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CHIN CHIN & THE MIDGET

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

G. N. GIDWANI

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chin-Chin was the spark that set his smouldering heart alight. He went to the spot where she was drinking water. He sat down and drank handfuls of the water himself. "How clean and cool the water is," he said to open the conversation. But the light-weight aboriginal beauty laughed and swung back on her feet and bounced away into the woods and vanished. But the vision lingered.

Spring is the season of desire all over the world. Midgets like the rest of mankind have their desires. Life was springing out around him. The fresh green leaves were sprouting out. The twittering birds and the cooing and grunting beasts were mating around. God's universe was going on. But Ramji was out of tune, for he had moved here and there looking vainly for Chin-Chin. He had waited at the edge of the Kali river but Chin-Chin had not come to drink.

Days passed. Ramji scanned the Dandeli forests. He found rich manganese ore but nowhere did he find Chin-Chin.

One morning as he sat under a tree examining a few lumps of manganese ore and planning a big manganese venture there was a rustling in the branches above. He looked up. There was a woman plucking seeds. Curiosity seized him. So he moved around the tree slanting his gaze from the most perceptible angle to get a glimpse of her.

His jaw fell and he stood gazing agape! Was it a dream? It was Chin-Chin. Then the monkey strain in him came handy and the midget was up climbing

the tree to meet Chin-Chin. Chin-Chin stood on the branch unabashed, laughing her merry laugh, tickled by the midget figure finding its way among the branches to draw close to her.

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Manganese and Chin-Chin. The two delights of his heart moved hand in hand. The pioneer midget organised the manganese mining company. Chin-Chin, organised a band of aboriginal workers. They dug wealth all the day. Late in the evenings, Ramji and Chin-Chin would sit on the grass on the banks of the Kali river with the frogs croaking here and there and the forests humming with insect life.

There he would sit for hours together with Chin-Chin, making love to her and satisfying his most suppressed feelings which had been bottled up in his heart for long past on account of his inferiority complex and the mockery of men and women. Over Chin-Chin he released the torrent of emotion which poured out of his heart.

His looks and his ways tickled Chin-Chin. Her childish craze for fun and humour found satisfaction when this midget played with her. She liked to see his funny face. The way it nestled in her bosom. His small midgety hands, the way they rested on her well-developed bosom and crawled up her neck and felt her warm cheeks, and then when all was over she liked to see him carefully lift up his shirt and put his hand under the waist-band of his dhoti and extract from some secret curl some coin to reward her for her surrender. She liked this little pudgy

midget more than she liked the monkeys of the forest for the monkeys were many but he was the only one of his kind whom she had seen.

One night, when it was full moon and there was a flood of soft moonlight over the tree-tops and the rays of the moonlight filtered through on to the ground and drew designs of intermingled light and shade, Ramji and Chin-Chin were in each other's clasp. In that hour of folly or of destiny he had sown the seed.

When the monsoon set in Ramji left Dandeli and returned home. Life grew within Chin-Chin and as it grew she wondered if it would be a monkey-faced midget and at the thought she became pensive. Until one day the pains began and the hour of delivery arrived. It was an exact copy of his natural father!

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Twenty years passed. Much water had flown under the bridges during that time. A world war had been fought and ended. Ramji, the small manganese digger, was now at the head of the mining industry in India. But Chin-Chin remained the same with her merry laugh and her wild look, a child of the forest and the child born to her was now the cleaner of Ramji's car.

But he had the pluck and hardihood of his aboriginal mother and the brain and love for gold of his natural father. For years since he came of understanding as a boy he was conscious of the injustice done to him and his mother and bitterness grew within him.

And when an opportunity provided itself he conspired with the driver of Ramji's car and



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carefully worked out every detail of the plot.

Two Europeans were expected to arrive the next day to negotiate the purchase of the annual output of Ramji's manganese mines and he was to finalize the deal, sign contracts and receive immediate payment. The office had let the news out and Chin-Chin's son wanted to cash on it.

If the clothes of Ramji's were put on him and he rode in his car the European purchasers would not know the difference. He could then finalise the deal, sell away the mines' output and vanish with all the dough. That could keep Chin-Chin and himself, after paying out all the commissions to the other conspirators, going for more than a life time.

The plan succeeded without any hitch and the young midget is now the proud owner of Chin-Chin Rubber Estates in Ceylon.

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

SPRING TIME

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

Grass is simplicity itself. Not the simplicity of the un-complicated unicellular life of stagnant water, but specialized simplicity unmatched in the fields. All the grasses, even the corn and wheat and barely and oats, have achieved a kind of perfection by eliminating nonessentials. Their stems are seldom branched. Their leaves need no stem of their own, and they are long, tapering, economical expanses of chlorophyll.

