

1290

1290

BOY'S OWN PAPER

INDIA



Vol. I]

March '35.

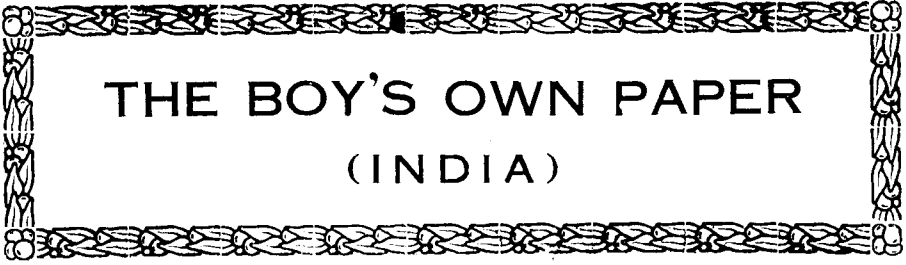
[No. 2.



15 JUN 1935

Annual Subscription: One Rupee.





THE BOY'S OWN PAPER (INDIA)

Vol. I

MARCH 1935

No. 2

THE response to the first issue of the Boy's Own Paper surpassed our expectations. The journal was cordially received by a number of headmasters in the Presidency and we are somewhat proud to state that among our subscribers there is one from distant Shillong.

WE have received a good many interesting suggestions from teachers and students for the improvement of the journal. And we shall adopt as many of them as are consistent with the objects of the *B.O.P.*

AS during the next two months all the boys and girls would be enjoying their summer vacation in a carefree spirit, making amends for all the bother of examinations, we have been asked by many headmasters not to bring any issue of the *B.O.P.* in these months. The next issue will, therefore, come out in June. Meanwhile, we wish our readers a fine holiday and when you return, be ready to write a funny and snappy article describing your experiences in the vacation. Those who send the best essays, worthy of being published in our journal, will be enrolled freely as subscribers to the paper for one year. Cheerio, everybody.

WANTED.

Reformers,
Not of others,
but of themselves.
Who have won
Not University distinctions,
But victory over the local self;
Age: the youth of divine joy.
Salary: Godhead.
Apply sharp
with no begging solicitations
but commanding decision to
the Director of the Universe
Your own Self.

Om! Om! Om! Om!



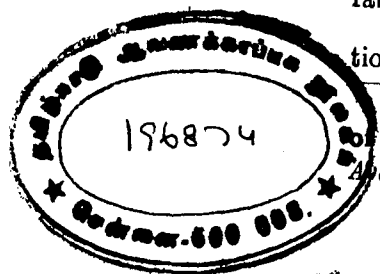
SAYINGS OF RAMA

1. Blessed are those who do not read newspapers for they shall see Nature and through Nature, God.
2. Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets.
3. My system is not for promulgation, it is to serve me 'to live by.'

Drink the Nectar
of Swami Rama Tirtha's Teachings

Available at:—

A. I. S. A. KHADI VASTRALAYA,
RATTAN BAZAAR, MADRAS.



m 2/143560

N 35.1.2

TRAVEL

Railway Travel

By N. SUBRAMANYA IYER

Half the height of a man is due to the legs, which shows that man is a very locomotive animal—always fond of moving from place to place. In modern days you know he has learnt to move very rapidly by land or water, and through air by means of mechanical inventions. I am sure so many of you have travelled on land by rail and by motor-car.

In this number I propose to suggest to you, my dear boys, how while you travel by rail you could make the journey not only enjoyable but also instructive. I know you would like to occupy the seat of vantage, next to the window so that you could observe best. In fact children fight for the window seat. Only you have to take care of the cinder particles which will make you miserable for the rest of the journey once they get into your eyes.

A railway guide with a map in it and a watch will be helpful in learning so many interesting and useful facts about the places along the route of your journey. The page of the guide which contains the route of your journey shows the timings, places and the distances. Try to compare these with the actual time in your watch at the several stations you pass through, finding out the name of the station from the signboard and the distance with the mileage marked on the telegraphic posts. You can pursue this like a game

for some time; and you will find it intensely absorbing.

Doing so, you can even find out whether the train is late and how much it is so, what the language of the country is from the lettering on the sign board, how far you have travelled from a particular place, at what rate per hour the train has been moving at a particular time, and so on, all of which will highly interest you.

