

KAHANIYA

CULTURAL & STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. VI |

AUGUST, 1959

| No. 4

THE MODERN PROPHET

He thirteenth Independence Day will be celebrated all over India on 15th this month. By a curious coincidence, the day happens to be the birthday of Sri Aurobindo, the sage of Pondicherry. It was he who first gave us the mantra of swaraj and who foresaw the coming of complete independence.

M. P. PANDIT

In celebrating the anniversary of the Independence Day of India on 15th Aug. it is but natural that our thoughts turn to Sri Aurobindo, the prophet of Indian independence, whose birth anniversary falls, significantly, on the same day. A grateful posterity remembers with emotion that it was Sri Aurobindo who first sounded the bugle cry of complete independence, *swaraj*, for India at a time when the political leadership of the country could think of little beyond an orderly growth of the government under the

God ordained tutelage of the British power. The political awakening that was inchoate was sought to be channelled and contained in the safe constitutional activity.* But Sri Aurobindo, by force of his daring thought, clear vision and powerful pen precipitated this awakening of the political consciousness in the people into a dynamic movement for the liberation of the country.

* *Vide* a typical editorial in the press of the day: "Our rulers may rest assured that the symptoms of dissatisfaction which they notice among the princes and people of India are no symptoms of a wish for a political revolution. Far from it. Both the princes and people of India fully appreciate the order which the English have introduced, the protection and security which they have given, and the principles of progress which they have instilled into life." (*The Hindu Patriot*, 4-8-1878)

The front cover this month is appropriately graced by the photo of Sri Aurobindo, the prophet and seer. It was he who first gave us the mantra of swaraj.

And what is more, he breathed a Mantra into this movement which transmitted it instantaneously into a veritable religion centred round the deity of Mother India. He became the high-priest of a national yajna in which the youth of the nation, in its thousands, dedicated itself wholly to the liberation of the motherland from thralldom to the alien conqueror.

Sacrificing a brilliant career and a glowing future in the ways of the world, Sri Aurobindo threw himself into the vortex of the gathering forces of revolution, which he himself had released into action, and shaped the course of the political movement in Bengal where the fight was the thickest, through the pages of the famous journal, *Bande Mataram*. But he was not called upon to continue this mission for long. He had set the wheels speeding in the direction of his choice and, assured of its eventual destination,* he turned to a larger work ordained for him viz, the emancipation of humanity. His efforts and contribution in this sphere—the main sphere as it turned out to be—is quite another subject outside the

scope of our present study. We shall only note that as part of this total endeavour for the upliftment of the entire race by means of a spiritual Dynamis, he did pay sufficient attention to the culture of human consciousness in the political domain and embodied his philosophy on the subject in several writings which have become classics in the field†. He has traced the course of development of human society from its very beginnings to the present day, both in its sociological and political aspects, explored and elucidated the sense of its apparently meandering movement and indicated the direction in which it should move if humanity is to arrive at its fulfilment in peace, harmony and happiness.

He regarded India as a chosen centre, the *karma bhumi*, for the working out and initial execution of the purpose of the evolutionary movement of the world and bestowed special thought on her all-round progress in the right direction. He lost no opportunity to expose and emphasise the real mission of this ancient civilisation, its eternal truth-content — t h e *sanatana*

* Sri Aurobindo was convinced of the inevitability of freedom for India even as early as 1910, the year he retired from the political scene. *Vide* his interview to the Tamil *India* in that year:

“Since 1907, we have been living in an era which is full of hope for India. Not only India, but the whole world will see sudden upheavals and revolutionary changes. The high will become low and the low high. The oppressed and the depressed will be elevated. The nation and humanity will be animated by a new consciousness, new

thought, and new efforts will be made to reach new ends. Amidst these revolutionary changes India will be free.”

Sri Aurobindo is on record as repeating this assurance to several persons including political leaders, during his retirement. He foresaw and said unequivocally that India's freedom would soon come without bloodshed, as a result of the pressure of the world's historical forces.

† *The Human Cycle* and the *Ideal of Human Unity* are two of his major works on the subject.

dharma—with a practical significance for the whole world. His written and spoken words have been the fountain source of deep and far-seeing wisdom to which enlightened minds are now gradually turning.

We propose, in this series, to consider some of the main problems that exercise the political and sociological thinking in India today and see what light we can draw from Sri Aurobindo towards their solution.

We should often have a reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

—*Roche foucauld.*

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The highest purpose of art is to create an image of man that is greater than man, thus leading him to nobler realms of being.

—*Pasternak.*

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It is time that makes us mortal. It is eternity that makes us immortal. If we live in the temporal, we die. If we live in God, we live eternally. Body-consciousness is the womb of transmigration, and soul-consciousness the eternal abode of divine beatitude.

—*Eckhart.*

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The cruelest lies are often told in silence. A man may have sat for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet have been a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator.

—*Stevenson, R.L.*

PHONE : 4 1 9 8



RADHA BROS.

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Too Much of a Good Thing

He liked music immensely and thought he could go on enjoying it forever, but too much of a good thing is always bad and one day he came to realise that the tune that had held so much fascination for him was actually turning him mad!

Once there was a musician who played exquisitely on all kinds of instruments. It was a joy to hear him play. And every day, in front of his house, during the hours he practised selections from his compositions, there used to stand a veritable crowd in ecstasy.

"What a talent!" they said. "He is truly a happy man."

Only the talent did not bring him any money, and happy men too have to eat just like the rest. There were many days when the musician would have preferred to be a baker. He could at least have been sure of his daily bread.

The little house in which he lived was not far from the house of a rich and avaricious farmer who very often called on the poor musician when he passed by his house.

"Good day, my neighbour," he would say, "I happen to have a little time for myself now. So I have come to ask you to play that charming tune, tra-la-la-la, la, la-la. Ah! I could listen to it all day long, I love it so much! Please let me have the pleasure of hearing it again."

And the musician would execute the melody, thinking with some bitterness that if he had gone to the farmer for a dozen eggs, the farmer would have received him with no great alacrity.

"My dear," said his wife to him one day, when the larder was empty, "I don't understand you. Every one repeats all day long what a fortune you have at your finger tips, but we are always so very poor. If I were in your place, when anyone asked me to play a piece of music, I would do it only for payment in cash or kind. Our neighbour, the fat farmer, who always invites himself to our house, stays for hours and disturbs you in the middle of your practice, would perhaps lose this bad habit, if you demanded payment of some sort."

"You are right, dear wife," said the musician, "and although it is repugnant to me to exchange my art for money or anything resembling it, I realise that I must act thus. But, I beg you, remind me often of this advice so that I don't forget it."

"Set your mind at ease,"

replied the wife, "I am not likely to forget it."

So it was done. The neighbours who came thence forward to ask the musician to play for them "this little tune" or "that little tune", were required to bring him part of their profit or a sample of their work. The musician did not enrich himself much, for the visits grew rare, but at least he gained in that he was no more disturbed unnecessarily.

The rich farmer, whose frequent calls had forced the artist to adopt this practical measure, was one of the first to rebel against having to pay for his pleasure.

"I would never have believed you to be so greedy for gain," he said, playing with the heavy gold chain which hung from his neck, "and I am surprised that you ask me to pay for something which is pure amusement for you. For a craftsman, nothing is easier than to run his fingers on the keys and the strings. That is not work, and to get paid for it, oh! fie! I had thought that artists were entirely disinterested people."

"Alas, my neighbour," replied the musician, "I would certainly like to make a gift of my time to you, for you are right. No material object can be a fit recompense for the splendour of music. But my wife tells me that the eulogies and the compliments do not fatten us in any way. Do not bear too much of a grudge against me for my greed for gain."

"Well, well!" said the farmer brusquely, "since it is so, keep your music, neighbour, I shall



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spend my time otherwise."

Several days passed without bringing the stout farmer again, and the musician and his wife congratulated themselves on their resolution which saved them of such tiresome persons. But one morning, their neighbour entered with a smile on his lips.

"I come to see if you could play for me that charming little tune, you know, tra la-la-la, la, la, la-la.....I dream of it at night and hum it to myself the whole day. I would hear it from you with great pleasure."

The first impulse of the musician was to pick up his instrument and give the farmer the pleasure he demanded, but a glance from his wife reminded

him of their pact, and he replied, "You know, my neighbour, I cannot give you my time without receiving something in exchange. What will you give me in compensation?"

"What!" said the farmer, "you persist in this idea so unworthy of an artist?"

"Yes, because when I sit at the table, I am a man just like you or any other."

"What an idea!" exclaimed the farmer, shaking himself in a discontented manner. "But I only ask you to play two or three little bars, a mere nothing: Tra-la-la-la, la, la, la-la."

"I understand very well," said the musician coldly, "and if you will give me, say two litres of milk, I am ready to play that melody for you for two hours."

The farmer prevaricated and discussed long, but the musician stood firm, for he felt indignant at the avarice of so rich a man.

"I accept," said the farmer finally, with a heavy sigh, "but play exactly for two hours."

"It is a bargain!" said the musician, and for two hours, he executed the melody asked for, each time more polished and more expressive.

At the end of the two hours, the farmer left. But the evening, the next day and the next passed without his bringing the modest payment demanded by the musician.

The fourth day there was a knock on the doof. It was the fat farmer. He came in and sat down. "Neighbour," he began, "I have come to ask you for my

little tune.....tra-la-la-la, la, la, la-la....."

"How is it that I have not received the two litres of milk that we agreed upon?" retorted the musician.

"Two litres of milk? Bah! Were you really serious about that? I had thought it was a joke....."

"Not at all. I have told you, I cannot give you my time without receiving something in exchange."

"Well, well! You will have them to-morrow, your two litres of milk. But now play, tra-la-la-la..."

"I shall play, but on condition that this time you shall not forget to pay me."

"I promise."

The musician picked up his instrument and for two hours charmed his neighbour.

More than two months passed in this manner. The rich farmer came often to hear his favourite melody without ever bringing the two litres of milk fixed for in payment, and the musician's wife one day burst out in bitter reproach against the weakness of her husband who had become the dupe of the miserly farmer. At last her reproaches went home and the musician decided to file a complaint before the judge of the district.

The judge was a wise and just man. He recognized the justice of the complaint and ordered the farmer to appear before him. "You owe this musician forty two litres of milk," said he. "No dispute can be allowed on this point, each hour of music having been assessed as equivalent to one litre of milk."

The farmer argued against the verdict, but the judge proved immovable, and finally, the miser had to admit that he owed his neighbour forty two litres of milk. "But," said he, and his eyes glinted with cunning, "while recognizing the debt, I must tell you at the same time that it will not be possible for me to acquit myself of it. All the vessels that I possessed were stolen last night and there is not the smallest pail in the house in which to milk the cow."

"Do not worry yourself about that," said the judge who had not missed the glance of the farmer, "for I grant the musician the right to choose the best cow from your stable, take her home with him and keep her for two months, in order to pay for the time you have made him lose."

"It is a frightful injustice!" cried the miser. "My best cow! And she gives me upto ten litres of milk a day. Just calculate what it means, my Lord Judge, and you will see how many hours of music my neighbour will owe me."

"It is all counted," said the judge. "When the musician will have received the forty two litres of milk that you owe him, he will owe you ten hours of music per day for two months. I shall send a subordinate judge to see that he gives you ten hours of music per day!"

The farmer withdrew furious and happy at the same time, for he was upset at having to lose his best cow for two months, but he felt content that he could hear for the next two months the little tune of which he was very

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All aches and

Pains

fond—Tra-la-la-la, la, la, la-la.

The fourth day after the judgment had been given, the musician presented himself at the farmer's house. He looked well and felt well disposed to play as long as he was required to.

The farmer settled on a sofa in such a manner as to enable him to listen to the pretty tune, Tra-la-la... and the musician played a prelude, while the subordinate judge began to enjoy one of his usual naps.

Tra-la-la-la, la, la, la-la.....
Tra-la-la-la, la, la, la-la.....
Tra-la-la.....it came one on the heels of the other in a lively

manner scanned by the beating of the clock.

During the first few hours, the farmer had marked the beat of the rhythm with his head, hand and foot, then only with the hand and the foot and at last with his foot alone.....

At the end of ten hours, he could not bear it any more. But the musician, accustomed to long and patient practice, was never tired and maintained the same tempo and movement. He finally took leave of the farmer assuring him that he would be punctual the next day. And so he was, the next day and the next and so on.

Tra-la-la-la, la, la, la-la..... Tra-la-la-la...Where was it then, the farmer wondered, the lovely melody of old, the one that he would not weary of hearing all day long? Surely it could not be this abominable repetition, which slowly but surely, like an invisible jackplane, grated on his nerves, twisting them in a refined torture.

The farmer had a fit after the ten hours of music on the fifth day and when the musician came the next day to play, he found the avaricious man prostrate in bed, moaning.

All the same, obeying the sentence of the judge, he decided to give the sick man the pleasure of hearing his favourite tune, Tra la-la-la.....