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

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WORLD'S LONGEST FENCE

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

The killing of millions of rabbits by myxomatosis has in recent years brought the dingo packs nearer and nearer to settled farming areas in search of food. It is estimated that some 500,000 head of sheep and cattle have been killed annually, and so far all attempts to destroy these dogs have failed.

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

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"Did baby come from Heaven, Mummy?"

"Of course, dear. Why?"

"Fancy leaving Heaven for a place like this!"

KHAMGOAN MURDER CASE

S. RAJAGOPALAN

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

The appearance of the bag itself excited suspicion and the police were soon upon the scene and took it out of the well. The bag was torn open and was found to contain the dead body of an old man in a sitting posture. The body had been placed on a piece of cloth with four stones under it, and on the head of the body, there was another piece of cloth with three stones placed over it. A rope with a double knot had been tied very tightly round the neck of the deceased. Some hundies, bonds, chits and a

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There were no eye witnesses and inference as to culpability

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

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

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

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

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

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

(4) Shortly after the recovery

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All aches and
Pains

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

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

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

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

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

capable of being identified.

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

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

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

REASON FOR HIS FITNESS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BEARD

K. V SIRKHEEL

It all started while we were having our morning shave.

"This blade is abominable," said my friend.

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

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

beard could be made to hide it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE IN THE COPSE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lisa was attended by her maid

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

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

"Certainly! Where are you going?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

pensive?"

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

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

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

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

"I'm not!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

"Where do you come from?"

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

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

"What makes you think so?"

"Everything about you."

"But tell me what!"

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

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

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

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

"But I must see you again."

"I shall be coming here for mushrooms."

"But when?"

"I don't know—to-morrow perhaps!"

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

"Very well."

"And you won't disappoint me?"

"No, I won't."

"Swear you won't!"

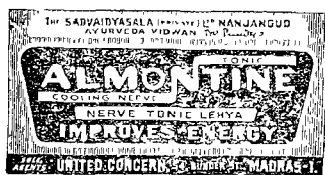
"I swear by the Holy Cross that I'll come."

The young people parted.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you mad?" exclaimed

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alexei replied that he had not noticed her.

"A pity!" ejaculated Lisa.

"Why?" asked Alexei.

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

"What do they say?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

thoroughly.

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

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

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

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

"Lisa," he replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He tried to hold her back by force. "Akulina! Akulina!" Lisa tried to get away from him... "Akulina! Akulina, my beloved!" he repeated over and over again, showering kisses on her hands. Just then the door opened, and Muromsky entered. "Aha!" he cried. "I see you've taken things into your own hands."

TIT FOR TAT

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

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

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

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

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THE I.N.A. TRIAL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Office amply proved all these.

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

SHAW & HIS BEARD

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

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

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PREPARED FOR THE WORST

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

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

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CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

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

"Where?"

"In the closet."

"Oh, I love the closet."

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

"Johnny's mother never..."

Children whom you used to

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And the same thing goes for food.

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

“Did we say our prayers well?”

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

“Then will you take us to the movies to-morrow?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE REASON WHY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SHADOW & SUBSTANCE

SWAMI SIVANANDA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FLAT RETORT

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

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

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

Tapping the Limitless Source Of Solar Energy

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

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

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

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

Chemical Society.

Diabetes Drug

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

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

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

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

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

The Increasing Burden of Taxes In India

A. D. SHROFF

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVELY FRENCH WOMEN

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

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

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

"And after forty?" the English woman asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

STORY OF KHATVANGA

SWAMI SRIDANANDA

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

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

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

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

you happy in your last moments."

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

"Intense sense-enjoyments."

"How long?"

"As long as you live."

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

"Yes indeed."

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

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

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

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

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

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

OUTSIZE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Slim!" was the reply.

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

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

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

GRACE OF THE DIVINE MOTHER

‘VELANDAI’

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

I wish to explain the *kataksha* of the Divine Mother with reference to a verse from *Soundarya Lahari* to the effect: “*Disha daghee yasya dara-dahita-neelotpala-rucha, daveeyamsan deenam snpaya krpaya, mam api siva, Arena ayam dhanya bhavati nacha le hanir, iyata, vane va hanmya va samskara nipato himakarai*h

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

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

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

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

Dhanuh paushpum mauvee madhukaimayee pancha visikha, vasanta samunto malya marud aayodhana rattah, Thatha pyekah sarvam, himagiri—sute kamapi kaipam, apangat, te labdhya jagat idam, anango, vijayate.

