

# THE STUDENT : OCTOBER 1950.

VOLUME VI: NO 2.

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## REQUEST TO CONTRIBUTORS.

*STUDENTS & TEACHERS will please send us contributions for publication in the next issue (Nov. 1950) under the following heads :—*

**S.S.L.C. Section :—**I. Questions with model answers on the various subjects of the S. S. L. C. Course.

II. News and Reports of important activities in Schools e.g., Sports & Games; Anniversaries; opening functions visits of distinguished persons etc.

III. Suggestions and healthy criticisms regarding the New Education Schemes:—Citizenship & Social Study Activities: School Parliaments, Class Councils, etc., etc.

**Note :—**Contributions written by High School pupils should be certified to be genuine by the Headmasters concerned.

(2) Contributions from School-masters and others may be on all topics of interest to *High School Pupils only* and should be written in simple, idiomatic English, so that students of Forms IV, V & VI may read through and understand the subject matter unaided.

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**SRI T. E. V. SARMA,**

Editor, The **STUDENT**

**CHINGLEPUT, S. I.**

## ANNOUNCEMENT: RE: OLD CONTRIBUTORS.

It is not possible to trace in our records the addresses of the following regular contributors. The particulars given below are from memory and the Editor would be obliged if those who know the *correct full addresses* of the gentlemen will please furnish the same. The place noted against each is the town in which each of the gentlemen lived 20 years ago.

- |     |  |                |
|-----|--|----------------|
| 1.  | Sri S. Sivaraman B.A., L.T.,           | Salem.         |
| 2.  | „ C. S. Krishna Ayyar, M.A.,           | Chickballapur. |
| 3.  | „ S. Rama Ayyar B. A.,                 | Cochin.        |
| 4.  | „ S. Vaidyanatha Ayyar B.A., L.T.,     | Walaja.        |
| 5.  | „ P. Ananthaswami                      | Trivandrum.    |
| 6.  | „ K. R. S. Narayanan M. A.,            |                |
| 7.  | „ D. Vittal                            | Tirupur.       |
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| 20. | „ S. Srinivasa Ayyar                   | Ambur.         |
| 21. | „ V. H. Sundaram B., A.,               | Tinnevely.     |
| 22. | „ N. Paramasiva Ayyar B.A., L.T.,      |                |
| 23. | „ S. C. Upadyaya                       | Nadiad.        |
| 24. | „ Dr. N. Iswarappa B.A., M.D.,         | Chicacole.     |
| 25. | „ S. Subramanyam B.A., L.T.,           | Ambur.         |

# THE STUDENT

MANAGING EDITOR:

SRI T. E. V. SARMA.

Vol VI

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No. 2.

## ON PRAYER.

BY SRI. V. VEMBU SASTRI, B. A., L. T.

In prayer great a secret lies  
And well it were I tell this all ;  
In prayer true we gather strength ;  
Our moral self we try to build.

And heartfelt prayer truth reveals  
In solemn silence great indeed  
But yet with a mighty force unseen,  
Which Grace of God alone can bring.

And sincere prayer ever wins,  
Reforms with wondrous grace divine  
The worst of sinners known on earth,  
And even makes a saint of him.

So great indeed its power is.  
That all who know its virtue well,  
Will never cease from it, but strive  
And never stop till high they rise.

A common aspect yet there is  
And this is known to most of us :  
In praying humble all we turn,  
And a great reform this is indeed.

In prayer passions cease to work,  
And reason great its work begins.  
And then the balance rare we reach  
And soon a wondrous change we feel.

## THE NAVARATRI FESTIVAL.

BY SRI P. ANANTHASWAMY, B. A., L.T.

The word *Navaratri* means nine nights; but, in its application to the annual "Navaratri Utsavam," it signifies both days and nights of the nine days, so ardently devoted to the worship of the great "Sakti" or world creating and sustaining Power. According to accepted canons of services in Hindu temples, Puja by day is sacred to the male aspect, and Puja by night, to the female aspect of the Divine. But the great "Sakti," though personified as a female is supposed not to be averse to, day as well as night worship. She is supposed to be subject to nine successive phases, one for each of the nine days and according to the particular phase is the particular mode of worship adopted.

The "Navaratri Utsavam" occurs twice a year, once in the month of "Chitrai" and then, in the month of "Purattasi." And the two months of its occurrence cover the period when the whole land is rife with every sight and sound of disease and death. Hence, to make the land safe for all beings, the grace of the great "Sakti" is invoked. The nine-day divine service in the month of "Chitrai" is known as "Vasantha Navaratri Vritam," while that in the month of "Purattasi" goes under the designation of "Bhadrapada Navaratri Vritam." The latter occasion is however, the more important and it continues to be such to this day.

The traditional origin of the festival is full of significance. There was a blood-thirsty demon named Mahishasura. Like other Asuras of his ilk mentioned in our Puranas, he gained a boon from God's matchless mercy. The boon was that he should not be wearied or baffled by any single Deity. Thus armed, he began to play the tyrant. Unable to put up with tyranny, the people prayed to the Gods for redress. But no

God by Himself was equal to resist the Asura or restore peace. A new and composite Deity was therefore created to whom each contributing Deity gave of his best. Thus sprang forth the "Maha Sakti" who forthwith flashed her sword on the wicked Asura and rid the earth of his ruthless tyranny. The "Navaratri" festival is in commemoration of her victory.

The great "Sakti" is invoked in three different forms—*Lakshmi*, *Durga* and *Saraswati*. Three days are devoted to each, and the nine-day service is the cult of the "Navaratri." "Sakti" worship is thus nothing but prostrating oneself before the "Devi" and saying one's prayers. We ask for grace of vitality without which nothing is or can be. To gather up and to gain might and strength is alike a duty incumbent on all. The age-long "Gayatri" which every one utters, is after all, an instinctive and inspired invocation of the universal Divine Energy. When anything is up which people are unable to overcome, they ascribe their inability to weakness, impotence or inanition. Energy is the prime requisite for every function. Every functionary therefore seeks stamina and strength, wittingly or unwittingly. What the Sakti-worshipper does is to seek the grace of his vitality which will animate his soul and impart to it

" A tone

Of some world far from ours,  
Where music and feeling are one."

