when ravens make so much noise?

Kwe and Tse emphatically told their own planned story, accusing the innocent new customer. "We saw him with our own eyes."

The Inspector looked inquiringly at the face of the accused.

"It's a well-planned lie, Inspector. I tell you the truth. I never got up from my seat, even for a second," the man protestingly said.

"How do we know that what you say is truth?" the Inspector asked doubtfully.

"Inspector, do not be misled by these wretched crooks," he said. "I assure you, I never got up from my seat, because I can't get up. I've lost both of my legs. I can only creep."

TSE looked at Kwe and they were awe-struck. After all, their whole plan to snatch Hwang Cho's money had been made useless by the wrong selection of a man who had no legs. Tse said, "The whole crop is bad this year too, and the whole business is gone to that damned dragon."

"My brother, the world's really too much with us," Kwe said, while the Inspector handcuffed their hands. ‡

# Will Family Planning Succeed?

(CONTRIBUTED)

**W**ILL Family Planning effectively check the growth of population? At the recent All-India Medical Conference at Cuttack doctors examined the various aspects of the question. Every year we have to feed six million more mouths. This increasing burden is proving to be intolerable. By the time the Third Five Year Plan is completed the saturation point will have been reached. Food production will not be able to keep pace with the phenomenal growth in population. Then perhaps more daring Seven or Ten Year Plans will have to be devised. Also, if the diseases and epidemics that decimate the population are banished from the land, the death-rate will drop and the expectation of life will be increased. There will be little land left to cultivate and more space will be required for accommodating people. In a way this problem will be kept under control for a time by the construction of miniature skyscrapers. Here, again, the

experts from the land of the Almighty Dollar may help us in the vertical construction of buildings even as they have been assisting us in other ways.

The doctors, gathered at Cuttack, were rather unconventional in their attack on the problem of population growth. One expert suggested a tax on births. A family should not normally have more than four children. On the birth of the fifth child onwards the State must levy a tax, he said.

## Unique Experiment

It is quite a revolutionary proposal. Even totalitarian regimes and dictators will be aghast at it. During the Second World War Mussolini gave prizes and conferred special honours on mothers who raised the largest families. Hitler wanted more cannon fodder and encouraged a sudden spurt by all means. But he was more particular about adopting a unique experiment. He started a love camp where the finest of young

men and women, after being certified as fit by medical men, should meet and breed.

## Not Effective

But a restrictive tax such as the one suggested by the doctor may make a forbidden thing more attractive. As soon as a fourth child is on the way welfare workers will approach the expectant mother and father with a plan to stop further expansion of the family. An operation on either is easy and safe, of course after the advent of the newborn. It would be more convenient for the mother to undergo the operation shortly after the delivery. Eve is certainly more cautious and shrewd. Supposing only one of her four children is a boy, should she not have another son in case...? Nobody wishes for accidents and deaths but can she avert them at all times? And suppose all the four happen to be girls? Should there not be at least one boy who will have to carry on the family name and tradition?

Let us assume that she is law-abiding and wants to do nothing against the larger interests of the State. She is generally frightened of the surgeon and his sharp instruments. So she may think of resorting to artificial methods in co-operation with her husband. Unfortunately, in a large number of cases these are not very effective. Neglect or indiscretion or forgetfulness on the part of either partner or both often results in an addition to the family!

The doctors favoured legal-

isation of abortions and quoted Japan's example in support of their case. The implications of such a law are staggering. It will indirectly give a fillip to immorality. Fear of pregnancy is restraining most of our modern belles and butterflies from going wild *in toto*. Granting that a law is passed, removing the bar against abortions, doctors will still perform them in secrecy. Since it is a matter of life and death an operation will bring in a tidy amount by way of fees. More money will line the doctor's pockets if the patient is an unmarried girl and if she wants to be respectable. Qualified medical men in our country are few and far between. Many rural dispensaries have been closed for lack of doctors. But will they attend to ordinary ailments and fevers when abortions keep them engaged and fill their purses?

## Injury to Life

Our Shastras forbid any violence or injury to life in the womb. They enjoin on the members of the household to give all their respect and tender care and protection to an expectant mother. The majority of the Hindus are apt to regard legalisation of abortion as an outrage on all that they hold sacred.

Reverting to the question of taxes, one is tempted to ask: "Will they not be discriminatory?" For instance, the Muslims are entitled to have four wives each. Will each wife be contented with just one

child or will each be entitled to have four? It is hard to envisage such an exemption which will work against the majority community. When taxing new births will the capacity of the head of the family to pay be taken into consideration? How is this capacity to pay to be determined and by whom? The pavement dweller who works in a mill or shop sometimes has one or two wives and as many mistresses. How is he to be taxed when his children multiply? The lower middle classes and those in the slums have far larger families than the wealthy.

Mr. Kaldor, that originator of novel devices to add to the coffers of the Government, has come out with a plan for taxing births in a section of the Hindu community. This is clearly discriminatory while the doctors' suggestion is neither wise nor feasible.