I dare say you would have observed as you travel along embankments, cuttings, culverts, bridges etc. It will be useful and interesting to try to guess why they are, where they are, connecting them with the topography and the nature of the land. If you take a one-inch map with you it will throw a flood of light, explaining the occurrence of the items mentioned above just at those places where you found them.

You can also observe the vegetation and crops as you travel along—whether they are dry crops or wet crops, or scrub-jungles or pastures or forest land, and so on, you may try to account for these variations from the surface and the availability of water.

If you follow some of the hints suggested in this paper you can derive much profit from the journey. It is possible to enlarge on this; but I would prefer you to discover many such things for yourselves, by your own experience.

OUR SHORT STORY

"A Story Grandma!"

BY V. K. NARASIMHAN.

"Grandma!" cried Ramu; he had barely finished his supper and washed his hands. "Grandma, you must tell me a story to-night."

"What story? I have told you all I ever remembered and there are no new stories left. Some other night I will try to recollect and tell you a story. Not now."

"No, Grandma; I am not going to leave you unless you tell me the best story you know. You always say you don't remember any story. I am not going to believe you. I won't go to sleep this whole night till you have told me a story."

Grandma was puzzled, amusingly. She loved Ramu as much as he loved her stories. He heard them raptly and could repeat them wonderfully. How could one put off a request from such a child? But just then for the life of her she couldn't remember one, ransack her brain however much she might. She thought for a while, and an idea struck her. Yes. She would tell him a new story, an entirely new story.

"Once upon a time," she began, as Grandmas alone can do. Ramu was all attentive.

"Once upon a time there was a boy."

That was enough. Ramu could guess what his grandma was about. She was inventing a story of her own;

and the last thing in stories which children like is an invention by the story-teller, that is, when they know it to be such. Ramu felt aggrieved like one on whom some one was trying to play a hoax.

"Oh, yes," he protested; "I know what you are going to tell next. You will say: 'The boy's name was Ramu, he had a grandmother.' I don't want that story, Grandma."

"But who said the boy's name was Ramu? His name was Krishna."

"Mmm."

"He was a mischievous boy."

"Now, now, Grandma, I see what you are about. I don't want you to teach any moral to me, Grandma, telling me not to behave like Krishna and be a good boy. I get head-ache whenever you begin that kind of story. Tell me some tale of a King or Queen, Grandma."

"No. I am not going to tell you any story about Kings or Queens. You must hear Krishna's story or none."

"Will it be interesting?"

"Certainly. Many times more interesting."

"Then you may tell that story, Grandma."

"All right. Krishna was a mischievous boy." "Mmm."

"One day, his mother took him to the temple. On the way to the temple

Krishna saw some beggars. 'Mother' he asked, 'why are these people begging here at the temple-gate? Haven't they got homes, mother?'

'They must have committed sin'

'What is sin?'

'Sin is any bad deed.'

'Did I commit sin, mother, when I brought away Raghu's book without telling him?'

'Yes.'

'Will I also become a beggar, then?'

'No. There are small sins and big sins. Only when you commit a great sin will you become a beggar.'

As grandmother was telling the story, Ramu was getting restive. The story was not very interesting and was not at all like the tales he had heard before. What was his grandmother up to, now, by telling this abominably dull story of an inquisitive, and not very intelligent, boy? He wondered what the end was going to be.

"As they were talking," Grandma went on, "they had reached the inmost shrine of the temple. A great number of people had gathered there, and were jostling against one another to get a view of the idol. Krishna did not mind the throng. It was the first time he had been inside the temple and was wondering what could have brought such a crowd to the place. He looked at the bejewelled idol.

'Mother,' he asked, 'what is that?' He pointed his little finger towards the idol.

'That is God.'

'Is *that* God? Can it walk?'

'No.'

'Can it speak?'

'No.'

'Can it eat?' 'No.'

'Then, why do we come here?'

'To worship the idol. God is *in* the idol. He can listen to our prayers and grant us our wishes.'

'But can we not pray at home?'

'Oh yes. We can.'

'Then let us go home; it is stifling here.'

'Yes, we shall go home after the puja is over.'

