國立中央圖書館
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大學教本

現代英文選

Modern English Selections for College Students

謝大任・徐燕謀

Revised and Enlarged

龍門聯合書局發行
THE LONGMANS BOOK INC.
Shanghai

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Modern English Selections
for
College Students

Selected and Annotated

by

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FOREWORD

Compiling textbooks seems to me a very thankless task. Among other things, the compiler is as much exposed to the charges of sins of omission and commission as the anthologist without the latter's compensation of feeling himself an arbiter of taste. Thus a good textbook like the present one bespeaks that rare combination of love of reading, interest in teaching, and a noble indifference to the pomps and vanity of authorship. Both Mr. Zia and Mr. Hsu are teachers of English of wide experience and great ability. Their selection is quite judicious. Some hardy perennials like Max's "On Seeing People Off" and Christopher Morley's "On Doors" have the charm of old familiar faces. The book is a well-assorted literary salad calculated to appeal to the varied tastes of that many-headed monster of a Freshman English class in a university.

The notes are extraordinarily good and accurate.

C. S. Ch'ien (錢鍾書)

July 14, 1946.

Shanghai

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1. AH, THE UNIVERSITY!

JOHN COLLIER

Just outside of London there lived an old father who dearly loved his only son. Accordingly, when the boy was a youngster of some eighteen years, the old man sent for him and, with a benevolent glimmer of his horn-rimmed spectacles, said, "Well, Jack, you are now done with preparatory school. No doubt you are looking forward to going to the university."

"Yes, Dad, I am," said the son.

"You show good judgment," said the father. "The best years of one's whole life are unquestionably those which are spent at the university. Apart from the vast honeycomb of learning, the mellow voices of the professors, the venerable gray buildings, and the atmosphere of culture and refinement, there is the delight of being in possession of a comfortable allowance."

"Yes, Dad," said the son.

"Rooms of one's own," continued the father, "little dinners to one's friends, endless credit with the tradespeople, pipes, cigars, claret, Burgundy, clothes."

"Yes, Dad," said the son.

"There are exclusive little clubs," said the old man, "all sorts of sports, May Weeks, theatricals, balls, parties, rags, binges, scaling of walls, dodging of proctors, fun of every conceivable description."

"Yes! Yes, Dad!" cried the son.

"Certainly nothing in the world is more delightful than being at the university," said the father. "The springtime of life! Pleasure after pleasure! The world seems a whole dozen of oysters, each with a pearl in it. Ah, the university! However, I'm not going to send you there."

"Then why the hell do you go on so about it?" said poor Jack.

"I did so in order that you might not think I was carelessly underestimating the pleasures I must call upon you to renounce," said his father. "You see, Jack, my health is not of the best;

nothing but champagne agrees with me, and if I smoke a second-rate cigar, I get a vile taste in my mouth. My expenses have mounted abominably and I shall have very little to leave to you, yet my dearest wish is to see you in a comfortable way of life."

"If that is your wish, you might gratify it by sending me to the university," said Jack.

"We have to think of the future," said his father, "You will have your living to earn. Unless you are content to be a schoolmaster or a curate, you are not likely to gain any great advantage from the university."

"Then what am I to be?" the young man asked.

"I read only a little while ago," said his father, "the following words, which flashed like sudden lightning upon the gloom in which I was considering your future: 'Most players are weak.' The words came from a little brochure upon the delightful and universally popular game of poker. It is a game which is played for counters, commonly called chips, and each of these chips represents an agreeable sum of money."

"Do you mean that I am to be a card-sharper?" cried the son.

"Nothing of the sort," replied the old man promptly. "I am asking you to be strong, Jack. I am asking you to show initiative, individuality. Why learn what everyone else is learning? You, my dear boy, shall be the first to study poker as systematically as others study languages, science, mathematics, and so forth—the first to tackle it as a student. I have set aside a cozy little room with chair, table, and some completely new packs of cards. A bookshelf contains several standard works on the game and a portrait of Mr. Chamberlain hangs above the mantelpiece."

The young man's protests were vain, so he set himself reluctantly to study. He worked hard, mastered the books, wore the spots off a dozen packs of cards, and at the end of the second year he set out into the world with his father's blessing and enough cash to sit in on a few games of penny ante.

