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CONTRIBUTIONS

received so far from Students and Teachers have been exhausted : Headmasters, Teachers and Students are requested to send in their contributions to reach the editor before the close of each month for publication in the issue of the next month.

THE STUDENT

The Student's Journal — Managing Editor

AS LONG AS I LIVE, SO LONG DO I LEARN : : : SRI RAMAKRISHNA.

Vol VII

AUGUST 1952.

No. 11

A PRAYER



Thou art the father, mother, husband
and son. Thou art a dear friend, relative
and teacher, and the goal of the universe.
I am Thine own, Thy servant and attendant,
Thou art my only Refuge. I have taken
shelter in Thee, and verily, O Lord, does
my burden rest wholly on Thee.

STOTRA RATNAM.

SAINT MANICKA VACHAKAR.

By Sri V. Srinivasan, B. A., L. T.

**CHAPTER I
THE NEW MINISTER.**

MADURA IS AN ANCIENT CITY. IT IS ON THE banks of the river *Vaigai*. A great Siva temple stands in its centre. The God of the temple is Lord *Sundaresa*. The Goddess is Sri *Minakshi*. Many years ago, Madura was the capital of a great kingdom. The kings were called the *Pandyans*. They were brave. They feared God and ruled the land well.

Ari-Mardana was a great Pandyan King. His minister had died. So he wanted another in his place. He sent for learned men from far and near. Many came to the king's court. He welcomed them. He talked to each for a long time.

He loved them all. But he loved most a young Brahmin boy. *Vatha-Voorar* was his name. He came of a village close to Madura. He was hardly fifteen years old; yet he knew many languages. His fore-fathers had been ministers. So he knew the arts of Peace and War. His parents were saintly; he, too, walked in fear of God.

"Please be my minister", prayed the King. *Vatha-Voorar* consented.

The King gave him a robe of honour, and a sword. The robe and sword marked the minister's high office.

Royal horses were yoked to the King's chariot. The new minister was taken back home in a grand procession.

On the way, the chariot passed the temple of Madura. At once the horses were reined and *Vatha-Voorar* got down. He went round the temple on foot, three times. Then he entered the shrine of Sri *Minakshi*, fell before Her and prayed, "Mother of the Worlds, fill my heart with love. Make me a good servant of the people."

Next he went to Lord *Sundaresa*, and prayed, "Lord of the Universe, let me never forget Thee. Fill my heart with piety."

He returned to the chariot. In a short time he was once more in his home. His parents' joy was great; they blessed him with long life. But he was humble; he prayed to God for a useful life.

**CHAPTER 2.
THE WISE RULE.**

Vatha-Voorar helped the King to rule the land wisely. Schools were opened in every village. Boys and girls were taught free. Scholars were honoured with rich gifts of land.

Deep wells were sunk in dry places. More canals were dug. More trees were planted on all high roads. More rest-houses were built.

The minister raised a strong Police. Robbers were put down, and the people lived in peace.

The women led noble lives at home. They taught their children to speak the truth and obey the laws. They worshipped Sri *Minakshi* with a noble heart.

The men toiled hard in the fields. Rains never failed them. Crops yielded rich harvest. The land grew in wealth and virtue.

Taxes were paid in time. The Palace Treasury was always full. Both king and people grew rich. The Minister was praised by all; but, he was humble as before.

**CHAPTER 3.
A MISSION**

One day, the king was holding a court in his palace. The king's throne stood high in the centre. Over it waved the royal banner. Below the throne, on the right sat the chief officers. They were the Minister, the Royal Priest, the State

Pandit, the Keeper of the Treasury, the Leader of the Armies, and the king's Engineer. Ambassadors from other lands sat opposite them. At the other end of the hall, facing the throne sat the common people.

The state Pandit recited prayers.

Then, the king, turning to the minister asked "Are my people happy? Are my officers content? Are dumb-animals well-treated?"

"All is well in the kingdom, my Lord," replied the minister.

"My advisers, have you any thing to say to me?" asked the king.

The keeper of the Royal Stables stood up: "My Lord, our horses are getting aged. They will not serve us in need. Arab horses have just landed in the *Choku Port Tiru Perundurai*. * They are for sale."