There is nothing noteworthy in the worship of "Sakti" in her aspect as Lakshmi, Goddess of Prosperity. But here too, it must be borne in mind that the Sakti-worshipper, in imploring her grace, is only invoking universal peace and prosperity.

In her aspect as Durga, she is largely worshipped in Bengal. There the "Navaratri" festival is known as "Durga Puja." She is the Deity represented by the combined qualities

of "Veeryam" (Valour) "Dhairyam" (courage), and "Parakramam" (heroism.) The things called into service in paying obeisance to this aspect of Divine Energy are the corporeal instruments used in connection with bodily discipline or military manoeuvres. The worship of Durga is associated with offerings of meat and liquor and with animal-sacrifice, which are cried down by later "Sastras" as suggestive of "Tamasic" or dark qualities. Hence wholesome substitutes are found in cakes and confectionaries. In the worship of Durga, all weapons, suggestive of bodily prowess are taken out, oiled and polished and placed in a prominent pedestal for Puja.

In Her aspect as Saraswati, she is bowed down to and adored by men, women and children, in every hearth and home, in every village and hamlet, from end to end of India. Her "Puja" begins under the influence of the star "Mulam." "Mulam" signifies source. No moment can be more auspicious or efficacious for the introduction of the unlettered into the realms of knowledge. Its full significance is that education should start from the "Mulam" or root of things. No hole-and-corner method will do. From seed to bud, from bud to flower and to fruit—this is the line of development that education ought to pursue.

The star "Sraavanam" which gives the finishing stroke to the "Navaratri" functions, has an appropriateness of its own. It means that the initiation of knowledge from the root of things, is closely interwoven with "Sraavanam" which is the first of the four stages of discipleship. These stages are "Sraavanam" (hearsay), "Mananam" (contemplation), "Nithidya-sam" (assimilation), and "Swanubhavam" (self-realisation). The "Puja" from "Mulam" to "Sraavanam" points to the pursuit of knowledge through all successive stages, till it attains to the fruit of self-realisation. The whole scheme is thus in the nature of an orderly evolution.



Books are nothing short of the concrete embodiment of knowledge in the abstract. Hence it is the custom to do worship to books on the last day of the "Navaratri," as the esoteric symbol of the Goddess of Letters and Art. It is no doubt a good thing and is best adapted to the cultivation of knowledge. Books and cadjan bundles are taken out of the family archives, dusted out and cleaned and symmetrically placed on a raised "dais" and worshipped in a collective form, in the same way as all weapons suggestive of bodily prowess are treated in the worship of Durga. This is one of the numerous means and methods enjoined by the sages of old for the preservation of books for the benefit primarily of their owners and ultimately of mankind at large.

Such are the three aspects in which Sakti is worshipped on the "Navaratri" days. To those who are engaged in the pursuit and propagation of knowledge, no better or more beneficent boon can be thought of than the following words of the goddess Saraswati: "I am thy precious gem. Preserve me with care; so preserved, thou shalt become supremely strong." These prophetic words, pregnant with celestial fire, it behoves us, teachers and pupils, to remember and render into articles of our daily working creed.



[ EDITOR'S NOTE:— Many of our young readers may feel it difficult to read through and understand this article. They are advised to seek the aid of some elderly educated person, preferably a teacher, to guide them. This article is printed in this issue and is published during the NAVARATHRI celebrations this year. Similarly, as far as possible, articles will be published about the various festivals in future issues. DEEPAVALI falls on 8th November, and an article about this festival will appear in our November issue. ]

## OUR SCHOOL HERO.

BY SRI S. RAMA AIYAR, B.A.,

Ramu, a smart and fair lad of about eighteen summers, was studying in Third Form in the High School close to his village. Many of his former class mates were already in the higher forms, and a few of them were even in the college classes. All went up, leaving him mercilessly behind. Students may come and students may go. Friends may come and friends may go. Our Ramu was not the sort of soul to be disturbed at all by such things. He had his own ideas of progress and promotions. He doubted the very efficacy of those regular and monotonous annual skipplings from one class to another. They were meant only for book-worms and milksops, and not for him. That he should be asked to leave a class at a time when he was just trying to come into closer contact with its benches and desks, especially with those in the rear, was something unbearable to him. Student life is precious. Once lost, it is lost for ever. So, all considered, he thought it to be his bounden duty to stick up to a class at least for two years, and he solemnly stuck up to that resolution. Pleased with such disinterestedness, loyalty, and patience, and considering that he contributed not a little to the financial stability of the institution, our hero was now and then allowed a lift, though he himself was not particular about it.

It must be said to the credit of our young friend that he never shirked attendance at school. He was quite regular and punctual in that respect. He was not a coward that way. And as to his preparing lessons at home, well, you must kindly excuse him. Not that he was dull and stupid, but he had neither the time nor the inclination and patience to go through such ordeals. Within and without school, he had to attend to a lot of other minor affairs. Not mere croaking

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and screaming over pages, not mere indiscriminate swallowing of whatever the class teacher taught him. Such tedious tasks were not in his line. They were for those meek and obedient boys who were sitting in the front benches, for those with open mouths and blinking balls. Why should the class mind about his doings? Should he not dose a little coolly and calmly, with the help of the desk in front? What if the Battle of Plassey took place in 1757? Was he at fault if Mohamed Ali fled to Trichinopoly? What business had he to bother about the 'Black Hole of Calcutta' or the white paper of Clive? Again, should he not be courteous enough to enliven the spirits of his back-bench comrades with some of his cock and bull stories, and with the well-polished accounts of his latest adventures in the temple precincts or at the bathing ghats?

