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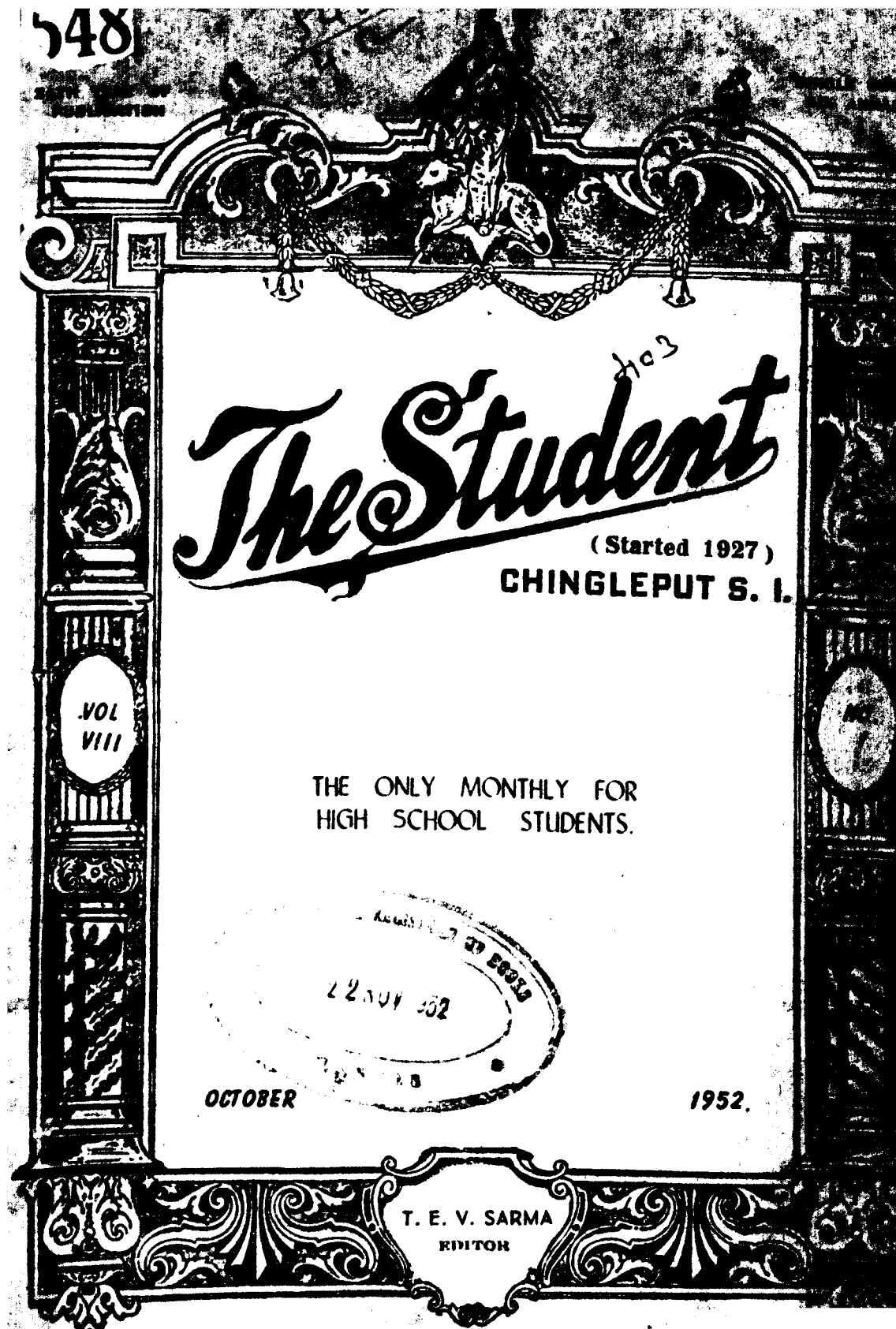


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THE STUDENT

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



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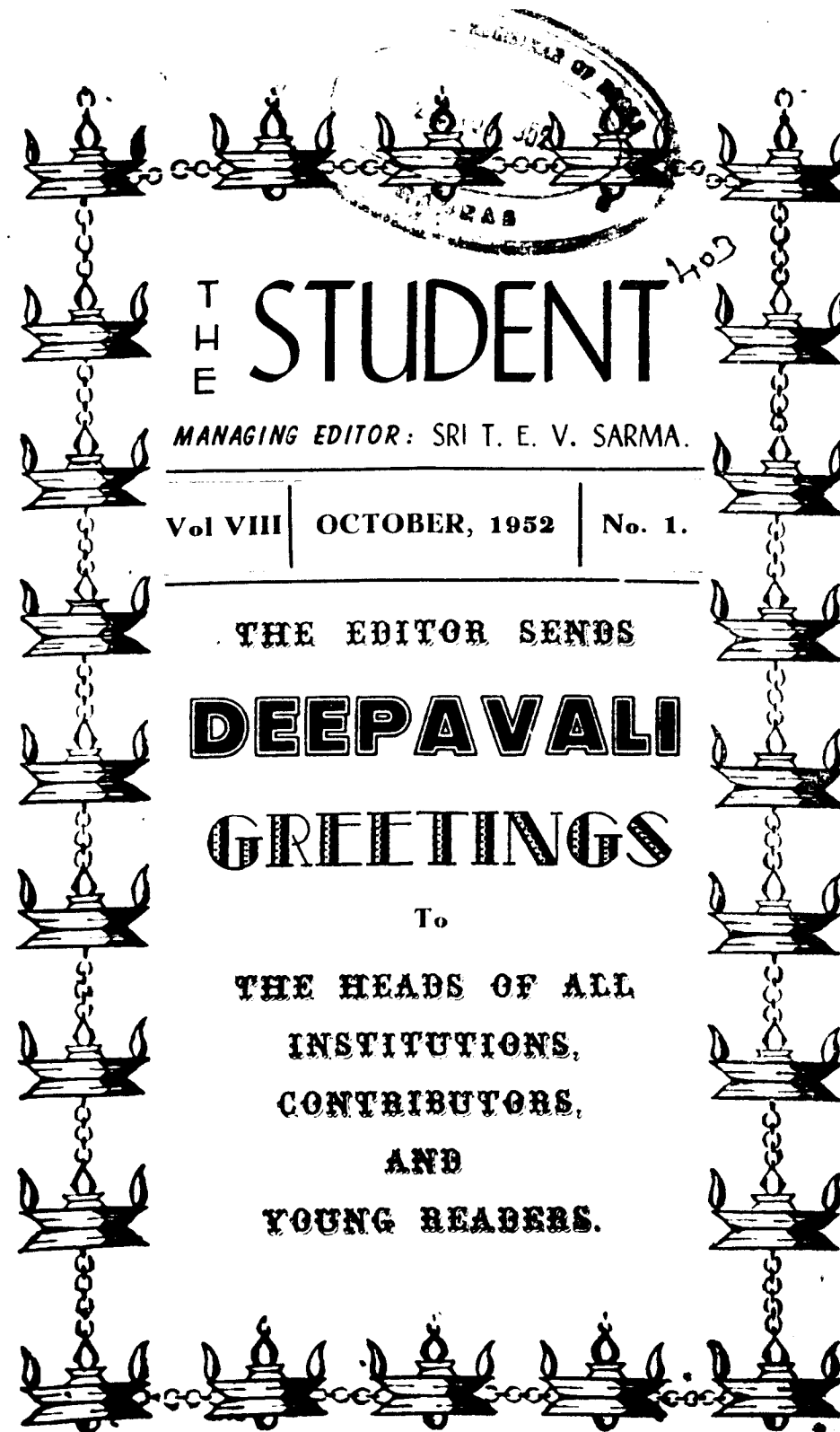
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THE **STUDENT**

MANAGING EDITOR: SRI T. E. V. SARMA.

Vol VIII | OCTOBER, 1952 | No. 1.

THE EDITOR SENDS
DEEPAVALI
GREETINGS

To
THE HEADS OF ALL
INSTITUTIONS,
CONTRIBUTORS,
AND
YOUNG READERS.

ADVICE TO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

By Our Prime Minister Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru.

Addressing over 50,000 students of Madras City High schools at the Corporation Stadium on the 10th instant, Prime Minister Nehru asked to remember that it was a great honour and a privilege to be citizens of the Republic of India.

Exhorting them to value the citizenship they had got and to serve India, Mr. Nehru said that if they got something so big and so valuable as citizenship of India, they should not consider it something cheap which came automatically without obligation on their part.

The Prime Minister reminded them that Bharat Mata consisted of 'you and me and millions like us and not something apart from us'. As little tiny bits of a great big thing—India—they should remember that they should not do any thing to bring any dishonour or any discredit to it. To whatever religion they belonged they should remember that they were all equal sharers of India and build up the country working together, co-operating with each other, playing together and thinking of each other as brothers and sisters and as equal citizens of the Republic of India.

Mr. Nehru who entered the stadium through the northern gate was given a thunderous ovation by over 50,000 pupils representing over 66 Boys schools and 22 Girls schools who had assembled there even as early as 2 p. m. Mr. Nehru motored round the Stadium in an open car, standing and waving to the students as they lustily cheered him. Mr. Nehru was received by Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao, Minister for Education, Mr. S. Govindarajulu Naidu, Director of Public Instruction and Mr. Kuruvilla Jacob President of the Headmasters' conference.

Accompanied by Dr. Krishna Rao, Education Minister, Mr. Govindarajulu Naidu, D. P. I., and Mr. Kuruvilla Jacob, the Prime Minister inspected a guard of honour provided by a contingent of Junior N. C. C., Girl Guides and Boy Scouts.

The Prime Minister was obviously amused at the big size of the garland which was put round his neck and at the bouquet which was almost of the size of an umbrella. He just rested the bouquet across his shoulder like an umbrella and walked a little distance chuckling which sent the entire gathering into a burst of hearty laughter.

As he got up on the dais and was about to commence his speech, a little girl walked up to him and coyly held out a red rose to him. The Prime Minister bending down received the flower, pinned it on his sherwani and patted the child.

Mr. Kuruvilla Jacob, who welcomed the Prime Minister expressed on behalf of over 35,000 pupils of the high schools his gratitude for his agreeing to come to this rally and address them. These pupils, he said, represented a generation which was growing up in independent India under the inspiring leadership of the Prime Minister. "We teachers and pupils know that you are depending on the younger generation to follow your lead and make this country into a strong and united nation for the good of the whole world. We know that you want them to grow physically, mentally and spiritually so as to serve their fellowmen to the best of their ability. We know also that it is your wish that school children and college students should not only do their best in the usual class rooms and also learn to be orderly and be ready to do useful work with joy and dignity. We can assure you that given the opportunity these boys and girls will faithfully and joyfully respond to the country's call—your call."

Citizens of India

Pundit Nehru said: "Young citizens of India. I have been asked on behalf of the Headmasters' to say some words to you.