"Is it so?" asked the king of the Chola Ambassador.

"Quite true, my Lord. Good horses are for sale."

"Then, Vatha-Voorar", said the King "Start at once to the Chola Port. Take money from the Royal Treasury. Buy the best steeds in the market."

Vatha-Voorar started at once, in the Royal chariot. The keeper of the Stables and many servants followed him. Cart-loads of gold and silver coins went with the party armed soldiers kept guard over them.

CHAPTER 4. THE GREAT CHANGE.

The party reached Tiru-Perundurai one evening, and lodged in one of its many guest-houses. That busy town was one of the many ports of the Chola Kingdom.

*Modern Avadayarkoil (*Avadayarkoil*) in the Pudukottai State (Madras.)

Like every Hindu town, it had a temple. The temple was in honour of Siva. Siva was worshipped there under the name of *Atma-nada*. Vatha Voorar came to know of the temple. That very night, he went to the temple to worship the God. As usual, he broke coconuts, lighted camphor, and wore on his fore-head the sacred ashes offered by the priest. The worship over, he returned home.

Early next morning, he again paid a visit to the temple. First, he went round the temple three times. Then he crossed the outer gate and walked round the outer enclosure.

At the centre of the southern side, he saw a group of ascetics. They were standing round a raised seat under a *Kurundai* tree. Approaching it, he saw an aged sage. He was seated facing south. Matted locks covered his head. A long beard fell down his breast. *Ru lakshas* encircled his head and neck. Sacred ashes covered his whole body. His left hand held a book of palm leaves. The right hand was raised, and his lips spoke sweet words of peace.

Vatha-Voorar was at once drawn to the sage. He did not know the cause. He fell down before the sage.

"May Siva bless you, child! Rise", spoke the sage.

The minister rose; for a time, he stood as one dumb. Then with folded hands he prayed, "Thou art my Master. Make me Thy disciple."

"Young man, who are you? Where do you come from?"

"Men call me Vatha-Voorar. I am the minister of the King of Madura. Pray accept me as your *Sishya*."

"A Sage's life is hard. Harder is the life of a *Sishya*. He has to live by beggary and sleep in open air on bare ground. He has to serve a master day and night without a murmur. But you are rich, and a kingdom is at your feet. Chariots are at your command, and palanquins bear you from place to place. Child, consider the matter deeply. Meet me again this hour tomorrow."

The minister bowed low, and retired.

Vatha-Voorar thought long over the matter. The Pandyan kingdom was, indeed, great; but greater was the kingdom of the soul. Chariots and palanquins carried him throughout the country; but they would never take him to the Feet of the Lord. None can worship both God and Wealth.

Next morning, at the appointed hour, Vatha-Voorar was again before the sage.

"Are you ready to enter the hard Path?"

"I am ready."

"Will you promise to be true to me in joy and sorrow?"

"I promise."

The sage was pleased. He called him to his side, placed his right hand gently over his head and blessed him. Then he whispered in his ear the sacred five lettered word *Na-Ma-Si-Va-Ya*, *ନା-ମ-ସି-ବା-ୟ* and explained its meaning. He added, "You are a servant of Siva from this hour. Spend your days in His service".

At once, Vatha's Voorar's lips spoke praise of the Lord. The words shaped themselves into a Tamil song. It was truly a gem among songs. So the master named him, *The Gem of Songsters* — (Manicka-Vachakar, in Tamil)

He is known by that title to this day.

(To be Continued)

What I want is muscles of iron and nerves of steel, inside which dwells a mind of the same material as that of which a thunderbolt is made. Strength-Manhood-Kshatrya Virya plus Brahma Teja.

Love shall win the victory. Do you love your fellow men? Where should you go to seek for God—Are not all the poor, the miserable, the weak, Gods? Why not worship them first?

Swami Vivekananda

ON PICK-POCKETS

By Sri V. H. Sundaram, B.A.