When such was his ways during school hours, one can more or less guess how he would treat his books at home. That he readily purchased every year all the necessary text-books and note-books is another fact that must be noted to his credit. But he was too kind and indifferent to disturb their pages. There they lay pell-mell on his table, uncared, untouched, and unmolested. He had better and more serious tasks to do. The village games fully occupied his evening hours. Then he had to bathe in the big tank that was at one end of the village. Both morning and evening, he took his bath very regularly. There were many reasons for the same. Firstly, he could not but swim. Secondly, that was a good way of wasting time and energy, and you know he was never in a hurry to go home and attack his books. Thirdly the parapet of the tank was a good place for him and his friends to sit on, from where "jokes went round and careless chat". After evening bath he went to the temple, to ring the bells, to make other divers noises, and to give all sorts of troubles to the gentleman who distributed *prasadams*, — I mean

eatables. Besides these round of duties, our ever-active lad, being amiable and sociable with all the dames in the village, was frequently required to go hither and thither, to buy this or that. For such services, he was not left unrewarded. He was sure to get from them always something good to eat.

Under such circumstances, how could he pass examinations? It was not uncommon for him to get, on many occasions, marks in one digit. There was anyhow one subject in which he invariably scored the highest mark, 80 and 90 per cent. That was drawing. His canvases were the village walls, the outer temple walls, and the tank walls. With caricatures he immortalised all the teachers of the school. Once he drew on the blackboard a caricature of the school pandit, a pretty old, quaint looking specimen, a born caricature himself, with a nose whose tip had a north-easterly bent. The poor pandit, entering into the class and facing the black-board, had to face an awkward situation. All the boys burst out into an uproarious laughter except our cartoonist, who kept up a grave and innocent demeanour. The final result was of course, half a dozen nice cuts for the culprit at the hands of the Headmaster, to whom the whole matter was duly reported by the irate pandit. Our optimistic friend received his punishment with supreme indifference and characteristic calmness. His right hand palm was quite at home with such interviews.

Proceeding with our story a bit more rapidly, we have to inform the readers that Ramu, at last, was pushed up with great difficulty to the S. S. L. C. Class. That he was not declared eligible for the College course was not something surprising to his teachers, much less to him. He thought he had enough schooling. By this time, he lost his father. His mischievous pranks and proclivities must, like water, find their levels. He must direct his juvenile energy towards a healthier and more fruitful channel. Despite all his defects

He had that frankness and boldness, that grip and grit. To such, success in life is sure. He left his village for good, and straightaway went to Singapore, where in one of the big Estates, he soon obtained a decent footing. There he gradually rose to power and position, becoming the Manager and Supervisor of 10,000 to 20,000 coolies, on a salary of 1000 Dollars. Some of his boyhood friends who became B. A's and B.L's could not earn in an year what he was earning in a month. Bravo, Ramu! Three cheers for our indefatigable hero.

Hip, hip, hurrah!

Hip, hip, hurrah!!

Hip, hip, hurrah!!!



## AS OTHERS SEE US.

(Some opinions received during the month about the STUDENT.)

**(1) The Hon'ble Sri P. V. Rajamannar, Chief Justice, Madras High Court writes :—**

I agree with you in deprecating the present tendency of immature young boys in joining strikes and other demonstrations which belong to the sphere of politics. x x x The problem is universal and is only a manifestation of the general spirit of indiscipline which is to be found all the world over after the recent war. x x x I hope you will be able to DO SOME GOOD BY YOUR JOURNAL.

**(2) Sri V. R. Ranganatha Mudaliar, M. A. L. T., Dy. Commissioner for Govt. Examinations, Madras:**

Thanks for your magazine: I find it is the revival of an old journal. I went through some of the articles and found them interesting. I like your motto DISCIPLINE FIRST AND STUDIES NEXT. I wish the journal all success.

**(3) Sri C. Ramanujachari, Secretary, Ramakrishna Mission, Madras.**

I have perused the STUDENT with interest. Your aim is laudable and your unbounded enthusiasm for service will, I am sure, ensure success for the undertaking.

## (4) Sri Swami Sukhanandaji of Kancheepuram :—

It is a very noble and grand idea of yours to broadcast high and man-making ideals among students in their younger age through the publication of a journal suitable to the understanding of the High School students. I went through the whole issue and found it very interesting and instructive. May the Lord crown your attempt with all success.

## (5) Sri J. M. S. L. Ramenaden, Hultsdorf, Colombo :—

I have read through your current month's issue of the STUDENT and found it very interesting. I was taken up so much by this book that I READ IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN because of the flawless English and interesting articles contained therein. I would take this opportunity of recommending your journal to anyone who is interested and who wishes to improve his knowledge of the English language.

## (6) Sri V. R. Shibrur, M. A., of Mangalore :—

"I have gone through 'The Student' of last month and have found it an ideal magazine for our school boys. The articles are in simple English and deal with topics of interest to the students. You deserve all congratulations for your strenuous efforts in bringing out this magazine.

I fully remember to have read some of the issues of this magazine 20 years back. At that time I was a student. Some of the articles that I read then, made such a deep impression on my mind that they contributed much towards the shaping of my educational career.

I congratulate you once again on your noble work to serve the student population.

I wish your magazine all success.

## (7) Sri S. Krishna Aiyar, Correspondent, Ramakrishna Mission Boys schools, Thyagarayanagar :—

The journal is interesting. I am sure educationalists will give all encouragement to you in your endeavour.

## (8) Sri K. P. Padmanabhan Tamy, B. A., Personal Assistant to the Director of Public Relations, Trivandrum :—

My sincerest thanks for your so kindly remembering me and sending me a copy of the new issue of the STUDENT TO WHICH I HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF CONTRIBUTING WHILE I WAS A STUDENT. The Magazine is interesting and informative and I trust, being so ably edited by a veteran educationist, it will be popular with students. I wish the Magazine success in great measure.

## THE UNSEEN HAND.

BY SRI J. DANIEL, B. A., L. T.

It was just 5 P.M. and I was starting out for an evening walk. A cup of tea stood on my table invitingly. I hastily took it up to sip its contents. But, Lo! I could not. An ant lay struggling in the pool of tea creating a little storm in the tea cup. With pouting lips I put the spoon in the cup, lifted the ant gently up and placed it lightly on the dry table. The ant seemed dazed a little while, then rubbed its tiny legs together as though to thank its deliverer and softly crawled away.