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

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

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

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

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



STRANGE COINCIDENCE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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TOO LAZY

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

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

PRIME MINISTER NEHRU

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MALE VARIETY

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

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

*

*

NOT HIS WIFE

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

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

*

*

*

SIMPLE REPLY

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

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

"Only answering a question?" snapped the officer.

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

MARRIED MONSTER FOR MONEY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

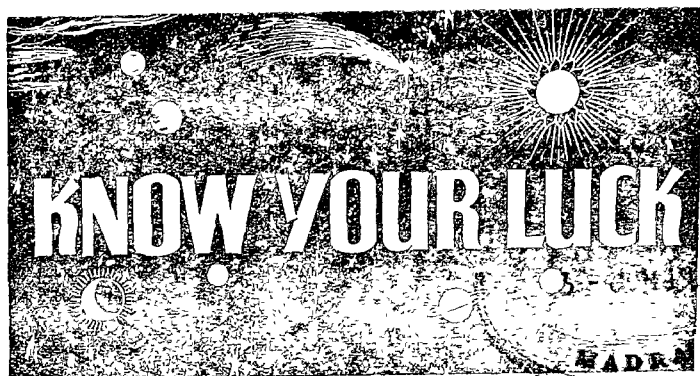
Honorinde had her unhappy child buried at Fontevault, and over her tomb she built an abbey and herself became its first abbess.

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

WEIGHTY WORDS

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

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



P. V RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

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

Aswani
Bharani &
½ Krithika

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

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

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Planetary combination presages

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

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

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

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



MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary positions seem to augur no more beneficial results than in the last month. Your ruler enters the 12th house on the 17th when he will be aspected by the major planet Guru. So you are full of plans for future improvements. Meanwhile Surya in the 11th house confers advantages and successes in some of your undertakings through friends, papers, correspondence, and officers. One of your brothers also may take an important role in your affairs. Financially Budha, the lord of income, entering the 12th house, should cause you heavier expenditure but equally indicates more encouraging source of income on account of the aspect of Guru to Budha in particular. Your general health will be poor on account of the positions of Sani and Mangal making you more tired. Your wife also may not keep fit. Children will cause you greater anxiety as the month is under way. You will also be worried through your own relations. Officially you may not expect much. There will be unnecessary anxiety caused owing to your surroundings in the official circle. Avoid

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

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

● KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

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

‡ Punarvasu
Pushya &
Ashlesa



Established 1909

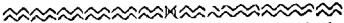
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friends in the 2nd half as their influences are more discouraging. Merchants will find greater gains in their business speculations. Second half will prove more lucrative. Partnership business will fare well especially in the 2nd half.

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

● SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary map during this month shows favourable influences operating to your advantage. The solar course through the 10th house especially in the first half when aspected by Guru, is highly elevated to confer special advantages and favours on you in the midst of your social work, domestic and official too. It may bring you to the notice of your sympathisers and well-wishers so that you may enjoy a proud time of it. Second half is equally important when your ruler Surya is coursing through the house of friends

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
‡ Uthara-
Phalgun

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

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

● KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary conditions may not prove as congenial to your interest as desired. Your ruler Budha enters the 9th house and is quite secure being

‡ Uttara-phalguna
 † Hista and
 † Chitra

fortified by the aspect of Guru. But other planets viz. Rahu, Sani, Mangal, Kethu and Sukra are all unhappily configured

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

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

● THULA RASI or LIBRA

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

‡ Chitra
 Swathi and
 † Vishaka

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

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

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary map radiates greater

‡ Vishaka,
Anuradha.
& Jeshta,

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

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

DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

Better planetary alignment indicating luckier

‡ Moola,
Poovashada
‡ Uttarashada
influences radiating over your life is envisaged during this

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

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

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

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

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

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

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

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

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

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

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

MEENA RASI or PISCES

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

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

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

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

READING RACKS IN FACTORIES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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TRUE LOVE

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

—Marie Corelli.

Machine That Creates Climates

PIERRE DE LATIL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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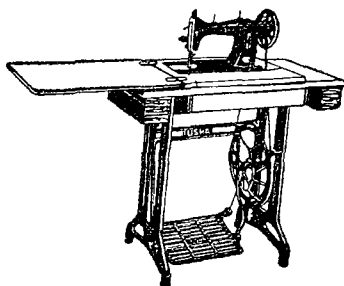
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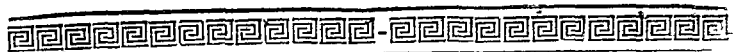
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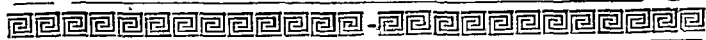
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