After Jack left, the old man consoled himself with his glass of champagne and his first-rate cigar and those other little pleasures which are the solace of the old and the lonely. He was getting on very well with these when one day the telephone rang. It was an overseas call from Jack, whose very existence the old man had forgotten.

"Hullo, Dad!" cried the son in tones of great excitement. "I'm in Paris, sitting in on a game of poker with some Americans."

"Good luck to you," said the old man, preparing to hang up the receiver.

"Listen, Dad!" cried the son. "It's like this. Well—just for once I'm playing without any limit."

"Lord have mercy on you!" said the old man.

"There's two of them still in," said the son. "They've raised me fifty thousand dollars and I've already put up every cent I've got."

"I would rather," groaned the old man, "see a son of mine at the university than in such a situation."

"But I've got four kings!" cried the young man.

"You can be sure the others have aces or straight flushes," said the old man. "Back down, my poor boy. Go out and play for cigarette ends with the habitués of your doss house."

"But listen, Dad!" cried the son. "This is a stud round. I've seen an ace chucked in. I've seen tens and fives chucked in. There isn't a straight flush possible."

"Is that so?" cried the old man. "Never let it be said I didn't stand behind my boy. Hold everything. I'm coming to your assistance."

The son went back to the card table and begged his opponents to postpone matters until his father could arrive, and they, smiling at their cards, were only too willing to oblige him.

A couple of hours later the old man arrived by plane at Le Bourget, and shortly thereafter, he was standing beside the card table, rubbing his hands, smiling, affable, the light glinting merrily upon his horn-rimmed spectacles. He shook hands with the Americans and noted their prosperous appearances. "Now what have we here?" said he, sliding into his son's seat and fishing out his money.

"The bet," said one of the opponents, "stands at fifty thousand dollars. Seen by me, It's for you to see or raise."

"Or run," said the other.

"I trust my son's judgement," said the old man. "I shall raise fifty thousand dollars before I glance at these cards in my hand." With that he pushed forward a hundred thousand dollars of his own money.

"I'll raise that hundred thousand dollars," said the first of his opponents.

"I'll stay and see," said the other.

The old man looked at his cards. His face turned several colors in rapid succession. A low and quivering groan burst from his lips and he was seen to hesitate for a long time, showing all the signs of an appalling inward struggle. At last he summoned up his courage and, pushing out his last hundred thousand (which represented all the cigars, champagne, and other little pleasures he had to look forward to), he licked his lips several times and said, "I'll see you."

"Four kings," said the first opponent, laying down his hand.

"Hell!" said the second. "Four queens."

"And I," moaned the old man, "have four knaves." With that he turned about and seized his son by the lapels of his jacket, shaking him as a terrier does a rat. "Curse the day," said he, "that I ever became the father of a damned fool!"

"I swear I thought they were kings," cried the young man.

"Don't you know that the 'v' is for valets?" said his father.

"Good God!" the son said. "I thought the 'v' was something to do with French kings. You know, Charles V and all those Louises. Oh, what a pity I was never at the university!"

"Go", said the old man. "Go there, or go to hell or wherever you wish. Never let me see or hear from you again." And he stamped out of the room before his son or anyone else could say a word, even to tell him it was high-low stud they were playing and that the four knaves had won half the pot.

The young man, pocketing his share, mused that ignorance of every sort is deplorable, and bidding his companions farewell, left Paris without further delay and very soon he was entered at the university.

2. CONFUCIUS THE PHILOSOPHER

CARL CROW

Master Kung kept his disciples under rigid mental discipline. He was careless or indifferent regarding their gratuities or fees, or food or clothing but would waste no time with a stupid pupil. A few for that reason gained a questionable fame for they are known to history only because of the humiliating reproofs the Master gave them. According to his own statements he made no attempt to sugar-coat the pill of learning. He once said in effect that in his teachings he would present one corner of a proposition and if the student could not from that construct the other three corners he bothered no more about him. No doubt that was his theory but his disciples were warmly attached to him and he was warmly attached to them and some of the least brilliant followed him for years, so in his teachings he was not so strict as this theory would indicate. He had no charity for sloth and laziness which he looked on as a contemptible weakness. He caught a lazy disciple asleep in the sun and cried out to the others:

'Rotten wood cannot be carved, a wall of dirty earth will not receive the trowel! What is the use of my trying to teach this fellow!'