#### A Farce

It will be seen that the higher classes in the society—in the sense in which they are rich and aristocratic—do not compete with the very poor in the matter of expanding families, though one agrees there may be exceptions to the rule. It is at the lower strata that the problem will prove to be uncontrollable. There are citizens who will think of family planning only after the sixth child has been born, more for the sake of the mother's health. But at this stage family planning will be reduced to a farce. As pointed out earlier, a tax on extra births, which must be

proportionate to income, will bring very little yield to the State.

As for the poorest and the neediest—at the lowest level—fertility is at its height and more children are born than you can count. In such a family a middle-aged woman may come forward to the clinic for initiation into the secrets of birth control. But the younger women will seldom volunteer nor will their husbands. It is not easy to probe their psychology.

#### Grim Truth

So while at one level Family Planning may succeed, at the other level it will be nothing more than a mockery. Only the fringe of the problem will have been touched. The population, meanwhile, will go on increasing. Foodgrains will have to be imported in larger quantities to feed the people, plans notwithstanding. We will soon be confronted with the grim truth that self-sufficiency in food production will recede farther and farther from our ken. Food imports will have to stay despite what our experts may say. †

#### How To Make up your Mind

—Continued from page 54

4. Now you are ready to make your decision. Look over your list of alternatives and the ratings you have given them. Pick the one that seems best and forget about the others.

You will find your decision-making will not be either too hasty or too slow. It will be sharper and more effective than ever before. †

## The New Housemaid

### The Story So Far :

*[Was Janet, the new servant-maid, a cat re-born? Cats crowded round her in the kitchen and dogs chased her up a tree! Read this remarkable story. ...]*

JANET'S manner was irreproachable; so superior indeed that Charlotte, her mistress, felt at a disadvantage when called upon to explain her wishes or enforce a rule. There was an aloofness about the new housemaid that the mistress felt in her very bones. In short, combat the notion as she would, Miss Charlotte conceived the absurd idea that Kate actually condescended to her! For the girl conveyed, in some subtle manner, an impression of indifference to her mistress's position, and all it stood for, that was exasperating to the last degree.

"She might be a Duchess, the way she looks me up and down!" Miss Charlotte said to herself. Which was judging Duchesses harshly. There was no one to whom she could confide her opinions. Janet, of course, would be for her own order, even if in her extremity Miss Charlotte had elected to speak to her on

the subject. However, the new maid did her work well, and proved herself clever in many ways.

She was curiously silent-footed. Apparently her shoes were rubber soled, for her footsteps were never heard. A good point in a maid, of course—but to Miss Charlotte's irritated nerves, a suggestion of stealthiness was conveyed...

She was also remarkably agile. One day when she was in the garden gathering parsley at Janet's behest, a strange dog bounded in at the gate and made direct for her. No

BY

Mrs. J. O. Arnold

cry escaped her, but with amazing agility she had climbed an apple tree, and was sitting amongst its branches untouched and inaccessible, before Janet had time to come to the rescue with the broom. The dog barking furiously beneath the tree made frantic efforts to reach his intended prey.

"Just for all the world as if he was after a cat!" Janet declared to Miss Charlotte, who came out to know what all the noise meant.

"KITTY was up the apple-tree before you could wink!" Janet went on, slightly disrespectful in her excitement. Her mistress was, as she well knew in calmer moments, incapable of winking.

"Kitty" indeed! Miss Charlotte hated the abbreviation, and had spoken to Janet about it, only to be told that the new housemaid was always known as Kitty to her friends.

"How did you manage to climb like that, Kate?" her mistress asked.

"Oh, she's been up before, ma'am!" Janet interposed. "I've caught her at it more than once."

"But why should one of my maids climb trees?" Miss Charlotte demanded in surprise, trying hard to retain her self-esteem under the cold gaze of Kate's green eyes, and feeling that curious influence in the very marrow of her bones.

"There is a nest up there," Kate said, as if that sufficiently accounted for everything.

"And you are fond of birds?" Miss Charlotte's voice softened. Sympathy stirred in her bosom.

She herself had once loved and lost an abusive, hard-swearing but attractive parrot...

"Yes—I love them," Kate replied.

During the evening Miss Charlotte was disturbed by an unwonted noise in the kitchen. That was the worst of two servants—you never had the same peace as with only one. She rang the bell, distinctly annoyed. The "strong love interest" in the bestseller she was reading, had been ruthlessly interfered with by this unseemly interruption.

"What is all this noise?" she demanded, when Kate answered her summons.

"There are some—some cats in the kitchen, ma'am."

"Cats! where have they come from?"

KATE coughed slightly behind her hand. "I could not say exactly," she answered.

"Exactly!" Apparently she knew where some of them hailed from.

Miss Charlotte rose in much indignation.

"This comes of taking in that ginger kitten!" she declared wrathfully.