What feelings would have crossed the mind of the ant, as it recovered enough from the shock of the recent struggles to think of the miraculous escape? A miraculous escape indeed, it seemed. The ant had struggled and struggled for full three minutes and yet had been unable to find the shore. It had lost all hopes but suddenly some shining object lifted it up out of the flood safe to a solid shore. Ah! A Miracle!

Often in our lives such things do happen. Troubles beset us like storms or try to overwhelm us like floods. But we oft come out of these, almost unscathed except for a little drenching in the flood or a little singeing in the fiery trials or a little disheveling in the storms that rage about us. And we come out of these miraculously. We see no way of escape; suddenly a way opens before us. Everything seems dark and dreary; suddenly something bright appears and lifts us out of gloom into light, out of the waters on to the rocks. We cry out, "What a miracle! Ah! a miracle."

But what is it but the **UNSEEN HAND** in its own loving way lifting us out of the flood that tries to drown us down? What is it but the normal and natural way of God whose supreme joy lies in the rescue and the saving of the many mortals struggling in life's troubles?

Let this be my last word, That I trust in Thy love.—TAGORE.

## THE MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT.

[ A Story of Japan. ]

In the little Japanese village of Yowcuski, a looking-glass was an unheard-of thing, and the girls did not even know what they looked like, except on hearing the description their lovers gave of their personal beauty.

Now it happened that a young Japanese one day picked up in the street a small pocket hand-mirror.

It was, of course, the first time in his life that Kiki-Tsum had ever gazed on such a thing. He looked at it, and to his astonishment saw the image of a face with dark intelligent eyes, and a look of awe-struck wonderment on its features.

"It is my sainted Father. How could his portrait have come here? It is, perhaps, a warning of some kind!"

He folded the precious treasure up in his handkerchief, and put it in a large pocket of his loose blouse. When he went home that night, he hid it away carefully in a vase, as he did not know of any safer place. He said nothing of the adventure to his young wife, for, he said, "women are curious, and then too, sometimes they are given to talking."

For some days Kiki-Tsum was in a great state of excitement. He was thinking of the portrait all the time, and at intervals he would leave his work and suddenly appear at home to take a look at his treasure.

Now in Japan, as in other countries, mysterious actions and irregular proceedings of all kinds have to be explained to a wife. Lili-Tsee did not understand why her husband kept appearing at all hours of the day. Certainly he kissed her every time he came in like this. At first she was satisfied at his explanation when he told her that he ran in for a minute to see her pretty face. She thought it was quite natural on his part. But when day after day he appeared, and always with the same solemn expression, she began to wonder in her



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heart of hearts. And so Lili-Tsee fell to watching, and she noticed that he never went away until he had been alone in the little room at the back of the house. She hunted day after day to see if she could find some trace of anything in that little room which was at all unusual, but she found nothing.

One day, however, she happened to come in suddenly, and saw her husband replacing the long blue vase. He made some excuse about its not looking very steady, and appeared to be just setting it right, and Lili-Tsee pretended there was nothing out of the common in his putting the vase straight. The moment she had gone, though, she was up on a stool like lightning, and in a moment she had fished the looking-glass out of the vase. Then the terrible truth was clear. What was it she saw?

Why, the portrait of a woman, and she had believed that Kiki-Tsum was so good, and so fond, and so true.

Suddenly a fit of anger seized her, and she gazed at the glass again. The same face looked at her, but she wondered how her husband could admire such a face, so wicked did the dark eyes look.

She had no heart for anything, and did not even make any attempt to prepare a meal for her husband. She just went on nursing the portrait, and at the same time her wrath. When later on, Kiki-Tsum arrived, he was surprised to find nothing to eat in the other rooms.

“So this is the love you professed for me! This is the way in which you treat me; before we have been married a year.” “What do you mean, Lili-Tsee?”

“What do I mean? What do you mean? The idea of your keeping portraits in my roseleaf vase! Here, take it and treasure it, for I do not want it—the wicked, wicked woman!”

“I cannot understand.”

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“Oh! you can't? I can, though, well enough. You like that hideous, villainous-looking woman better than your own true wife. I would say nothing if she were at any rate beautiful; but she has a vile face—a hideous face.”

“Lili-Tsee, what do you mean? That portrait is the living image of my poor dead father. I found it in the street the other day, and put it in your vase for safety.”

“Hear him! He wants to tell me. I do not know a woman's face from a man's!”

Kiki-Tsum was wild with indignation, and the quarrel went on. The loud, angry words attracted the notice of a Japanese priest who was passing.

“My children” he said, putting his head in at the door “why this unseemly anger? Why this dispute?”

“Father my wife is mad”.

“All women are so, my son, more or less. You were wrong to expect perfection. It is no use getting angry; all wives are trials.”

“My husband has a portrait of a woman hidden in my rose leaf vase”.

“I swear that I have no portrait but that of my poor dead father.”

“My children, my children, show me the portrait.”

The priest took the glass and looked at it earnestly. He then bowed low before it, and in an altered tone, said, “My children, settle your quarrels and live peaceably together. You are both in the wrong. This portrait is of a saintly and venerable priest. I know not how you could mistake so holy a face.” He blessed the husband and wife and then went away, carrying with him the glass which had wrought such mischief, to place it with the relics of the church.

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## **A WORD TO STUDENTS:**

*BY SRI K. VAIDYANATHA AIYAR, M. A.*

O Ye Brothers of School-age !  
Will you hear a word from me ?  
Rise with crow and read a page  
From a holy book and joyous be.

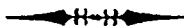
O Ye Sons of the Aryan Race !  
Will you hear a word from me ?  
Love your parents all your days !  
Bow to their feet and gentle be.

O Ye Students of Devout Ind !  
Will you hear a word from me ?  
Bide by the rules of your masters kind ;  
Fear not, lie not truthful be.

O Ye Happy Band and Free !  
Will you hear a word from me ?  
Mankind serve and moral be :  
How grand this birth ! Don't you see ?