"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Nothing affords us so much amusement as the ways of modern pick-pockets. Thanks to the ingenuity of the pioneers of this more civilized form of dacoity, we behold the art now flourishing with the rich variety and enormous complexity that go to baffle the wisest amongst us. On the other hand there is the time-honoured method practised by the less intelligent section of their brethren, I mean the house-breaking one, which requires no little amount of labour and apparatus, even that too not worth the candle at times, the worst part of it being they fall into traps. That pick-pocketing has evolved out of this older method, goes without saying, as it reduces labour and is open to the least chance of detection. Modern pick-pocketing has its devoted votaries who have distributed themselves through all places of public resort as the bazaar, the theatre, the railway-trains, not to mention other conveyances. I often wonder why there should not exist an esoteric association of some sort, organized among the various types of these 'comrades in a common cause.' To Dame Nature they owe their 'light fingers' with which they ply their trade with such characteristic vigour. The moment the watch gleams from your pocket, the heart resolves, the head contrives and the hands execute! All finished in a second. More curious are sometimes the means that these people employ to outwit the wiser among their victims. Somehow they enter into conversation with you, their speeches as dignified as that of Goldsmith's vagabond at the Fair. You are thus led to forget yourself. But you wake up all on a sudden on your way home, to find yourself sadder though of course wiser. The pick-pockets of this type belong to the Theatre ordinarily, and are different from the common class you meet with, in the bazaars. I need not

enlarge on the various species of these 'strolling philosophers' who have taken 'to the study of mankind' as their proper study in life.

The bazaar-type, almost all of you, I daresay, must be familiar with at least those of you in particular who live in big cities like Madras. Whenever you enter the market you look about yourself and devote some time to hide your valuables, fountain-pen, purse, kerchief etc. within your coat with all care as if you are going to enter into a wrestling tourney. You never fail to prepare yourself like this, since your first experience as a newcomer there is still green in your memory. As a fresher you get into the market whistling in a jovial frame of mind searching here and there for something to buy, at a deadly cheap price. At last you get all sorts of curious from some illiterate beggars, as you take them to be, at a comparatively low price and thrust them into your pocket. You chuckle within yourself that you have made a splendid purchase that day to the surprise of your friends. Not until you get to your room and have a good supper, that you begin to suspect that your pen is missing. Those fellows must have been pick-pockets, you say, and brood over the loss of a familiar fountain-pen for a few days till your cheery friend,—may he live long—comes to your solace citing his own sad experience as a novice at the market and concludes his soothing address in a philosophic vein quoting the history of Shakespeare's purse, "It was mine it is his and and has been slave to thousands". Really speaking it is not the thing you have lost that upsets your mind but it's the fact that you have been fooled.

There was a neighbour of mine who used to boast of his achievement once in his life, 'that of pocketing the Pick-pocket' to use his phraseology. A great scientist he was, though world-wise too, to evolve a scheme to fish out his unseen friend from a crowd, who was good enough to unburden his pocket more

than once by transferring his things to anothers. With fishing-books sewn to his pockets, he strolled listlessly through the crowd, to give a chance to the pick-pocket. You can better imagine the scene: the hand of a pick-pocket inserted in the pocket of the scientist, panting (?) as a fish out of water. Only a 'human fish' that our scientist sought for. The story he gave currency to may sound incredible. Lest any of you should imitate this scheme I must say that modern pick-pocketing has advanced by leaps and bounds in methods to be out manoeuvred by these means. But the experiment should have been feasible in those days, when perhaps the art was in its infancy. Here is a first-hand experience of my encounter with an accomplished pickpocket.

The other day I was returning from office at a late hour ruminating over the sad lot that has befallen me of a quill-driver the fact being my boss had dealt with me a little bit severely. How long I was thus wrapt in contemplation, God alone knows when clattering of feet attended with clamorous shouts, startled me to my senses. In the midst of a procession! A huge crowd as though Bedlam had broken loose, had surrounded me. With great effort and not a little amount of pain to my poor elbows, I hurried to a haven of safety where I stood gazing at the monstrous crowd. Soon I felt a hand gliding over my dress. My immediate instinct was to take to my heels but I looked on with an air of unconcern knowing full well that it was an occasion for Pick-pockets too. A moment more. I laughed in my sleeves (Did you? Ed. S.) at the irony of the situation. The eager fingers had begun their work. I made ready to shake hands with his in response My hand was upon his. My impression was I had caught the Tartar. I looked daggers at him—when I saw him turning pale. My benefactor, as he claimed himself to be, exhibited something dark, the size of a pea. 'A bug'. Imagine my surprise when my philanthropist who had cleared my dress of a