That evening, the farmer was on the verge of collapse and the first thing the next morning, he had himself carried to the judge's house.

"My Lord Judge," said he in a feeble voice, "I beg for pity and pardon. I cannot stand it any longer."

"You are putting me in a very awkward position vis-a-vis the musician," replied the judge. "How is he to acquit himself of the debt of your ten litres of milk every day?"

"Let him take *ten cows!*" cried out the farmer. "But let him be *quiet!* And let all the litres of milk that he will imbibe give him as complete an indigestion as his Tra-la-la-la, has given me!"

"The case is heard," pronounced the judge solemnly, "and the musician will be entitled to take ten cows for indemnity of stopping the music. Go in peace!"

It was a long time before the farmer recovered from the torment he had endured, but to the end of his life, he was heard to hum, in a kind of obsession, the same melody—Tra-la-la-la, la, la, la-la.

As for the musician, he came to own a dairy and his wealth became proverbial.—*Translated from the French of Gisele Vallerey by Shikha.*

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Ask a woman's advice, and whatever she advise,
Do the very reverse, and you are sure to be wise.

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Freedom is no matter of laws and constitutions; only he is free who realises the divine order within himself, the true standard by which a man can steer himself.

—Plato,

TRYST BY THE SPRING

He wanted to help his wife by fetching water from the spring but was afraid he might be seen by others and made fun of. For it was considered women's work and customs and prejudices die hard in the Caucasian village.

KHIZGIL AVSHALUMOV

"But Omar! You did not fetch water after all!" exclaimed Sakina when she saw the empty pails by the door. "We haven't a drop—not even enough to wash our hands! What sort of a man are you, anyway!" Her voice shook.

Tiredly she approached the table, flung a stack of copybooks down, then sinking to her chair

silently melted into tears, putting a hand over her eyes.

Omar looked sullenly at his wife, at her bent back and shoulders quivering as though seized with fever. Angrily pushing the lamp away he got up and began to pace up and down the room.

Sakina was seized with a fresh fit of sobs.

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"There you are! You're behaving like a grumpy old man stuffed with superstitions and prejudices! And yet you say you love me!" Her dark moist eyes were full of sorrow and reproach.

Sakina was the village school mistress. She was born in the city and had spent nearly all her life there. After graduating from a teacher's college two years before, she had come to this aul (village) and been quite overwhelmed by the magnificence of the surrounding mountains rising like giant stairs into the azure sky.

The aul nestled on the gentle slope of a wooded mountain, veiled forever in a lilac haze. There was a narrow valley below, containing the collective farm orchard. The stone building of the school stood in the heart of the village.

The young school mistress had grown quickly accustomed to her new place. She was pleased to notice that not only the young, but even the greybeards, treated her with deep respect, and listened attentively whenever she found time to have a chat with them. Here Sakina fell in love with the collective farm accountant Omar, and the two were soon married, an event which was celebrated by the entire village. This made the young teacher feel more at home than ever among these people of the mountain village.

Omar's mother, a dry, agile little woman felt as if she were in seventh heaven. Omar was her only son, and the prettiest and most learned girl in the village had chosen to marry him

and no other. She simply adored her daughter-in-law.

Sakina's mother-in-law usually got up earliest. She would make the fire, milk the cow, and be off to the spring for water. As soon as she had made breakfast for her son and daughter-in-law, she would snatch up her own simple lunch and hurry off to work at the collective farm. Home again in the evening, the old woman would repeat the work she had done in the morning. And so every day. Sakina felt sorry for her: she could not bear to see the whole burden of the household chores resting on the poor old shoulders of the mother.

"We've got to help mamma," she said to her husband one day. "She works from morning till night, never resting."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it? You don't expect me to put a pail between my knees and milk the cow myself, do you?" retorted Omar with a laconic smile.

"Why that smile, Omar?" objected Sakina. "Nobody wants you to milk the cow. I've learnt to do that myself. But you could bring some of the fodder, and go for water....."

Her husband stared at her wide-eyed, smiling incredulously.

"What's three to smile about?" frowned Sakina. "I can't see why a man should feel it a disgrace to carry something for his mother, or to go to the spring for water now and then instead of his wife....."

Omar bent his head, thinking.

"I suppose you're right Sakina dear," he said apologetically

felt like a man who had narrowly escaped a dire misfortune. Recovering somewhat, he carefully opened the door again, but stopped short, for he at once caught a vision of himself walking down the street with everyone staring at him, grinning, and making jokes about him behind his back.

"No, I won't go!" he decided and at once felt better as he entered the room and determinedly put the empty pails back on the window sill.

And now it was evening and Sakina had come home to find to her consternation that there was no water in the pails.

Omar sat close to his wife. "Don't cry any more," he murmured tenderly stroking her smooth hair. "Don't! I'll do as you say, just take hold of yourself. You'll see! I'll go for water all right, but not now. Later! When it gets dark. It would be sort of awful with everybody looking on!"

Omar came out on the balcony again and again to look at the sky, the moon was still shining. But the moon seemed to guess what was on his mind, and began to shine even brighter than usual, shedding its soft light over the flat roofs of the dwellings and flooding the crooked, narrow street, the path to the spring in the gorge. Never had Omar dreamt that he could ever be angry with the moon! To his joy, at last, a ragged cloud parted from the nearest mountains and headed for the moon, carrying a host of smaller clouds in its wake.

Grabbing the pails once more, Omar ran down the stairs.

Though the sudden darkness was deepening, he was nonetheless warily stealing along the street like a man bent on some crime in the darkness of night. He was afraid most of all of meeting Mekhti who might, indeed, have noticed him with his empty pails in the morning.

Having filled his pails with the cold water of the spring, Omar was about to turn back. He had just taken one step homewards when he caught sight of an unfamiliar figure descending into the gorge. This happened so suddenly that Omar quite lost his head and dived like a rabbit into the semi-circle of bushes around the spring, leaving his pail behind. As though on purpose too, the dark clouds parted at that moment to let out the full moon pouring its white rays into every nook and cranny. Omar at once recognized the man descending to the spring: it was Emin Gaidarov, the Secretary of the Village Soviet. In his left hand he also held a pail by its clattering hoop, and in his right a copper jug with a long neck.

Catching sight of Omar's full pail of water by the spring, he stopped in his tracks and stole glances in all directions. An indistinct rustle reached him from the bushes, and he squatted down at once behind his pail and jug, his eyes fixed on the suspicious spot. It is hard to say just how long the two would have "lain in ambush" for each other if Omar had not lost his patience. Choking with laughter, he got up, caring not a whit as to what would happen. "Oh, salam aleikum, Emin!"

he sang out at the top of his voice! "I'm so glad to have met you here. I see that your wife, too, has sent you out for water."

Gaidarov answered with a sour grumble, but could not bring himself to rise from the ground.

"All right, get your water, and let's go! It will be more cheerful together," said Omar approaching Emin and slapping him unceremoniously on the shoulder.

"Well, you know....." whispered Emin, looking anxiously about. "My wife is sick, and there's no water for the children. So I had to come for water."

"And it's the right thing you've done, praise be to Allah," Omar

started to cheer him up. But suddenly he caught Emin by the shoulder and drew him down again. "See, look! Over there! Can't you see? It's someone else coming with some pails."

"Well, if it is not Mekhti, my chief!" exclaimed Emin, clapping his hands over his mouth to keep from laughing.

The chairman of the Village Soviet descended warily, looking about in all directions. Catching sight of the men at the spring, he froze in his tracks, then suddenly wheeled and lounged up the path. Emin darted up after him at once. Trying to lengthen his stride, Mekhti ran wallowing from side to side like a bear pursued by a swarm of bees.

"Why run like a deer from the

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hunter, Mekhti?" quipped the pursuing secretary. "It's just we!"

The chairman stumbled to a halt, dropping his pails with a crash. He turned to Emin, relieved to have found a subordinate and not God knows what stranger. Sighing, he doffed his soft fur cap and wiped the sweat from his glistening forehead.

"It's hot!" he gasped, and then turned again, calling to someone:

"Come on out! These are our own fellows!"

The man to whom these words were addressed needed no second invitation. The lanky figure of Mekhti's friend, Selim, the secretary of the Party organization of the collective farm, came out from behind the trees.

Omar received them all at the spring with dignified courtesy, like a friendly host.

"Help yourselves, dear friends!" he said suppressing his laughter and pointing to the foaming spring. "Only let's make up our minds to come here not only by night in the future, but also by day!"

"Have you lost your mind, Omar?" exclaimed the chairman terrified at the suggestion. He was still breathing heavily.

"But Omar's right!" interrupted the Party secretary. "What have we to be afraid of? We're not out to take anything from anyone!"

While the others were filling their pails, Omar looked at the full moon, wondering how he could have been annoyed and angry with it only a little while ago. The thought made him smile; and turning to his companions he cheerfully remarked:

"This is a wonderful night, friends. Don't you think so?"



Sue met her friend Alice on the street and noticed that she was pregnant.

"You are lucky. I would give anything to get a baby. But it is hopeless."

"I know how you feel, dear," said Alice. "My husband was that way too. But everything is fine now."

"What did you do?"

"Went to a faith healer."

"Oh, we tried that," Sue said. "My husband and I went there for six months."

"Don't be silly," Alice told her. "Go alone."

* * * *

A famous actor who had been divorced many times proposed to a new up-coming star.

"Well," she said, "I like you, but I have heard so much about you....."

"My dear," interrupted the actor, "don't believe any of those old wives' tales."

* * * *

It is easier to believe a lie that one has heard a thousand times than to believe a fact that one has never heard of. —Robert Lynd.

SIRRA MURDER CASE

S. RAJAGOPALAN

Nothing is an offence, says the Indian Penal Code, which is done by a person, who, at the time of doing it by reason of unsoundness of mind, is incapable of knowing the nature of the act, or that he is doing what is either wrong or contrary to law.

This is a redaction of the celebrated rule in *McNaughton's* case, and gives practically a *carte blanche* to the actions of mentally unstable folk. In other

words, law adopts a wholly lenient, if not irrational, attitude towards crimes, however diabolical, if the perpetrators be under a mental delusion. As the King of Denmark said with justice after the Prince had stabbed Polonius, the offender's scourge is weighed, but never the offence.

The question whether an act or a crime is done without the offender being in full possession of his mental faculties, is one of


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considerable nicety and depends on an appraisal of various factors. Taking murder, for example, it is not very difficult to adjudge whether the perpetrator was in normal mental condition or not. If it is planned and executed in secrecy, after a good deal of deliberation or premeditation, and the offender erases all incriminating circumstances and gives false excuses, then it follows that the criminal was perfectly conscious of what he was doing.

If, on the other hand, the murderer makes no secret of his crime, goes about nonchalantly with all traces of it on his person and behaves in an absolutely indifferent or detached manner, there would be ground for assuming that he was not aware of the criminal nature of his act. This stands well illustrated in a case which arose in Madhya Pradesh very recently.

Chotelal, a railway workman at Manza Sirra, was living with his wife Pyaribai and the only surviving daughter Narbadi in the staff quarters. In January 1955, he had lost two children consecutively and that had upset him very much. His co-workers noticed that he avoided company and spoke only at random. On 3-5-1956 he was actually taken by his father to a physician for observation and treatment. He was then behaving abnormally. He was shouting aloud, running about hither and thither to attack the passers by. He was morbid and restless. A month and more later, on 18-6-56 to be exact, a vaidya who had been summoned to treat him found him in a delirious condition.

On 9-12-56, which was a Sunday, he was due to work in the office at 10 a.m., but he had absented himself quite unaccountably. His co-worker met him at the level crossing chouki, within a few yards of his house, and gathered that Pyaribai had died.

"How did she die? Was she down with fever?" he asked him.

Chotelal, however, gave a stunning reply. "No, I hacked her."

This was patent enough because of his tell-tale blood-stained clothing. Earlier he also had met one Shamlal and told him that he had cut both his wife and daughter with an axe.

The co-worker and Shamlal, a little later, proceeded to his quarters. The doors were open. Chotelal then was taking his food, and within a few feet away, a most horrid sight awaited them. The dead bodies of both his wife and daughter were lying on a cot, covered over with a quilt. Pyaribai was lying supine on her right side, her right hand supporting the head for the pillow, the child was lying supine on her left side in the posture of suckling the milk from the breast of her mother. There were six injuries on the wife's person and five on the child.

It was plain that they were caught unawares and were the victims of a most ferocious attack. The blows appear to have been dealt with mechanical brutality, as they were aimed at the same spot. There were injuries on the upper part of the calvicie; the jugular vein had been cut as also

the soft parts below. Other cuts were on the left side of the face starting from the lower end of the nose and joining in the cavity of the mouth below. The mandible body was fractured in three places; the tongue muscle had been cut into two. Those caused to the child were on the lower part of the right eye upwards to the back, cutting the bone below and reaching the brain, the right ear and the head.