In the kitchen she found no less than six strange cats. There was a huge black Tom, a tortoiseshell, a tabby, a blue Persian and two nondescripts. The ginger kitten appeared to be on friendly terms with all of them.

MISS CHARLOTTE eyed the intruders with disgust, and requested her maids to shoo the cats out. Janet drove them forth, but Kate did not offer to help. Indeed, she furtively stroked the tortoise-shell and smiled when the black Tom rubbed himself against her with bare-faced familiarity.

"That blue Persian belongs to the Vicarage. I shall request Mrs. Smithson to keep it at home. Who put all that milk there? A full pint, I should say!" Miss Charlotte pointed indignantly to a basin on the hearthrug.

"Not me," Janet answered with a *soupc*on of frivolity.

"Did you, Kate? Was it for those stray cats?"

"Stray!" the new housemaid repeated, her green eyes flashing. "Why, the tortoise-shell lives at the Grange, and the Black Tom at the Hall..."

"Oh, indeed, you talk as if they condescended to be here," Miss Charlotte said, angry with herself for being annoyed, yet unable to "sit down" under

her new treasure's impertinence. "So you gave them my milk?"

"They were thirsty, I'm sure," was Kate's reply.

"My house is not a Cats' Home," Miss Charlotte said severely. "When I start a Cattery—which I have no intention of doing—the inmates will be provided for. Janet, no milk is to be given to any cat whatsoever in future except our own ginger kitten."

THOUGH no more refreshment was provided for them, cats of all sorts and sizes continued to come. The house was infested with them—"snowed under" would be no exaggerated description. Night brought no relief. Nocturnal concerts, filling the air with screeching wails, deprived Miss Charlotte of her slumbers. Cats by day and unearthly squalling by night began at length to make her really ill.

"We were too late in getting the ginger kitten, ma'am," Janet declared. "It must be mice they're after."

"Well, there's no shortage of cats at any rate," her mistress answered testily. "There ought not to be a mouse for miles."

"There were two dead ones in the dining-room this morning—"

"Then the ginger kitten must be over-fed if it leaves dead mice about instead of eating them. Do you think it is a thief, Janet? I have noticed that there never seems to be any cream for my tea now-a-days. Does it get at the milk?"

"Something does," Janet answered grimly. "Licks the cream clean off the bowls, and as to fish—well, I can't keep a morsel. The cold salmon left yesterday was all gone when I went to the larder this morning."

"Then, of course, you forgot to put it in the safe," Janet bridled at the accusation. "I put it in with my own hands," she said indignantly.

"Then the ginger kitten could not have opened the door," Miss Charlotte retorted.

"Perhaps not. But, anyway, it was opened," Janet answered. "Seems to me there's something funny goin' on in this house—"

MISS CHARLOTTE was not sure which she disliked the more, the housemaid or the ginger kitten. There appeared to her to be something in common between them...She found herself pondering over the cat section of the noble order *Felidae*. Once, long ago in ancient Egypt, they had been worshipped as gods. Perhaps that accounted

for their indifferent attitude towards mere human beings, ridiculous as the suggestion might appear.

Cats, she remembered, were not native to her country; they behaved as aliens—got all they could out of it, and were not in the least grateful. But what a change for them since the old days! Most of them owed existence to a stroke of luck when the fatal question was asked over the waiting bucket—"which shall we keep?"

PERHAPS inherited memories of days never to return, when their race had been all-powerful deities, rankled in the mind of every cat. One never knew. It must be a bitter thing to be given fish-heads and trimmings, skimmed milk and nasty bits of chicken humans couldn't eat, when once they had fared sumptuously as gods...

However, these reflections did not reconcile Miss Charlotte to the loss of her cream. Tea without it was, in her opinion, but a poor beverage. And that the cold salmon she had looked forward to for lunch, should have been filched from the safe, completed her annoyance. She resolved to see into the matter for herself that very night. The ginger kitten's fate, had it known, hung in the balance.

—(To be Concluded.)

## PLANETS & YOUR FORTUNE

*The following predictions are based on the movement of the Nine Planets in the 12 Rasis according to Gochara. The positions of the planets from Janma Rasi (Moon's Place) are taken into account in forecasting the effects. Those running a favourable Dasa or Bhukthi will experience the evil effects in a lesser degree and those running malefic Dasa or Bhukthi will experience the evil effects in a greater measure.*

[Astrological Forecasts for February 1959]

By T. V. RAMAN

### MESHA

(Aswini 4, Bharani 4, Krithigai 1.)

Mars, Lord of the Lagna, is powerfully placed in the 2nd house and is aspected by Jupiter by the 7th sight. This is a very good sign. Your health will be good. Your popularity will be on the increase. Venus, Lord of 2nd and 7th house, is placed in the 10th house in conjunction with Sun who is powerful. You will succeed in your profession. Rahu in the 6th house, Saturn in the 9th house and Keihu in the 12th house indicate great gains. Jupiter in the 8th house will not cause difficulties to you since he is in the 12th house from Saturn.