"I wish I could talk to you in your own language, which you would no doubt understand much better. I can talk to you of course in Hindi or, if you like to call it Hindustani or Urdu, but some of you may understand and others may not understand at all. But unfortunately I have probably to address to you in a language which many of you may not fully understand though perhaps you may understand a little.

"I am very happy to come here and see this rally. I am told it represents less than half of high school students here, because the Stadium is not big enough for all of them. Well, within the stadium or elsewhere I have seen a very large

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number of students of various ages in various places in the City, if not at functions, at any rate in the streets and it has been very delightful to see their cheerful faces, bright young faces, because these bright faces themselves showed how they were and what they were feeling. I wish to talk to you from a little nearer to you but that could not be arranged. You are too many and I cannot be near every one.

"Here you are, living in this great city of Madras and here I come to you from northern India. At present I spend most of my time in Delhi on business, not for pleasure and to Delhi I went from the City where I was born—that is Allahabad where the Ganges and the Jumna meet. That is an ancient city, not very big but rather small compared to Madras. Many years ago my people came down to Allahabad via Delhi and Agra from Kashmir which is far away north of this great country. I hope you will one day go to Kashmir. Now, if you look at the map of India as you no doubt do, look at Kashmir right in the north and the Himalayan mountains and Ladakh adjoining on the eastern side of Kashmir. And if you measure the distance from there to Kanyakumari down in the south you will find it is round about 2,000 miles. Now this vast area between the northern tip of India and the southern tip of India is India and you and I, wherever we may live whether in the north or in the south or in the centre, we are citizens of this great country. You are, in a local sense, citizens of Madras if you like, but really you do not belong to Madras only, as I do not belong to Allahabad or Delhi or any place. I am a citizen of the Republic of India and you are also citizens of the Republic of India. Remember that because it is a great honour and a privilege to be citizens of the Republic of India. But it is something more than honour and privilege. When you have honour or privilege you have to do something about it also. You have some kind of an obligation. You cannot get

anything without working for it. If you get anything without working for it you do not value it. Those people who lead an easy and soft life without working for it do not value it, do not really get the best out of life. It is only when you work for something whatever it may be and get it after working hard for it, it is important for you and you value it and cherish it.

"You go in for games. You have to work hard to do well at your games, and if you do well at them and gain a prize or a championship, you value it because it has been the result of effort on your part, of hard work, which itself is good for you.

"So, if you get something so big and so valuable as citizenship of India, you should not consider it something cheap which comes automatically without obligation on your part. So we have to do something about it. We have to serve India.

Bits of Bharat Mata

"Now what is India? Well, you can look at the map of this great big country with a large number of States and Provinces call them what you will. There is the State of Madras in the south and if you go up there is Bombay, there is Hyderabad, there is Mysore, there is Travancore right on the southern tip, there is Madhya Pradesh, Madhya Bharat, Rajasthan, Saurashtra, Uttar Pradesh, Bengal, Punjab, Bihar and Assam and a number of other smaller ones. But it is India. But again what is India? I shall tell you a story. I was once travelling about and it grew dark and I arrived at a village. It was somewhere in Punjab and a large number of peasants came to welcome me. They are very stout peasants—Jhats, most of them. These Jhat peasants, you may know many of them, go into our army. They came and welcomed me and started shouting 'Bharat Mata-Kijai'. Well and good. I sat down with them. I asked them, 'Who is this Bharat Mata about whom you are talking and crying out Jai?' These big stout peasants were rather confused. They looked at each

other. They cannot make out what this question meant. Then one man said it was Bharathi. Bharathi, you know, means earth. They were peasants. To them mother was mother Earth. It is Bharati. Bharati, I said, at what place. Is it your place, your village or district or your province. That again confused them. I went on questioning them and getting answers. They were rather annoyed. They asked me to tell us all about it.

"I said, Bharat Mata is of course this great big country which those of you who have been to schools might know. This country consists of all kinds of things. There are big cities and many many lakhs and lakhs of villages and fields and forests and mountains and great rivers and all kinds of things. All this is India of course. But it is not the whole of India. Ultimately I said India consists of the people who live in India, not merely stones, fields, rivers and mountains. They too are India. So, I said India consists of 350 million people who live in India. So you are among these 350 million people of India. You are a bit of India. So when you shout out 'Bharat Mata-kijai' you are shouting out 'victory to Mother India', 'victory to these people' and 'victory to yourselves as bits of Bharat Mata'. So this idea that they were bits of Bharat Mata impressed them very much and pleased them very much.

"We are all Bharat Mata also. Well this is so. Bharat Mata consists of you and me and millions like us and not something apart from us. We are Bharat Mata; we are India; bits of India, little, little tiny bits of a great big thing. If we are little tiny bits of India, we have to remember that we must not do anything which might bring discredit on this great big country of which we are little bits. We must bring it honour because that honour is honour for us and also we must not do anything to bring any dishonour to it, any discredit to it. Indeed, it is a very big thing working for this great country and seeing it becoming more prosperous.

Many Without Education

"Again you are here, forty to fifty thousand children sitting together and you are fortunate, for you can go to schools in Madras City, get some training and later on many of you will go to colleges and universities and then you will do your jobs in life. But there are many many little children who do not yet have the chance of going to schools—many of those who live in villages etc. They should go to school. Every child in India should go to school and have this opportunity of learning better in body, and mind and in every way. We want of course the whole country to go ahead. But the whole country means these millions and millions of bits of India and they should go ahead. Remember this.

"Remember also that all of us, big and small, in whatever part of India we live whether in the snows of the Himalayas or down south here are all equal bits and sharers of India. In India, there is no part which is more India than other. We are equal in India.

"Also you know there are many religions in India; some people belong to one religion and some to another. Now, it is up to these people to belong to any religion they like. But, they are all bits of India to whatever religions they belong, they are all sharers of India. It is not right or true to think or say that people of one religion have greater share in India and people of another, a lesser share. They are all citizens of India and religion is a matter for their private life and private conscience, not a matter relating to the civic or national life, but a matter relating to the bits of India.

Community of Citizens

"Then again there are all kinds of divisions, castes, sub-castes and what not. I am afraid, I do not like them at all. Further, it is not a question of my liking or not liking them, but rather of remembering that these things should not come

in our way and create barriers. We have to build up a great community of the citizens of India and each one of us to whatever, caste, religion, creed or province or state he belongs to, is a member of that community—boy or girl. So, we must try to remove these barriers. You children, do not think of these barriers very much. But, unfortunately, when people grow up they do not always grow wiser. Sometimes children are wiser even than their parents in some matters. Grown-ups have a habit some time of quarrelling although they tell children not to do so. Now, we must learn from children in this matter of not having any barrier between us but considering that all of us are equal and to have equal opportunity.

“If you happen to be more prosperous than another, may be good fortune if you like—and if you think that you are any better than the other, you are greatly mistaken. To be better or not does not go with fine clothing or money. Nor is a person who has some fine clothing or money is cleverer than others. We must see that everybody is given clothing, given schooling and good housing, then all these distinctions disappear. Meanwhile it is bad and vulgar for people who happen to have more money than others to think they are better. If they think so, certainly they are not better.

“So, we must build up this country in which millions and millions of children and grown-ups work together, co-operating with each other, playing together and thinking of each other as brothers and sisters and as equal citizens of the Republic of India. So, good luck to you. Jai Hind.”

After the playing of the National Anthem, the students said ‘Jai Hind’ in one voice.

(Indian Express.)

SAINT MANICKA VACHAKAR.

BY SRI V. SRINIVASAN, B.A., L.T.,

CHAPTER 9

(Continued from page 259, September issue)

The Renunciation & Wanderings.

VATHAVOORAR PRAISED THE LORD. HE longed to have a vision of Siva. So he gave up the minister's high office and put on the orange robe of a Sanyasi. He blessed the Pandyan King and gave him parting words of advice.

Then he walked straight to Thiruperundurai and offered worship to Lord Atmanadha. There he sang songs in praise of the Lord. Then he visited the chief shrines in the Tamil land, and at last reached the borders of *Chidambaram*. There in a grove he stayed, praying to God Siva and singing songs in His praise.

CHAPTER 10.

The Miracle at Chidambaram.

Chidambaram is a holy city. It is also called *Thillai*. It is famous for its great temple. Siva is worshipped there as Nataraja, the Great Dancer. The figure stands in a room covered with gold, and is life-like. To see it is to forget yourself and to think only of God.

It was at that time the chief seat of Hindu religion. Then arrived there the King of Ceylon with a party of his men. He had heard of the glories of Chidambaram and of God Nataraja in it. He was a Buddhist. He said, “Buddha is greater than Nataraja. I shall defeat the Hindus of Chidambaram. I shall teach the Hindus the religion of the Buddha. If possible, I shall even turn the temple into a Buddhist Dagoba.” Along with the party came a very learned Buddhist sage.

The priests of Nataraja's temple are called *Dikshidars*. They were, then, three thousand in number. They shook with fear on seeing the Ceylon king and party. They went to bed that night with anxious hearts.

To every one of them, Lord Nataraja appeared that night in a dream. He spoke to each, "Fear not. The king of Ceylon is ignorant. He is not a true follower of the Buddha. The Buddha taught *Ahimsa* (Harmlessness); but this king is out for warfare. He must be taught the error of his ways."

"In the grove outside this city lives my friend. He is called *Manicka-Vachakar*. Call him to your help by that name. He will guard my temple and save your honour."

II

Next morning, the three thousand priests went to Manicka, and told him their dream. Manicka started at once for the temple. He prayed to Lord Nataraja and sat in the great hall within the temple, called the 'Deva-Sabah'. In it used to be held meetings and debates.

The Ceylonese king also arrived there with his men. A great Debate took place between Manicka and the Buddhistic *Guru* of Ceylon. But none owned defeat.

Then rose the king of Ceylon from his seat. "The debate has been long. But no party has owned defeat.....Here sits my daughter; she has been dumb from birth. Make her speak. The doer of this miracle shall be the winner; his faith shall be mine too."

The *Guru* from Ceylon chanted many sacred verses, but the girl's lips spoke not a word. Then Manicka called her to his side, offered her sacred ashes, whispered in her right ear the five-lettered sacred word 'Na-Ma-Si-Va-Ya' and put to her a few questions. Lo! wonder of wonders, the girl began to speak. Her answers were perfect.

The questions and the answers put together, shaped themselves into a beautiful Tamil Song. It is sung even to this day.

The king of Ceylon was true to his word. He joined the Hindu Faith. His men followed his example.

Manicka returned to his grove, and sat in penance for a long time.

CHAPTER II.

Siva, the Scribe.

The object of Manicka's penance was a desire to see Lord Siva face to face. He wanted to be free from birth and death and to become one with God.

Manicka's songs—sung in the course of his wanderings—breathed pure devotion to God. Their language was without a flaw; it was sweet music. But he had not committed them to writing. Siva saw this. He wanted to preserve the songs for all time to come.