The police came in the afternoon. They seized the blood-stained clothing which Chotelal was still wearing and also got from him a blood stained axe. The serologist certified to the presence of human blood on both the axe and the clothing.

There was absolutely no motive for such a heinous business. Chotelal was living happily with his family and his neighbours swore that there was no quarrel and that everything went on normally in his house. The utmost that one got from him was that on the fateful night he had asked his wife to extinguish the lamp, but that she did not respond. After the crime he made no attempt to hide it and was actually agitating that he should be hanged as early as possible.

Chotelal was charged sheeted in the usual course for murder. He pleaded guilty. The Sessions Judge of Nimar sentenced him to death. He declined to appeal. Nevertheless, the case came up before the High Court for confirmation of the sentence.

There could be no doubt whatever of the extreme cruelty and

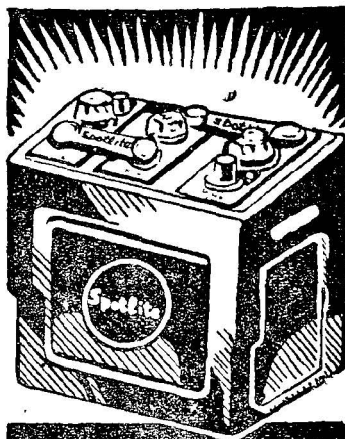


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barbarity with which both the unfortunate woman and child were finished off. But it was plain enough that the diabolical work was not that of a man who knew what he was doing and knew also that what he had done was a crime. It was not a pre-planned or motivated killing, suggesting both deliberation and premeditation, which one would ordinarily associate a murder with. Nor was there any attempt at concealment: nor even any false excuses or alibi. On the other hand, the perpetrator himself gave the information to his co-workers. He was wearing the blood stained clothing all through the day till he was arrested. Right in front of the dead bodies he was having a hearty meal, and betraying no emotions, was totally unresponsive to the gruesome surroundings.

All these circumstances indicated that he was clearly not in his senses. In fact, whilst he was in jail, he had killed an under-trial prisoner for no reason.

No doubt he was conscious that what he did was outright murder but he did not know that what he had done was a crime. That had to be established in law before he could be convicted or hanged for murder. It cannot be laid down with exactitude the sort of mental unbalance which would amount to insanity in law as affording immunity from liability. One



Although thousands have been photographed, no one has ever found two crystals or flakes of snow exactly alike. The six-sided crystals, as delicate as the finest lace, are copied by designers seeking exquisite patterns for dresses, china, and other objects.

English judge posed the test whether the prisoner would have committed the murder if "there had been a police man at his elbow." Chotelal probably would have, and that was decisive that at the time of committing the murders he was unsound in mind. The judges of the Madhya Pradesh High Court, therefore, set aside the conviction and sentence and ordered his detention in the asylum.

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●

"Look at me," said a successful man. "I am a self-made man."

But the listener was not impressed. "That is the trouble with cheap labour," was his comment.

THE PUNDIT'S LUCK

In the last issue: During the reign of the Mahratta dynasties in South there lived in Tanjore a poor purohit by name Pundit Keshav Bhat. He was young and very clever and his one ambition was to become a court official. But having neither the means nor the influence to accomplish his wish he assumed a high sounding title and hiring a few men as his servitors posed as an official at the back gate of the Navakoti palace. Things went happily for a month but at the end he was at his wit's end as he had no money to pay his servitors and rather than hold no court and pose as an official he decided to end his life.

CASSIUS

Pundit Keshav Bhat had slipped the noose round his neck and was about to jump off from the Aswatha tree when a Brahma-rakshasa residing in the tree addressed him, "Eh, Punditji! What is this foolish thing you are doing? Don't you know that it is a sin to take your own life?"

The voice coming so suddenly from out of the darkness frightened Keshav Bhat but soon he recovered his courage. He was a Brahmin well versed in the mantras and no evil spirit

would dare even to come near him. So he asked with some bravado, "Who are you?"

"I am the guardian spirit of this tree," said the voice. "I have watched you holding court near the gate yonder, and I must admit, I admire your guts. Now, what is it that is troubling you? Why do you want to end your life?"

Keshav Bhat, a little more emboldened now, replied: "Before the sun rises, I must have some money to pay the salaries of my servants. Since

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there is no way by which I can get the money, I have decided to end my life."

"Pooh! Is that all?" the voice said. "Don't be such a big fool. Dig under the tree and you will find there three pots full of gold."

Keshav Bhat at first thought that he must be a victim of some hallucination, but all the same he climbed down the tree and started digging. And sure enough he soon found three pots full of gold mohurs. He took the pots home and hid them in a safe place.

Next day he paid his staff their salaries and also gave them handsome presents in addition for their loyal and satisfactory service.

The days that passed were carefree and comfortable but Keshav Bhat was still not quite satisfied. He no doubt had a title but it lacked authority. He craved for power and planned how best he could achieve his ends.

The possession of so much gold too worried him. If the authorities came to suspect it, he would lose it. It was best, therefore, to put it to some use which would bring him name and fame and power as well.

After much thought he decided to present a major portion of the gold to Indumukhi, the celebrated court dancer of Vijayanagar. With her as his ally, he knew there was no limit to the height to which he could rise. So one night he secretly counted out one lakh gold mohurs and penned a beautiful letter to Indumukhi paying his compliments and requesting her to receive his

humble gift and promise him in return the pleasure of her company for just one night. He entrusted the note and the treasure to two of his stalwart servers and asked them to proceed to Vijayanagar by forced marches and hand over the letter and the gift to the dancer.

In due course Indumukhi received the present and was stunned at her southern admirer's munificence and thought that he must indeed be the richest man on earth! She had to fittingly acknowledge this lavish gift, and as her return present she chose a costly throne, studded with diamonds and gems, which the Vijayanagar Emperor had once given her in a moment of excessive infatuation and which she seldom used out of respect to the Emperor. Along with it she sent a humble epistle saying that she was overwhelmed by the lavishness of his gift and that she would ever remain his devoted slave ready to do his bidding at all times.

The servants returned to Tanjore with the throne, an embarrassing present. No sooner it arrived Keshav Bhat immediately repacked it and sent it as a present, through his other two servants, to Nurjehan, who was the favourite of the favourites of the Emperor at Delhi. He also sent along with it a nicely worded epistle requesting her to accept the present from an humble admirer of hers.

The servants reached Delhi in three months' time and safely delivered the precious package. Nurjehan marvelled at its exquisite workmanship and thought the Emperor's throne was indeed

a dud by comparison and was astounded at the generosity of the unknown admirer from Tanjore. And to show her appreciation she gave return presents and also loaded the servants with gifts for themselves. Further, she also sent a letter acknowledging his present and vowing that she would not rest until in a year or two she visited him and personally repaid his admiring love and affection for her.

The public soon came to know of the growing status of Keshav Bhat. His four servants who had grown rich by the presents they had received during their missions, had talked about Keshav Bhat's influence in the courts at Vijayanagar and Delhi. People wondered what

mysterious post this pundit held.

Till one day Navakoti Narayana Setty happened to inspect his palace grounds and surprised Keshav Bhat. The trespass and the tomfoolery of the sham office so enraged Setty that he straightaway seized him and threw him in prison as the rich could do in those days, being feudal lords. The poor purohit tried hard to wriggle out of the situation. He pleaded a childish almost silly lunatic fancy to do as he did and that no harm was caused to anyone by his pranks and begged the great man's pardon.

Setty took pity at last and employed Keshav Bhat as his kitchen steward having come to know of his culinary skill and

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tasted the delicious dishes prepared by him. Bhat in no time easily got the better of his master through the trick of pandering to his palate combined with a suave tongue, ready wit and devoted service. Setty was won over completely by Bhat and by virtue of his learning he soon became his friend, philosopher and guide. Bhat's old employees appreciated their master's improved status and were waiting eagerly to help him in any new exploits of his.

Setty had no child and on Bhat's advice he decided to go on a pilgrimage to Benares. On an auspicious day they started with a retinue of servants and the party halted at Vijayanagar for a few days to rest their limbs and to feast their eyes on the wonders of the city.

One day Setty was invited to a court function and there he saw the courtesan Indumukhi. He was captivated by her heavenly beauty and longed for her company. However, he was informed that she was inaccessible as she belonged to the royal entourage. Setty who was the master of nine crores in Tanjore bemoaned his helplessness in Vijayanagar where he was unknown. He confided his passion to Keshav Bhat and said that he would part with half his wealth to anyone who would plead his love with Indumukhi. Keshav Bhat replied that he might be able to accomplish it provided Setty carried out his orders without question or cavil. On Setty's agreeing to it, Bhat said that they should exchange their roles. Thus Bhat donned the robes of the millionaire and Setty became



With a base circumference of 160 feet, the Santa Maria del Tule tree, in the State of Oaxaca, in Mexico, has the greatest girth of any tree yet measured in the world. It requires 27 men with outstretched arms to encircle it.

his companion.

Bhat then called his trusted servants and asked them to go to Indumukhi and tell her that Pundit Keshav Bhat of Tanjore would be pleased if she favoured him with a visit. To the amazement of Setty within an hour Indumukhi came in all her splendour and stood before Bhat with all reverence and attention.

Bhat who was richly dressed expressed himself gratified at her response to his request. He also advisedly made her understand that the exigency of the pilgrimage forbade just then an expression of his intimacy with her but he asked as a token of her fidelity to honour with her company his dearest friend and companion who was waiting in

the next room. Indumukhi struck by his lordly hauteur immediately obeyed his wishes and befriended Narayana Setty. The latter was confounded with amazement at his extreme good luck and credited Bhat with all the powers of Solomon in necromancy! At dawn next day Bhat reverted back to his humble role of a companion but his stock had risen by leaps and bounds in the estimation of Setty.

In due course the pilgrimage to Benares having been completed the party returned to Tanjore when Setty true to his promise offered half of his property to Bhat, who accepted it to please his friend and master.

Days passed happily for Bhat till one day news came that Nurjehan was on her way South

and would call on him in a few days' time. The news threw Bhat in a flutter although it flattered him for the nonce. He decided, however, to avoid the meeting as he would appear such a small fry to one in such an exalted position as the favourite of the Emperor of Delhi. He wanted Nurjehan to retrace her steps without paying the intended embarrassing visit and that too of her own accord, without offence and without any awkwardness on his part. But finding no way out he decided to end his life and went in the dead of night to the sacred tree with a noose in hand. Just when he was about to jump off, the voice interfered as before and asked, "Eh, have I not told you before that you shall not commit suicide

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from this tree? Now, tell me what is your trouble?"

Bhat related the awkward position in which he was placed and said that if assistance was not forthcoming he would swing, for what was four and a half crores and half the portion of the palace worth if prestige was lost? He begged the assistance of the Brahmarakshasa to make Nurjehan change her mind and retrace her steps.

"How do you propose to accomplish it?" asked the voice.

"Provide me with fifty most beautiful girls, all richly dressed and wearing the costliest ornaments. Let each of them be provided with a golden basket," said Bhat.

"So be it," said the voice and the next moment there appeared fifty divine beauties each carrying a golden basket. Keshav Bhat ordered them to go and disperse themselves along the route taken by Nurjehan and collect cow dung in their golden baskets. If any one of the entourage of Nurjehan asked them who they were, they were to reply that they were Keshav Bhat's maid servants and that their duty was to collect cow dung to sprinkle the palace grounds with its water!

The next day Nurjehan was intrigued beyond words to notice the bewitching girls with dazzling ornaments collecting cow dung in golden baskets! She beckoned one and asked who she was and why so beautiful and rich a girl like herself should collect cow dung on the roadside! On learning that she was only a maid servant of Keshav Bhat,



Have you noted that it is impossible to sneeze with your eyes open?

Nurjehan exclaimed, "Wah-re-wah! Maid servants so comely and so richly bejewelled and cow dung in golden baskets! This is all beyond me. I am not a patch on these angelic looking sweepers and the noble pundit will surely be disappointed with me. It is better, therefore, I plead some excuse and bypass Tanjore." And so thinking she immediately ordered change of route and proceeded to Trichinopoly instead.

Thus Keshav Bhat, was saved an embarrassing visit. He lived with his friend Setty for many years in great pomp and was ever ready for new exploits which were all as entertaining as the above one. His name and exploits have passed into legendary lore along with the pomp and splendour of those bygone days the like of which have not been heard of ever since.

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Add Up Your Blessings

A. DEVOTEE

It was Emerson who said "Do not bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good".

Many of us do not know the harm that we do ourselves by "barking" against those whom we don't like. What happens is our whole mood gets coloured to a very great extent by such unwholesome pursuit. We sometimes dislike everyone including our next door neighbour. We have no good word to say about anyone. Everywhere, we find resistance to our getting on as we like and our ego gets battered and we become more sullen.