O Ye souls of spotless fame !  
Will you hear a word from me ?  
Be heroes all and play your game :  
Loss or gain, don't mind ye.

O Ye lads of loving hearts !  
Will you hear a word from me ?  
Feel like one tho' you differ in parts ;  
That is the way to be happy and free.



---

## SOME FRUITS AND THEIR MEDICINAL USES.

One of the most useful fruits conducive to health is the 'Orange.' The great Dr. Johnson is said to have secreted in his pockets dried chips of oranges. Nobody knew the reason of such a strange behaviour on his part till it was explained by Johnson himself in a letter to Miss Boothby. He is said to have recommended to her "dried orange-peel" finely powdered...in a glass of hot red port as "a very probable remedy for indigestion." Oranges are also very useful in purifying the blood by supplying it with iron and thus fighting against the malicious disease known as cancer.

Grapes are very good in malaria as they successfully fight against the germs and give strength to the invalid.

Tomatoes are recommended strongly in impurity of blood and also in indigestion. They not only purify the blood by expelling the bad matter but also give good digestion and sleep. They are recommended for diabetic patients.

Apples strengthen the brain and the nerves while the Pineapple increases digestive powers and relieves throat complaints. Apples contain a large percentage of phosphorus which is good for the brain. The acids of the apple stimulate the sluggish livers of persons of sedentary habits.

Bananas like apples are rich in phosphorus and ought to be taken plentifully by brain workers. It is the best food for patients under treatment for typhoid fever, small-pox etc.

Lemons are blood purifiers and stomachics. Lemon juice is employed as a remedy for gout and rheumatism.

— Last but not the least, is the Pappaya fruit and it is useful for indigestion, loss of flesh, etc., and it also brings about radical cure in debility.

## THE JOTASHI.

BY PROF. N. C. MITTAL, B.Sc., M.R.A.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., JAMMU.

There lived an astrologer (*Jotashi*) who was very famous for his science. He saw one night Yama, who told him that he would be devoured by a *gharial* in the Ganges, while he was bathing. He was overwhelmed with anxiety, and was much depressed. All of a sudden, it struck him that he should go to Marwara, and should never bathe in the Ganges on any account. He considered it a very good plan for avoiding his death.

He went to a petty State. He lived there for some time. He very soon became famous for the knowledge of his science. There was always to be found a crowd of people at his door. He had very little leisure. The poor loved him too for his generosity. He distributed bread and pulses (*dal*) to the poor. He was loved both by the rich and the poor. The Raja also heard of his fame. He sent for him. He asked him a number of questions on astrology, and was quite satisfied with him. Later on, he asked him to kindly teach his only dear son Satish, Sanskrit and Astrology. The jotashi agreed. Every thing went on very smoothly for about a year.

One day Satish requested the jotashi to accompany him to Haridwar for bathing in the Ganges. He made a number of excuses to the *Rajkumar* and told him that he would not be able to accompany him there, but he failed to persuade the obstinate prince. The prince told him that he would not like to be a stay-at-home on any account. Finally the Raja ordered the jotashi to accompany his son to the Ganges. He gave them horse soldiers and all necessary things. The jotashi was much afraid of his death, and was thinking that in a few days he would be no more in this world. They reached their destination quite safely.

Satish enjoyed the scenery at Haridwar. He appreciated the beautiful hills covered with vegetation. He talked highly

of the soothing cool breeze and of the transparent sweet water of the Ganges. He visited several temples, and saw the images in them. The *Pandas* gave him the history of various Hindu gods. He seemed to be pleased with their explanation. He saw men, women and children dressed with clothes of various colours, especially the ladies, walking to and fro, and enjoying the fair. He ordered his men to be ready for a bath. The jotashi told Satish that he would not bathe. But Satish told him that he would have to bathe. After much discussion on this point, the jotashi told him that he was afraid of the *gharials* in the river who might devour him. Satish told him that he should never entertain such an idea in his mind, and in order to satisfy him, he would order his soldiers with naked swords in their hands to be on guard, while he would bathe. The poor jotashi had to agree. Satish and he got down into the river for bathing and in a few minutes Satish was transformed into *gharial* which instantly devoured him.

In no way can the fate of a living being be altered.

## **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WALKING STICK.**

BY SRI E. A. LAKSHMANAN.

I would be indeed glad to tell you my story which, I am sure, you would relish very much. This morning when the church clock announced four, my master took me in his hand rather roughly. I was wondering why he came there and took me at such an hour as it was the custom with him to take me only when he came from the office and started out for a stroll.

So I was trembling from head to foot as I was in a fix. Strange to say, though he handled me roughly, he kindly wiped off the dirt I had in me with his hand-kerchief and then I was hung upon a coat-stand. He dressed himself comfortably and neatly and started out without forgetting to take me also.

I was going on with him through hills and dales. There were many pleasant sights to be enjoyed on the way. I

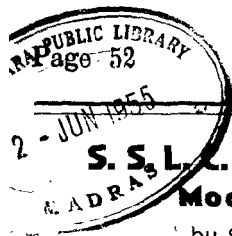
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feasted my eyes upon such scenery. After about two hours' walk I had to arrive at the house of a poor farmer. There my master laid me on the ground and went out to have his morning tea. Before he returned I was taken up by the farmer who was there. In a minute I was amazed to see that I was locked up in a dungeon. My sorrow knew no bounds and my heart was gnawed with pain. Thus feeling sorry over my fate I sobbed myself to sleep.

When I woke up I was surprised to hear the voice of my master, conversing with the farmer—a hard-hearted and greedy rogue who imprisoned me like this. The voice of my master relieved me to a certain extent as I thought that I would be again with him soon. But matters took a different turn. My master searched for me a great deal and at last asked the farmer—a villain—whether he knew anything about me. When he put that question to him I was eager enough to know what sort of answer was going to come out of his mouth. The farmer from his long conversation appeared to be a man of treachery and deception. He was a man of low birth and to deal in lies was not in any way unusual with him. So he coolly replied that he knew nothing about me and had not seen me at all.