Those working in offices will

get promoted or get better appointment elsewhere. Money will be pouring. Businessmen will thrive remarkably. They can very well expand their activities from now on. They can make lots. Those engaged in politics and social service will make a name and fame. Film actors will thrive remarkably. Those who have been sickly will regain their health. Those who have been debt-ridden will soon be free from liabilities. This month is a very lucky one. Race-goers will have to wait for some more time. Avoid cycle-ridding and careless travel. Lucky Days : 8th, 18th and 21st,

Household women will find the month splendid. Their health will be good. They will be well

off financially. Women in jobs and those studying will flourish. Film actresses will have a good time. Those engaged in social, political and cultural activities will be successful in all their endeavours. The month is excellent. Lucky Days : 7th, 17th and 27th.

### VRISHABHA

(Krithigai 3, Rohini 4, Mrigasirsha 2.)

Venus, Lord of the Lagna, is powerfully placed in the 9th Thirikora in conjunction with Sun. Your health will be good. Your popularity will be on the increase. Moreover, Jupiter aspects the Lagna. This is an excellent thing. You will be lucky throughout the month in spite of other factors. Mars in Lagna, though not a good thing, will not trouble you because of the aspect of Jupiter. Your health cannot be said to be good. Rahu in the 5th house will keep you mentally worried. Jupiter in the 7th house is the best planet for you. You will thrive remarkably and make astounding progress on account of this. Those who are unmarried may now get married.

Those who have been separated from their wives and children will now join together. Kethu in the 11th house indicates great gains.

Saturn in the 8th house alone is the only evil planet. If you are running the Dasa of the natural malefic planet, the 8th house Saturn also will not cause

you hindrance. Businessmen will have to be cautious on account of Mars in the 1st house and Saturn in the 8th house. Those employed may meet with obstacles. Those engaged in politics and social service will no doubt be successful provided they are alert and watchful. Film actors will thrive remarkably. This month is not good for speculation particularly (race-going). Avoid cycle-riding and unnecessary journeys. Lucky Days : 3rd, 13th, 19th and 27th.

Household women will find the month very happy. Their health will be good. Their financial position will be steady. Those in jobs or studying will fare well. Those engaged in film acting will thrive. Women engaged in social services will have to be tactful. Unmarried girls may get married. Those who are married may become expectant mothers. Avoid unnecessary journeys. The month is good in general. Lucky Days : 8th, 17th and 27th.

### MITHUNA

(Mrigasirsha 2, Arudra 4, Punarvasu 3)

Mercury, Lord of the Lagna, is in the 7th and 8th houses. Your health will, therefore, not be so good. Rahu in the 4th house indicates unpleasant household. Hence you should be tactful on the home front. Kethu in the 10th house will, however, keep you steady in office or business. Jupiter in the 6th house indicates sorrow.

You are likely to hear bad news. Saturn in the 7th house will result in a distant and futile journey. Sun in the 8th house may cause ailment pertaining to the eye. Mars in the 12th house indicates risk through accidents. Avoid journeys and cycle riding and spend some time in prayer. Businessmen will meet with loss due to Jupiter in the 6th house and Mars in the 12th house. Hence they should seal up their expansion programme. Those employed will have to put up with overwork and criticism.

The month in general is an unlucky one. Those engaged in politics and social service will not have a pleasant time. Those in films may meet with reverses. The month is not good for race-goers and other speculators.

Household women will find the month miserable owing to Rahu in the 4th house and Jupiter in the 6th house. The household will be unhappy. They may be hard up. You may receive bad news perhaps. The month is not a good one. The best thing you can do is to spend your spare time in prayer. Women in jobs and those studying will pull through. Those engaged in film careers, politics, and social service will not find the month promising. Lucky Days : 7th and 17th.

### KATAKA

(Punarvasu 1, Pushya 4, Aslesha 4.)

Your health will be excellent owing to Jupiter's aspect to the

Lagna by the 9th sight. Your popularity will be on the increase. Rahu in the 3rd house, Jupiter in the 5th house, Saturn in the 6th house, Venus and Sun in the 8th house and Mars in the 11th house indicate great gains. Those in jobs will get promoted. Those in business will meet with a big gain. There will be unexpected gains during the month. Those who are ailing will gradually regain their health. Those who have been unemployed will get jobs now. Unmarried young men will get married. The month is good for speculation and race-going. Those who have been debt-ridden will soon be free from difficulties.

The month is an excellent one from all points. Those engaged in film acting will make astounding progress due to the portion of Venus in the 7th Kendra. The month is excellent also for musicians. Businessmen may expand their business with advantage. Those engaged in politics and social activities will be successful. Lucky Days : 8th, 17th and 27th.

Household women will find the month excellent. Your health will be good. Your finances will be steady. There will be auspicious functions at

home. Unmarried women may get married. Women in jobs and those studying will make remarkable progress. Women engaged in film acting, politics and social service will go forward. Lucky Days: 3rd, 13th and 23rd.