So Siva put on the guise of a Brahman Ascetic holding a sheaf of Palmyra leaves—for a book—and a style. He stood before Manicka like one asking for alms.

"Brother," queried Manicka, "what do you need at my hands? I am at your service."

"I, like you, am an ascetic. I, like you, desire no mortal thing on earth. But I heard of your immortal songs, and I have come to beg of you those songs. Pray sing them again. I shall write them down in this book of Palm-leaves."

Manicka consented, and re-sung the songs. The stranger—Siva—wrote them all down. Then he prayed, "Pray sing a song in praise of Nataraja." Manicka did so, and the Ascetic wrote it too down in his book.

The book concluded with the words, "Written down by the Master of Thillai to the dictation of Manicka Vachakar." But Manicka did not see this.

The ascetic smiled, bowed low, and retired.

CHAPTER 12.

The Book & Manicka's end.

Siva went straight to Mount Kailas and called a meeting of the Devas. To them he showed the new book and said, "The author of these songs shall join your company tomorrow and be one of my chief Devas."

Early next morning, before the temple doors were opened, Sive placed the book on the raised altar in front of Nataraja's image.

The priests were surprised to see a book of palm-leaves tied in a cord of silk on the altar of the temple. The news spread throughout the city of Chidambaram. The Dikshidars assembled in the Deva Sabah. They opened the book, and saw the concluding words. They read and re-read the book. They praised Manicka and prayed to the Lord.

The book was adorned with flowers. It was placed in a palanquin of gold and carried to the presence of Manicka in a grand procession. Learned scholars followed the procession chanting the *Veilas*. The temple banners were carried in front.

The Dikshidars paid their respects to Manicka and told him about the book and its concluding words.

Manicka was surprised. His joy knew no bounds. The beggar—Ascetic of the previous day was indeed the Lord of Ascetics and the Master-Beggar *

Said they, "Pray explain to us the beauties of your great work." He promised to do so in Nataraja's presence and started out towards Chidambaram. The Dikshidars followed him.

* Siva is worshipped in this aspect also.

II

Manicka stepped into the temple of the King of Kings. The bells of the temple rang welcome, of their own accord.

He went round the *Prakaras* singing the praises of the Lord, and at last stood before the mighty image of Nataraja with joined and uplifted palms.

They pressed him to explain his songs.

Manicka nodded assent, and looked at the image as if to ask permission.

No mere image greeted his eyes. Siva of Mount Kailas stood before him. One by one, His attendant Devas approached himThen the Lord began to dance. Such Dance had never been seen on earth. Even the Devas had not seen so grand a sight.

Music resounded on all sides. But the Music was not of the earth. Nor was it of heaven. [Such Music is called the 'Music of the Spheres'. Our senses cannot feel it. It is a thing of the spirit. To hear it is given only to men pure in thought, word and deed.]

The Dikshidars' eyes saw not the sight; their ears heard no music. They begged Manicka again and again to teach them the message of his songs.

"See you not," replied Manicka, "The Great Dancer? Hear you not the Music of the Spheres? *My* songs!—shame me not thus in the presence of the Lord—they are all *His*. Their message is *He*."

They heard Manicka's words, but not the music. They understood not his words.

His gaze was fixed on the Lord. A new glory was seen on his face. A halo circled his head.

MANICKA VANISHED,
HE BECAME ONE WITH THE LORD.

Conclusion.

The collection of Manicka's songs goes by the name of *Tiruvachakam* (The 'Holy Writing'). There is a Tamil saying, "One not moved by the verses of *Tiruvachakam*, cannot be moved by any poem." * It occupies an honoured place among the sacred writings of the world. It is the *Psalms* of the Tamil Country.

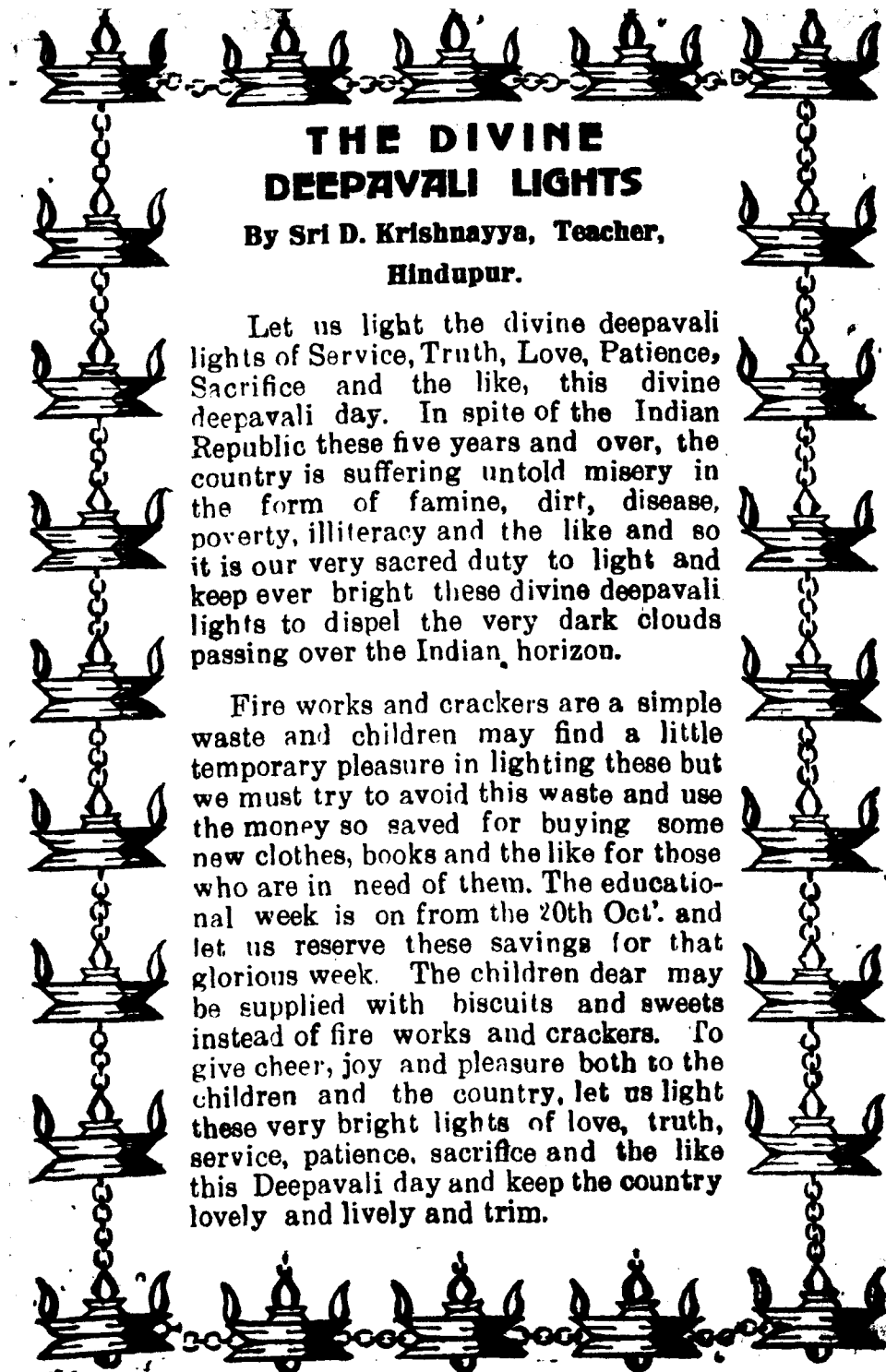
Manicka-Vachakar is one of the four great Sivaite saints of the Tamil Land. The others are Sambandar, Appar, and Sundarar. They lived between the seventh and ninth centuries after the birth of Christ. The temples visited by these seers are considered the holiest spots in the southern country. To have a song in its honour by one of these saints is a sign of a temple's real greatness.

May we all live pure in thought, word and deed like Manicka! May we all bear troubles as calmly as he! May we all spend our time in the service of God! May Heaven's Light be our Guide!

(Concluded.)



* "திருவாசகத்துக்கு உருவதர் ஒரு வாசகத்துக்கும் உருவார்."



THE DIVINE
DEEPAVALI LIGHTS

By Sri D. Krishnayya, Teacher,
Hindupur.

Let us light the divine deepavali lights of Service, Truth, Love, Patience, Sacrifice and the like, this divine deepavali day. In spite of the Indian Republic these five years and over, the country is suffering untold misery in the form of famine, dirt, disease, poverty, illiteracy and the like and so it is our very sacred duty to light and keep ever bright these divine deepavali lights to dispel the very dark clouds passing over the Indian horizon.

Fire works and crackers are a simple waste and children may find a little temporary pleasure in lighting these but we must try to avoid this waste and use the money so saved for buying some new clothes, books and the like for those who are in need of them. The educational week is on from the 20th Oct. and let us reserve these savings for that glorious week. The children dear may be supplied with biscuits and sweets instead of fire works and crackers. To give cheer, joy and pleasure both to the children and the country, let us light these very bright lights of love, truth, service, patience, sacrifice and the like this Deepavali day and keep the country lovely and lively and trim.

THE BEAUTIFUL RAJAKUMARI

By Prof. N. C. Mittal, B. Sc., M.R.A.S., M.M.G.I., Jammu.

Once upon a time there lived a Raja named Chandra Shekhar who had a clever son, Sushil Kumar, and a beautiful daughter, Saraswati. The Raja reigned happily for a long time, and he was very much loved by his subjects. He had great faith in his religion. He was very regular in saying his prayers, and going to the temple.

One day he expressed his intention to go on a pilgrimage to Amar Nath Ji. Thereupon Sushilkumar told him that he must accompany him, and would not like to stay at home in his absence, on any account. The Raja asked him who would rule the State in case he was allowed to accompany him. He cleverly replied that his sister disguised as a prince would manage the state affairs very efficiently. His father agreed.

After a few days, the Raja with his sons left for the desired pilgrimage and Saraswati began to rule the State in disguise. The Raja's minister, Kidar Nath somehow or other discovered that the ruler was no other than the Raja's daughter. He, therefore, tried to contrive a plan to compel her to disclose her identity. He asked her one day to go out for a walk in the evening with him. At his request she accompanied him. Both of them discussed pleasant subjects as long as they were in sight of the town. But as soon as they were far away from it, Kidar Nath under the threat of murdering her, demanded her to admit her real personality, and marry him. It was a great problem for her to solve at a moment's notice. It was also difficult to avert such a calamity at this odd time, when she was unarmed, and had nobody to help her. At this trying time, however, she did not lose heart. She was very beautiful and young. She had rosy cheeks and large beautiful eyes. She admitted that she was the daughter

of his Raja and said that she would marry him on the completion of a palace which should be built by him in honour of his marriage with her. She also added that there should also be built two life-like statues of each of them, and placed in the hall of the palace. The minister agreed. He was much pleased with her decision.