If, instead, we only care to see the good in others and feel happy over the blessings we have, we

are on the way to a richer and fuller life. Dr. Schindler says: "In regard to satisfaction and dissatisfaction, remember two things: First, it is easy, and much pleasanter, to find elements of satisfaction instead of dissatisfaction in the daily run of events. All that is required is the *will* to feel satisfied. The wise individual knows that life is one damned frustration after another, if you allow yourself to be frustrated, but it is also one satisfaction after another, if you are determined to be satisfied. *Trouble is where you make it.*"

Dr. Peale states:

"It is very easy to enumerate the difficulties and negatives of life, and the mind has the ten-

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dency to dwell upon such. But the mind can be trained to see with equal facility the positives and all the good things with which our lives are filled.

“One process creates tension, nervousness and unhappiness. The other process induces peace, calmness and joy.....So, as you go through life do not practise subtraction; but instead add up your blessings, opportunities, possibilities. In so doing, you will be relaxed, outgoing and successful.”

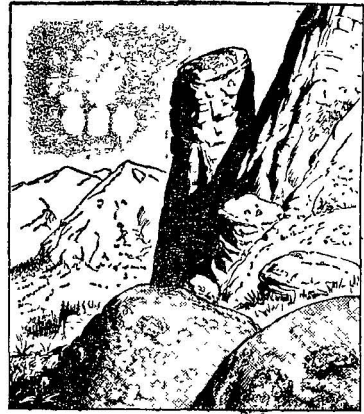
There is a touching story of an old slave who said to her mistress' youngest daughter, “God is just giving heaven away to people all day long.”

Old Ann was present at the birth of two generations of children in an American family and had brought them up. A slave, she had no time for idling. But even as she worked, she kept thanking the Lord for everything. Here are her own words :

“You know it's a funny thing about being thankful—It's a game an old coloured preacher taught me to play. It's looking for things to be thankful for. You don't know how many of them you pass right by, unless you go looking for them.

“Take this morning, for instance. I woke up and I lay there, lazy like, wondering what I got to be thankful for now. And you know what? I can't think of anything. Tee-hee! What must the good God think of me, His child? But it's the honest truth—I just can't think of a thing to thank Him for.

“And then, what do you think? My daughter, Josie, comes opening the door, and right straight



The lichen is nature's pioneer. A unique partnership of fungus and algae, the composite plant produces acid that breaks stone into soil. This action turns barren wasteland into a place where trees and flowers can grow.

from the kitchen comes the most delicious morning smell that ever tickled my old nose. Coffee! Much obliged, dear Lord, for the coffee and the daughter to have it ready for an old woman when she wakes up. Much obliged, dear Lord, for the smell of it—and for the way it puts ambition even into me. I'm obliged to the dear Lord for every cup I get.”

The game started thus in the morning went on and Ann thanked the Lord for the small China doll on the mantlepiece, the pictures on the walls and the strangest of strange things, for the sight of beautiful dresses displayed in the shop windows. She looked at those fineries and imagined how each of her mistresses would look in them. “I don't want those pretty

things," she said. "What I want a long velvet gown for, trailing half-way behind? But I think it's pretty, and I love to stand there and play dolls. I have a lot of fun at that window. I'm much obliged to the dear Lord for playing in my mind, old as I am; it's a kind of happiness."

There was that time, when she got caught in the rain, and her daughter feared for her. But to Ann, it was fun, because it was like a wonderful shower bath, which she had heard rich people had. And the cool water dropping on her cheeks felt like baby's fingers and she had always loved babies. "You know," she once said to her mistress' youngest daughter, "God just is giving heaven away to people all day long."

That was how Fulton Oursler learnt the art of playing the game "much obliged, dear Lord".

"Now," goes on Fulton Oursler, "Ann must have told me these things at different times, but they have ranged themselves in my memory so long, husky whispered monologue. For many a year I forgot she had ever said them. It was not until trouble had clamped down on me with a throttlehold and my old ego had been battered. An hour came when I recognized danger in my own sense of despair. I searched my memory as a bankrupt frantically pokes through safe deposit boxes, looking for a morsel of counsel. Ann had been a long time mouldering in her grave, but her rumbling half-whispered tones came back to me, with the game she taught me at the kitchen table searching out

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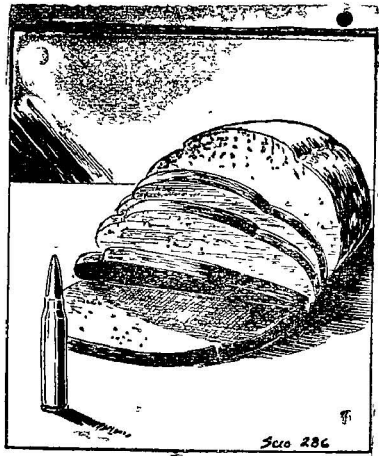
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every cause for thankfulness.

"I urged myself to play that game.....I was in the subway at the time, vile-smelling and overcrowded and it happened there was a burst of laughter that, probably because I was seeking it, reminded me that sorrow passes.....And I looked about me and marked a young girl's eyes shining with hope for the evening; and again, pride in reading of a boatman's home run bring a glow to the face of a tired old clerk.....And when I went up on the street, clean snow was falling; a church was lighted and its open doorway called to me. I went in. And I knelt. And my heart filled with warmth when I began to count over my many gifts, my many blessings. How much, how overpoweringly much, I had to be grateful for.

"For work to be done—good work that I could put my heart into—for that, I'm much obliged, dear Lord. For the ability to take care of those who look to me. For my loved ones, who love me more than I deserve. For friends—so many who had reached out or spoken—who had mercifully kept silent in my troubles. For utter strangers, whom I know now God had sent to me in my trial, miraculously on hand to help.....I found the words of thanks tumbling from my lips and heard myself thanking God even for difficulties because they renewed my faith.

"There's the magic in thanks-



By any monetary standard, the cost of one rifle cartridge would buy a loaf of bread. The cost of one battleship would provide a modern brick school in more than 100 cities.

giving. You may begin with a cup of coffee, but once you start, the gratefulness swells, and the causes multiply. Finally, it seems the more you think the more you have, and the more to be thankful for—and, of course, that's the whole spiritual keynote."

As the saying goes, "Even if the grace of the three—the Guru, Krishna and the Vaishnava is obtained—the *jiva* lacking the grace of the mind becomes nothing but dust and ashes."

The mind has to be trained to add up the blessings. Therefore let us play this game "much obliged, dear Lord".

—Vedanta Kesari.

There is but one basis of well-being, social and political and spiritual—to know that I and my brother are one.

—Swami Vivekananda.

GOD DOES EVERYTHING FOR THE BEST

SWAMI RAMDAS

Once there was a king who had a wise minister. One day they went to a thick forest on a hunting expedition. They roamed far into the interior of the extensive forest and eventually lost their way. The sun rose to the meridian. The king was oppressed with fatigue and hunger, and so they rested in the shade of a tree.

"Minister," said the exhausted king, "I am sorely upset through pangs of hunger. Can you get me something to eat?"

The minister looked round and discovered some fruits on the trees. Climbing up a tree he plucked a few ripe fruits and presented them to the king. The king in his haste to eat the fruit, while cutting it with a penknife, chopped off a bit of his finger. With a cry of pain he dropped both the fruit and knife, his injured finger streaming with blood.

"Ho!" he cried out, "how it pains."

"God does everything for the best," put in the minister quietly.

These words tended only to rouse the already petulant king. He flew into a rage and cried out: "Fool, truce to your philosophy! I have had enough of it. While I am suffering from excruciating agony the only consolation you can render is: 'God does everything for the best.' How can

this be for the best when my pain is intense and real? Avaunt, I will have nothing of you in future. Get out of my sight, and never show me your face again." The king could not control himself and rising up kicked the minister furiously and commanded him to take himself off at once. While the minister was leaving the king, he calmly reiterated: "God does everything for the best."

Now the king was left alone. He tore a strip of his garment and bandaged his injured finger and was given to sad reflections, when two stalwart men were seen approaching him. They instantly fell on the king and bound his hands and feet. Struggle or resistance was utterly useless, as the men were sturdy giants. The frightened king now asked: "What are you going to do with me?"

They replied: "We want you to be sacrificed at the altar of our goddess Kali. It is our custom to offer to the goddess a human sacrifice once a year. The time has arrived for it and we were on the look out for a human being and we are fortunate in having found you."

These words of his captors thoroughly alarmed the king. He remonstrated: "Let me go. I am the king of this land. You cannot, therefore, kill me for the sacrifice."

The men laughed and said : "Then this year's sacrifice is going to be unique, and our goddess will be highly pleased when she finds that we bring to her altar this time an exalted personage as an offering. Come along."

They dragged the victim to the Kali shrine, not far away from the spot. He was duly placed on the sacrificial altar. Things were ready for the death blow, when the priest observing the bandage on his left hand forefinger, removed it, and discovered that a portion of it was cut off. He said to the men: "This man is not acceptable to our goddess. Set him free. The goddess wants a whole man, while the man here has a defect in his body. A bit of his finger is gone. Let him go."

Accordingly, untying the ropes with which he was bound the men set the king free and allowed him to depart in peace.

Now the king remembered the words of the minister, uttered when he had cut his finger: "God does everything for the best." Indeed had it not been for that fortunate cut he would have by now been a dead man. He felt keenly for the ill treatment he had meted out to his friend. He was anxious to repair the blunder by begging his forgiveness. So he rambled

in the forest, called aloud the name of the minister, and at last found him. The minister was resting beneath a tree. Going up to him the king embraced him with extreme love and said: "Friend, I seek your forgiveness for the cruelty I inflicted on you. The truth of your golden saying has been brought home to me."

Then he narrated the incident of the intended sacrifice to the goddess, and how he was set free on account of the defect in his hand, caused by the knife cut.

"Sire," said the minister, "you have done me no harm. So there is nothing to forgive. In truth, you have saved me. While you kicked and drove me away, you may remember I repeated the same saying: 'God does everything for the best'. Now in my case as well it has come true. For, if you had not driven me away, I would have been in your company when the men of Kali captured you and, when they discovered that you were unfit for the sacrifice, they would have offered me instead, since I had no such defect in my body as the one you had so providentially acquired. So God does everything for the best."

—*Courtesy: Stories as told by Swami Ramdas.*

THE CLEVER SCOT

A Scotsman was attracting much attention in the club with stories of the various feat he had accomplished.

"Well, now," said an English listener, "suppose you tell us something you can't do and I will undertake to do it."

"Thank ye," replied the Scot. "I've just discovered I canna pay my bill here," and he left.

THE ARTIFICIAL PLANET

A. A. DADAYEV, PULKOVO CENTRAL ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY

The Soviet space rocket is the first man-made planet in the solar system. As distinct from artificial earth satellites the man-made planet is practically unaffected by drag, and it can therefore exist for millions of years.

Its existence may be terminated by a collision with a comet or a comparatively big meteor. However, such an encounter is extremely unlikely. Very big meteorites in fact fall onto the earth not more frequently than once in a century. However, the earth's size is incomparably greater than that of the rocket and the probability of the latter's colliding with a meteor is about as negligible as is its surface in comparison with that of the earth.

It is also difficult to imagine a collision ever taking place between the man-made planet and the earth. Although the orbit of the rocket crosses that of the earth's, collision is ruled out by the fact that the movement of the artificial planet, like that of the earth and the other planets, is affected by the reciprocal planetary pulls, known to astronomers as "disturbances".

Shall we be able to observe the artificial planet when it is at its closest to the earth?

Since the rocket cannot really be qualified as the "tenth planet" because its size and mass is infinitesimal in comparison with any of the nine big planets, it may be classed with the family of smaller planets, the asteroids.

At present the most efficient method of discovering and observing asteroids is photography. A telescope-astrograph trained on a belt of asteroids is so set that it moves in accordance with the daily movement of the stars, which are shown on a photographic plate as points. Since the planets, including the small ones, move across the sky among the stars, they are easily detected on the plate as lines. In this way very small asteroids have been discovered.

Suppose we succeed in detecting the artificial planet, what would scientists gain from conducting observations of it?

First of all, we should ascertain its orbit, which will have been altered owing to planetary pull, and this would help us to make more accurate observations of the rocket in future. In addition, observation of a body belonging to the solar system, at such close quarters to the earth would help ascertain the so-called "astronomical unit"—a unit of distance in the solar system, in other words, the average distance from the earth to the sun, which is known at present with an accuracy of up to 0.1 per cent.

There is no doubt that the cosmic rocket, having played an important part as the first direct investigator of the properties of space between the earth and the moon, will also be of great scientific importance in the future.

ULTRASONICS & YOU

RITCHIE CALDER

Are supersonic vibrations from jet- aircraft and the ultra-short waves used in radar transmissions harmful and capable of producing serious physical disturbances in people exposed to them? Ritchie Calder, famous science writer, answers:

May be we had better be clear, first, whether we are talking about "supersonic" or "ultrasonic", Let us define our terms.