### SIMHA

(Makara 4, Pooram 4, Uthira 1.)

Sun, Lord of the Lagna, is hidden in the 6th house. Your health, therefore, will not be good. There is Rahu in the 2nd house aspected by Saturn. You may suffer from diseases pertaining to the eye. Mars in the 10th house will keep you well in your office. Jupiter in the 4th house, and Saturn in the 5th house are not desirable signs. Your household will not be as happy as it should be. You will be mentally disturbed owing to Saturn in the 5th house. Business men will not find the month good as there are no beneficial planets. Neither is the month good for those engaged in politics, social service or film acting. The month is not good in general. Avoid journeys and cycle-riding since Kethu occupies the 8th house. Devote some time to prayer and meditation. There are no lucky days during the month.

Household women will find the month very unpleasant. Their health will not be good.

Their finances will be poor. Kethu in the 8th house will trouble you very much. Devote some time to prayer to avert evil. Women in jobs, and those studying will pull through despite difficulties. Those engaged in politics, social service and film acting will meet with failure. Lucky Days: 9th and 19th.

### KANYA

(Uthira 3, Hastha 4, Chitra 2.)

Mercury, Lord of the Lagna, is placed in the 4th and 5th houses. In spite of this, your health will not be good due to the positions of Rahu in Janma, unaspected by good planets. Your health will, therefore, undergo a setback. You must take great care of your health. Further Jupiter in the 3rd house and Saturn in the 4th house will cause evil. You will be put to wasteful expense. Your prestige may be affected. Kethu in the 7th house will cause you to undertake useless travel. Mars in the 9th house aspected by Jupiter is the only beneficial planet. Even Mars cannot do much good to you on account of his 3rd and 8th Lordship. Those in jobs will have a tough time. In spite of overwork, they will not be able to please their masters. Businessmen will meet with heavy loss. Those engaged in politics, social service and film acting will meet with failure. The month is an unlucky one. Avoid journeys and cycle-riding.

Devote some time to prayer and meditation. The month is not good for race-going and other speculations. Someone, near and dear, is probably very ill.

Household women will find the month miserable due to Jupiter in the 3rd house and Saturn in the 4th house. Their health will not be good due to Rahu in Janma. Please take great care of your health. You have to devote some time to prayer and meditation to avert evil. Women employed and studying will pull through. Those engaged in politics, social service and film acting will meet with reverses. Lucky Days: 7th and 17th.

### THULA

(Chitra 2, Swathi 4, Visaka 3.)

Those born of Thula rasi are having an enviable period. Their health will be robust. Their popularity will be on the increase. Their finances will be satisfactory. Almost all the planets are placed in very good positions. Those in jobs will get promoted. Those in business will meet with a boom. The month is an excellent one. The household will be happy. Jupiter in the 2nd house, Saturn in the 3rd house, Kethu in the 6th house all indicate great gains. Mars in the 8th house and Rahu

in the 12th house are the only two planets that may cause evil effects. Avoid journeys and cycle-riding. Businessmen will thrive remarkably. Those engaged in politics, social service and film acting will meet with success. The month is lucky in all spheres. Lucky Days: Almost all dates of the month!

Household women will find the month splendid. Their health will be good. Their wealth will be on the increase. Unmarried women may get married. Women in jobs or studying will find the month excellent. Women engaged in politics, social services and film acting will meet with good results. Avoid journeys. Lucky Days: Almost all dates of the month.

### VRISCHIKA

(Visaka 1, Anuradha 4, Jyeshtha 4.)

Mars, Lord of the Lagna, though placed in the 7th Kendra, will not give you good health since Jupiter occupies Janma. Further, there are still 2½ years more to end 7½ years' Saturn. Kethu in the 5th house will keep you worried. The month is not a good one in general. Those in services will be held to blame despite hard work. Businessmen will meet with loss. Those engaged in politics, social services and film acting will meet with failure. The only bene-

ficial planet is Rahu in the 11th house which will put up resistance. The month is not good for speculations or race-going. Avoid cycle-riding and journeys. Lucky Days : There are no lucky days during the month.

Household women will find the month unpleasant, their health will be gravely affected. Their finances will be very poor. There may perhaps be bad news. They will be held to blame. Women in jobs and those studying will pull through despite difficulties. The month is not good. Lucky Days : 8th and 18th.

### DHANUS

(Moola 4, Poorada 4, Utharada 1.)

Jupiter, Lord of the Lagna, is placed in the 12th house, which will cause evil. Your health will, therefore, be affected. You are undergoing the middle  $7\frac{1}{2}$  years' Saturn which is not good. Your finances will be poor. Mars in the 6th house, Rahu in the 10th house will, however, guard your interests despite other evil factors. Those in jobs will pull through. Those in business will meet with loss. Hence they should be cautious. Those engaged in politics and social service and film careers will meet with failure. The

month is not good for speculation and race-going. You should devote some time to prayer and meditation. Avoid journeys and cycle-riding. There are no lucky days during the month.