The minister went to his office, and immediately issued urgent orders that a magnificent palace should be built in the shortest time possible. He took much pains in the matter but to his great disappointment it could not be completed even in six months. In the meanwhile, the Raja wrote to him that he would be coming back from his happy and successful pilgrimage very shortly, and that he should give him a hearty reception on this occasion with special pomp and show, on the date which would be communicated to him later on. The minister requested Saraswati to reside in the palace, which he got decorated with all sorts of pictures and rich furniture. He wrote to the Raja that his daughter was found to be of loose character and in that his humble opinion it would not be fit for him to keep her in his palace. On this unexpected bad news, the Raja got very much enraged, and ordered his son to go to her at once, and take off her head with his sword.

On reaching Kidar Nath's palace, Sushil Kumar knocked at the door and asked his sister to open it. She quite unhesitatingly opened the door at once, because she had no knowledge of the Minister's letter, and she was true to herself and to her relatives. Sushil took pity on her, because he had found her an innocent soul. He placed her in a box, and sent it down a river.

The box went on floating for a long distance. It so happened that one morning it was stranded a short distance from a city. The Raja of this country had a son, Satish Chandra who was a handsome young man and was expert in

military exploits. He always won wonderful achievements. One morning a washerman went to the river and saw the box; he broke it open, and to his great astonishment found in it a young *beautiful Rajakumari* (princess). He took her at once to the Raja, because he thought it fit that she should have a prominent place in the Raja's family. The Raja was quite pleased to see her and married her to his only dear son. They lived happily for a number of years. She understood her duties very well, and made it a point to pay due respects to her relatives. The ladies of the palace were always glad to enjoy her company. She loved above all her lord, whom she simply took for Krishnaji. For him she was nothing but Radha. She was a phantom of delight for him. God blessed them with two sons. The Raja died. On the expiry of the 13 days of mourning, Satish Chandra was enthroned. He ruled his kingdom peacefully and efficiently. One day the Raja with his minister, Gobind, went out into a dense forest for the hunt of a tiger. It was a very trying day for both of them, because they had to exert their utmost in order to find out their prey. In the afternoon, they heard the fearful roaring of the tiger. The minister, being a coward, left his master's company, and came back to his place. He was wicked, cunning and *badmash*.

Gobind told the Rani that her lord was dead and that she should marry him. On this she got enraged, and told him that he should not talk to her like that on any account. But he considered himself the ruler of the State, and therefore ordered her under threat of corporal punishment to give him her hand in marriage. She told him that in course of time two of her sons would become Rajas, and she would not agree to his proposal under such circumstances. The haughty minister considered it lame excuse and at once cut off their throats, and thus got rid of them. She was much grieved at

this, but asked him to take one corpse himself, and the other she took herself and buried them. She requested him to bathe in the river far away from her to which he agreed. Under the pretext of going to take a bath she proceeded along the stream and cleverly escaped into a dense forest. He was very sorry to lose her, but there was no help for it. She lived like a *Sanyasi* a hermit and built a hut for herself. She went on living there for about two years. The Raja came back to his place after a successful hunt. When he did not find his wife he was surprised. The minister tacitly told him that she was *rakshasi*, and had devoured her own handsome sons, and by contriving such stories he made him believe in him. He requested him after a few days to marry Kidar Nath's beautiful young daughter. The Raja agreed. Gobind informed Kidar Nath about the intention of the Raja Sahib. Kidar Nath at once sent his barber (*nai*) with certain suitable articles to the Raja to celebrate the betrothal of his daughter. On his way to the Raja, the barber passed by Saraswati's cottage. She was in the disguise of a hermit. She received him very hospitably, and entertained him with nice food. She got all information about the intended betrothal. The barber sang the praises of the hermit in elegant strains to the Raja, the Wazir, and the other courtiers. He even requested them to see him on their way to Kidar Nath. He added that in case the hermit gave Raja Sahib his blessings, it would be a good omen. The Raja promised to act according to the wishes of the barber. The betrothal ceremony was performed, and the date of the marriage was settled.

On the appointed day, the Raja started for the bride's house. As arranged he halted for a day at the hermit's cottage. The hermit took three very big rice pots, and put a grain of rice in each, and set them to boil. She prayed to God that he should fill them with rice if she was pure, chaste.

and sincere to her husband. She served the marriage-party with rice, and other delicious dishes of nice flavour. The Raja requested the hermit with folded hands to very kindly accompany him and bestow this blessings on him at the bride's house.

Before the marriage ceremony was to be performed, it was arranged that the hermit should deliver a lecture. He promised to do the needful on the condition that anybody who would interrupt him in the course of the lecture, would at-once be beheaded. Though the condition was very hard, it was agreed to unanimously. The hermit got up from his seat amidst shouts of joy and began his lecture. After a short introduction he gave out his identity and related Saraswati's tale from the beginning to the end. When he came to the point that they should see the statues of both Kidar Nath and Saraswati in the palace, the minister rose up, and said that he was a vagabond, a liar and so on. According to the agreement, he was ordered to be killed. Similarly when he related Gobind's treachery and ill-treatment, he also blamed him and consequently he too met with the same fate.

Once again Saraswati became the dear Rani of Itaja Satish Chandra. She lived happily for a long time with her parents, brother and husband.

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CHUMMING.

1. If you want a mate for a jolly day
And a friend while life shall last,
Then choose you one like this, my lad,
And hold his friendship fast.
2. With his *head* screwed on tight
With a *body* upright
And *knees* that can bend in prayer;
With *hands* strong and steady,
With *feet* swift and ready,
And *back* that a burden can bear
3. With *eyes* quick to smile
With *lips* without guile
And *tongue* that is kind and true;
Whose *nose* does't poke
In the business of folk
With which it has nothing to do.
4. With a *temper* that's strong
Against meanness and wrong,
Against cruelty, sneaking and spite;
But gentle and meek
With the helpless and weak
Be judgment held steady and tight,
5. With *brain* cool and clear
A *heart* without fear—
An honest, a kind and a true one,
That never forgets a kind act to it done
And ever is ready to do one.
6. Ah ! this is the chap for a chum, my lad,
You say 'such are rare and few'
Well, so they may be; but a *word* in your ear—
Is the picture at all like you?

— W. H. Hacketton.

MY NOTIONS OF A GREAT MAN.

BY SRI G. D. SHAH, AHMEDABAD.

Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

IT IS NOT HIGH BIRTH ALONE THAT MAKES a man great, nor it is great riches that make a man honourable, but he alone is great who performs acts of lasting importance and benefit. Observe a great man; what a piece of work is he! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and in moving, or how express and admirable in action! And how often is he a combination of more than one of these faculties!

Work is the very fountain-head of greatness. To adorn the head with a top-hat or to pose as a high-born or even to deliver a fiery oration is not the mark of greatness; greatness is founded on firmer basis. Work, solid work, is the very criterion of a great life. Something achieved, something done is the only gateway to greatness. Nor is work alone sufficient. It must both be intelligent and self-less.

'Character is the soul of honour!' No man of mean character can ever earn a good repute. It is good character that qualifies a man for good name. Honesty of purpose and consistency are forces that cannot be ignored. Dishonesty ruins both fame and fortune; while no weather-cock can for long remain the idol of his people. A great man and a good man must be true to his word. He cannot trifle with maxims and catch-phrases nor can he deal in lies. He must stick to his word unless there is sufficient reason to change his view. 'He who has the intelligence to form an opinion, also has one to change it.' Far be he from obstinacy and doggedness as from inconsistency and opportunism. Strict honesty of purpose should be the spear-head for all his acts and he should be all through dictated by the voice from within.

Courage is also necessary. A man requires great courage, before he acquires a great name. A man without courage, however noble in thoughts or capable in action, is sure to die 'an inglorious Milton,' if for nothing else at least for the want of translating his thoughts into action or for the want of courage to stick to his plans when opposition comes from all quarters. In a word, he who has never fulfilled to the last of his life the duties that greatness implies can never be called great.



S. S. L. C. COLUMN.

ENGLISH: QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

By Sri R. C. Mudaliar, B.A., L.T., Sirkali.

1. Narrate briefly how Sirdar was elected Chief.

Young Sirdar was both luckily and deservedly elected leader, contrary to all precedent. The series of events that led up to its choice were most unusual.

It so happened that the hatis were caught amidst the ring of humanity. All scented the presence of men in all directions who had come either to capture them or hunt for getting valuable tusks. The old leader, after some pondering, directed them to go northwards. But young Sirdar gently objected but was unheeded. Thinking Sirdar to be impudent and inexperienced, the old chief urged all to do as directed. Everyone, including Sirdar, obeyed and marched on towards north.

But alas! one unexpected event took place. The instant the leader raised its trunk to trumpet loud, it touched the legs of a man on the treetop. He fell down on the ground. He was trampled and crushed to death by the chief. The men fired their shots. Poor Chief was shot dead by a hunter.

At once it realised its foolishness of its command against the timely warning of young Sirdar. It proved that it did not die a brute but a noble master. On death bed, it cried to the herd to follow Sirdar and Sirdar alone.

In the meantime Sirdar boldly and cleverly led the herd southwards and made them flee fast and rush into the depth of the forests. There were gunshots but the dense forest and the uprooted trees protected the elephants from being wounded. Sirdar kept itself cool and unafraid throughout. It did not lose its presence of mind in spite of hard trials. Thus all were saved from the kheddah trap. The men also began to run faster than the animals. They felt safe.

Hence Sirdar was chosen leader out of gratitude for its service and leadership. Thus it was remarkable for its intelligence far above its age. Out of respect for the dead chief's last words, the herd unanimously agreed to have Sirdar as chief.

II. Give the meaning of the following in one or two sentences for each :—

- (a) Is true freedom but to break,
That we owe a mankind a debt ?

True freedom does not consist in making oneself alone freed from bondage on selfish motives. But duty to mankind should not be forgotten by anyone who really serves to wipe out slavery.

- (b) Fill'd with sweet thoughts ; they happy, I
.....I prize.

The sweet thoughts of the poet alone gives him greatest delight. He is unmindful of other's criticism of him and his ideas. He values most his moral ideas but not his outward appearance, power and position.

- (c) Where is the field I must play the man on ?
..... honour.

A true soldier will take pleasure only in playing his heroic part in the battle field for the sake of his own dear motherland. He also feels proud of his sacrifice of life in duty a glorious one not for him alone but for the glory of his country.

- (d) Or is it some more humble lay ?
..... again.

Wordsworth, in his eagerness to know the meaning of the song of the Highland lass, guesses that it may be about the simple life story of a simple person. Or it may be about any known incident or about a sad event of her life happened recently or about some death or illness in her family.

III. Comprehension :—' Songs of Joy '

- (1) What, according to Hopkins, should a soul do ?
- (2) How should one sing ?
- (3) What should not be thought of in young days ?
- (4) Write the words that describe Death.
- (5) Is death to be feared in old age ?
If not, why not ?
- (6) Why must not any one be greedy ?
- (7) For what do all strive in life ? Is it right or wrong ?
- (8) How can one be rich or poor ?
- (9) What training is wanted for one's mind ?
- (10) What should you prize most ?
- (11) What is the beauty of the Brook ?
- (12) 'Songs of joy'——what are they ?