"And in a few minutes, the puja was over. Krishna and his mother left the temple for their home. On their way back, Krishna saw those rows of beggars again, piteously imploring for alms. His little heart could not bear the sight of their vast misery. There was a blind man among the beggars, and by his side was a little girl, looking pathetic and intelligent. All the childish sympathy and love in Krishna's heart thawed and flowed at the sight of the girl, and (probably) her blind father. Why were they begging, and why was this young girl, so much like himself, helpless, standing on the roadside, begging for alms?

'Mother,' he called; he wished to put her the question that had arisen in his infantile brain on the sight of these blind and crippled, young and old beggars; 'Mother, is there no way of making these beggars rich? I can't

bear their remaining like this, mother, begging on the roadside, while we pass by them as though we did not care for them.'

'Dear child, how can anyone make beggars rich? All that we can do for them is to help them now and then, what little we can. But they will have to remain beggars always.'

'But why? Can't we build houses for them as we build them for ourselves? Can't we clothe them and teach them how to live well? Of course, mother, I don't know really why there are beggars and how they can be made rich. But something tells me they can be made rich. I will make them all rich, someday, mother, when I grow big like father.'

"Mmm." "Mmm." Ramu was slowly falling off to sleep. The "mmms" with which he was punctuating the story of his grandmother became less and less frequent and suddenly ceased. On noticing this "Grandma" stopped her story. And when she stopped, Ramu awoke. Ashamed at having fallen asleep in the middle of a story and wishing to pretend that he had been hearing the story throughout, he asked his "grandma" what happened to Krishna's resolve.

"Oh. So you are not asleep, is it?" "Grandma" was amused at Ramu's trying to be clever. Seeing, however, that Ramu was really feeling sleepy,

she brought the story to an abrupt end for the night.

"Krishna then grew up to be a man. Are you listening?" "Yes, Grandma."

"Krishna became a man. Still he wanted to find out why there were beggars in this world and why some people alone were rich, while a large number was poor and miserable. At last he found the reason, and then he began to work hard for abolishing poverty. That is a long, long story. You know the story of young Dhruva, who went to the forest to find out God. But Krishna went to the poor people to find out why they were poor. And even as Dhruva found God, Krishna found the truth about poverty. I shall tell you some other night the story of what Krishna did to end the poverty of the people."

"No, Grandma; you must continue Krishna's story to-morrow night. I want to know how he made the poor people rich. There are lots of beggars Grandma, whom I see on my way to the school. I also feel pity for them, Grandma. But I don't know what to do for them."

"You will know what to do after you have heard Krishna's story fully. But it is now time for you to sleep. Go to bed."

Rama went to bed. Sleep came easily and he dreamed of beggars discovering Ali Baba's caves and himself crying "Open Sesame" before one of them.

USE OF LEISURE

Some Things to do in Your Leisure Hours

BY KURUVILLA JACOB, M.A. (LEEDS)

1. How to make a Hot-Air Balloon.

The first balloon was made by Montgolfier brothers, who observed that small paper bags held over a fire would float in the air. They afterwards made large balloons with fire at the bottom. We can make a balloon of this kind easily. But you must not try to fly one near any houses to avoid setting fire to anything.

Get some tissue paper and cut a number of leaf-shaped segments and paste them together to form a balloon, leaving the bottom open. Paste a ring made of tight wire round the bottom and fix a cross piece of the same metal across the bottom. On the cross piece tie a small piece of cotton wool, and after reaching an open space pour some methylated spirit over the cotton wool and set fire to it. The balloon will soon be filled with hot air and it will float. If you make it well, it will rise to a great height and disappear.

Do not try to fly a Hot-Air Balloon near a house.

2. How to make invisible inks.

Get a small quantity of Cobalt chloride from the chemists and dissolve a few crystals in water. The solution is your Invisible Ink. Take a clean pen and write on an ordinary white piece of paper. The writing will be

invisible. But warm the paper over a fire and then you will see the writing appear in blue. It will fade when the paper cools, but may be made to reappear by heating again.

Another Invisible Ink may be made by dissolving potassium nitrate in vinegar. If you write with this solution, the writing will be invisible when the paper is cold. But you will see the writing in pink colour if you heat the paper.

An Invisible Ink which all boys can make is from lemon juice or onion juice. Write on ordinary paper with this. The writing will be quite invisible till the paper is warmed. Try.