He was by no means an ascetic and enjoyed a good meal and the glow of alcohol as well as any man but these were trivialities as compared to the more important things of life. But he was constantly impressing on his disciples the sacrifices that must be made in the name of scholarship and told them:

'The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort does not deserve the name of scholar.'

While he was quick to rebuke his disciples for silly questions and stupid comments, their unquestioning acceptance of his teachings brought equally prompt condemnation.

'Hui gives me no assistance,' he said of one of them. 'There is nothing that I say in which he does not delight.'

The Master was probably as fortunate in his involuntary selection of disciples as they were in their carefully considered selection of a master. Many of them were men of but little less than his own age who proved, by their later careers, the brilliancy of their minds and the soundness of their characters. The questions they put to him were not the idle inquiries of immature schoolboys but the earnest questionings of men who were able to feel a serious concern over the troubled period in which they lived and by their urgent questioning stimulated the mind of the Master. It is significant that his most notable and most discussed sayings are embodied in his informal conversations with his disciples and not with his more formal discourses to dukes, viscounts, barons and others who often asked for his advice.

One day a disciple approached him with an inquiry regarding a strange new ideal of human conduct which Lao-tze, the philosopher he had met at Loyang, had proposed and which was being seriously considered in some quarters.

'What do you say,' asked the disciple, 'about the idea that injury should be recompensed by kindness, that one should return good for evil?'

To Master Kung's logical mind there could be but one answer to a theory of this kind, which he rejected at once as vain idealism.

'If you returned kindness for injury, and good for evil,' he replied, 'what would you return for kindness and what for good? No! Recompense injury and evil with justice! Recompense kindness with kindness, good with good!'

A disciple on another occasion asked for a word which might serve as a general rule of conduct throughout life. The Master selected the word which has been translated as 'altruism' and then amplified its meaning by saying:

'Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you.'

It would of course be possible to fill several not uninteresting pages with quotations from the wise common-sense advice which Master Kung gave to his disciples but a few examples will suffice:

It is bootless to discuss accomplished facts, to protest against things past remedy, to find fault with bygone things.

Men's faults are characteristic. It is by observing a man's faults that one may come to know his virtues.

The scholar who is bent on studying the principles of virtue, yet is ashamed of poor clothing and coarse food, is not yet fit to receive instruction.

When you see a good man, think of emulating him; when you see a bad man, examine your own heart.

Without a sense of proportion, courtesy becomes oppressive, prudence degenerates into timidity, valour into violence, and candour into rudeness.

Though in making a mound I should stop when but one more basketful of earth would complete it, the fact remains that I *have* stopped. On the other hand, if in levelling it to the ground I advance my work by but one basketful at a time, the fact remains that I *am* advancing.

A great army may be robbed of its leader, but nothing can rob a poor man of his will.

To take an untrained multitude into battle is equivalent to throwing them away.

It is harder to be poor without murmuring than to be rich without arrogance.

Hopeless indeed is the case of those who can herd together all day long without once letting their conversation reach a higher plane, but are content to bandy smart and shallow wit.

The serious fault is to have faults and not try to mend them.

Men's natures are all alike; it is their habits that carry them far apart.

Men who are of grave and stern appearance, but inwardly weak and unprincipled—are they not comparable to the lowest class of humanity—sneak thieves who break into the house at night?

Your goody-goody people are really the ones who are the thieves of virtue.