ANSWERS

- (1) A soul should always sing out songs of joy.
- (2) One should sing like a happy bird that is seated underneath the Rainbow's lovely arch in early spring season.
- (3) In young days no one should think of death.
- (4) The words are, 'grim' and 'tyrant'.
- (5) Even in old age Death need not be feared. Death is as sure as birth and it is inevitable. Hence there is no necessity for fear.
- (6) None should be greedy and foolish to strive for gold. For, man's worth is not measured by the money owned. The richer you feel, the poorer you become.
- (7) All strive for amassing wealth in life. It is not at all the prime aim of life. Hence it is not right.
- (8) One is assessed rich or poor not by earthly possessions but by right use of them and true enjoyment of them.
- (9) Everyone should train up his or her mind to have contentment, whether wealthy or not.
- (10) None should prize outward show and physical beauty. But all must value one's inner moral qualities and thoughts.
- (11) The Brook beautifully flows smoothly through the beautiful woodland, receiving its freshness by Nature's bounty by God's grace.
- (12) None should feel worldly life a sorrowful lot. People should not be greedy to earn money alone and appear great. They must live simple with high thinking and contented minds. They should have sweet, moral ideas in their words, deeds and thoughts. They should feel their lives in the world light hearted and joyful ones just as the birds and natural objects.

IV Para Questions :

- (a) How does Lowell address his people to preserve true freedom ?

Lowell Urges the New Englanders of U. S. A. not to rest content with their newly won liberty. He also says that individual freedom obtained on selfish motives is not true freedom. So he wishes that every man and woman must strive hard to root out slavery completely. That is their debt to mankind. Hence they should serve and sacrifice for that sake careless of favours and fearless of frowns.

- (b) What did Jesus convey through the parable, "The good Samaritan" ?

To inherit eternal life, one should love God heart and soul. To do it, love of a neighbour as one self has to be done. The good Samaritan helped the injured man out of compassion while the priest and the Levite failed out of proud nature. So the example of the Samaritan had to be followed. Thus one should do to others as he or she would others should do to them.

- (c) What happened to the child after its being lost by parents ?

The poor felt wretched on being denied by parents to buy for it a toy, sweetmeat, flowers etc. While its mouth watered to have a ride in the Roundabout, it had the misfortune of losing its parents. The disappearance of the parents was a bolt from the blue to it. Suddenly its mind changed. Overwhelmed with grief, it sobbed and cries pathetically calling, "Father, Mother". A stranger tried his best to soothe the child but in vain. Thus its filial affection was so great that its natural craving for toys etc, was gone.

- (d) How does war affect prices of articles ?

War takes away millions of men to the battlefield. Normal work is handicapped. Production, chiefly food products, becomes less. But the demand both by the military and the civil population is greater. Few others are engaged in producing war weapons and materials. There will be shortage of goods. Supply diminishing, price naturally shoots up. Government controls alone check the upward trend of prices.

(e) What were the virtues of Jaffar ?

Jaffar, the Barmecide was the good vizier of Haroun of Arabia and Persia. He was a noble friend. He was the poor man's hope. Under his guidance, the land enjoyed peace, plenty and prosperity. He was ever ready to succour the needy and raise the wretched. He had high qualities of head and heart. But unfortunately he met his death by an unjust doom of the Caliph out of petty jealousy and flimsy reasons.

(f) How did Alan deserve a prize ?

Alan did not play in the cricket-match and win the game. But he played a nobler part in life than that. His service to the old man in time ended him to his father and to all. If he had given up his help to the aged man, he might have played but perhaps he would have failed. Then he was not entitled for a prize. But the prizing of a good turn for a human being made him deserve a prize of a new bicycle from his parents.

V-A Letter

BY SRI D. KRISHNAYYA, TEACHER, HINDUPUR.

My Dear Mr. Ramachendra,

I have very great pleasure in telling you how we celebrated the Independence Day here on the 15th Aug' 52.

According to a well thought of programme, a procession of all the children of the various elementary Schools and the High School started by 6-30 A. M. sharp on the 15th Aug' 52 from the Municipal Public Library and marched in orderly lines of five in each row. The procession marched through the main bazaar and up the Dhana Laxshmi Road and reached the High School by 8. A. M. The children stood in a majestic Semi-Circle facing the tricoloured flag to which there was the Salute on the singing of Jana Gana Mana.

The public meeting on the importance of the Independence Day was arranged in the main hall of the High School and was presided over by Mr. Syed Hussain Sahib B. A., Commissioner, municipality, Hindupur. Right in front of the meeting a big-sized map of India was neatly drawn up and a number of bright lighted candles illuminated the vast coast line of our dear country. Delhi was marked by a tri-coloured light, by the artistic skill of our hobby-master Sri D. Krishnayya.

The Public meeting began on the stroke of 9 and the occasion was really majestic. A group of girls in a chorus sang a Song on the glorious past of the mother country and breezy speeches on the fight for freedom from 1857 to 1947 were made by Sri T. Gurumoorthi, Sri G. M. Sastri, Sri T. V. Varadachari, Sri D. Krishnayya and a few others. "These five years," was the special topic on which the president entertained the audience with a very lively, entertaining and illuminating talk and appealed for a united front in the uplift of the country.

A generous gentleman of the locality by name Rao Sahib T. Jayakeerthi gave us the pleasure of distributing sweets to all the children at the close of the meeting.

How lively the occasion was, I feel sure, you can just realise from this.

Your faithfully,
D. R. Kittu, Student,
S S. L. C. Class

To
Sri C. H. Ramachandran,
S. S. L. C. Class,
Sri Ramakrishna Mission High School, Chingleput.



NEWS & NOTES OF INTEREST

A crow's broadcast

Over 50,000 High School pupils in the Corporation Stadium on the 11th fidgeting in their seats, eager to hear Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, almost split their sides with laughter as the "caw...caw...caw" of a crow blared through the many loudspeakers.

A few minutes before Pandit Nehru, arrived, a crow in the Stadium, evidently enjoying the company of the children, perched itself on one of the mikes intended for the Prime Minister, and began to caw caw in great ecstasy, and sent the impatient children into peels of laughter.

But the crow's broadcast was cut short by technicians who clapped it off for a last minute test.

Examination for S.S.L.C. Selection System Revived

The Government have ordered that with effect from the S.S.L.C. examination for 1953 the system of the selection of candidates for the S.S.L.C. examination in March by a written test in the VI Form should again be introduced in the High Schools in the State, states a Press Note.

There will be detentions, as a result of the annual examinations at the IV and V Form stages also. A not-too-strict standard will be prescribed

for the test held in the VI Form for the selection of candidates for the S.S.L.C. examination as well as for promotion from IV and V Forms, so as to allow students, who are not up to the required standard, to make up if possible, for their past lack of diligence. In addition to the written tests, a system of external oral tests will be introduced, the results of which will cover the deficiencies of the candidates in the written examinations.

Pocket Radio Sets.

Miniature radio sets no larger than a package of cigarettes may be for sale to the general public in a couple of years. Manufacturing will start as soon as present defense requirements in U. S. permit the use of tiny crystals serving as amplifiers instead of vacuum tubes in these midget sets.

The Talking Road

A "Talking-Lane" to warn drivers getting off the center line which divides two-way traffic is the latest in U. S. A strip of scored concrete, laid flush with the pavement, will make a hissing sound any time a car swerves on to it. Carried by the tyre vibrations the sound will reach the ear of the driver. Magnified by the car body which serves as a sounding board, the warning will be loud enough to frighten the erring motorist back to his side of the road.

Mountains in the Sea.

Several mountains in the sea, hitherto uncharted, have been discovered by scientists during the two-and-a-half year voyage round the world by the 1,400 ton Admiralty survey ship Challenger. The highest of these mountains is located 400 miles off Cape Vincent in the Atlantic, and is said to be 7,000 feet high.

New inventions.

The inventors have been busy in U. S.

One has now patented a home hair-cutter that neatly captures every hair as it is shorn from the head, thus saving the labour of sweeping them up. Another has invented a belt which holds on umbrella, thus leaving the hands free when the umbrella is up. Then there is the gadget for

smoking in bed. The smoker depresses a small clip in a cigarette holder. Should he fall asleep, removal of the pressure automatically extinguishes the lighted cigarette.

Personal Electricity.

Since a doctor reported in the British Medical Journal that one of his patients gave off a tingling sensation when she was stroked, other claimants have come forward with stories of powerful personal electricity.

A 20 year-old man in Cardiff can light an electric bulb by touching it—provided he is allowed to rub his hands first. He has been photographed reading a book illuminated by a 15-watt lamp powered by his body.

He has had to put rubber shields on the handle bars of his bicycle because friends who stopped to talk with him got a shock if they touched the machine.

Fairy Stories on Phone.

Children are fonder of fairy stories than ever, no matter what the psychologists say, the Viennese postal authorities have decided.

When the city introduced a scheme where by a fairy story was told when a certain number was dialled, there was such a heavy call on the service that an announcer had to be given the job of apologising to children kept waiting.

Until they got their stories, impatient children were soothed with recordings of nursery rhymes.

Now the authorities have doubled the number of lines working the schemes.

Boy Caligraphist.

Exquisite specimens of caligraphy by a bright young student named "Thambudu" focussed the admiring attention of visitors to the Stall containing the published works and manuscripts of Poet Bharati during the Bharati Festival held in the madras city recently.

Thambudu's art has elicited appreciation from persons ranging from Rajaji and Sri C. P. Ramaswami Iyer to A. K. Gopalan and Karanjia.



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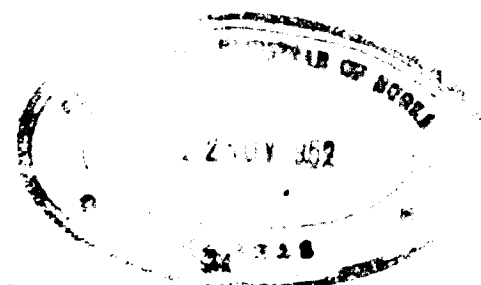
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T. F. V. SARMA
EDITOR

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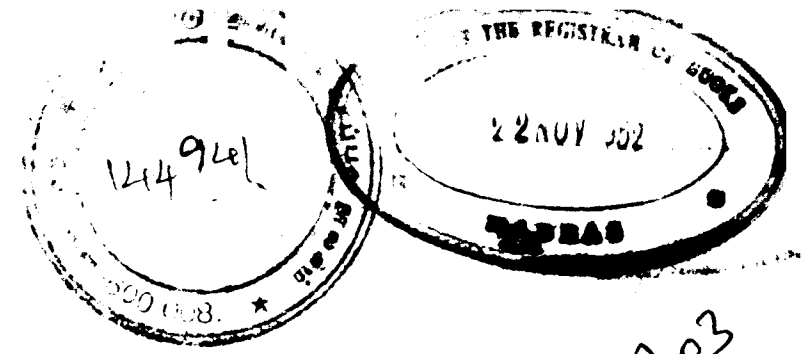
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THE STUDENT

Shri T. E. V. Sarma - Managing Editor

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

Vol VIII

NOVEMBER, 1952.