Some Tongue Twisters.

Ask your friends to repeat the following sentence. "Of all the saws that ever I saw I never saw a saw to saw like this saw was to saw." If they say that it is easy ask them to repeat this verse:—

"She sells sea-shells on the sea-shore;
The shells she sells are sea-shells I
am sure.

So if she sells sea-shells on the sea-shore,
Then I am sure she sells sea-shore
shells".

Some problems to test your brains

1. A man bought 40 measures of rice and put them in to two sacks. The

smaller sack had 5 measures less than half the quantity in the larger. How many were there in the larger sack?

2. Ramachandran is now 12 years old. His father who is now 52 has promised to buy him a bicycle when his age is one third the father's age. When will the boy get the bicycle?

3. Three boys were watching a cricket match. As the ninth batsman was going in to bat, one boy said "There is only one more wicket to fall"—Another boy said "No, there are two". "You are both wrong" said the third boy; "there are three". Who was right?

OUR SKIT

Charades

Natarajan was just recovering from fever. The doctor said that he would be allowed to get up in a day or two; but meanwhile he must stay in bed.

His friends called in to see him on their way home from school and cheered him by giving him all the latest news: the hockey team had won a match; two boys were being kept in for half an hour after school; one of the peons had set some papers on fire. So they talked, and told it all to Natarajan. Presently Ramaswamy said, "I say, let's play a charade."

"What sort of game is that?" asked one of them.

"Isn't it something to do with acting?"

"Come on, all of you," cried Ramaswamy. "I'll explain."

So they all sat down to listen.

"Now," said Ramaswamy, "we'll choose a word of two syllables, and each of the two syllables must be a proper English word. Somebody suggest one."

There was a solemn silence. Several brains were very busy.

"How about STATION?" suggested Paul.

"That won't do," answered Ramaswamy, "STAY" is all right, but the second syllable isn't like any English word."

They thought again.

"Would FOOTBALL do?" asked one of them.

"Yes, that would be all right. Only it is too easy. In this game we are to act each syllable in turn, and then act the whole word, that makes three separate scenes, and the people who are watching must guess what the word is."

"Can we talk when we are acting?"

"No, you must *act* the word as if you were all dumb!"

"Come on—let's try it!"

"Well," said Ramaswamy, "I'll tell you what we'll do."

Krishnan and Gopal can stay in the room with Natarajan, and be the audience. The rest of us will go out and think of a word. First we'll act the first syllable; then the second syllable. In the third scene we'll show you the whole word, and you must guess it."

"All right," said Natarajan. The others left the room, and all that could be heard was much whispering behind the door.

II.

"I wonder when they will be ready," said Natarajan.

"Ah,—here they are."

Ramaswamy came in. "This the first half of the word," he said, "and it represents one syllable."

"The boys sat down in a row. One of them walked to the door and came back, and began to lay out imaginary plantain leaves before them. Then he held an invisible pot of rice and handed out a portion to each one."

"This scene makes me feel quite hungry," remarked Natarajan.

Just then Paul put his hands to his stomach and made a wry face. He began to sway backwards and forwards making soundless groans. The others all looked at him in surprise; and he got up suddenly from the imaginary meal, and stumbled from the room. The others followed him.

"What could that have been meant for?" Natarajan asked the others who remained with him.

"Do you think it might be POISON?" asked one.

"No,—it must be only one syllable."

"Let's wait and see the next scene."

III.

Ramaswamy put his head round the door.

"This is the second half of the word," he announced, "and it has two syllables; but it makes a word that you can easily guess."

The boys came in, and sat very close together, huddled in the middle of the room. Then Ramaswamy entered, waving his long arms up and down, and leaping in the air. The others immediately began to open their mouths widely and to stretch their necks. Ramaswamy pranced round the seated group, still flapping his long arms, he dropped something on to the top of the boys, and then waved himself out of the room.

The rest of the actors then got up and went out after him.

"What was Ramaswamy doing in that scene?" asked one.

"Flapping his wings, I think," laughed Padmanabhan.

"Do you think he was a *bird*? What kind of bird? a pretty fat one!"

"I'll tell you what I think it is," said Natarajan.

"It's——." But just then the boys began the third scene.

IV.