bug began a discourse on 'Bug and its Life-history' in philosophic calmness treating me as a friend whom he had known for years. But I could not have swallowed this as many of you would have; I would rather have believed that man has evolved from creatures like bugs as biologists say, than believe that bugs could spring into existence from our shirts and coats, as lice grow from our scalp. But where was my friend? He had slipped away to the farthest corner, perhaps learning he had picked the wrong pocket. With justice to myself I must confess I was not equal to the task of 'pocketing the pickPocket.' I took out my purse and kissed it that it had not deserted me for another pocket for nothing. What a glorious future for the art? SURELY ART CONSISTS IN CONCEALING ART. Many of you may in life's highway meet with pickpockets of this very type who may be sagacious enough to empty your pocket even from a distance.

◆◆◆◆◆ KRISHNA, THE SWAIN.

By Sri : B. Pattabiramaia, M. A., L. T.,
Vidhyabushan, Sahityasaraswati, Kakinada.

The Poor Orphan Boy

Hard by a lovely wilderness,
There lived an orphan, fatherless.
His mother used to pick and sell
The twigs that from the trees there fell,
This meagre trade sustained the twain,
Just gave them both their porridge plain.

His Desire to Study

The boy liked not be grow a fool,
And told her he would go to school.
But she the fee could ill afford,
And pondered deep without a word.

The School Master

Across the wild was known to be
A school which gave instruction free.
This school seemed best for the boy to attend.
Him thither she resolved to send.

The teacher then took him in hand,
But made the mother understand
That once a year he would expect
A gift by way of due respect.

Need for an Escort Home

Returning daily all alone,
The boy was afraid of the forest zone.
He wished some one would go with him,
To see him safe through the forest grim.

The Mother's Advice

And the mother, who was most pious and meek,
Advised him thus, "Go thou and seek
The dark swain, Krishna called by all,
He's sure to help thee at thy call."

Krishna, the Swain

So, coming home when the sun had set,
The boy would daily call and get
Krishna, the swain, with him to go,
The swain would take his flute and blow.

The dulcet notes that from it came
E'en beasts and venomous snakes would tame.
Thus daily through the journey long,
The twain would play and dance along.

The Wonderful Pot of Milk

The day for the yearly gift then neared.
 The humble orphan's mother feared.
 Being poor, the dame could undertake
 No decent gift for the boy to make.
 She bade him seek swain Krishna swift;
 And get a pot of milk for a gift.

The Teacher's Surprise

And so he got a pot of milk,
 Which ill compared with the cloths of silk
 And costly gifts the others brought,
 To humbly give the man that taught.

At last the pot the teacher took,
 And emptied it with a wondering look;
 For, lo!, the pot was full again!
 He leant it had been got from the swain.

His Fruitless Quest after Krishna

He went with the lad to the forest wild,
 And said, "Show me the swain, my child".
 He called. The teacher looked around.
 No trace of Krishna could be found.
 The teacher called the lad a cheat,
 And made the child the call repeat.

Moral :

No form was seen. - But from a cloud
 There came a voice, clear and loud :
 "God ne'er appeareth, rest thou sure,
 To those not child-like, simple, pure."

[Note :— In support of the statement that children, in their innocence, are nearer to God than men, read 'I REMEMBER' and 'ODE ON IMITATIONS OF IMMORTALITY', and the lesson of Jesus to his disciples. "Unless ye be like unto Children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven"—Editor.]

FASHIONS AND FALSE NOTIONS

By Sri H. Krishna Rao, Student, Mangalore.

I have ventured to express some of my observations, and propose to give here my ideas on our present customs and fashions. Most of us are slaves to false notions of fashion and dignity.

The imitation of fashions and false notions of so called civilization is launching the present generation into a hopeless muddle. In India there is no standard and uniformity in dress. A hot country like India requires comparatively simple dress. Boots and stockings which have become a fashion with the present generation, are unsuited to our climate. A present-day Indian gentleman wears socks and boots, trousers with underwear, a bunyan, a shirt, a collar, neck tie and coat.