What could my poor master do? He had to retrace his steps home with a heavy heart. I loved my master very much and I could not see him in such a sorrowful plight. I would have cried out from within the dungeon had it not been for my new master who was very cruel.

Then I did not know what happened to my master. But I was taken out of the dungeon after a few days and was in the hands of a rustic. It was impossible for me to recall what sort of princely life I had led with my old and generous master excepting the torture and harsh treatment. Such was the fate that befell me and I fancied that I would end my days with that wretched master—an illiterate brute.



**S. S. L. C. EXAMINATION, MARCH 1951.**  
**Model Questions And Answers.**

by Sri R. C. Mudaliar, B.A., L.T., Shiyali

*Question 1. Describe the thoughts and reflections of Goldsmith during his midnight walk in London.*

Ans:-Goldsmith found no pleasure in study. So he thought of going round the London streets two hours past midnight. Almost all the lamps grew dim. All were in deep slumber. But a few, such as, the man in meditation, the reveller, the criminal and the suicide would be awake. Solemn stillness prevailed everywhere, save the ticking sound of a clock or the distant bark of a watch-dog. The streets, that looked a pageant in the early hours of the night with the vain and the proud, bustling about with unfulfilled fond hopes, became desolate. Such an hour made the author struck with the emptiness of human vanity.

Besides, the temporary solitude of the metropolis diverted Goldsmith's mind into reflecting about the transience of earthly things. It reminded him of the fall of great cities of the past due to luxury, greed and misgovernment. He expected that London also would share her fate sooner or later.

Glancing around, he was touched by the pathetic sights of the poorfolk, the wanderers and the orphans sleeping on the roads. Some were naked and few were diseased. Their wretchedness excited more horror than pity. Society had disowned them. Even laws were an enemy to them. No amount of pity or active help would be of any use to them.

At once his heart was moved with tender feelings for the wretched ones. He blamed himself for having born a human being and that too without any fortune to help the helpless. Mere sympathy, without capacity to relieve the poor, was a sore distress to a humane person.



*Question 2. (One page) Narrate Aksenov's  
Miseries in life.*

*Ans.:-*In spite of his wife's warning about her bad dream, Aksenov, the young merchant of Vladimar, set off for Nizhny Fair. When he stayed at an inn for the second time, he was put under arrest by the Police on a charge of murder of a merchant who remained with him in the first inn. The blood-stained dagger also was recovered from his bag. Aksenov's pleading of innocence was in vain. He was tried and sentenced to imprisonment. His petitions for mercy to the Czar were rejected. His wife, meeting him at the jail, doubtfully questioned him if he knew anything about the murder. At once he lost his faith in humanity and fixed his trust on God alone.

Just then, he was sent to Siberia to work in the mines. There he turned into a saintly man. In his leisure hours he used to read the Bible or pray to God. All had a respect for him. He became trustworthy, meek and spiritual.

At the close of his twenty six years of prison life, he chanced to have a talk with Makir of Vladimar, a notorious convict, who came there to run his sentence. He suspected Makir that this crime would have been committed by Makir. So he hated him and even wanted to avenge him.

After a fortnight, he noticed Makir digging a hole in the prison wall to escape. Makir threatened Aksenov with killing if the secret was let out. Next day enquiries were held. No truth came out. Aksenov acted nobly. After a few moments of hesitation, he did not betray Makir. That noble impulse of Aksenov affected Makir much. So Makir ran to Aksenov's call and repented for his crime. He admitted that he was the murderer of the merchant for which Aksenov suffered. Aksenov, hearing it, observed that God would forgive Makir. Aksenov's release was ordered by the efforts of

---

guilty Makir. But alas! innocent Aksenov, homeless, and peopleless was found dead.

*Question 3. (Non-detailed) Tell the story of the brothers, Oliver and Orlando.*

*Answer:—*Oliver and Orlando were the sons of Sir Rowland de Bois, a distinguished nobleman of France, who died early. So the minor Orlando had to be under the care of Oliver. But wicked Oliver gave Orlando neither schooling nor worldly comforts. Besides, the fact that Orlando became the favourite of all by his gentility, nobility, gallantry and chivalry, made Oliver seek for his brother's ruin. So the enmity between the brothers increased day by day.

In utter despair Orlando proposed to fight with the Court Wrestler, to do or die. Even Oliver secretly informed the Court Champion to break the neck of Orlando. In spite of persuasions by Rosalind and Celia, Orlando could not give up his trial.

However, in the contest, the slim Orlando cleverly lifted the gigantic wrestler and threw him down on the floor. The severe fall made the wrestler gasp for his breath. The audience, including the Duke, heartily congratulated Orlando. Rosalind in token of her admiration and affection, presented the hero with her golden chain. Both fell in love with each other at first sight.

Any way ill-luck stared Orlando in the face. Learning his parentage the false Duke banished Orlando, he being the son of an enemy, Rowland. On arrival at home, he heard about the plot of his cruel brother to burn his house along with him that night from old and loyal Adam. Hence, he, with Adam, had to flee for his life to the forest of Arden. His attempt there to find food for tired Adam brought him into contact with the exiled Senior Duke. He became a member of that society of the Duke who led their lives happily "under the green wood trees". At odd moments, due to his love

sickness for Rosalind he would wander in the forest. He used to carve love songs on the barks of the trees or sonnets would be hung on the branches.

Meanwhile, the uncle of Rosalind drove her out of the castle on account of her affection for Orlando. She and Celia, who could not live without her, disguising as shepherd folk, ran to the forest. There they lived in a shepherd's cottage. On her walk, Rosalind noticed the love songs about her. She searched for Orlando and found him out. But he could not recognise her, being disguised. Yet they met often.

One day on his tour in the woods, Orlando saw his brother Oliver sleeping under a tree. A snake coiled round his neck. Orlando's quick steps disturbed the snake to glide away. Turning the other side, he noticed a hungry lion ready to pounce. At once Orlando attacked the lion and tore it to pieces, though injured in his shoulder. Thus he saved Oliver from danger. Oliver repented and both were reconciled.