"This is going to be the whole word," said Ramaswamy, "we shall join together the two halves, and act the whole." "And you said that it has three syllables, did you? One in the first part and two in the second?" asked Padmanabhan.

"That's right."

Paul came in, and stood in the middle of the room. Presently there entered one of the boys, who pretended to be driving a bullockcart, waving his stick, and shouting an imaginary *Hai!* every now and then.

Paul stood with one hand up, and solemnly waved the invisible bullockcart past him.

("He's a policeman," whispered Natarajan. "Sh—look!")

Next came another boy, very fast. He was looking an invisible horn, and then he swung his arm out like a true motorist turning the corner. The policeman let him go through, in turn.

("A taxi, do you think," whispered Padmanabhan. "Or a bus-driver.")

Then one more boy came in; he was

pedalling hard, and keeping as far away as possible from the policeman. But the policeman saw him, and held up his arm very grandly, to stop him. The imaginary cyclist came near rather timidly, and the policeman pointed sternly at something on the bicycle. The cyclist, waving his arms seemed to be explaining something. But the policeman would hear no explanations. He merely took out his note book, and wrote down the cyclist's name and address.

"That's the whole word," said Ramaswamy.

V.

"What could it be?" the others asked each other.

"It couldn't be POLICEMAN, because you can't cut that up into two words."

"Could it be LI-CENSE?" asked Natarajan.

"That's good. But it is impossible. They said that the second half of the word had two syllables."

"And besides, the second half of the word was a huge bird, and that doesn't make SENSE!"

"Wait," said Natarajan, "I think I've got it. Do you think that in the third scene they were showing us that the cyclist had done something wrong?"

"I think that was it," answered Padmanabhan.

"Well what about this word?" He leaned over and whispered it.

"Aha," said Padmanabhan, "I believe you are right: let's ask the others."

Ramaswamy and the others entered.

"Well, have you guessed it?" they asked.

"I think so," said Natarajan, and he told them what he thought was the word.

* * * *

Well, reader, have *you* guessed it?

If you have, you should try this game at home with your friends, and choose any word you like.

Nature Around Us

BY M. S. SABESAN

If you go round a garden, you can see plants growing in different ways. The *root system* is growing beneath the soil while the *shoot system* grows up in air and light. The shoot is green and prominent and its growth is rapid.

There are several small plants whose shoots grow only a foot or so above the soil and they are generally tender. Such plants are called *herbs*. You can also see in the garden several trees which show stout trunks.

Erect growth is a common habit among plants. Plants growing erect may be either herbs or trees. The stem in such plants is strong enough to bear the burden of numerous branches. In the case of trees, the trunk shows well-developed wood and this gives the necessary strength. The trunks of some trees may be very stout. Herbs that grow erect also possess wood but they get their strength chiefly from the large quantity of water present in the cells of the stem. Pull out a herb and place it on the table. It will begin to droop and we see it is not rigid. Many plants there are whose stem is weak. These weak-stemmed plants cannot grow erect. They show peculiar methods of growing. The habit of these weak stemmed plants is very interesting. Some of these plants like the *Nerinjee* show tender weak shoots in a tuft and these spread themselves out on the

surface of the soil. They are therefore called prostrate plants. A few plants like the Morning Glory seen in the beach creep on the surface of the soil and become firmly fixed to the soil by the new roots produced at the nodes.

Many weak-stemmed plants may manage to grow up in light and air. They are able to get hold of strong and rigid supports and find it possible to climb up. These are called climbing plants. You can see different kinds of climbing plants in the garden. In every case you will see the weak climber closely attached to a strong support. The shoots of these climbers are very long and slender and the leaves at the nodes are also developing very slowly. The long weak stems with rudimentary leaves look like whips and are seen to be waving in air. The back-yard bean is a common climber and the shoot tries to grow erect at first. In a short time the stem is unable to bear the weight. Just at this time strong poles are fixed close to the plant. Look at the stem of the bean. It will be seen to twine round the pole and a number of coils will be formed around the pole. The bean is drawn close to the support owing to the twining of the stem and the weight of the plant is now chiefly borne by the support. This type of plant is known as a *Twiner* and it will climb up when the support is more or less vertical. Another