This new form of dress prevents fresh air from having a free play on the body. Free movements of his limbs are impossible. The stockings will get dirty with sweat and other impurities and unless they are daily washed, they will be the means of causing irritation in the skin and giving rise to all sorts of skin diseases. We do not wash our socks daily nor do we leave our boots out-side in the pial of the house, as we do with our sandals. We enter straight into Dressing room or Drawing room with the boots and stockings on, and carry the road-dust and the germs of diseases into the house. Sometimes the busy gentlemen enter even into the kitchen and take their food without removing their coats and boots.

Then, there is the habit of "Shaking hands". This habit is becoming quite common amongst us. We are discarding our graceful and courteous form of greeting, and are taking up the habit of shaking hands in imitation of our Western friends. The evil effects of shaking hands are many. It does much in carrying infection from one to another. It is a way to spread contagious diseases such as leprosy, smallpox, itch and the like.

Nowadays the uses of Tobacco are many and varied. The habit of smoking is fast deepening into our present generation. It is a pitiable sight to notice many of our young students walking along the streets with cigarettes in their mouths. Though they realize that smoking causes many injuries, they take it as a pleasure.

Again, it is a nasty sight to see hundreds and thousands of our people, young and old, rich and poor, high and low, all flocking together in the hot dingy rooms of the coffee hotels only to buy diseases. They freely waste their hard-earned money simply to get diseases of various kinds.

I do not want to have a long discourse on these matters, as there are a great many students who are far wiser than I to realize for themselves all these things, but, yet it is my duty to express my own ideas to my young friends. I cannot better end this discourse than by giving a few words of advice.

It is a wellknown fact that the pupils of today are the citizens of tomorrow. It is we, the children of today who are the builders of tomorrow! All the responsibilities and welfare of the future are in our hands! Thus, we who should be models to our youngsters as future citizens, should deem it our duty to take interest in all these matters.

If you have good habits and manners, then cherish them, guard them, and treasure them as you would treasure your wealth, for out of these come forth the issues of life.

Live a happy noble life,

Being a hero in the strife :

Pure in body and in soul !

'Tis the way to reach the goal.



STUDENTS AND SANSKRIT

By Sri V. Ganesan, Student, Madura.

Few students realise, the importance of Samskrit in their studies. A good many seem to avoid Samskrit, under the impression that it is difficult to learn it. A good many others are under a wrong idea, that it is not useful for practical purposes. The neglect of this ancient language is so much, that this great language is spoken of as a dead language.

Samskrit is not dead. It shall not die. It cannot die. What it has is the very life blood of all languages. If Samskrit dies, the best in languages dies. This shall never be.

It cannot be said, that it is difficult to learn Samskrit. On the other hand, it is much easier, to learn it, than any other language because, its words find mention in a systematic form, in works like Amarakosa. It is easy to get by heart Amarakosa, because, it is full of easy slokas—Secondly it is easy to form compounds in Samskrit by joining words together. This is not possible in other languages. The compounds so formed express the meanings fully and accurately with more brevity.

Thirdly, it is easy to form sentences in Samskrit without knowing the inflections of verbs. It is sufficient if a few conjugations are known well.

The Ramayana is an illustration of an easy graceful, Samskrit style. There is no reason why, with good practice, anybody, cannot acquire the Ramayana style.

My next point is that Samskrit is useful in practical life. There are a good number of ancient works in Samskrit, dealing with life and society. Few are really in touch with these works. How ancient kings ruled, conquered, and administered are found in those works. There are laws like Manu's code. Yagnayalkya Smrithi which, lay down rules of conduct for individuals and societies. How to know them except by a

study of the originals? There are again great scientific works on medicine like Charaka Samhita, which contain more useful matter, than modern day medical treatises. There are again works on Music, Dancing, Economics, etc., which add considerably to life's elevation. We can never make our lives, practically useful, without knowing how our ancients have lived and what they have said in their works.

My third point is that acquaintance with Samskrit purifies one's expression. The tongue easily becomes an instrument of expressing any complex sound, and acquires also grace in expressing it.