Household women will find the month miserable. The month is not good in general. Their finances will be poor. Their health will not be good. Devote your time to prayer and meditation. Those in jobs and studying will pull through. The month is not good for others. Lucky Days : 5th and 15th.

### MAKARA

(Utharada 3, Sravana 4, Dhanishta 2.)

Saturn, Lord of the Lagna, is in the 12th house. You are undergoing  $7\frac{1}{2}$  years' Saturn. If you are having the first round, you will be affected from all points. If you are having the 2nd round you will be able to manage. The month is not good in general. Mars in the 5th house, aspected by Jupiter, will, however, keep you dignified. Kethu in the 3rd house will put up resistance of evil effects and other planets. Jupiter in the 11th house promises gains, promotions in services and the like. Devote your time to prayer and meditation. Those in jobs will no doubt have a smooth time. Businessmen will have to exercise great caution on account

of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  years' Saturn. For those engaged in politics or social service the month is not good. The month is not excellent for speculation or race-going. Lucky Days : 7th, 17th, and 27th.

Household women will find the month as usual. Some unmarried women will get married. Their finances will be good. Women in jobs and those studying will pull through. The month is not good for those engaged in politics, social service or film acting. Lucky Days : 8th, 18th and 28th.

### KUMBHA

(Dhanishta 2, Sathabhisha 4, Poorattadhi 3.)

Saturn, Lord of the Lagna, is powerfully placed in the 11th house. Your health will be robust. Jupiter in the 10th house is not a good thing. Those in service will have a tough time. They will be blamed in spite of hard work. Businessmen will meet with heavy loss. The month is not good for speculation or race-going. Their finances will be rather poor on account of Jupiter in the 10th house. Rahu in the 8th house indicates danger through accidents. Avoid cycle-riding. The month is not good. Those engaged in politics and

social service will not find the month profitable. Please devote your spare time to prayer and meditation. Lucky Days : 3rd, 12th, and 23rd.

Household women will find the month miserable on account of Mars in the 4th house and Jupiter in the 10th house. Their finances will be poor. Devote your spare time to prayer and meditation to avert evil. Women in jobs and those studying will have a good time. The month is not good for those engaged in politics, social service and film careers. Lucky Days : 2nd and 22nd.

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## MEENA

(Poorattadhi 1, Uthirattadhi 4,  
Revathi 4.)

Jupiter, Lord of the Lagna, is powerfully placed in the 9th house. You will be very lucky during the month. If you are unmarried, you will now get married. If you are unemployed, you will now get employed. If you have appeared for an exam, you will pass with distinction. If you are already employed, you will get promoted. If you are a businessman, you will make very good profits. Those engaged in politics, film acting and social service will find the month an excellent one. Their finances will be satisfactory. Kethu in Janma may, however, cause risk

through accidents. Avoid journeys and cycle-riding. Your wife's health may cause concern on account of Rahu in the 7th house. Lucky Days: Almost all days of the month.

Household women will find the month splendid. Their health will be good. The household will be happy. If you are unmarried you will now get married. Some married women may become expectant mothers. Women in jobs and those studying will make astounding progress. The month on the whole is excellent. Women engaged in film acting, politics and social service will also benefit. Avoid unnecessary journeys. Lucky Days: Almost all days of the month. S

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## SHORT STORY

# Stranger At The Station

By SHANTA DEVI

MY dearest Lalit,—if this letter reaches you I shall be most happy. I am entrusting this to an old sweeper-woman who has promised to post it.

You are evidently scanning this letter to find out my address. Well, you will find it at the end of it but what use will

Raksha pounced upon me when I returned home late. You know, Lakshmi, Radha and Jiloo, our old class mates, met me at my house and almost dragged me to a picture. It was a fine musical and you know how crazy I am about music. My step-mother had gone to her brother's house in the next street, after instructing me to prepare

The young girl had run away from home. She was frightened and helpless when an old woman reassured her and offered her shelter for the night. . .

it be to you, I wonder. Anyway, your closest friend Leela is glad to write this letter and tell you her story. For God's sake don't attempt to reply to this letter. And I forbid you to come here in search of me.

It was exactly a month ago—this day. My step-mother

chapathi and dhal. It was not wanton or deliberate on my part but in the company of my cheerful friends and in my enthusiasm to see a picture I clean forgot what my step-mother had commissioned me to do. Father, too, had gone out. I locked the house, entrusted the key to a neighbour and left for the

picture-house. Only when the film was over did I remember with a shock Raksha's instructions. I almost ran home to face the fury of the woman. Father was always indulgent towards me but you know he is too fond of his second wife; her word is law. He dare not oppose her or scold her even if she is wrong-headed or perverse. That night he must have smelt trouble and so he retired early to his room upstairs and locked himself in.