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A PRAYER



"Lord, I know what virtue is, but I cannot practise it; I know what vice is, but I have no power to desist from it. Thou, O Lord of the senses, dwellest in my heart, and I do as Thou dost impel me to do."

Pandava Gita.

SIRUTHONDAR.

By Sri K. S. Manavala Ayyangar, B.A., B.T.,

Board High School, Cheyyar N. A. Dt.

In days of yore, in the beautiful little village of Thiruchengadangudi of the famous Chola Kingdom, there once lived a Brahmin named Paranjothiar. He was a wise man, and a great scholar, full of love of God. He was skilled in archery and knew how to ride on horses and elephants.

His fame spread far and wide. The Chola King sent for him. In olden days kings respected and honoured wise men. The Chola king made Paranjothiar his minister. Paranjothiar pleased the king and the people by his able and wise administration. He subdued foes and enriched the treasury. The rulers of other kingdoms praised him for his greatness. The Chola king was very proud of his minister.

Years rolled on. Paranjothiar married a girl by name Tiruvenkattunangai. She was a good and loving woman. She was the very incarnation of virtue.

Paranjothiar spent most of his time in the temple. He served God in various ways. He was very charitable to strangers. This act of devotion and kindness brought him the name "Siruthondar". His wife joined him in giving food and shelter to devotees.

God Siva loved Siruthondar for his noble deeds and devotion. He wanted to prove to the people the ardent devotion of the great baktha. So he devised a test.

God Siva came to his door one day in the form of a beggar (Bairavar). On seeing Him, Siruthondar and his wife prostrated before Him and welcomed Him. They earnestly requested him to dine in their house.

But God Siva Said; "I am pleased with your kind welcome. And I would like to reciprocate your kindness by

accepting your hospitality. But I am old and hunger does not disturb me. I take food only once in six months-and on those occasions I take only human flesh."

These words bewildered Siruthondar. He stood motionless and speechless. "Siva 'Siva 'Siva'" he thrice repeated within himself.

These words of Bairavar were enough to make any one tremble with fear and his terms and conditions were horrid. Siruthondar and his wife closed their eyes in deep contemplation. At last hope and courage got them peace. And they determined to satisfy the devotee at any cost, inhuman and repulsive though his demands were.

"Venerable sire" they said, "we are ready to carry out your instructions. But please rest a while." So saying the devoted couple retired into the house.

They pondered deeply over the question of providing food for their guest. It caused them grave concern. Silence prevailed. The parents did not like the idea of asking for another's son. Then Dharma had no merit. To go back upon their word was unthinkable. The parents were in a troubled state of mind. Siruthondar broke the silence, and said, "Sacred is our pledge to our guest. We must respect it. What shall we do now? Let us not budge. God be the judge. Good or evil is not our concern."

His dutiful wife solemnly suggested, "My Lord's, shall we resolve and be ready to offer our son, Siralan, for a feast. He will consent for his sacrifice. He is good, and he is noble. I will ask the servant to bring him from school and let the guest be fed forthwith."

They sent for the boy. He came and stood before his loving parents. He looked up to them with a parting look, tender yet brave in despair. The grieving parents then narrated everything to the boy in a slow, choking voice.

"Do not sigh, nor weep, my pious parents", said the young lad without a moment's hesitation. "God's grace is far more precious than life's little enjoyments. A son is a mere name. To-day he is here, tomorrow he is nowhere. You may love me most, but you love not the truth. Truth is the Almighty He."

Bairavar continued: "The flesh I demand must be that of a boy possessing all virtues. He should not be more than five years old. He must be the only son of his parents. The parents should kill him with their own hands, prepare the food and serve me. Sorrow should not mar their faces. Their hands should not tremble. And above all, the boy himself must submit willingly to the sacrifice. If such were possible, I am willing to be your guest. But consider well before you reply to me."

The guest of our house is the divine messenger. May He be pleased. "Who should come to us but the Divine Lord?"

These words pleased the parents. His willing consent was obtained. Death did not frighten the young lad. He said, "My little life shall I lay at the altar of Heaven and my parents will be done."

"Prepare thyself, my loving Sirala" the parents said. "Go to the shrine and then retire. We cast upon you our last longing look and give you our parting kiss."

So saying they embraced their child so dear to them, kissed him, many times and dried their tears which were gushing out in torrents. The boy bade his farewell.

The hour was almost nigh. There could be no delay. The guest was waiting. Siruthondar prepared himself for his duty. His wife was a silent observer. Sirala was meek and obedient. The devoted parents raised a silent prayer to strengthen the boy's resolution and to shower blessings on the meek and innocent sacrifice.

The boy was sacrificed and the guest's dinner was being made ready. But all these preparations had caused some inevitable delay and the pious mendicant might be displeased with it. To incur the wrath of a guest was regarded as a sin and sacrilege. So, the parents tried their best to avoid unnecessary delay and bustled about eagerly with their work.

To honour the guest, preparations were made of vegetables. Fruits were got. The human flesh was cooked. Everything was got ready. The guest was respectfully invited inside. Water was given. Leaf was spread. As the hostess began to serve, the guest put the question, "Have you prepared my dinner as I bade you do?"

She replied, "So I did, Revered Sire. But the head could not be cooked and so I left it aside." Bairavar at once remarked, "No, It cannot be. Even that must be cooked. I desire it."

The hostess might have kept it uncooked with the strong desire to look at the face at least of her late and only son, even though dead and charmless. And that also should not be allowed. And so Bairavar ordered the head also to be cooked to remove all vestige of remembrance.

When Siruthondar and his wife heard this, they felt sorry for having left it out. But, the maid servant said that she had cooked even that, and brought it in a plate. The dutiful wife took it and served it.

Then Bairavar asked Siruthondar to get a Sivite devotee to dine with him. Siruthondar went out and searched for a devotee, but could find none. So he came back and informed him of his inability to secure another guest.

Then Bairavar asked Siruthondar to dine with him. Would it please a father to eat his own son's flesh? But, with the least murmur, Siruthondar obeyed his guests' words lest he be offended.

Bairavar asked Nangai, Siruthondar's wife, to serve her husband a portion from the meals specially prepared for him. She at once did so. And Siruthondar fell to it at once lest Bairavar should be displeased with him if there be the slightest sign of hesitation on his part.

But Bairavar became angry. His eyes shone like red fire. He said "You know that I am taking my meals only once in six months. Is it fair and honourable on your part to eat first leaving me, your guest, hungry? Call, if you have a boy, to sit and eat with me."

Siruthondar shivered and repented for having roused the anger of his guest and said that he had cooked his only son and that he could not call another.

But Bairavar insisted on the boy being called.

Siruthondar looked at his wife vacantly. She went out and called the boy (their son by name.) To her amazement the boy came running from the school. Words could not express the joy that the wife felt at that time. She took her darling son in her hands, kissed him, and led him before her husband. Siruthondar could not believe his own eyes. He closed them, just for a second. But when he opened his eyes, to his great wonder, Bairavar had vanished out of sight.

When both husband and wife were thus wondering and grieving at the loss of Bairavar, God Siva appeared before them on His sacred bull with Parvathi seated by His side. Siruthondar, his wife, and his boy, Sirala danced with joy and prostrated before Him and stood praising His glories.

STUDENTS AND PLAIN LIVING.

By Sri K. Subramanya Ayyar, M.A., L.T.,

TO ANY ONE WHO LOOKS AT THE WIDE spread evil of unemployment among the educated at the present moment the need will be apparent for our students learning to curtail their wants and living simpler lives. Extensive unemployment leads to poverty, which presses the harder upon us, the greater our needs and the more our luxurious habits. What with the increase in the cost of higher education, what with our growingly costly social customs, what with the multiplying fashions which make our erst while luxury on present want and what with the growing difficulty of securing employment, the present day graduate finds, at the end of his course, his family property gone, and unemployment staring him in the face, with sometimes a young wife and children depending on his support. He is scarcely able to make both ends meet, much less to satisfy his appetite for modern luxuries.

The root of all the evil is that he has grown up in surroundings replete with waste over stimulating and even harmful luxuries. To mention one instance, the student finds coffee-hotels at every alternate door and does not pause to consider what harm he is doing to his health by imbibing that bad habit. The evidence of the best doctors has proved that coffee contains a poison named after it, which works into the system gradually, and is responsible for diseases such as diabetes, and cancer. But note on the other hand that the most important article of our food—that in which we are also most deficient—is milk; and if all the money now wasted in coffee be utilised for improving the quantity and quality of the milk we consume, we would have easily solved one of the most insistent of our food problems.

Another instance of our wasteful habits is our tendency to over-dress ourselves. This evil was primarily due to our western contact and our thoughtlessness in adopting the foreign dress without regard to the climatic needs of our country. It is, however, decreasing, thanks to the movement of Swadesi and khaddar. There are yet signs of the persisting fashion; and it is not rare to find students considering themselves superior to others. With their long silk shirts under which they shelter in the summer heat, a pair of useless spectacles, and a walking stick, wielded in the most up-to-date fashion.

Our fore-fathers were content with a simpler fare and dress, and it certainly ought to suffice us also. We hear old people often talk of the physical degeneracy of the present-day youth, and the comparative health and longevity of their generation. That there is a good deal of truth in it we cannot help conceding. What then is the cause of this degeneracy? It is due to a variety of causes—our education, modern life in the towns in insanitary surroundings, growing poverty, and our luxurious and harmful habits. The last named cause is certainly not the least. The better health enjoyed by our agricultural population is due not only to their village life, which means more life in the open air but also to their simpler habits. They are beyond the temptation of the coffee-houses, the cinemas and theatres, which only spoil the appetite, the eyesight and play hours of our town student. Their physical activities in the open promote a healthy appetite which is satisfied with the country grown corn, cheaper and much more nutritive than the polished millrice of our town-breads. No wonder then that the uneducated farmer works and thrives on his lands and in course of time purchases the adjacent lands of the town-dwelling officer of the same village.

The need for simple life especially for the student was well understood by our ancients, as seen in the rigour and discipline of the life of the Brahmacharya of old. He was to observe early hours of rising and retiring, dress himself in only a loin cloth, live upon the simple food begged for his master, make himself generally useful to his master, and avoid all kinds of luxuries and intoxicants. In short, he was to lead a life of severe self-discipline and devote all his energy to his studies. Though to copy such a life in full, under the present circumstances, would be out of the question, I think we may take a lesson or two from it,—especially that of simplicity. Many of our hostels can cease to be glorious eating houses, but instead accustom the student to the life not of luxury and ease but of simplicity and study. Sri Ramakrishna Mission Students' Homes all over India are models for us to copy, and training such as is given there is sure to counteract many of the evils of our present day education and civilisation.