Students neglect Samskrit because at the start, difficulty of pronunciation scares them away. A little patience at the beginning is bound to be fruitful and create in the students a love for Samskrit.

One practical way of creating a love for Samskrit, is to get by heart not less than 3 slokas a day, set them to music and chant them as often as possible. It may well be, that one gets by heart slokas from select portions of the Ramayana Aranyakanda first chapter. Description of the holy Ganga in the fiftieth chapter of Ayodhya Kanda, Description of Rama himself in the first chapter of Bala Kanda etc. Frequent repetition brings concentration and one may rest assured that getting by heart a thousand slokas in the Ramayana is certain to make Samskrit an easy medium of expression.

Indian students have a common privilege in learning Samskrit. No caste or creed can forbid learning it. Where there is a will there is a way. Samskrit when it becomes a medium of expression for all, India would take away all communal feelings and bring peace, contentment and prosperity to our Ancient Motherland.

Om-Santhi-Santhi-Shanthi-Hi.

THE SMILE IN THE ANGER—A STORY

By Sri K. Krishnamachari, B.A. L.T.

Takshasila was an ancient city on the banks of the Vitasta. It was once ruled over by a king, Kalingadatta. Ratnadatta, a son of a wealthy merchant in the city, had no faith in his religion, and disapproved of his father's respect for Sramanakas. He called them a set of lazy wanderers, deserving nothing better than a contemptuous treatment at the hands of the wise. The aged father, Vitastadatta, tried to convince him, by arguments of the utter untenability of his views in the light of the holy scriptures but to no effect. At last he appealed to the King, Kalingadatta, to bring round his wayward son.

The King summoned Ratnadatta and without any formal enquiry commanded in an angry tone, "Let this fellow be hanged." The poor father could not understand why such an order was passed on his simple appeal. He at once went down on his knees and begged for mercy. The King thundered forth, "In deference to this aged man's pleadings I grant him two months' life on this earth and at the end of that period, this young man shall be brought before me and the sentence of death be carried." He then dismissed them for the time.

The two months' suspense hung heavily on Ratnadatta. It proved more a curse than a blessing. Day by day, the thought of impending death looked like a sword of Democles hanging over his head. He was eaten up by the very fear, and gradually reduced to a living skeleton. His very appearance changed beyond recognition, and he looked more like a ghost of his own former self.

On the fateful day he was produced before the King. For a full two minutes the King silently looked at him. The very silence almost took away the life of the poor young man. When the King opened his lips, Ratnadatta gazed at him in

breathless suspense. "Look here young man" he began, "a mere thought of death has reduced you, to skeleton, you had full two months before you to satisfy all the cravings of your heart, and yet the thought of impending death unbalanced your mind, and you have let slip the opportunity so graciously granted. But let me go into the root of the matter. Can any one predict when Death overtakes a man? At any moment, it may. That's why the sages have prescribed a series of pious actions as a preparation for death and for the life hereafter. The totality of the pious actions is called the Religion, and it eventually leads the soul of man to Eternal Bliss, called Moksha....." Ratnadatta had by now some hope of forgiveness and implored the King to teach him how to attain the life of Eternal Bliss.

"At some other time" replied the King; and he continued; "But meanwhile I order you to carry in your hands a hollow cup full of oil along the main streets round the temple, day after to-morrow when there is a great festival arranged to take place. My servants will escort you, with their swords drawn. Note that if you spill a drop your head will be off.

On the day of the special festival, Ratnadatta was going round the streets, his attention entirely riveted on the cup of oil in his hands. He was all forgetful of the outside world. When the round was finished he was summoned before the King.

"Did you complete the round, as I commanded?" queried the King.

"Yes. Your Majesty" was the humble reply.

"Can you describe to me, anything peculiar you may have noted in the festival?" again the King asked.

"I am afraid I cannot, since I did not notice any festival at all—much less any peculiarity in it. I only saw the cup of oil in my hand, and not even your Majesty's servants on either side of me. Even the very road I walked on was

dimly seen—and that in my immediate neighbourhood" was again the humble reply of Ratnadatta.