Raksha armed herself with a big broomstick and beat me till her arms ached. She then caught hold of my hair and dashed my head against a wall. When I howled in pain and ran towards the door to escape she threw me down on the floor and slapped my cheeks. She locked the door to prevent my escape and taking a red-hot iron from the oven branded my thighs. She then screamed abuse at me for an hour and switched off the lights.

This, I thought, was the limit. I was disgusted with Father for his hen-pecked attitude and apathetic silence. If only my own mother, that sweet angel, were alive! Alas! she had left behind her wretched girl to suffer in silence. How I wish I had joined her.

THEN I thought of Ragho, my sweetheart. How tender and loving he was. I recalled the sweet stolen moments that we had had together when he held me in his arms and kissed me all

over. It was very heaven to be locked in his embrace. It was a fortnight since he had left for the city to take up a job in a company. He had promised to approach Father after a month and ask for my hand. But I felt it would be a hopeless attempt. Father would consult Raksha and she would most certainly refuse to countenance such a proposal. Her main aim was to see me reduced to the position of a slave and she availed herself of every opportunity to humble my pride to the dust. Life under her roof would become intolerable to me.

ALL that night I carefully reviewed my position. I had passed High School and knew a little of typewriting. Many men had admired my good looks, not to speak of Ragho to whom alone, of course, I had pledged my heart. With all these accomplishments I felt I could be sure of getting a job in the city—in some company as a clerk, or in some big man's house as a cook or a tutor to his girls. I would go to the city, seek out Ragho and enlist his aid. And, again, I conjured up the picture of Ragho and myself living together in a room or lodging and pooling our resources.

The next day I met Ragho's younger brother, Prahlad,—a boy of ten—and asked him for Ragho's address. You see, I

had warned my lover not to write for, any letter for me meant more trouble at home. I secreted his slip of paper in the folds of my dress. I took a cloth bag into which I stuffed some of my clothes. I had prised open my step-mother's box in her absence when she was away and took some fifty rupees. The next thing I remember was that I found myself in the Express train that left our town at midnight.

I WAS to have reached the city at eight o'clock next morning but the train was going at a snail's pace over part of the route as it had just been repaired after the floods. Imagine my dismay when the train steamed into my destination at 10 p.m. What a fool I was! It had never occurred to me to write to Ragho in advance, advising him of my arrival by the Express and asking him to wait for me at the station. Then I looked in my bag for the slip of paper containing Ragho's address. It was missing! My heart leaped into my mouth, and my head even began to reel. Tears suddenly welled up into my eyes and I had great difficulty in suppressing them. I only remembered my lover's room was somewhere in a street that began with the letter G—was it Gupta, Guha, Guna or Gopi? I had forgotten which.

I sat huddled in a corner when an old woman who had been watching my plight all along approached me. She was well dressed and wore the jewels that all family women wear, and had kum-kum on her forehead. She sat very near to me and laid her hand gently and reassuringly on my shoulder. She said she was awaiting her son who was expected any moment in a taxi to pick her up. She had come to the station to receive her daughter but she had not arrived. Probably she was coming by the next train which was not expected before morning.

I poured out my soul, told her my story—of the ill-treatment of my step-mother, my flight from home in the hope of meeting my lover in the city and getting a decent job, and the loss of the slip of paper containing his address. She patted me on the back and asked me not to have any fears. But she hinted that a search for my young man's room during the night would be embarrassing as he was a bachelor. She invited me to accompany her to her house where she could spend the night with her two daughters not older than myself. In the morning she would ask her son to find out my young man and even recommend me to a rich friend for a job.

I almost fell at her feet and shed tears of relief. A tall man in his thirties, dressed very

of intuition that came unsought. The account for the intuition is a different matter, and difficult.

### The Envelope

Ten years later I made a second start. My wife passed me an oddly addressed envelope, part of the morning's mail, at the breakfast table, and asked what I thought of it, and I made some answer which proved correct. Since then I have found the handwritings of persons unknown to me a pleasing study. The "faculty," whatever it may be, is provoked to function only by the unknown handwritings certified as those of persons whom I know yield me nothing. I confess another failing in the faculty; the sex of the writer often eludes me. I have to ask to be told the sex, in order to save time, worry and mistakes. Nor can I answer questions in the middle of the "diagnosis." Any attempt to answer appears to paralyse the faculty. On the other hand, the faculty has often gained by my holding my wife's or my step-daughter's hand.

### Tempting Field

Since I moved to Exeter I have practised the faculty fairly often. These many years I have officiated at many School Speech Days, and I have usually offered prizes for original poems. Here was a tempting field for experiment; the reading of the poems occasioned innumerable thumbnail sketches of children, many of which the School staffs were in a position to verify and did

verify. It was, moreover, a continual surprise to me to find how much poetic feeling and how much expressiveness were to be found in the work of children of ten to thirteen and how much information handwriting could yield about looks, bodily state, and circumstances even at that early age. These experiments, as carried through by me, were of the nature of play.

It has been my pleasant lot to dine not infrequently in the College Halls of Residence. In Common Room after dinner—I stress dinner—and in warmth, and good and friendly company, the faculty has often given results.