"Sonic" means "sound", and sound waves travel through the atmosphere at about 760 miles an hour. (The speed varies according to the height and temperature). An aircraft travelling at a speed less than 600 m.p.h., is said to be "subsonic"; at between 600 m.p.h. and 900 m.p.h., "transonic"; and above that "supersonic".

Somewhere between 684 m.p.h. and 1,140 m.p.h. (depending on the shape of the aircraft) there is the "Sound Barrier". When an aircraft reaches that speed it "crashes the Sound Barrier" and it really is a crash because the invisible Sound Barrier is as physical as a wall.

The explanation is that below the speed of sound the aircraft is preceded by its sound waves which act like the outriders (or siren escort) of a procession, clearing the way for the shape which is coming. But when the aircraft is travelling at the speed of its own sound, it is compressing the air, like charging a crowd which has not time to scatter and get out of the way. It makes its own "Barrier" which

it has to smash like a battering ram before its speed becomes so great that it is travelling faster than its own sound. When the barrier is crashed the shock reaching the ground shatters windows, and peoples' nerves. But "sound", here, is like a physical blow.

"Supersonic", therefore, means the speed of the machine relative to the speed of sound.

"Ultrasonic" is something different. It means "beyond the threshold of hearing". The ear, or a microphone, picks up sounds which are vibrations of air beating on the ear-drum, or diaphragm, and which are converted into nerve impulses, or electric signals. But the human ear can only identify sound waves of certain frequencies. Dogs (as we know from the "silent whistle") and other creatures can hear frequencies beyond the human range. But there are higher frequencies which cannot be heard by any ear but which can be detected by instruments. Those are called "ultrasonic".

They are of such intensity that they can break up globules of dirt or fat, and so can be used for laundry work; or bore holes in metal; or split germs or living cells. Thus ultrasonic

vibrations could be harmful if human beings were exposed to them—but they would have to be pencil-sharp beams, at very close range. Diffused ultrasonic waves would not have the same harmful effects. There is, however, one qualification: the ears of some people, like the ears of dogs, are sensitive to vibrations beyond the ordinary range. (Young children have a “sharper” hearing than grown-ups.) Such people might find ultrasonics emotionally disturbing.

Now about radar: Radiowaves can vary in length from kilometres (long waves) to millimetres (ultra-short waves). Very short waves (or very high frequencies) can produce curious effects. They can melt metals or cook food. High frequency furnaces are used in refining metals. High frequency ovens are used for “inside-out” cooking, which means that the heat is generated *inside* the steak, whereas, in grilling, the heat goes from the *surface* inwards. The explanation is that the high frequencies agitate the molecules in the metal or the meat and molecules when agitated generate heat.

One can put one’s hand in a high-frequency furnace or oven and feel no sensation of heat—but not for long, because the molecules in the tissues of the hand will begin to heat up. And if one is silly enough to put in a hand with a ring on it, the results will be very unpleasant because metal, being a better conductor than flesh, will melt quickly.

So ultra-short waves can produce physical effects on the living




body, but they have to be ultra-short, not those used in television, or so-called “V.H F.” (very high frequency) radio transmissions. But ultra-short waves or ultra-high frequencies are used in certain forms of transmission and, in Britain, there have been protests about such stations in areas where bodies might be exposed to them. Probably the official reassurances have a measure of truth and the effects may be slight. But however slight they are undesirable.

There is a useful generalisation that all excessive, or intensive, radiation whether light (think of the burnings by ultraviolet); sound (think, or may be you would rather not, of all the bru-

tal noises that jangle the nerves of modern man); ultra-short radio-waves; X-ray or nuclear radiation, is harmful. Some are infinitely worse than others.

—Unesco.

PARTY TO LEADING BANKER

Why is it inspite of a record production of 75 million tons of foodgrains the price of foodstuffs has not come down ?

One of the main reasons for this paradox is the directive of the Reserve Bank of India restricting loans on foodgrains. It is the food-grain dealers who need loans to purchase the stock from the farmers. And as long as finance is restricted to them the flow of foodgrains into the market is also restricted thus keeping up the prices. If the Reserve Bank reverses its directive then there is bound to be a fall in prices.

This was the view expressed by Dr. T. M. A. Pai, a leading banker and economist of Mysore State. The occasion was a party got up in his honour by a committee of hosts consisting of prominent businessmen of Madras City.

Dr. Pai is the Managing Director of the Canara Industrial and Banking Syndicate Ltd., and the Registrar of Kasturba Medical College, Udipi, an unique institution built up solely by his initiative and without any initial help from Government. It is an outstanding example of self help and is one of the leading medical colleges in Mysore State.

* * * *

JAPAN STANDS FIRST IN FISHING

Japan is the foremost fishing country in the world according to the *Yearbook of Fishery Statistics*. Japanese fishermen brought home 5,399,000 metric tons of fish in 1957 representing 18 per cent of the total world catch. The United States, with the second highest total, caught 2,741,100 tons, a little more than half the amount recorded by Japan. China comes third and USSR fourth.

* * * *

ON PRAYER

Mahatma Gandhi in modern times has shown us the real value and place of prayer in life and he has also demonstrated it in his life. Sincere prayer turns weakness into strength and enables a person to remove evil thoughts from him and concentrate on goodness in God.

—Morarji Desai.

* * * *

He who asks a question is a fool for five minutes; he who does not ask a question remains a fool for ever.

—A Chinese proverb.

* * * *

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; him least who is indifferent to all.

—Lovater.

Gandhiji's Non-Violence In Action

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

As we stated in the last issue, Balasundaram's case brought Gandhi into touch with all classes of Indians in S. Africa, rich as well as the poor. The inhuman annual tax of £ 25 on indentured Indians was the next target of his attack. He organised a great campaign and won the battle in the end. After a time in 1896 Gandhi took permission to return home for six months.

He was back in India, rested a while with his family in Rajkot. But soon politics drew him to Bombay where he met Sir Pherozeshah Mehta. Later in Poona, Gandhi met Lokamanya Tilak. Gandhi's idea was to secure Indian public support in the cause of Indians in Africa. He rested not but went from Poona to Madras, thence to Calcutta. He had later to hurry to Africa.

The whites of Africa in the meanwhile were infuriated at Gandhi's propaganda tour in India. So they brought pressure and Gandhi and several other Indians were not allowed to land. The ship was in quarantine for nearly twentyfour days. But none of the Indians on board the ship were worried. The whites were disappointed. None could be scared to return to India. It was all young Gandhi's spirit that animated all the gents

under quarantine. At long last they were allowed to land. But an infuriated crowd molested him and inflicted some injuries on his person. Gandhi had to be helped out later when an angry crowd surrounded the house where he was staying. The Police Superintendent asked Gandhi to put on an Indian constable's uniform. He did it and wore a Madrassi scarf, wrapped round a plate to serve as a helmet. Two detectives accompanied him. They went through bylanes and as they were escaping Gandhi could hear the crowd singing the refrain, "Hang old Gandhi on the sour apple tree." At long last Gandhi reached a police station. When this occurred, the Superintendent told the angry crowd waiting near his house, "Well your victim has made good his escape through a neighbouring shop. You had better go home now." The crowd dispersed greatly chagrined and crestfallen.

The Superintendent asked Gandhi if he wanted to prosecute his assailants. Classic was Gandhi's reply: "I do not want to prosecute anyone. It is possible that I may be able to identify one or two of them, but what is the use of getting them punished? Besides, I do not hold the assailants to blame. They were given

to understand that I had made exaggerated statements in India about the whites in Natal and calumniated them. If they believed these reports it is no wonder they are enraged. The leaders, and, if you will permit me to say so, you too are to blame. You could have guided the people properly, but you also believed Reuter and assumed that I must have indulged in exaggeration. I do not want to bring any one to book. I am sure that when the truth becomes known, they will be sorry for their conduct."

Thus spake the apostle of truth

and non-violence. The white police official was wonder struck at this most lovable exposition of Indian philosophy which was unknown in Africa. Gandhi was an enigma to the African whites.

While we wished to write about Gandhi as he laboured through the profession as counsel and later, as an accused in law courts, we were tempted to relate some of the early important episodes in his life. The deviation, we hope, has been appreciated by the readers.

BOOKS

Space science is progressing fast what with the launching of satellites and space rockets both by Russia and U.S.A. The Russian space rocket launched in January was a great triumph for Soviet science. It is now circling the sun along with the nine other planets and is expected to last for millions of years. The development of this rocket, its launching, how it works and what it is expected to reveal, are all dealt with in an attractively got up illustrated booklet titled *Soviet Cosmic Rocket*. To the common man who is bewildered by the fast progress of science this is an informative book. Published by the Information Department of the USSR Embassy in India, 25, Barakhamba Road, New Delhi, it is priced only 40 nP.

Two other books brought out by the Information Department are "Target Figures for the Economic Development of the USSR from 1959 to 1965" and "Rural Co-operation in the USSR." The first sets out the details of the ambitious targets which Russia hopes to achieve in the next Seven-Year-Plan period and is priced nominally at 20 nP. The other also priced 20 nP. gives details about the agricultural and consumers co-operatives and how they work and is topical in view of Congress decision to introduce co-operative farming in India.

* * * *

SLIP OF THE TONGUE

Johnny's mother was putting on her hat in preparation for a trip down-town. Johnny watched her silently. As she was about to leave, his mother said, "Johnny, I want you to be good while I'm out."

"I'll be good for a dime," said Johnny, with an eye on his mother's purse.

"Johnny," said his mother, soberly, "you cannot be a son of mine unless you're good for nothing."

OBESITY & LONGEVITY

A study—the first of its kind—dealing with weight, height and body build of persons over 65 has been made by Dr. Arthur M. Master, New York cardiologist. The study involved 2,925 men and 2,694 women from all parts of the country and showed that the incidence of overweight decreases sharply with advancing age from 65 onward, while the frequency of underweight subjects increased greatly.

“It is clear,” Dr. Master says, “that obesity reduces the life span and that the outlook for thin persons is the more favourable.” The study also showed that height bears no relationship to longevity. This finding, Dr. Master says, “corrects an impression held by some investigators, and lay people in general, that tall people do not have as satisfactory a survival rate as shorter ones.”

The average height of individuals 65 to 69 and 90 to 94, it was found, was approximately the same, which indicates that survival is not influenced by height.

The “very definite trend” toward decrease in average weight after age 65 may be accounted for by two reasons, Dr. Master points out. One is that an individual loss of weight accompanies the aging process. The other is that there is a high mortality rate among the overweight, favouring the survival of a large proportion

of the underweight individuals. The latter, in his opinion, is probably more significant.

* * *

For Tooth Decay

Addition of minute amounts of flourides to the drinking water definitely helps prevention of tooth decay in growing children, according to *Nutrition Review*, the official organ of the Nutrition Foundation, USA.

It has arrived at this conclusion after analysing the result of a number of pioneer studies.

“The data,” it adds, “add to the increasing body of information which supports the wisdom and safety of fluoridation at 1 to 1.2 parts per million in cities in the northern United States, and at 0.7 to 0.8 parts per million in cities in the southern United States, where water consumption is greater because of the higher average temperature.”

* * *

Days Getting Longer

The length of the terrestrial day is increasing by two thousandths of a second a century. This latest calculation of the secular slowing down of our planet's rotation was announced by Nikolai Pariisky, an authority on the earth's interior structure, at an astronomers' conference in Riga.

* * *

Memory in a Deep-Freeze

Electronic devices which will memorize all the recorded knowledge in the world—the contents

of the British Museum, the Bibliotheque Nationale, the Library of Congress, the Lenin Library and, indeed, all recorded facts past and present will be perfected in a matter of years. This was predicted by computer specialists attending the International Conference on Information Processing in Paris during June.

The Conference, organized by Unesco, brought together 2,000 experts from 37 countries to share their knowledge and experiences and take stock of their achievements. Computers today, are a thousand times faster than they were only three years ago, and a million times faster than they were ten years ago.

A few years back, a giant memory might have seemed impossible because of its size. Today, the equivalent of the human memory could be embodied on a piece of glass five inches by six, the size of a photographic plate. The electric circuits would be stenciled on the glass by putting a diagrammatic mask over it and depositing a fine film of metal. The film would serve as a pattern of electric wires.

This spider's web circuit can be frozen at about 270° below zero—the temperature at which helium gas liquifies. (Liquid helium is used as the refrigerant.) At that temperature, certain metals become super-conductors, that is to say, the electric currents flow indefinitely, without any loss. Thus facts to be remembered are kept in a deep freeze.



To sustain life, the human body requires at least 700 calories daily—the amount found in three average cups of cooked rice. A human being can live only 30 to 40 days without food and but 3 to 5 without water.

Model farm in Desert

Near Suratgarh, in northern India, a 30,000 acre stretch of the Rajasthan desert is being turned into fertile agricultural land in what is one of the biggest model farm projects of its kind in Asia.

The idea of creating the farm originated two and a half years ago when the Soviet Government donated 70 tractors, 60 harvesters, trucks and other agricultural machinery.