"Now" said the King "this is what is called concentration of the mind on an object. The fear of Death had enabled you to concentrate your whole mind on the cup of oil, so much so that you were entirely dead to the noise of the great festival around you. A similar concentration of the mind on the Creator of All is called Yoga. And who practices Yoga is a Yogi. But treading the path of the Yogins of old you can hope to attain the Eternal Bliss. Now that I see signs of wisdom in you I revoke the sentence of Death passed on you and set you at liberty."

Ratnadatta heaved a sigh of relief and felt grateful for the noble words.

* * * *

My idea of education is gurugriha-vasa. Without the personal life of the teacher there would be no education. One should live from his very boyhood with one whose character is like a blazing fire, and should have before him a living example of the highest teaching. In our country the imparting of knowledge has always been through men of renunciation. The charge of imparting knowledge should again fall upon the shoulders of tyagis."

—Swami Vivekananda

S. S. L. C. COLUMN.

BANGLE - SELLERS

By Sri D. Krishnayya, Teacher, High School, Hindupur

We are bangle-sellers, going to the fair of the temple, with our bright loads of bangles.

We wish to sell these fine bright rainbow-coloured bangles—the circles of light. These bangles are the bright symbols of bright lives and are fit for happy daughters and wives.

Some are fit for the wrists of maidens and are of silver and blue as the mist of a mountain. Some are dotted like buds which rest in the dreamland of a Calm Stream in a forest. Some are as fine fair and bright as the new born leaves.

Some are as bright as the fields which are lit by the bright light of the Sun and these are fit for the brides on the morning of the wedding day. Some are as bright as the desire of the bride on the wedding day. These bangles are bright, shining slender, clean and clear like the bride on the wedding day.

Some are of purple, gold and grey. These are for those who have journeyed through half their journey of life. These are for those who have worked well, loved well and have given birth to fair children cradled on their breast. These are for those who have served their household with pride and joy and have worshipped the God by the side of their husbands dear.

S. S. L. C. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS:

BY SRI R. C. MUDALIAR, B. A., I. T., SHIVALI.

Qn:—Write briefly about Alan's playing the game (one page).

*Ans:—*Alan was a lively lad. He had a liking for cricket. He had practised bowling with his father for weeks. He was chosen to play in the school cricket match. His mother cheered him and wished him to do his best. His father promised him the present of a new bicycle if his team won the game.

So Alan became pleased and proud. In high spirits he ran up the road to the playground. On his way he saw an old man sitting and leaning upon his heavy stick. He called out Alan to help him to walk up the hill. Kind Alan lent his arm for support. Five minutes had passed before they hardly went half the road. The old person tottered slowly like a baby. He also urged Alan to see him home, a pretty distant way off. In his anxiety to be in time for the match, Alan wavered. But yet he could not forsake the aged man.

Suddenly the stranger stumbled against a stone and fell down. He pressed Alan not to leave him. Alan's sense of duty made him wait. Luckily a policeman turned up there. Alan entrusted his work to the policeman. He fled fast to the sports ground. But he was disappointed to find that the play had started with Harold Banks in his place.

Then after a while he returned home with a heavy heart. But to his greatest wonder, his father rewarded him with the promised new bicycle. He told him about his good service as heard from the policeman. His school mates also praised his good turn loudly. Thus Alan played his part worthily, not in the game of cricket but in that of life. All should emulate him.

II. Para Questions :**(1) What made King Dionysius free Pythias?**

On the surety of Damon, Pythias a prisoner to be hanged, was allowed by King Dionysius to go home to pay his last respects to his aged parents before his death and return in three weeks' time. However, he was delayed in his return journey. Meanwhile, Damon did not show any sign of uneasiness for meeting death in the place of Pythias. Still he had complete trust in his friend and he hoped the coming of Pythias in the nick of the moment. It happened so. The King was struck with wonder at the true friendship and mutual faith of each other. Hence he freed Pythias on condition that he would never fight against him.

(2) Why was Wordsworth moved by the song of the Solitary Reaper?

Wordsworth was touched by the sweet song of the lonely Highland lass. The theme of it was ununderstandable but it was of melancholy strain. The more he heard it, the more he was thrilled. He considered it far better than the song of the nightingale in the oases of Arabia or that of the cuckoo in spring time among the farthest Hebrides. That simple but pathetic song was remembered by the poet long after it was heard.