THE ART OF READING

By Sri G. D. Shah, Ahmedabad.

Since the invention of the printing press, men have received a huge treasure of books and other reading materials, constituting an army of 'quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies and dailies.' Now-a-days there are numerous newspapers coming out every morning and evening, nay, practically every alternate hour, which furnish an inexhaustible amount of reading. So huge is the store of reading that it is often said that now-a-days,

"What is read at morn
Is dead at night."

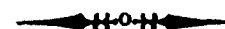
The power of discrimination between good and bad, between useful and useless is needed in the reader of to-day, in a degree unknown in the days that are gone.

Books are to mankind what memory is to an individual. Books are a bottomless mine wherein are recorded the history of our race, the inventions of our fore-fathers and the philosophy of the mighty minds of all generations. But just as there are good and useful books so also there are bad and useless books. It is of utmost importance to see what we read. If the fullest benefit of the achievements of our fathers and fore-fathers and also contemporaries is to be reaped whether in literature or in science, it depends necessarily on the exercise of your judgment in selecting your library. The dictum 'In literature read by preference the oldest works, in science the newest' is a good rule, though it admits thousands of exceptions.

The art of reading needs special training so far as it is to be used in a company. Though reading for one's own self as practised by many is not perfect, but it is when reading for others that the drawback comes up to the surface and is ever so boring. In reading for one's own self, understanding it as you read is a primary factor. Again an immediate picking of the important and the discarding of the unimportant is to be looked forward. And last though not the least important is speed. You must have a fairly good speed. Reading aloud, when reading alone should be discarded as early as possible.

In reading before a congregation the first and foremost thing is distinctive and impressive reading. The reading should be neither too loud nor too low. The depth of the accents may vary as the sentiment of the material you read. It should be such that every one of the hearers may get into the spirit of the thing you read. In this phase of the art it is allied to the oratorical art.

Perhaps the best reader, so far as the English language is concerned, was Charles Dickens, the author of the famous 'Pickwick Papers.' He had established such a fascination that not unoften people from the continent ran over to England to have a chance of learning him.



GOODNESS CONQUERS EVIL

BY SRI N. NAYAK, STUDENT.

An Arab once owned a horse, which was a magnificent specimen of its race. It was symmetric in build, magnificent in appearance and very fleet of foot. The Arab regarded it more than a child, fed it with his own hands, and fondly brought it up from its infancy. In return the dumb animal too, as if grateful to his master, would instantly run to him at a call—nay even a sign, and stand before him, seeming ready to execute any command that he might pronounce. The master was determined never to part with his favourite, whatever might be the price offered to him.

The admirable qualities of the horse mentioned above attracted some rich neighbours who tried their best to obtain possession of it by offering tempting sums of money to its owner. But true affection and fondness cannot be estranged by money. The Arab remained deaf to all persuasions, and determined against parting with his favourite.

Finding that the attempts, at possessing the horse by legitimate and peaceful means were set at naught, one of the disappointed gentlemen took recourse to foul and ignoble means. One evening, covering his body with thick, dirty rags, and painting his face ugly so as to make himself unrecognizable, he lay by the side of the road along which the

was the habit of the Arab to ride, just for recreation in the evenings. At the approach of the passing rider the pretender uttered a loud cry, as if labouring under some mortal agony and accosted him in a faltering, pathetic tone. "Gentle rider, look at me; I am a diseased, miserable wretch, without food or shelter, lying here almost on the verge of death, helpless and friendless. For the sake of a human life have pity upon me, and kindly convey me to some neighbouring place of shelter and protection." These painful words, and the help-demanding appearance of the suppliant moved the merciful Arab to pitiful tears. He dismounted his horse immediately, helped the pretender to stand, and placed him on the saddle with a view to carry him to the nearest place where he could obtain succour. Hardly had the pretender been seated on the saddle when he spurred the gallant steed to full gallop, and was off at a considerable distance in a trice.

At this unexpected occurrence the noble-minded Arab, far from being surprised or sorrowful, and far from thinking of taking measures in retaliation for the trick which had been played on him, simply bawled out at the top of his voice from behind the fleeing rider "Dear Sir, wait a bit, please; hear a word or two and go upon my word, I am neither pursuing you; nor preventing you from carrying your plan to completion. Only a word or two, and you will go". These safe words of assurance spoken with so much composure influenced the evil man to stop for a while, when the Arab came up to him and said, "without any hesitation or reluctance, I allow you to take the horse. But kindly bear in mind that you should keep this incident very secret to yourself; for if you allow a rumour of it in the streets, and people hear that a benefactor like myself has been thus tricked by one whose good and welfare he sought, they will be convinced that "well done is often ill-paid", and will not be inclined

help the needy, the diseased and the disabled. This is all that I had to say to you; you may go now."

These words proceeding from a heart so large and beautiful, and spoken with such touching humanity, pierced to the very bottom of the hypocrite's heart; as if with the effect of magic he was dumb-founded and stood simply surprised at the high-mindedness and nobility of the Arab. Not long after there took place a change of the man's disposition and character from evil to good with true repentance, and in tearful eyes he besought the Arab's pardon, and thence forward they became the most intimate friends.

DO YOU KNOW THAT ? ? ?

T. M. G. M. Jeelani Basha Saheb, VI Form,

Board High School, Sulurpet.

1. We are born with 270 bones and we die with 206 bones. (This is because some bones fuse with each other.)
2. We possess 527 muscles in number, out of which 81 are in the head.
3. We are capable of generating electricity which can burn 25 watt bulb for minutes.
4. Our heart beats 1,03,389 times per day. Our blood travels 168 million miles per day. We inhale 438 cubic feet of air per day.
5. The heat lost per hour from our body will drive a steam model engine for 3 hours.
6. The blood in our body amounts to 1/12th of our body in weight. Our nail grows 0.00046 inch per day and our hair grows 0.01714 inch per day.

A CANOE RACE.

By Fred R. Schrader, Altoona Pa., U. S. A.

1. It was a cool and frosty morning,
And the ground was wet with dew.
Down by the river,
Sat a boy in his canoe.
2. He whittled on a paddle.
As he gaily hummed a tune.
There'd be a race in Rockdale,
That very Friday noon.
3. The prizes were quite handsome :
Fifty dollars to the first ;
Thirty to the second best
And nothing to the worst.
4. Nine boats were lined up for the start,
At noon the whistle blew.
A shot rang out, they all dashed off,
In the lead, the little canoe.
5. On down the mile stretch,
Went the forsaide boy.
The banks were thronged with people,
Who cheered with utter joy,
6. Nearer and nearer the finish line,
Sped this same canoe.
Over it! He won the race!
And the fifty dollars too!
7. It's a bright and early morning,
"But where's this boy?" asks you.
Well; he's down by the river,
A 'paintin' his little canoe.

PRACTICAL LESSON.

BY PROF. N. C. MITTAL, B. SC., M. R. A. S. M. M. G. I. JAMMU.

Once upon a time there lived a richman (*Shahukar*) in a village. He had several houses and hundreds of acres of cultivated land. He amassed great wealth and was a gentleman. He behaved to others as he wanted them to him. He was very careful not to insult anybody. He was honest, sincere and respectful. He was full of sympathy for orphans, widows and the poor. He always helped them with money and food. He opened hospitals and Sarais for the needy.

It so happened that a terrible famine came. Food grain was scarce and very dear. The Sahukar did not like to sell his grain at the outset of the famine because he wanted to help the poor when the grain would be very scarce. One day all his four sons came to him in a body and requested him to allow them to sell the grain. He first refused, but he allowed them to do so at their repeated requests. He told them, however, to sell it at a cheaper rate. They agreed. It was sold off in a short time.

The Sahukar went to the goldsmith with the money thus earned and bought gold for it. He got it moulded into the form of a brick with his name engraved on it. He took his sons with him to the sea where he threw it into the water. His sons were very much surprised at his father's conduct and took him for a lunatic. They now reproached him and told him that they were robbed of their wealth and made poor. He simply smiled at their words. Even people remarked that the old man had gone mad. He turned a deaf ear to all of them.

After sometime he fell ill and went from bad to worse every day. At last a physician came to him and prescribed mutton and custard pudding for his diet. He felt a little better. Next he prescribed fish diet. The Sahukar engaged a

fisherman on one rupee per day to supply him with a fresh fish every morning. He enjoyed it every day and went on improving steadily. One day it so happened that the sea was stormy and the tide was fast approaching the shore when the fisherman caught an unusually big fish. Out of curiosity he brought it to his master who was much pleased to see such a large fish. He asked him to cut it in his presence. To the astonishment of all present, it so happened that the same gold-brick with the Sahukar's name on it came out of its stomach. The Sahukar told them that they thought that he had wasted his wealth by throwing it into the sea, but he had been all along quite confident of getting it back in case his money was honestly earned. All were pleased to learn the lesson of honesty which was thus practically illustrated. They always remembered him for his wisdom. The Sahukar too recovered in a short time.



THE DUTIES OF A STUDENT

BY SRI D. KRISHNAYYA, TEACHER, HIGH SCHOOL, HINDUPUR.

Be regular and punctual to the school. Salute your masters and elders. Keep silence in the class at all times. In silence Nature works great things. Concentrate yourself on the subject taught in the class. Never be absent minded. If you are inattentive, you are simply wasting your time which is so very valuable.

Know that at all times, the teachers work for your good and so it is your duty to obey them fully and faithfully. Study your lessons well. Be humble. Know the right from wrong. Trust in the Lord and do your work. Never cross-question your masters. Revise daily, the work done in the class. Work in the spirit of union, co-operation and good will and this will help you at all times. Work in the spirit of service and love and these are the wings of knowledge. Know

that Truth is the never failing Shield in life, and Patience is the staff to guide you through life. Know also that Gandhiji—the Father of the Nation, loved these qualities most. Keep your mind calm and peaceful. Education is the Kalpaka in life and this will give you good and useful fruit if you foster it well. Time lost is lost for ever and so a wise student will never waste time. Speak gently and with a kind heart. Kindness costs nothing but pays you much.

Above all, obey your parents, masters and elders and love your youngsters as much as you love yourself. Let the all merciful Lord be our guide in life at all times. Salute cheerfully your country and be a good and useful citizen.

—(o)—

S.S.L.C. COLUMN.

ENGLISH : QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

By Sri R. C. Mudalliar, B.A., L.T., Sirkali.

I. Narrate the story of Damon and Pythias. (a page)

It was the true and sincere friendship of Damon and Pythias of Greece, that made even the tyrant Dionysius free them. The intimacy between the two grew from childhood. Unfortunately, Pythias was unjustly charged and sentenced to death by King Dionysius.