To-day, over 11,000 acres of land, previously covered with sand dunes, desert shrubs and gnarled acacia trees, have been sown with winter crops. Wheat is an important crop, and farm officials expect to harvest an average of 1,200 lbs. per acre compared with an average of 700 lbs. in other parts of the

country.

Bulldozers are preparing another 13,000 acres of land for cultivation this year, and plans are in hand for planting a 2,000 acre orchard which will contain different varieties of orange trees, date palms and grape vines. This year's development schedule also includes cattle breeding, rearing of the Bikaneri breed of sheep, famous for its carpet wool, and poultry farming.

The farm already possesses two tree nurseries where 200,000 trees of selected hardy species are being raised to provide shelter from the sun and protection for crops against wind erosion.

* * *

Mystery of Human Growth

Biochemists at the University of Michigan Medical Centre are exploring one of nature's best kept secrets—the mystery of human growth.

They have produced evidence which indicates that growth is closely related to an "amino acid hunger" of individual body cells.

Amino acids, says Dr. Halvor N. Christensen, Chairman of the University of Michigan Department of Biological Chemistry, can serve a two-fold purpose. They are the chemical building blocks of living protoplasm and also may be used as fuel for the body. At any given moment, their use seems to be governed by the presence of certain hormones. At times these enter the cells in great quantities and then growth tends to take place. The researchers have probed into the mechanism that transmits these nutrients through the cell

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membrane.

Curiously, the direction of this transport goes from a weak solution (the blood) into a concentrated one (the cell body). This is a biological oddity which, says Dr. Christensen, "is like water flowing uphill." He explains the activity as an "amino acid hunger."

The doctor suspects that a form of vitamin B-6 propels the amino acid molecules into the rich interior of the cell.

"When a person matures and his growth potential drops off, this amino acid hunger decreases," Dr. Christensen reports. "Then a smaller number of amino acid molecules are used

for growth and more are converted into energy for running the body."

The changing mechanism may be the thing that makes us stop growing at a certain period in life, he says, and may also help to explain cancer. A cancer cell retains its amino acid hunger and grows vigorously, to the detriment of other parts of the body.

So far the University of Michigan biochemists have been balked in attempting to study this transport activity in a simpler system because a living cell is essential to the process. When the cell is injured, the machinery producing the uphill movement can no longer be recognized.

* * *

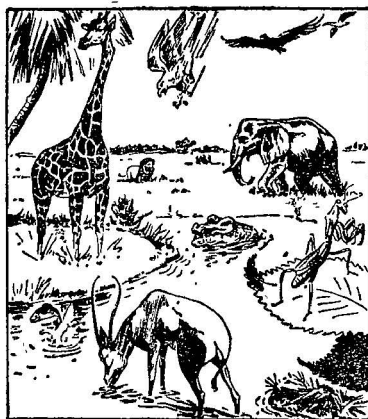
Versatile Robot

The General Electric Company of New York, has built a robot that rivals a human being in the work it can do with its massive arms and hands.

"Handyman," as it is called, was designed to serve as a master mechanic on experimental atomic airplane engines. It works in radioactive areas, controlled by a human operator some distance away.

The characteristic that distinguishes "Handyman" from other comparable robots is its ability to clutch objects in its steel hands. It duplicates very closely the clutching action of the human hand. To do this, it has a thumb and forefinger on each arm. Each arm and hand can perform a total of 10 types of motion.

The operator can make the robot's fingers and thumbs bend and curl. The wrists and elbows



Experts say at least 1,000,000 species of animals, 800,000 species of insects, 30,000 species of fish, 9,000 species of birds and at least 250,000 species of plants live on the earth.

can bend, the forearms and upper arms can twist, and there is a forward and sideward pivot in the shoulder joints.

Capable of such a variety of motions, the robot can hammer a nail into a board, unscrew a bolt, or twirl a hula hoop. The movements of its hands can be so delicately controlled that it can even pluck petals from a flower.

* * *

High-power Rocket Engine

The 1,500,000 pound thrust rocket engine being developed in the United States promises many possibilities for future space projects, Krafft A. Ehrliche, a leading U. S. space engineer reports.

Two such engines will provide a booster rocket of 3,000,000 pounds thrust, and this would make an excellent booster for a

nuclear-propelled upper stage, Ehrliche says.

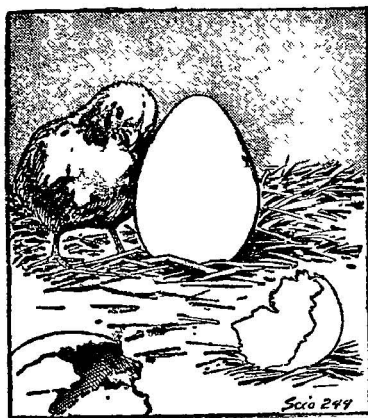
With two high-energy chemical-powered stages on a 3,000,000 pound booster it would be a comparatively simple matter to land people on the moon and bring them back, he believes. Such a rocket, it is thought, could land on the moon payloads weighing up to 10,000 pounds.

* * *

New material for space Vehicles

A new material that may add to the safety of future space ships and increase the speed of missiles has been developed at the University of California.

The material combines the heat resistance of ceramics with the strength and flexibility of various metals. In making the material, molten metals and ceramics are sprayed in alternate thin layers on a rotating disk. This makes a



Eggs set on their large ends will not hatch. The air cell is located in that end, and the weight of the contents destroys it.

“layer cake” structure consisting of many thin layers one above the other.

After cooling, the cake is crushed into tiny particles that are smaller than grains of salt. Each particle, however, retains its layercake structure. The grains are then pressed in a mould at temperatures up to 2,207 degrees Fahrenheit.

The resultant material is said to be superior to any previous mixture of metals and ceramics.

* * *

Reactor Guns

U. S. aviation research engineers have developed a device designed to enable weightless space travellers to move around inside or outside of space ships.

The device, called a reactor gun, is still in the experimental stage, but is functioning successfully under conditions of weight-

lessness. These conditions are created by diving an airplane at a steep angle until it reaches a speed of 250 miles an hour. The plane then pulls out of its dive and coasts in an arc.

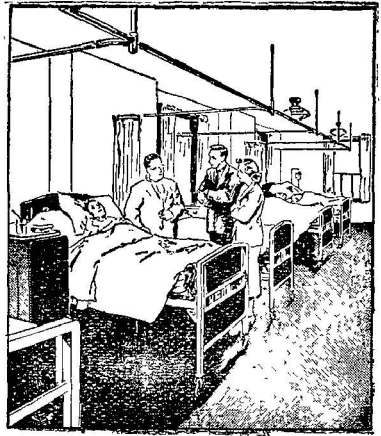
During the coasting period the plane and everything inside it becomes weightless for 10 to 15 seconds, and the plane's passengers experiment with the reactor gun.

The reactor gun consists of a group of bottles containing air under high pressure and a short length of hose fitted with a nozzle and valves by which the flow of air from the bottles can be controlled. The bottles are strapped to the space traveller's back. To move in one direction, he points the nozzle in the opposite direction and opens the valve to release high-pressure air. The reaction of the air rushing out of the nozzle provides enough force to propel the man from one point to another.

* * *

Checking Einstein's Theory

Dr. Harold Lyons, inventor of world's first atomic clock, revealed that in about two years' time an atomic clock would be sent high up in a satellite and made to orbit around the earth at 18,000 miles an hour. The purpose of this experiment is to test Einstein's Theory of Relativity that a clock runs at a rate that depends on the gravitational field it is in. A clock should tick slower if brought into a stronger gravitational field. Conversely, it should run faster if the strength of the gravitational field is decreased—in this case by putting it in a satellite, since



Ireland, it is claimed, has the greatest ratio of hospital beds of any country: one for every 67 persons.

earth's gravity weakens with distance.

The experiment will also provide a check on Einstein's postulate that a moving clock should run slow. This effect, called "motional time dilatation," is very small for low velocities but slows a clock down to zero at the velocity of light.

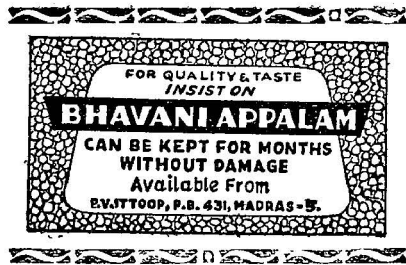
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Life on other Planets

Dr. S. S. Huang, research astronomer at the University of California, has calculated that out of forty-two stars within sixteen light-years (100 trillion miles) of the earth, only three have a fair chance of possessing planets with intelligent forms of life. One of these is, of course, our sun. The other two are known as Epsilon Eridani, about eleven light-years away, and Tau Ceti, almost twelve light-years distant.

Dr. Huang began his calculations by considering how long it has taken the earth to achieve an intelligent form of life. Since the mutations responsible for evolution occur at random, and thus require a great deal of time, he reasons, it would be impossible for intelligent beings to evolve in very much less than a billion years. On this basis a large group of stars are eliminated from consideration because they are less than a billion years old.

Next, Dr. Huang investigated



what he calls the "habitable zone" surrounding a star—the area that receives enough energy from the star to have temperatures within the limits that could support life.

IT DIDN'T WORK

The psychiatrist advised the henpecked husband to assert his authority. "To-night, when you go home, I want you to show your wife that you're the boss."

The patient decided the doctor was right. When he reached home, he slammed the door, grabbed his wife by the arm and told her he wanted dinner ready in five minutes. "When you've finished with that," he continued, "you're going straight upstairs to lay out my evening clothes, because to-night I'm going out with the boys. And furthermore," he added, cocking an eyebrow, "do you know who's going to tie my black tie and help me on with my coat?"

"Sure," said his wife, rolling up her sleeves. "The undertaker!"

* * * *

PIOUS THOUGHT

Old Ebenezer, a Negro who had lived in a country town in America, had died. He had never exactly been an outstanding member of the community and the local preacher was hard put to it to phrase a respectable oration over the coffin.

Eventually he said: "Ebenezer, you is gone. We hope you is gone where we suspect you ain't."

* * * *

"I think," a rather dizzy typist announced to her friends in the pool, "that the boss has decided to keep me."

"Has he said anything?" asked one.

"No," she replied, happily, "but this morning he gave me a dictionary."

* * * *

The rain water never stands on high ground, but runs down to the lowest level. So also the mercy of God remains in the hearts of the lowly, but drains off from those of the vain and the proud.

—Sri Ramakrishna.

SANKARA'S MISSION

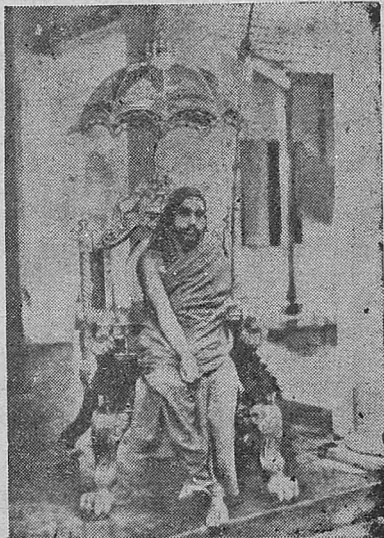
**His Holiness Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam here-
under reveals the glory of the Advaita Philosophy of
Sri Sankara which properly understood and assimilated
can serve as a talisman for world peace.**

VELANDAI

His Holiness expounding the greatness of his *Parama Guru* (nay the guru for all humanity, one may say) said :

Sri Sankara in his *Bashyas* expounded the truths enshrined in the *Upanishads* in a language which is profoundly sublime and yet transparently simple. The ascetic Sankara traversed the whole of the *Bharata bhoomi* on foot from Rameswaram in the south to the Himalayas in the north. Rivers and sacred spots, villages and towns and temples have all been sanctified by him and their spirituality augmented by his *yantras* and *mantras* and by the invocations he made. Generally speaking there is no holy spot in India whose sanctity has not been heightened by his association. Even now in every part of the country, people speak with pride that the temple in their place has been sanctified by Sankaracharya and made famous by the *yantras* that he established. In all regions where *vedic* studies are prevalent there Sankaracharya *Bashyas* are being studied with devotion by those who seek knowledge.

The growth of modern science is said to be responsible for the



increase of lethal weapons which are capable of destroying all life. Yet, from another angle, on calm and careful reflection, it will be clear that the growth of science has shown the way for the promotion of peace among men. Fifty years ago physicists held the view that matter was made up of distinct elements and they had the theory of absolute difference among things. Now, however, denying the distinctiveness of individual elements of matter and mutual difference between

what is with form and what is without form, they proclaim that they are all evolutes of one energy. Thus it will be clear to all thinkers that modern scientists are giving up the theory of difference and are gradually getting oriented to the philosophy of non-difference. Especially great savants like Einstein, Sir James Jeans, and Eddington have come very near the doctrine of Advaita taught by Sri Sankara.