kind of climber is found in the pumpkin and the grape. The stem in the case of these two plants carries at intervals close to the leaves special clinging organs. These organs are known as tendrils. They are leafless thread-like structures. They are straight at first and by nature irritable. They also wave in air and may in the course of their movements come into contact with the rough surface of a support. The tendril is irritated and it forms a few firm coils round the support. As soon as the tip has coiled round the support, the body of the tendril is thrown into spiral coils. Hence the tendril becomes a spring-like structure and the shoot can be moved to and fro within certain limits. Look at the direction of the coiling. You will be surprised to see that the direction of the coiling is reversed at equal intervals. This is useful to avoid the breaking of the tendril. There are several tendril-climbers and these climb more vigorously than the twiner. A few plants like

the Rose may manage to climb up with the help of hook-like structures. All along the plant, such prickly hooks are found in large numbers and they easily cling to supports.

There is still another interesting habit noticed in some plants. A portion of the shoot system can grow beneath the soil like a root. Such shoots are called *under-ground shoots*. In plants with underground shoots, some shoots will be beneath the soil while a portion may grow up above the soil. The portion growing above the soil is exposed to the sun and this shows green leaves. The part remaining beneath the soil is shut out from sun-light and it is variously altered. It usually becomes brown and looks like a root in appearance. Its real nature can yet be easily found out. The underground shoot assumes various forms. The ginger, potato and onion are types of under-ground shoots and an account of these shoots will be given in the next article.

From Cotton to Cloth

BY VEDANTHA DESIKAN

Headmaster, Ramakrishna Mission School, Mylapore.

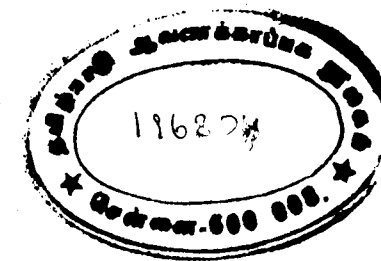
The cotton that we need for making our clothing is grown in many parts of India. For the purpose of weaving our clothes, shirting and coating cloth, the cotton from the plants is used rather than that grown in the trees. We gather the cotton from the plants, dry them and remove the seeds from the cotton. With this rough preliminary cleaning, the cotton is sent in bales to the machines, where it is made soft and perfectly clean. This is then spun into yarns of different counts. These yarns are packed in small bundles of 5 lbs. and 10 lbs. and sent to the market as raw material for weavers. The yarn is available in the market usually in 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 40, 60, 80, 100, 200 counts and above. There are also single and double yarns. These yarns are wound in hanks of 840 yards each. Ten hanks of 10 counts yarn weigh 1 lb. 20 hanks of 20 counts yarn weigh 1 lb. If two yarns of 20 counts are twisted they are 2/20 counts yarn; and 10 hanks of such twisted yarn weigh 1 lb. So we find that one lb. of yarn has 10 hanks in one case, 20 hanks in another and so on of different counts of yarn. This is due to the fact that as the number of the counts increases, the thinner and finer is the quality. The less the number of counts, the thicker

and coarser will be the yarn. Ordinarily the cloth that is used by us for wearing purposes is from 40 to 60 counts of yarn.

For weaving in hand-looms, double or twisted yarns are preferred for the warp and single yarns for the weft. If single yarns are to be used for the warp also, the yarns must be well sized before use, so that they may not be broken in use which will spoil the work. Yarns which have not been sufficiently twisted should also be sized. After the yarns are selected for the warp, they are wound round a number of *bobbins*. These bobbins are then taken to the *creel*, which hold 24 bobbins wherefrom they are removed carefully to the *warping-mill* in sufficient quantity required for the purpose according to the breadth and length of the cloth. Then these yarns are taken round the drums of the *beaming-mill* and are wound round the warp roller by a process of careful twisting and drawing.

Now we come to the loom. The warp-roller along with the warp thus prepared is fitted in the loom. The ends of the yarn on the warp-roller are made to pass through the eyes of the *heald* and then through the reeds that are in the near front of the man working at the loom. Between every two reeds two yarns are drawn. But

at the two borders of the reeds four yarns are drawn between every two reeds so as to make the borders of the cloth thicker. Then these healds and reeds together with the warp thus prepared should be carefully fitted. The weft yarns are then taken in a number of pirns which are held in shuttles one by one. These weft yarns are passed through the warp by running the shuttle from one end to the other of the raceboard which is operated by pulling the strings and pressing the treadles in accordance with the design on hand. Thus the process of weaving is done by running the shuttles through the warp and by pressing the sley so as to make the yarns tightly woven.