(3) Bring out the patriotic feelings of the soldiers who buried Sir John Moore at Corunna.

The devoted soldiers found it their holy duty to bury their dead hero though without military honours and other formalities of funeral. They felt sorry that they were unable to raise a memorial stone over Moore's grave. But they were sure that his brave deed and glorious achievements would certainly be lasting monument. Though the enemies would walk over his grave and speak lightly about him he would never care for them. Thus they felt proud of having put a worthy general honourably in a grave by Britons themselves.

NEWS & NOTES OF INTEREST**Bicycles in World.**

Bicycles in use in India are estimated at 1,500,000 or 420 bicycles for every 100,000 of the population. For a similar proportion of their population, Britain has 25,500 cycles; United States 7,400; France 23,800 and Denmark as many as 53,900. An encouraging sign is that domestic production of cycles in India has doubled since 1947 and stood at 104,000 units in 1950. Imports of cycles have declined from 268,000 units in 1949-50 to over 165,000 units in 1950-51.

Giant Crab.

A 5-lb Cocos Island robber crab, with claws at least a foot long, will shortly be "air-lifted" from Singapore to the London Zoo.

The crab, with its claws half as thick as a human wrist, can rip a coconut open easily. It does not harm humans, but feeds on greasy or fat fish.

Devotee dies after 86-day fast.

Bhagat Ratna Nathu of Bantiya village near Junagadh who had undertaken a fast for "realisation of God", died on 17th July after 86 days of fasting.

He did not take even water during the 86 days of his fast and he sat meditating with closed eyes. Thousands of villagers flocked to have a last darshan of this 60-year-old saint who was known for the last 40 years for his piety and devotion to God. His disciples talk of many spiritual experiences he has had.

Ceremonial Exit.

Dr. Radhakrishna Pal, an Opposition member, said in the State Assembly at Calcutta that he had "eaten three pellets of cowdung, shaved his head, had a dip in the Ganga and burnt a piece of Khadi before Netaji Bose and left the Congress for good."

Dr. Pal, who had defeated two Congress candidates, including the Food Minister, Mr. P. C. Sen, in the general election from two constituencies in Hooghly, in a personal explanation said it was not correct that

he wanted to return to the Congress, which he had left in 1940 after performing an 'atonement'.

Examination paper flown by air for Lucky Student.

For the first time in the history of education in U. P. an examination paper was sent outside India to enable a student to sit in a subject for the Intermediate examination, according to a Lucknow report.

The student is Mrs. Prabha Kacker who joined her husband in England soon after appearing at the last Intermediate science Examination. But she had still to pass the examination in Hindi.

The authorities were persuaded by the father of the girl to send the examination paper by air to London where she answered the paper in the office of the Indian High Commissioner.

Baby talks like adult.

The strange phenomenon of a three-month-old baby in Ramannapet village (in Hyderabad state) talking like an adult is drawing daily a large number of persons from neighbouring villages.

None is able to explain this strange phenomenon.

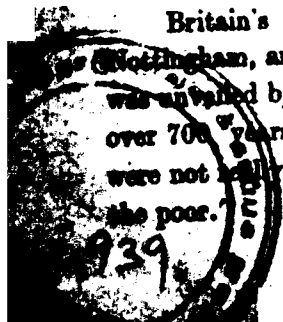
Taj under repair.

Three hundred and twenty years old Taj Mahal of Agra is again under repairs. Rain water has been oozing out in several places along the basement facade. Also patches of sweating have been noticed in the roofing after heavy rains.

Started in 1632, the Taj is said to have taken 22 years for 20,000 men to complete. The total expenditure incurred on the mausoleum, according to the highest estimate, was Rs. 40,00,00,000.

Memorial to a robber.

Britain's most famous robber has been honoured by the City of Nottingham, around which his exploits centred. A memorial statue to him was unveiled by the Duchess of Portland. But the crimes all happened over 700 years ago. The statue is one of Robin Hood. His robberies were not really evil, says tradition, because "he robbed the rich to help the poor."



THE STUDENT

The only English Monthly devoted exclusively to
the interests of HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS



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