Declaring that the phenomenal world of perception is not ultimately true, but only relatively real, they have come in effect to reject difference itself. The scientific thought of the present day progressively approximates to and supports the conclusion of Sri Sankara in the repudiation of the world of difference. This modern view will prepare the way for inculcating a sense of peace in the world. With the obliteration through proper insight of the sense of difference among the citizens of the world, among leaders of men and among administrators, the wise, the brave and the thoughtful will no longer feel that others are different from themselves. They will realise their oneness with the men of every country. Themselves afflicted by afflictions of the people of those lands, they prove to be the foundation for raising



Dave Geer, USA, world champion wood chopper, can chop through a 10-inch square pine timber in 23 seconds.

the edifice of world peace.

May the truth, Advaita or non-difference to which modern scientific thinkers are getting attuned, a truth which has been proclaimed by eternal Sruti and which has been rendered radiant by Sri Sankara, be broadcast all over the world by thinkers and wise men, each in his measure with earnestness and fervour. May the malady of absence of peace which at present troubles all mankind be cured by the life-giving nectar of the realisation of non-difference. May peace reign everywhere.

RETORT

Smith and his wife were quarrelling and neither would give way. Suddenly Smith noticed a donkey passing.

"Relative of yours?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "by marriage."

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It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he was never reasoned into.

—Jonathan Swift.

Candid Communications

Dr. C. D. Deshmukh,
Chairman, University Grants
Commission.

Sir,

It is with great interest that I read your Sastri Memorial Lectures delivered under the auspices of the Madras University.

"Now that we have had nearly twelve years of independence, what have we made of it?" you asked. "Have the citizens of India given a good account of themselves? If not what is the measure of the lapse, or the shortfall, and where does the responsibility for this lie?"

Well, your answers to these questions are revealing. You state that under democracy man in the mass who wields the power of the franchise has necessarily a low common denominator of culture and intelligence, education and mental concentration.

"The real microscopic minority of the intellectual, i.e., the cultured and educated who worried on account of others, were cold shouldered and edged out in this traffic-jam of the selfish educated and ignorant proletariat, and the pampering of the worst instincts of the latter by the former led to a steady deterioration of the decencies of life. In such an environment quality was sacrificed to quantity."

And naturally in such a society, you stated, the voter was wooed by "questionable means, either in

the crude form of open corruption or in the subtler form of appeal to his local, communal or sectional loyalty, by politicians anxious to advance to power for selfish ends on the strength of 'popular' vote or 'contact' with the masses."

And what about the ministers? You answered that owing to the limitations imposed by such democracy, "ministers with inadequate intelligence, education, culture or talent or administrative capacity," came to rule because they were backed by popular vote. What was the result?

"An uneasy public heard of nepotism, still very common, high-handedness, jerry-mandering feathering of nests through progeny and a dozen other sins of commission and omission and yet was helpless for lack of precise data, facts and figures, evidence and proof. The informants were in nearly every case timid and fearful lest they should come into trouble by testifying to alleged facts."

Is there no remedy for such a state of affairs? There is, you said. It is the setting up of a high level impartial, standing judicial tribunal to investigate and report on complaints or intimations.

And you significantly added that if such a tribunal were set up you would be happy to make a beginning by lodging half a dozen informations!

Ah! How I wish you had made some revelations or at least given some hints! However, permit me to make a guess. Is not your information in respect of ministers, who are sufficiently high placed in the hierarchy of the Congress? —Zero.

* * *

Sri E. M. S. Nambudiripad,
Ex-Chief Minister,
Kerala.
Comrade E.M.S.,

Addressing a public meeting in Madras last month you asked, "Why is it that the Congress Parliamentary Board, the Congress Working Committee and the Prime Minister do not denounce the anti-social activities by the Congressmen in Kerala? Are they afraid if they do so their own people will join the Swatantra party? Do they want to compromise with the anti-social elements in fear of the Congress organisation losing them?"

Naughty! Naughty! dear Mr. Nambudiripad! Why did you pick on the Swatantra party for your jibes? Why this oblique suggestion that the Swatantra party consists of deserters from the Congress? It is because the inspire of the party is C. R. who long ago declared that the Communists are his enemy No 1? —Zero.

* * *

Nikita S. Krushchev,
Moscow.

Sir,

At the Berlin conference you seem to have told Mr. Harriman, "Your generals talk of maintaining your position in Berlin with

force. That is bluff. If you send in tanks, they will burn, and make no mistake about it. If you want war, you can have it; but remember it will be your war. Our rockets will fly automatically."

Well! Well! The speech is typical of you. And the west, I hope, will take heed and not start a war.

But as between ourselves, are you quite sure you are not bluffing too? —Zero.

* * *

Sri J. B. Kripalani,
New Delhi.
Acharyaji,

Apropos the Kerala situation, "an ex-minister of some sort" told you, it seems, "Why this hullabaloo? The congress governments in the states do the very same things that the Kerala Government has been doing."

You admit the truth in this statement but state that there is still some difference—the Congressmen do many of these doubtful things in their individual capacity and for individual gain. It is not in pursuance of any party policy or to fill its coffers, whereas in Kerala it is all done in pursuance of the party policy and so you state Central intervention is justified!

Bless my soul, Acharyaji! If individual Congressmen in large numbers started securing favours from Ministers and interfering in administration don't you think it is an evil as black as that which the Communist party in Kerala was being accused of? What good is such splitting of hairs?

—Zero.

Mrs. MUNSHI & FILMS

A. VENKATESWARA RAO

With an investment of several crores of rupees and the employment potential of lakhs and lakhs of persons, the film industry today is one of India's major industries. Besides it is one of the most powerful medium for education and mass propaganda. Every day all over the world millions of people go to the cinema theatre, and enjoy a film costing some millions of rupees for the price of a ticket which in India is as low as 25 nP.

The Government of India have recognised the value of films and have started encouraging the industry by giving awards annually for the best pictures. Some of the stars too have been honoured by conferring on them titles.

This is as it should be. But now comes the voice of a person shouting hoarse against the industry. Mrs. Leelavati Munshi wants a campaign against films because she says they have a demoralising effect on juveniles.

"Today," she says, "we see that many young people, both boys and girls, behave in a very irresponsible manner and the kind of behaviour which a few years back was a rare phenomenon has become a regular, commonplace feature. If you open any newspaper you will read reports of the enormous increase in crimes such as stealing, house breaking, looting, murder, running away with someone's wife or husband.

These are occurrences which are reported prominently every day."

"From whom do so many young people and children learn crimes?" she asks and answers, "Undoubtedly, the majority of them learn them from the cinemas."

And to prove her statement Mrs. Munshi gives the instance of an eight-year-old child which stole some money to give some presents to her favourite star!

There are millions and millions of people who daily go to the cinema theatre to enjoy a film. If films have a corrupting influence then all those who cross the threshold of the theatre should get corrupt and demoralised. But Mrs. Munshi can pick up only one or two cases. Does she not know that one swallow cannot make a summer?

And is thieving learnt only from films? In remote parts and in villages where films have not penetrated are there no cases of theft or sex crimes? Do not wives run away with some one else?

Of course, Mrs. Munshi admits that the world was never without crimes. Her contention is that the films have accentuated the problem.

If there are more such crimes today, why blame the cinema for it? The second world war has brought about many social changes. The young are more inde-

pendent and parental control is not as strict as it was, say, some three or four decades ago. Think of the indiscipline in the colleges! Are the films even remotely to be blamed for such a state of affairs?

If as Mrs. Munshi states crime is on increase then the causes should be sought elsewhere. Crime and sex are bred in poverty, in the slums, in poorer homes, in maladjusted families and not because of films which are simply meant to entertain.

Says Mrs. Munshi, "Young people are crazy about cinemas and cinema stars." What is wrong in that? Young people are crazy about anything they like best. And if they are crazy about cinema stars it is indeed a compliment and not an indictment as she wants us to believe.

School going children are crazy about cricket players or tennis stars. Does that make cricket or tennis questionable recreation?

Says again Mrs. Munshi:

"The world is based on relationship between men and women. But if we allow all restrictions to be removed, the world would become all-absorbing obsession. Most of the great nations of the past met their downfall because of the decay of their morals. Today many advanced nations are showing signs of decay because of their decaying morals. Sex, drink and greed are the motives by which the general run of pictures are saturated."

And she adds:

"Today motion pictures are sowing the seeds of destruction in every home and in the minds of

young men and women. This is a question which effects every home."

This is a terrible indictment of not only the cinema industry as a whole but also of the millions of the fans who extend their patronage to the industry. Clearly no one with any sense of responsibility would make such a sweeping charge. I do not say that there are no bad films but to say that "motion pictures are sowing the seeds of destruction in every home," is something..... well, I leave it to the readers to say whatever they like.

* * *

C. R. and Films

If Mrs. Munshi is campaigning against sex and crime pictures, there is C. Rajagopalachari who campaigns for a total boycott of all films!

"Don't go to pictures," was the advice he gave to his listeners in Bombay and he said they should induce their friends also not to go to a cinema theatre. Of course, such talk coming from our respected leaders, to whom we look for guidance, is disturbing, but in the long run it is more harmful to their own reputation than to the industry they cavil at. For, in spite of all the campaign of C R. it is doubtful whether a film fan will miss going to a film. The film caravan passes on.

* * *

On Censorship

It is pertinent in this connection to relate the latest U. S. Supreme Court decision in regard to censorship of films.

As in India at present there was a reformist wave in Hollywood and the Hays Office was

established to censor all films. Producers naturally were under a great handicap but public opinion naturally asserted itself gradually.

The latest triumph of the producers is in respect of the French film *Lady Chatterley's Lover* which was banned in New York State as it was considered immoral. But the U. S. Supreme Court has reversed this decision and declared that the film should never have been banned, since it is obviously of such an innocuous nature that it is doubtful, as Justice Felix Frankfurter said, that it would even have offended Victorian sensibilities.

But much more important, the Supreme Court, in a 6-3 decision, declared unconstitutional that section of the New York law that prohibits the licensing of a motion picture "the dominant purpose or effect" of which is "erotic or pornographic" or which "portrays acts of sexual immorality, perversion or lewdness or which expressly or impliedly presents such acts as desirable, acceptable or proper patterns of behaviour."

This section, which was carefully written and made into law

in 1954 in an effort to give a clear definition to the term "immorality," was found to go too far, in the court's judgement, and thus to violate the guarantee of "free speech."

"What New York has done," (in banning *Lady Chatterley's Lover*), Justice Potter Stewart declared in the majority opinion, "is to prevent the exhibition of a motion picture because that picture advocates an idea—that adultery under circumstances may be proper behaviour. Yet the First Amendment's basic guarantee is of freedom to advocate ideas. The State, quite simply, has thus struck at the very heart of constitutionally protected liberties."

It will be good if some enterprising producer in India also tests the right of the censors to interfere with the films by referring the issue to our Supreme Court.

* * *

The popular Telugu comedian Relangi is the latest star to make a donation to the Venkateswara University. He has paid Rs. 25,000 and the University has honoured him for it by making him a life member of its senate.

NO HEAVEN FOR THEM?

It seems that the gate broke down between Heaven and Hell and St. Peter appeared at the broken part of the gate and called out to the Devil: "Hey, Satan, it's your turn to fix it this time."

"Sorry, Sir," replied the Devil. "My men are too busy to worry about a broken gate."

"Well, then," growled St. Peter, "I'll have to sue you for breaking our agreement."

"Yeah, and where will you get a lawyer?" came the retort.

இப்பொழுது நடைபெறுகிறது
சென்னை, கெயிட்டி, பிரபாத் & சாஸ்வதி
மற்றும் தென்னாடுங்கும்

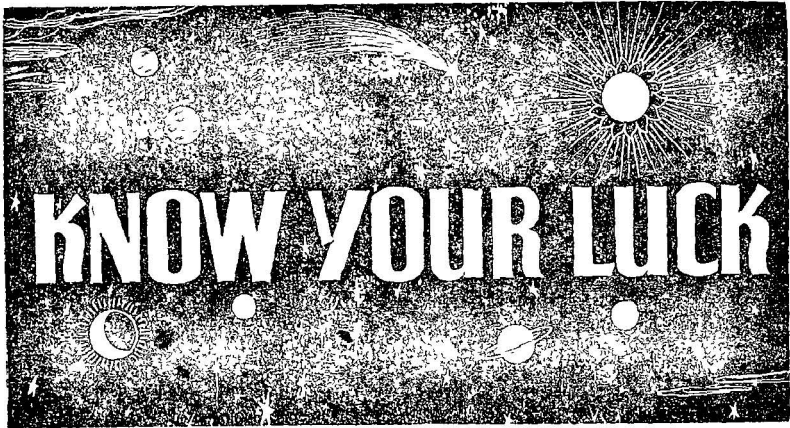


M.M. வாங்குங்கள்

அல்லவற்ற பிள்ளை

கவிஞர். தீவாக்கதை. வசனம். சங்கீதம். பாடல்கள்.
K.சோமு A.P.நாகராஜன் K.V.மஹாதேவன் A.மருதகாசீ
மேலக்கதை... பண்டிட் முகராம் சர்மா





P. V. RAO, 2/5, BESANT ROAD, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

The first half of this month inclines you to domestic interests, household affairs, relations, your children and family. Health perhaps may be disturbed. Second half onwards you are more speculatively inclined. One of your children may have some setback or in a few cases birth of a child may be in the month's picture. Financially this month causes greater concern than before and from the 11th the financial lord Sukra gets a setback on account of which some of your important schemes will get postponed. Money may come through joint efforts, joint account or joint business. Your wife will claim your special attention. Marriage problem if any will engage your attention from the 2nd half. Officially first half is better than the second. There is need for your ingratiating yourself into the good books of your boss from the second half since

Aswani
harani &
¼ Krithika

Guru will be coursing through the 8th house, denying appreciation of your work. Merchants will fare well during this month. Speculation will pay well. Partnership will work under favourable terms.