Then they both went to the presence of the Duke. Orlando fell in a swoon. The shepherd boy also fainted. A little later the secret was let known about the disguise by Rosalind. Marriages were held, Rosalind marrying Orlando and Celia wedding Oliver. The Junior Duke also arrived and repented. All returned home with happiness.

*Question 4 :—Give the summary of the poem "The Scholar"*  
by D. Krishnaya, Teacher, Hindupur.

*Answer :—*The right use of leisure is fully illustrated in this poem. Perhaps, this is the noblest way of using our leisure, students as we are from cradle to grave according to our cultural heritage. In any fine library, wherever we see, we find books which are our 'never-failing friends'. In the company of these books we become great. Both in happiness and sorrow books are our very good friends. If we realise full well how much we are influenced by these books, we shed 'tears of thoughtful gratitude.' We love the virtues of

our poets and forgive their faults. We enjoy their pleasures and sorrows. We receive instruction from these men of letters 'with an humble mind'. By reading good books, we can become great and be remembered for ever as good books are.

## FACTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

*(Collected By The Editor).*

An elephant can carry on its back any weight up to about three tons.

\* \* \*

The most nourishing vegetable is the onion.

\* \* \*

Thimbles were originally worn on the thumb and were known as thumb-bells.

\* \* \*

Eleven pounds of cork is sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

\* \* \*

The polar bear is untamable. He is also partial to a sun bath.

\* \* \*

The Five "Nobel" prizes awarded each year are for outstanding work in Medicine, Literature, Peace, Physics and Chemistry. Each prize is worth about £:8,000.

\* \* \*

Venice is built on 80 islands, and has 400 bridges.

\* \* \*

A normal healthy person breathes twenty times each minute.

\* \* \*

Australia is twenty-five times as large as the United Kingdom.

\* \* \*

The Camel is the only domesticated animal that has never been found in a wild state.

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## GOOD HANDWRITING.

BY SRI S. G. ROW, DELHI.

PROGRESSIVE BUSINESSMEN AND ALL OTHER efficient employers, while advertising for office assistants in newspapers, do not forget to mention in their announcements that all applications should be in the applicant's own handwriting. Do you know why? Because hand-writing is one of the essential qualifications of every educated man wishing to prosper in business or service. Good hand-writing not only makes the letter beautiful, but also makes it easy for any one to read. Generally it is a fact that a man who writes a neat and legible hand is a lover of art. A lover of art, in 99 out of 100 cases, is neat in his appearance, honest in his dealings, and earnest in his work. In short, one who writes a good hand possesses a good moral character. It is why employers want you to send your application in your own handwriting so that they may know whether your handwriting is good.

Only recently a London Magistrate stated that he had never found a man innocent or honest, whose hand-writing was not easily readable. Mahatma Gandhi in his "Experiments with Truth" has clearly stated the value of good hand-writing. He advises that anybody whose hand-writing is bad should be ashamed of it.

Some time back one Madrasi by name Somasundaram came to Delhi with a view to get a job. His brother who is an executive officer in a business concern, seeing his bad hand-writing advised him to copy at least one or two columns from any newspaper daily and he warned him also that he (Somasundaram) should never try to approach any employer for a job unless and until he was able to write a good hand. Somasundaram did so for three months, and now he is employed in a good business concern on some decent salary.

Students should make every possible effort in learning to write well. First they should write slowly, and step by step increase their speed. A good hand-writing is indispensable for every one attending any government or commercial examinations. A good writer is one who not only writes well, but also fast. This will be acquired by constant practice.

## LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

Each time you laugh you add a day  
 On to your life, so people say ;  
 If that be true just read this page,  
 And reach a hundred years of age !

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on honesty. "Now, then," he said, pointing to a boy in the back row, "suppose a friend lent you his raincoat, and, putting it on, you found in one of the pockets a rupee which your friend had completely forgotten about. You wouldn't keep that rupee, would you ?"

"Certainly not, sir !"

"That is right," said the teacher. "What would you do ?"

"Spend it !"

The teacher was in a none too pleasant mood. "Rangu" he roared, "why were you absent yesterday ?" And the reply was "Please, sir, I went to my brother's wedding."

"And whom did he marry ?"

"A woman, sir."

"Idiot !" yelled the teacher, "did you ever hear of any one marrying a man ?"

"Yes, sir ; my sister,"

A teacher had been talking to the class about the guinea-pig and, describing it, observed : "It has no tail-to speak of."

Later the pupils were requested to write an essay on this animal, and the following is an extract from one paper : "The guinea-pig is a small animal covered with fur. It has a tiny tail, but you must not speak about it."

The following is a "leave-letter" actually received from a boy in the Fourth Form :—

"Sir,—I cordially ask of you to forgive me for my two day's absence akin to my being in board the ship which reached here on the morning of the 7th, I had to wait for seven days for the stamer, so that I anticipate an excuse from you."

— Mangalore College Miscellany.

## NEWS AND NOTES OF INTEREST

### \* Motor Journey From England To Australia.

Two Englishmen and an Australian, who are motoring from England to Australia in a twelve H. P. British car arrived in Calcutta on Sept. 2., from Delhi, after completing 9,000 miles of their journey.

Leaving England on June 16, they motored across France to Marseilles and then crossed over to Algeria. After passing through Iraq and Persia, they entered Pakistan.

Their tour from Quetta to Lahore via the Bolan pass was one of the most difficult parts of the journey. From Lahore they went to Delhi and then via the Grand Trunk Road to Calcutta from where they propose to take a boat to Darwin in North Australia and then motor down to Sydney. Mr. R. Benson, owner of the car, proposes to settle in Australia.

### Earning While Learning.

Over 40,000 students of Uttar Pradesh searched for jobs during the last summer vacation in pursuance of their self-help drive, according to figures collected by the U. P. Students' Congress.

The President of the Students' Congress in a statement, said that the education had become so costly that about 25,000 students including those registered in the employment exchanges were even now knocking about in search of part-time or full-time jobs to carry on their education.