News & Notes

A new system of time-recording, writes a correspondent in the "Times of India", is being incorporated in the two Union Castle 25000 ton passenger lines now being built in Harland and Wolff's yard at Belfast. Hitherto it had been the custom to alter the clocks on ships to allow for the distance from Greenwich meridian at noon each day, but by this new system the clocks will always show the time as determined by the sun at the particular location of the ship. When the course of the ship is set by the navigating officer, its position at noon on the following day is predicted, and the equipment is calibrated accordingly. Clock dials show the comparison between Greenwich time and ship time, and instruments are provided which inform the engineers of the alteration in time. Harland and Wolff conceived the idea, and the new time system is to be called 'Harlandic.' Everett Edgcumbe and Company who introduced synchronous timekeeping into the British Isles and supplied the Master Frequency Meter to all the electric power stations working on Grid, have developed the system at their North London works.

* * * *

Road safety lessons will, in a few months' time, become part of the syllabus of every elementary and secondary school in Britain. In many schools already there are occasional talks and demonstrations to lessen the traffic death roll among children.

Discussions between the President of the Board of Education (Viscount Halifax) and the Minister of Transport (Mr. Hore-Belisha), have resulted in the decision

that the teaching of road rules shall be given a definite place in the curriculum of all grant-aided schools. Methods by which the children can best be educated in road conduct are being prepared by the Board of Education officials in consultation with the Ministry of Transport.

One result may be the preparation of a road rules text book—a child's form of the Highway Code—in which the perils of street-playing and thoughtlessness on the roads will be set out in simple fashion and correct habits instilled.

A Ministry of Transport official told Reuter: The record of freedom from fatal road accidents which Sunderland had for a long time was attributed partly to the fact that instruction against running risks had been given in the schools by police officers for the past seven years.

* * * *

A house of silence—which will be full of noises that nobody can hear—is to be built in London. Professors, architects, builders, engineers, and industrial firms all over the country are co-operating in building this house which will be one of the many remarkable features of the Anti-Noise League's Exhibition which the Prime Minister will open on May 31 and which will run throughout June. Mr. R. F. Millard, the General Secretary of the League says "This demonstration house will contain two rooms one being silenced and insulated and the other an ordinary room not insulated. Noise will be created such as a buzzing a lift, a noisy cistern the tap-tap of typewriters electric fans or sewing machine, telephone bells impact sounds such as people walking

gramophones playing jazz, wireless and all that. What we hope to demonstrate is that in the properly treated room you will hear these noises very much less than in the ordinary room. Windows will be such that, say, barrel organs will be seen but not heard. You may slam the doors of the house with impunity if you are not feeling very good tempered but these doors will not make too much noise. Or you may stamp indignantly up the silent-tread staircase, or even give a vigorous poker attack on the coals in the noise-resisting fireplace without alarming anyone."

* * * *

Many Persian manuscripts, centuries old and gorgeously illustrated, were put up for auction in London. They included various manuscripts of 'The Book of Kings' by Firdausi, Persia's greatest poet, prepared by scribes five hundred years ago. Firdausi's great epic, consisting of 60000 verses was written 900 years ago

for which Sultan Mahmud ordered his Chancellor to send Firdausi 60000 gold pieces as a reward. But the Chancellor substituted silver and Firdausi furious at the deception gave 20000 pieces to the elephant-driver who brought it 20000 to his bath-keeper and 20000 to a sherbet-seller. The Sultan was furious and the poet became a fugitive. Years later, when peace was restored another gift from the Sultan reached the poet's house at the time of his funeral.

The manuscripts had a quick sale ten being sold in ten minutes. Firdausi's book purchased for £300 is a beautiful work containing nearly 600 pages in rich colour and gold including one of the earliest pictures of aviation in which Kai Kaus tempted by Iblis flies to Heaven. A sum of £115 purchased an early Persian manuscript with two small miniatures revealing the antiquity of the game of Polo. The whole sale lasted only an hour in which the collection—the property of a lady—brought in £2420.