3, 4, 6, 10, 12, 14, 15, 20, 23, 25 are better days.

VRISHABA RASI or TAURUS

During the first half major planet Jupiter is unfavourably disposed towards your affairs in general. This causes disturbed health, inimical surroundings, differences with elders and relations and also with friends. A journey may be there during the month. Papers, letters, domestic affairs, anxiety on account of elders are the outstanding features of this month. From the second half change of house or better amenities are quite likely. Parent,

¼ Krithika
Rohini & ½
Mrigashira

children, vehicles, property etc., will be more emphasised. Financially there is greater anxiety than before in the first half. Debts may increase and more money may be required than you can command. Relations and children may prove troublesome financially. Second half improves your condition to some extent. Money may come through friends, sympathisers, banks as the case may be and according to your field of activities. Your general health may require special attention. Extra heat is generated in your system. Officially you may be more worried in the first half. Greater relief is foreshadowed from the second half. Still you will have no mental peace in official circles. Merchants will find it luckier in the second half when partnership also may become a favourable subject.

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 15, 19, 20, 21, 24, 28, 30 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

First half is more favourable for your affairs in general. Guru in the 5th and its lord in the 5th sign (and not house) is an important star-turn marking more emphasis in the affairs of your children or loved ones. It may also make you interested in speculation, in games or shares and you may be lucky. Surya in the second will make you work hard and improve your financial resources. Your plans for the month will materialise from the 2nd half

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onwards, through the help of your sympathisers, or advertisement or correspondence or those concerned with you. Financially second half perhaps may prove more difficult initially, but later on as the month is under way you will find greater conveniences. A journey may be envisaged in the second half. Avoid differences with elders as far as possible. Your ruler Budha becomes direct from second half when you will find greater progress. Officially second half is better for favour of your boss. You will have cooperation from colleagues but believe them not. Merchants will find the first half more fortunate. Second half is more enterprising but less gainful. Partnership gets disturbed.

3, 4, 5, 7, 12, 13, 15, 20, 22, 23, 24, 28, 30 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

This is a pretty lucky month.

Punarasu
Pusyah &
Ashlesa

for you. With favourable planets in the first, second fourth and fifth

you may expect greater relief in all your activities especially in the first half. Since Surya, the lord of the 2nd, is in the 1st and gain lord Sukra in the 2nd it may be said that you are beset with financial problems which require careful manoeuvring. There is a chance of your securing financial facilities also. Sources of income are tending towards gradual expansion. Guru in the fourth might cause you some imaginary fear. But finally all the planets tend to give greater conveniences and satisfaction. Guru will be transiting the 6th house from the second half which makes it easy for you to achieve success in many of your attempts. Children are shaping well and you will have greater peace through them. Financially second half is much better with more resources. Officially this is an encouraging month. Boss's favour is indicated. Promotion may be expected. Change of work may occur. Merchants will be fortunate in their business venture. Second half is more gainful than the first. Partnership will fare well.

3, 4, 7, 12, 15, 18, 20, 24, 25, 30 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or

Planetary positions do not envisage a carefree time for you during the first half in respect of your health, wealth and domestic matters. More ex-

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
½ Uthara-
Phalguna

penditure is indicated. Second half promises better state of affairs in respect of finance and health, since both Budha and Guru have better positions. Guru in the 4th brings about harmonious surroundings though you may feel disturbed owing to fear complex. There may be help from sympathisers and friends. Your relations will co-operate with you. Domestically you may be happier. Better amenities may prevail in your surroundings. Officially second half is better showing boss's favour, congenial work and co-operation of colleagues. Merchants will find the first half more expensive and troublesome. Business will be static. Second half may prove better. New business will be the feature of the second half.

3, 4, 5, 7, 12, 13, 15, 20, 21, 24, 25, 30 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

First half of this month pres-
ages greater en-
courage-
ment and
satisfaction in your
affairs. The solar
course through the
11th house vouchsafes help through friends, officers and outsiders. Your ruling lord Budha in the 11th house is happily posited to achieve success in your activities. Gain is indicated also through public offices, banks, societies or firms as the case may be. Second half with sun in the 12th along with other planets may not prove so encouraging and carefree as it indicates heavy work, higher expenditure and trouble through enemies

¼ Uttara-
phalguna
Hastha and
½ Chitra

who are near about you. Sani's aspect to Iagna with planets in the 12th may either disturb your health or cause anxiety in financial matters. The financial lord Sukra takes a retrograde step causing some setback in the work of the month. Heavy financial pressure is indicated causing temporary loan to be raised during the month. Children, health of your wife, your health are the outstanding problems occupying your mind this month. Officially first half is better. Second half may be favourable for any transfer if desired. Merchants will not find this month quite good. Unexpected loss may occur in the second half. Great care is therefore needed to eliminate business risks.

3, 5, 7, 11, 12, 13, 15, 19, 20, 21, 30 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Guru's position has a special significance over your rasi in respect of your health and also your future.

½ Chitra
Swathi and
¾ Vishaka

Being the lord of the 6th your health may undergo some slight change causing some anxiety. You may become weaker and may suffer through constipation or kidney complaint. Since Guru is having the bhagya amsa it is likely that you may gain fortune or favour and popularity in your sphere of work. Second half onwards Guru will step into the second house causing financial improvement. New knowledge may be gained. The lord of wealth, Mangal, aspecting his own house may indicate new sources of income also. From

last week Mangal will enter the 12th house causing higher expenditure beyond your control. Officially this month is satisfactory. A change of work is envisaged, along with promotion. People in Surya dasa or bhukti will particularly be benefited during this month. Merchants will be luckier in their business venture. Rahu in the 12th aspected by Sani is the only planet causing anxiety, mental unrest and high expenditure. New sources of business will be explored.

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 15, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 28, 30 are better days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Guru's position till the 17th may not be considered favourable for your financial affairs and general

success. It may even disturb your health and your children's also. Second half onwards Guru will enter your rasi bringing new hope. Help of a big man is indicated this month after the 17th. One of your children may give greater satisfaction than before. New learning may be acquired. Financially first half may prove more costly and inconvenient. Second half may prove more fortunate and care-free. There may be investment made after the 17th. Second half is luckier careerwise as you might get into the 'grace of your boss who may raise you to higher position. You will become more popular after the 17th. Avoid financial transactions with friends.

Merchants will not find the first half so good as the second one. More money will be gained by speculation. Sudden and heavy profit is also likely. Partnership will become prosperous.

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 15, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 30 are better days.

DANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

Planets in the 1st and 8th houses may create unnecessary anxiety and domestic discomfort during the 1st half. A distant journey may be possible. You may not be happy with your elders. Health of your wife may require special attention, or else you may not be happy with your wife. The position of Guru, your sovereign lord in the 11th house, is gainful through friends and relations. The shadow of sorrow or some unhappy trend that is accentuated by the planets referred to is reduced or minimised by the position of Guru from the 2nd half onwards. The lord of the 11th Sukra in the 9th house promotes new acquaintances and some of them will be very stimulating mentally and helpful to you to gain your cherished desires. Financially Guru in the 11th with Saturn on the rasi is beneficial for your gaining money through friends and relations. In second half Surya enters the 9th house trining Sani causing more money to flow. Officially second half is more favourable. Merchants will find the month lucrative enough.

3, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 24, 29 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

Planetary combinations do not envisage a happy turn of affairs this month. Heavy opposition may

be met with. Health problem may worry you. Financially heavy expenditure is envisaged. Second half onwards things will look brighter. More income will flow in. Friends will be more helpful. Domestically you may not feel happy. Wife's health may require your special attention. A distant journey is envisaged. Differences with relations are indicated. Friends will act against you to your surprise. You will be more religious than before. Officially second half is more favourable. Transfer may be worked out if desired more easily. Your work will be heavier than before. Your enemies are working behind your back. Merchants will find this month full of obstacles, oppositions and static business conditions. Unexpected business at times may transpire resulting in heavy profits in the second half onwards. Guru in the 2nd and Surya in the 8th will help you to make up your loss already sustained before. Partnership will pay well.

1, 3, 4, 7, 11, 12, 15, 20, 23, 24, 25, 30 are better days.

KUMBA RASI AQUARIUS

As the month opens you will find yourself in an optimistic mood. Favourable tendencies are opening up everywhere which

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Sathabhisha
& ¼ Poorva-
bhadra

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will carry you well to the very end of the month. Probably this month may bring one of the big opportunities which you have been waiting for to come around. Many of your affairs will shape well in the first half. From the 2nd half onwards on account of the changed position of Surya and Guru you may feel some unexpected oppositions around you which if not kindled by your aggressive attitude will die down without any trouble. Marriage, if any, may come about, or separated couples may join under favourable auspices. Financially this is a more favourable month than before. Officially you stand to gain in the first half. There will be some anxiety regarding your service in the second half. Merchants will find this a lucky month. New partnership may be created in the second half. Foreign business will prosper during this month. Partnership will undergo a happy change.

3, 4, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 23, 24, 25, 30 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

First half of this month may

not prove beneficial to you on account of many anxieties and cross currents overwhelming you in respect of family affairs, health and money matters. Guru in astama will make you incur the displeasure of elders or bring disappointments through them. Second half is more favourable when both Surya and Guru will enter a more favourable house bringing you greater peace of mind and better settlement of affairs so far pending. You may gain through relations, courts, elders and companies or banks. Vakils will fare well during this month. Financially this month may cause some pressure which will be relieved suddenly in the second half. Health may not be satisfactory during this month. Your relations will get an upper hand over you. Court case, if any, may prove lucky. Officially first half is not so favourable as the second when there may be favour from your boss. Merchants will find this month encouraging. Partnership will pay them well. Foreign business will be a great success.

3, 4, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 20, 23, 24, 25, 30 are better days.

EASY

"Yesterday I killed three female and to two male flies," Bobby boasted to his friend.

"How did you know they were males and females?"

"Well," said Bobby, "three were on the mirror and two were on the cigar box."

*

*

*

THE RIGHT WORD

The over-long sermon had been going on for nearly two hours. Finally the minister paused. "My friends," he asked, "what more can I say?"

From the rear of the church came a weary reply, "Amen."

A WORD ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Independent India is twelve years young this month and as befitting the occasion we have given pride of place in this Independence Number to Sri M. P. Pandit's article on Sri Aurobindo whose birthday falls on 15th, the day of our Independence. Sri Aurobindo, the sage and the seer, was the first to sound the bugle cry of independence and in the series of articles to follow Sri Pandit will deal with some of our present problems and suggest solutions in the light of the Master's teachings.

Sri Pandit who is an inmate of Sri Aurobindo Ashram at Pondicherry, for nearly two decades, is eminently fitted for the task as he has made a deep study of the Master's writings. A graduate of the Bombay University, he is the author of many books on Sri Aurobindo's Integral Yoga and also on the Upanishads and the Tantras. Readers may recall the series of articles he contributed to this magazine last year on "A Peep Into the Beyond" which were both original and absorbing.

"Shikha" who has contributed a translation of a Chinese tale is no stranger to our regular readers. The pen name hides the identity of a charming young lady who is the master of many languages, both Indian and foreign. Some of the best stories that we have published are from her pen. We hope she will be able to devote a part of her leisure to give us a few more of these delightful tales.

"Cassius" who gives us the Tamil folk tale is a retired medical officer who spends most of his leisure hours reading books, classical and modern.

Sri S. Rajagopalan, as already pointed out in a previous issue, is a well-known writer whose articles regularly appear in legal publications as also in political journals. His famous murder trials are exclusive for *Kahaniya Monthly* and shortly they will appear in book form.

Ritchie Calder whose article on ultrasonics is appearing in this issue is a popular science writer of Britain. By his articles in the *Daily Herald* and other London papers, he has done much to spread scientific knowledge among the common readers. He has now joined the *Unesco*.

"The Devotee" whose article in the *Vedanta Kesari* we have reproduced is a highly paid executive. We are sure readers will enjoy reading it and start adding up their blessings.

And if you add up all these and the other equally informative articles appearing in these pages we are sure you will find this issue pleasant reading.