The President suggested that a certain percentage of jobs should be kept in reserve for the students at least during summer months by the employers so that poor students might benefit from the employment.

### Flying as a Career.

Speaking on "Career for Young Men in Aviation" at the Crescent Hall, Triplicane, on Sept. 4., Mr. L. Venkatakrishnan, Chairman, Madras Flying Club, appealed to the youths of the country to take to aviation, which afforded them better prospects than other vocations. No other career, he said, gave as much scope for bettering one's prospects. The speaker referred to the great progress made in the field of aviation in the United States, Russia and other Western countries, and said that unless people with talent and intelligence came forward and availed themselves of the opportunities that lay before them, the country could not progress. By taking to aviation, they would not only be bettering their lot but also serve the country.

Mr. S. M. Fossil, who presided, said that with the achievement of independence, their responsibilities had increased, and it was up to their

young men to get themselves trained in technical lines and serve the country.

### **Leopard Escapes From Cage.**

A full-grown roaming leopard badly mauled an 18-year-old girl and two others in Shamsul Huda Road in a southern suburb of Calcutta early morning on 3rd October. A police flying squad killed the animal with three rounds of fire.

The beast was caught in the jungles of Assam and was brought to the city by an animal dealer for disposal. It broke the cage this morning and escaped.

After roaming for some time in the heart of the city, the leopard entered a bustee at the break of day. It encountered a girl, mauled her and two others in the room and then hid itself from the screaming bustee dwellers under a wooden cot.

The police were informed and a flying squad, equipped with wireless, rushed to the scene. They fired thrice at the crouching animal and killed it.

### **Mutt Elephant Shot Dead.**

The twenty-seven-year old elephant of His Holiness Sri Sankarachariar of Kamakoti Peetam who is camping at Tiruvisanallur ran amuck on 29th September. When the mahout took the elephant for bath, it caused injuries to the Mutt's horse which was tied close to it. The mahout also was attacked by the animal and later the roof in front of the Mutt was pulled down and an iron pillar was broken. Towards the evening, the elephant rushed towards Kumbakonam.

On receipt of information, under instructions from Mr. Gomathinayagam, Deputy Superintendent of Police, a section of reserve police under Inspector Kamirudeen went and shot the animal dead at night.

The elephant was till recently at Kollengode and had come down here about ten days ago.

### **Children's Books Exhibition.**

An exhibition of Tamil and English Books for children, will be held at the Muthialpet High School, Thambu Chetti Street, on October 19 and 20. Students' manuscripts and magazines will also be exhibited. The exhibition is being organised by the Children's Writers' Association, Rutland Gate Colony, Madras.



# THE STUDENT: NOVEMBER 1950.



VOLUME VI: NO. 3.

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## **REQUEST TO CONTRIBUTORS.**

*STUDENTS & TEACHERS will please send us contributions for publication in the next issue (December 1950) under the following heads:—*

**S.S.L.C. Section:—**I. Questions with model answers on the various subjects of the S.S.L.C. Course.

II. News and Reports of important activities in Schools e.g., Sports & Games; Anniversaries; opening functions, visits of distinguished persons etc.

III. Suggestions and healthy criticisms regarding the New Education Schemes:—Citizenship & Social Study Activities, School Parliaments, Class Councils, etc., etc.

**Note:—**Contributions by High School Pupils *should be certified to be genuine by the Headmasters concerned.*

## WHY DO WE PUBLISH THE STUDENT IN ENGLISH?

We resume publication of the monthly *in the English language* for the following among other reasons :—

(1) English has come to stay and the tendency for acquiring a knowledge of that language among those who desire it should be encouraged. Besides, it is a compulsory second language to be studied in the Secondary Schools of South India.

(2) Quite a good number of desirable periodicals in the various regional languages are available for High School Students.

(3) The number of hours allotted for English teaching in High Schools has greatly been reduced of late and students have no opportunity to read extra books in English as in the past. The **STUDENT** will supply this need.

(4) As it is our desire that students at the High School stage, at least in South India should be benefited by our journal we can think of no other language in which we could publish the periodical at present, thus **servinḡ a larger number in a wider area.**

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

(Continued from page 42 of October issue).

- (9) Sri T. P. Santhanakrishna Naidu, B.A. L.T., Deputy Director of Public Instruction, Madras :—

Thanks for the copy of the October issue of the STUDENT which I have read with interest. I am glad to see the improvement over the previous issue. (24—10—50)

- (10) The Swadesamitran (Tamil Daily) Madras :—

We welcome the publication of this Journal specially intended for High School pupils. However much students may attain proficiency in the mother tongue and Hindi, without a sound knowledge of the English language they cannot progress in this world. This is a useful magazine which provides facilities to students for expressing themselves in English. Students and Teachers of High Schools are contributing articles to this Journal. We daresay that students will highly value this periodical.

(24—10—50)

- (11) The (Madras) Mail :—

The STUDENT, a magazine edited by T. E. V. Sarma, is intended, as its name suggests, mainly for students but it contains also articles of interest to the general public. Explaining the reason why the journal is in English, the publishers say that English has come to stay in this country, and those who desire to learn and enjoy it should be helped to do so. They add; "The number of hours allotted for English teaching in High Schools has been greatly reduced of late, and students have no opportunity to read extra books in English."

(29—10—50)

- (12) Ezhuchi Murasu (a Tamil Fortnightly) of Tinnevely :—

This English Monthly will help the students just as a Teacher. It contains model questions and Answers for English lessons of the S. S. L. C. (1951). The essays and stories published will help the students to acquire a sound foundation in the English language. He is not a STUDENT who does not possess a copy of THE STUDENT.

(5—11—50)

- (13) Sri R. Krishnamachariar, B.A., L.T., Dy. Inspector of Schools, Mylapore :—

I thank you very much for the two issues of your STUDENT which you so kindly sent to me. What I specially notice in your journal is that the language and matter are both exceedingly suitable to the average School Final Student, the level being neither above nor below. I particularly appreciate the flowing and racy style. I wish all success to your enterprise and hope that your journal will become very popular in the Student World.

(10—11—50)