Games for the Vacation

By R. P. JOSEPH

Madras Christian College School

During the vacation most boys are unable to get the necessary equipment to play the common games like Football, Hockey and Cricket as they are very expensive. But a number of other games which provide plenty of exercise and fun could be played with little or no equipment.

1. Catch and Pull Tug of war.

Any number of players may engage in this contest, which is one of the best for a large number, containing as it does both excellent sport and vigorous exercise.

A line is drawn down the middle of a playing space. The players are divided into two parties and stand one party on either side of the line. The game starts on a signal and consists in catching hold of an opponent by any part of his body as hand, arm or foot and reaching over the line by so pulling him across the boundary. Any number of players could try to secure a hold on an opponent and any number may come to his rescue and try to resist his being pulled over the line, either by pulling him in the opposite direction or by trying to secure a hold on one of the opponents. A player does not belong to an enemy until his whole body is pulled over the line. He must then join his captors in trying to secure players from across the line. The party which has the largest number of players at the end of the time limit wins.

2. Whip Tag.

The players form a circle either standing or squatting with their hands

open behind their backs. One player with a knotted cloth in the hand runs around the circle and places the cloth in the hands of one of the players in the circle. The person receiving the cloth immediately begins to beat the player on his right who runs around the circle to avoid being beaten until he has reached the place from where he started. After that he is immune from further beating. The player with the cloth now continues around the circle and places the cloth into the hands of another player in the circle, and the game continues as before.

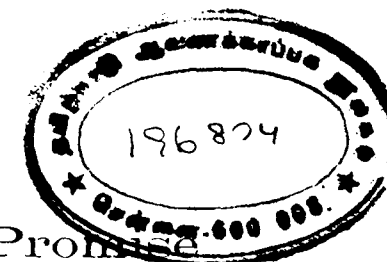
3. Speed.

This game may be played with an old tennis ball or a small bundle of rags tied with a string. The players are all numbered and they gather close about a small circle drawn on the ground. One of the players drops the ball in the circle calling out one of the numbers. The player bearing that number immediately grabs the ball and cries, "Halt" at which command all the players who are running stop in their places. He then tries to hit any player who may be near him. If a player is hit he picks up the ball, cries "Halt" and strives to hit another and so this continues until some one misses hitting. One miss counts one 'Speed'. Then all the player who last missed begins the game in the centre. A person who misses three times is made to stand against a wall or tree with his back turned and each player is given one chance to hit him with the ball at a distance of twenty feet.

OUR READER'S PAGE

Keeping a Promise

By U. Sripathi Rao, 5th form, Christian College, Madras.



Napoleon came from a poor family. In his childhood he was sent to a village school. His parents were so poor that they could not give him even the necessities. He had no pocket money. Near the school there was a woman selling fruits. In leisure hours the boys used to go to this woman and buy fruits from her. Napoleon had to stare at them because he had not any money. In pity the woman gave him fruits on credit. Napoleon said that he would pay the money later. After some time he had to leave the school and seek an appointment elsewhere.

He joined the army. He was a daring soldier. By sheer courage he rose from place to place. "Time soon saw Napoleon at the head of the French Government." The woman was glad at heart because her customer was now the head of the Government and at the same time she was sorry for having lost her money. Once Napoleon happened to camp in this village where his old school stood. During his brief stay the old thoughts about his learning in this school and purchasing fruits in the old woman's shop without paying money came to him.

Then in disguise he visited the school and went to the woman who

was selling fruits. There he saw the old woman surrounded by children selling fruits as ever. He sat in front of her and asked questions.

"Do you know that the king has come and camped yonder there?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Have you ever seen him?" he asked.

"Ah! Ever since he was a boy. Why he was studying in this school and was one of my best customers," she replied.

"I see. Was he paying you regularly?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"No. No. You are telling a lie for he never paid you. He went into debts. Here is he. See, see, whether you can recognise him". So saying Napoleon threw off his disguise. At that time the old woman fell upon her knees and asked him to excuse her for telling a lie. Her eyes were filled with tears.

Then Napoleon said, "Dear woman, you have saved the honour of the king by telling a lie." He then not only paid his old dues but also gave her rich presents.

This story tells us how it is possible for great men like Napoleon to remember petty things during the busy moments of their lives.