### Diagnosis

*A man's hand in Norwegian, of which language I knew nothing:* My impression was of overwork and anxiety on the verge of a breakdown. His daughter, who showed the hand, conveyed my diagnosis to him, and I understood that the foreigner's view of him had given him pause.

*A man's hand:* My impression was of a man whose life had been switched along a new channel which made considerable demands on him, and who was responding well. In fact he was a man of 53 who had just become engaged for the first time.

*A young man's hand:* My impressions were much in his favour, except that he was going bald, which was true.

*A woman's hand:* A strong impression was that she had very beautiful arms. I enlarged on this impression amid the growing hilarity of the dinner party. She was in fact a guest, her arms were bare to the shoulder, and quite beautiful.

### Quite Easy

The effect of a great deal of my experimentation is best summarised. Certain sorts of voice I have found discernible through handwriting, e.g. mellow, rounded, rich, high-pitched, forced, cracked. And similarly with varieties of speech, voluble, slow, rapid, level, up-and-down. Besides the audible elements, visible elements appear. I often succeed in visualising the quality of a woman's hair, the amount of it, the style of the upper parts of the face, and the line of the shoulders—so often that I wait with some confidence for these to appear, which they do with fair accuracy. A clean pale skin with large eyes and broad cheekbones is perhaps the easiest, for me, to read in the hand. Impressions of style and quality of dress, of style in movements, and of dignity in the standing pose come to me, frequently. Harris tweeds and smooth fine cloths, especially in

black, are among the more easily discerned. Small mobile, dark merry eyes, especially in a man, "register" comparatively easily.

### Writer Identified

Here are three circumstantial cases.

*A foreigner's hand in his own language:* The hand, though practically illegible, was so interesting that I wrote a long delineation. This was translated by the friend from whom I had the hand to a company among whom was the writer. The company identified the writer from the delineation.

*A man's hand:* Before meeting the man at lunch with a friend of mine in his London Club, I studied the hand in the London train, and visualised a broad upright pale brown, deepest brown eyes, and well-chiselled nose and cheek-bones. On reaching the club I was shown into a waiting room and there identified the writer by his looks before our host arrived.

*A young woman's hand:* In the drawing room after dinner my host worked by the fire, and my hostess and I talked. She furnished a hand. My impression was that the writer was various things, but very untidy in her own room, with drawers left open and clothes everywhere. My host interrupted, "But that must be our daughter." It was.

## A Mystery

Impressions and intuitions of the sorts which I have described have come to me, so far as I have observed, under specific conditions. A happy passive mood of friendly enquiry is the first requisite. One must let come what will come. A good meal, and warmth, and favouring company, and a chair that encourages one to relax, and unbroken quiet help greatly. A whiff of scorn or doubt chloroforms the faculty. After tea or after dinner is my best time. It is reasonable that handwriting, the product of eye and hand under the guidance of the mind, should be significant and suggestive. Handwriting seems to me to be a moving rhythm of great depth and breadth in which the continuous and discontinuous, the superficial and the recondite, are all present, and on which various layers of mind may reasonably be thought of as impinging. Handwriting may be likened to music, of a sort, for those that have the ear for it. They, I am persuaded, are plentiful enough, if they only knew it.

I have been concerned throughout with certain facts of discovery. How the operative

faculty works, whether it embraces, for instance, a complex machinery of finer sub-faculties or contributories or some associative linkages of uncanny delicacy, I do not know. Nor do I see much hope through investigation. Someone else may be better circumstanced than I feel myself to be for solving this problem. Or he may have just a form of words to cover them. But indeed I have one myself. Mine is brief, "Scotch second-sight," which explains nothing. Mind is a mystery, and knowing it is a miracle. †

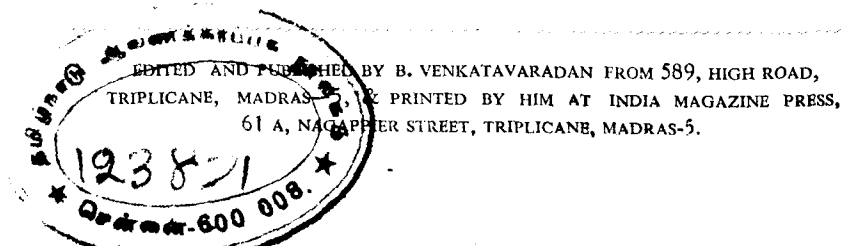
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## A Giddy Spell

—Continued from page 37

"What happened to Janaki and the rowdy?" asked Krishnaji.

"That rowdy is in jail, serving a seven-year term for murder. Janaki came back to our place with a new sweetheart who sold all her jewels but she is still too fond of him. She works hard to feed him and has borne him two girls. But we don't meet now. My wife who seems to know all about my past is careful enough. Ah, Krishnaji! Here comes the bus. Let us squeeze ourselves in." ‡



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