A few days before hanging, Pythias requested Dionysius to allow him to go and see his aged parents ere he died. He assured to return in three weeks' time. But Dionysius told that he could not trust a criminal. He doubted what guarantee was there for Pythias to return.

At that juncture Damon stepped forward and offered himself a surety for the return of Pythias in time. He also promised to offer himself hanged in the place of his friend if he failed to come back in time. The King dissuaded Damon not to risk so much. But Damon told that he had complete trust in his friend's words and actions. So, Pythias was permitted to sail to his country really a long way off by sea and land.

The three weeks' time was drawing to a close. There was no sign of Pythias' return. The King laughed at Damon's foolishness. Yet, Damon did not become uneasy. He kept cheerful. He was even brought to the scaffold. He did not feel sorry to lose his life. He quite believed that Pythias would never break promise but he was delayed because of unexpected events. However, just then Pythias came running to undergo his penalty. He saw Damon ready to be hanged. He embraced him and praised his noble friendship.

All were struck with wonder. The King was mightily pleased at the true friendship of Damon and Pythias. He was moved. On the promise of them not to fight against him and not to speak ill of him or his Kingdom, Dionysius set free both of them. He also felt that his power and self were not so valuable as true friendship.

II. Para Question :

(a) How are doctors like soldiers ?

Doctors may be compared to soldiers. They are eager to prevent diseases and save suffering public risking themselves to deadly consequences. Just as soldiers serve and sacrifice for the cause of their country, more than for their own benefits, so also the efforts of doctors are undertaken for the good of humanity. Dr. Noguchi was an example for it. He discovered the germs that caused yellow fever. In combating it, he himself fell a victim to it.

(b) What caused more deaths of persons in olden days ?

In olden days sick people frequently died, even if they were young and strong. Thus illness was common then due to bad habits of living and eating. In addition doctors knew much less about medicine than they do now. The so-called physicians of those days were witches or wizards who believed that by magic any disease could be cured. But that blind method was useless either for diagnosis as prevention or cure of diseases.

(c) Enumerate the general causes of illness among mankind ?

Illness and disease are unfortunately common among humanity. They bring pain also to patients. They happen when human bodies are not working properly. Bad or hard food cannot be digested properly and the result will be sickness due to bad blood getting into our system. Bad air also causes deadly diseases. Through breathing, germs get into our lungs and stomachs and augment illness. Bad habits like spitting will also spread contagious diseases. Any way bodies that are kept unclean and unhealthy will surely become victims to dangerous diseases.

III. Write an essay (in not more than a page) about the factors that go to fix prices :—

The fixation of the prices of articles is neither a mystery nor a myth. But a few definite factors determine the prices. Take for example the prices of the bread and the boot, the daily necessities of every one.

In this, competition plays the main part. If one shop-keeper sells things at low prices, he will get more customers indeed. So also is the case with producers and movers. If things are sold dear, customers will be less and things cannot be sold out. Thus, competition, whether good or bad, checks prices going too high.

Besides, the cost of production of things go a long way to fix prices. The breadmaker or the bootmaker, has to pay for flour or leather and for workmen also. Then he has to earn something for his own living. So it stops the prices going too low.

Of course, there are a few things like water, gas, and electricity in which there can be no competition. But the state or other organisations will have a direct control over the prices.

Yet another important factor is the question of supply and demand. That may vary according to times and other circumstances. In the case of bread, the raw material wheat may suffer shortage due to failure of rains etc. Then growers will charge high. The demand from consumers will be great. Hence prices of bread will indeed go up. If the supply is enough, prices are bound to fall. Thus the more the supply is, the less the price; the less the supply is, the greater is the demand and the greater the price.

However, this position may change during war periods. Millions of men go away from their ordinary work on Military purposes. Production will be less. But the demand for a particular article by particular persons and groups will be common, chiefly food products. The soldiers at the field have to be provided with needs in addition to weapons of war. At such times the Government alone can come for rescue by introducing rationing and control of prices. Thus prices can be checked to a little extent.

IV Answer these Questions :

(A) Do you still believe him?

- (a) Whose words were these and to whom spoken?
- (b) When did he speak so?
- (c) What did he mean by the speech?

Answers :—(a) Dionysius told these words to Damon.

(b) As per promise, Pythias did not return from his native country to undergo death penalty that was to take place next morning.

(c) He told those words to show Damon how much he suspected Pythias. At the same time he ridiculed Damon for foolishly undertaking to stand surety to false and insincere Pythias.

(B) "They run faster on their two feet than we on four."

- (a) Who spoke these words?
- (b) When was the speech made?
- (c) What was the purpose of it?

Answers :—(a) It was the speech of young and wise Sirdar.

(b) He made that speech when the herd and himself rushed into the depth of the forest unhurt by the hunters in spite of their gunshots.

(c) Sirdar's leadership and bold rushing up into the forest made the beaters take fright and run fast. So he gently remarked that men must be more fearful than animals.

(C) "What we enjoy, and not possess, makes rich or poor."

- (a) Whose words are these?
- (b) What does he advise people?
- (c) How can one enjoy life?

Answers :—(a) Hopkins says these words.

(b) He advises people to feel contented. No one should feel rich on account of possessing enormous wealth or feel poor for want of wealth. But the way one trains his mind is important.

(c) None can enjoy life by means of having too much wealth. Real enjoyment depends upon the mind. The mind alone can make Heaven into Hell and Hell into Heaven.

(D) "This too I owe to thee, Jaffar."

- (a) Who spoke these words?
- (b) When did he speak?
- (c) What were his remarks?

Answers :—(a) These words were spoken by brave Mondeer.

(b) He expressed these words when he got a costly gift from the Caliph. He held it high and observed these words.

(c) He remarked that that gift by the Caliph was also the result of his high admiration and deep devotion to just Jaffar. He showed his gratefulness to Jaffar, his benefactor. He made the Caliph feel disappointed in spite of his attempt to change Mondeer.

(E) I listened, motionless and still.

(a) Whose words were these ?

(b) When did he speak ?

(c) What were his feelings ?

Answers :--(a) Wordsworth observed these words.

(b) He told so when he was deeply moved by the sweet but pathetic song of the High land solitary reaper.

(c) The more he listened the melancholy strain, the more he was touched. So he was forced to stand rather unconsciously to learn about the sorrows of the simple Highland lass.

(F) 'Go, and do thou likewise.'

(a) Whose words were these ?

(b) To whom were they addressed and when ?

(c) What was the meaning of these words ?

Answers :--(a) Jesus told these words.

(b) These words were addressed to the Lawyer after narrating the parable of the good Samaritan.

(c) Jesus advised the lawyer to do like that done by the good Samaritan. He must love his neighbour as himself. He must do to the needy people that which one would like to be done to himself or herself.

V A Letter—Treeplanting.

12 Road Street,
Salem: 10-10-52.

My dear Swamy,

I received your letter yesterday and noted its contents. I am glad that you have had a good and enjoyable tour to Madras. As per your wish, I give below a brief description of "Treeplanting ceremony" held in my school during the first week of July 1952.

For about five days we celebrated that function. All of us got different kinds of plants and tender shoots. We dug the ground and planted them every evening. Every evening some teacher or other gave us talks about the values of such a celebration. They impressed us so much that we could not belittle its importance.

I wish to give you some ideas about treeplanting. No doubt it has been begun by our revered Minister K. M. Munshi. I think it is a good move you know that he has told us that the planting of one tree is equal to bringing forth ten children. That is man-power alone in a country is not sufficient. To make men wealthy and powerful other things are necessary. One such thing is forests and they are invaluable wealth.

Thus growing trees means growth of good forests. Good forests attract rain bearing clouds and get showers. Plenty of rains avoids scarcity of water and augments agricultural operations. Then there will be no famines at all. Men can be happy with plenty to eat. Again forests form the natural beauty of a country. Other products from the forests are useful for good living of people.

Yours Sincerely,
Chinnathambi.

Address :

Sri Swamy,

S. S. L. C. Class,

High School, Chingleput.

NEWS & NOTES OF INTEREST

No birthday gifts Nehru's request

Prime Minister Nehru in a message has requested that no presents should be sent to him on his birthday.

The message said; I write with some diffidence about a personal matter. It has become a custom with many friends, known and unknown, to send me presents on my birthday.

The affection that prompts this is very precious to me, but it is embarrassing to me to receive these presents.

"I would, therefore, request such friends not to send me any presents on the occasion of my birthday, or indeed on any other occasion, but, if they so wish, to give such presents to children on that day. They might be given to some children's organisation or fund or children's school or in any other way so as to reach children. I shall be deeply grateful if this request of mine is acted upon."

Mr. Nehru's birthday falls on Nov. 14.

World population

The population of the world has climbed to 2,377 million, almost 400 million more than the pre-war level, according to the World Health Organisation.

Nehru dances in drama

Prime Minister Nehru danced with youngsters at Sewagram during his recent visit.

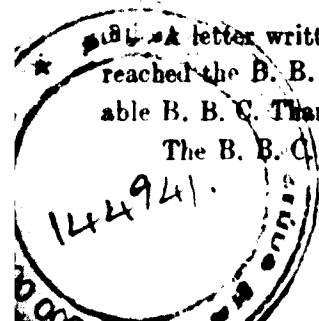
The occasion was the staging of a dance-drama "Bharat-ki-katha" by students of the Hindustani Tamil Sangh depicting scenes from Indian history.

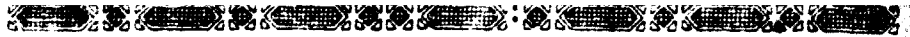
While enacting a scene from the non-violent freedom struggle two of the girl artistes invited Mr. Nehru to join the "movement." He readily agreed and danced with them for a couple of minutes.—

Grain of thanks

A letter written on a grain of rice, neatly packed in cotton wool, has reached the B. B. C. It comes from Japan and translated, says: "Honourable B. B. C. Thank you for your daily programmes."

The B. B. C. says this is its smallest-ever letter.





THE STUDENT

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as per Order No. R. O. C. 274-N/50 dated 26—2—1951
and 25—4—1951.
2. **THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,**
MADHYA PRADESH, NAGPUR, (Central Provinces
& Berar), as per Order No. 4422 dated 2—11—1950.
3. **THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,**
HYDERABAD, DECCAN, as per Order No. 848 dated
13—2—1951.
4. **THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,**
TRAVANCORE—COCHIN, TRIVANDRUM, as per
Order No. 12-2205/51 dated 26—2—1951.
5. **THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,**
ASSAM, SHILLONG, as per Order No. 11773/5 P
53,50 dated 28—2—1951.
6. **THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,**
BOMBAY, POONA, as per Order No. S. 83/579 C
dated 2—3—1951.
7. **THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, UTTAR**
PRADESH, ALLAHABAD, (United Provinces), as per
Order No. B/5591 XVIII-5 (29) dated 5—3—1951.
8. **THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,**
PUNJAB, SIMLA, as per Order No. 982 dated 20-3-51.



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