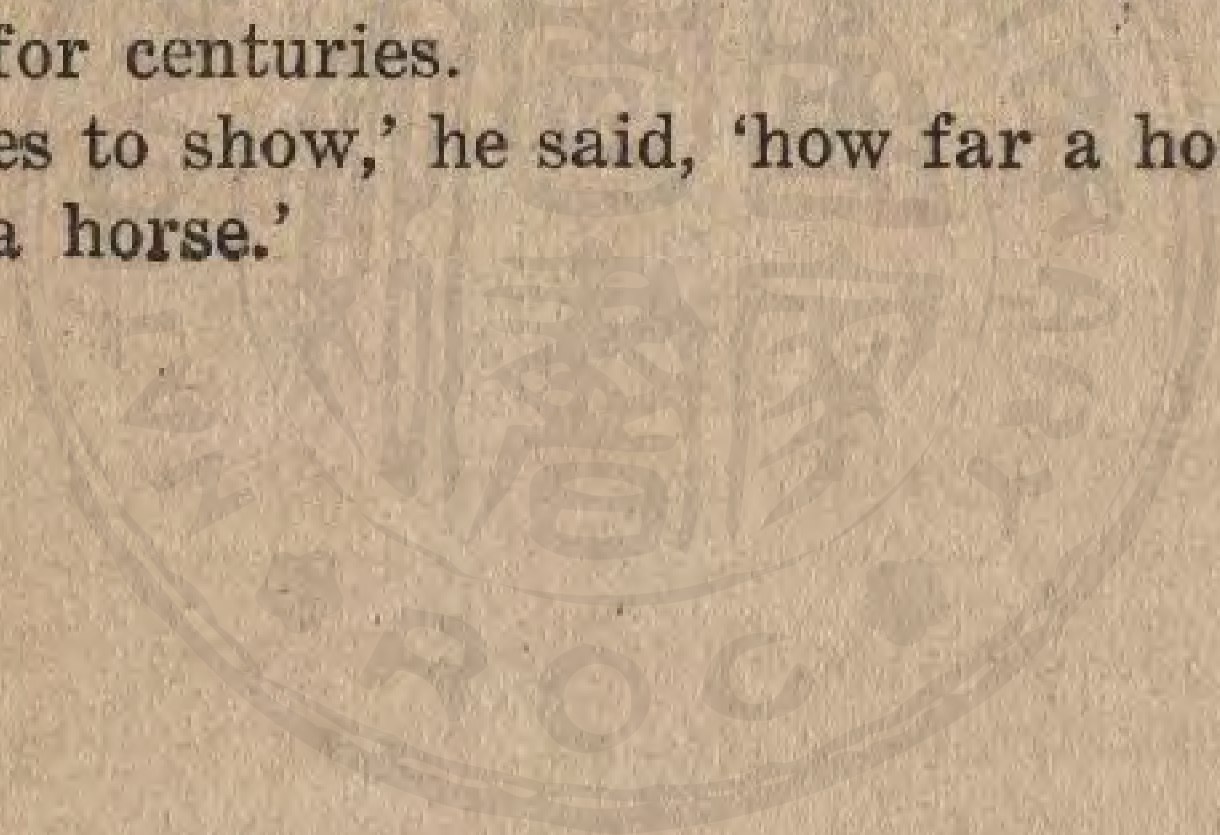
One of his human vanities which has been shared by most men was a conceit that he could appraise the character of men—not only of the great men of the past but of living men of lesser importance, including his disciples. He was constantly studying the characters, not only of the people about him but of historical personages, and his appraisals were in most cases surprisingly accurate. He was rather dogmatic about this and like all others who try to accurately calculate such an uncertain and variable

factor as human character, he sometimes went wrong. With experience he grew more discreet.

'At first,' he said, 'my way with men was to hear their words and give them credit for their conduct. Now my way is to hear their words, and look at their conduct.'

He did not believe that a man could conceal his character. One of his disciples was of such an unprepossessing—not to say stupid—appearance that the Master did not expect even mediocre achievements from him yet he turned out to be one of the most brilliant of the band and later founded an important school of disciples of his own. Another disciple who gained great fame and who is accorded high honours in the Confucian temples was distinguished for little except his own unswerving loyalty and the Master's favouritism. When the high honours which had been heaped on this disciple were called to the attention of a dour old scholar, the latter made a remark over which other Chinese scholars have chuckled for centuries.

'It only goes to show,' he said, 'how far a horse fly can travel on the tail of a horse.'



SEEING PEOPLE OFF

MAX BEERBOHM

I am not good at it. To do it well seems to me one of the most difficult things in the world, and probably seems so to you, too.

To see a friend off from Waterloo to Vauxhall were easy enough. But we are never called on to perform that small feat. It is only when a friend is going on a longish journey, and will be absent for a longish time, that we turn up at the railway station. The dearer the friend, and the longer the journey, and the longer the likely absence, the earlier do we turn up, and the more lamentably do we fail. Our failure is in exact ratio to the seriousness of the occasion, and to the depth of our feeling.

In a room, or even on a door step, we can make the farewell quite worthily. We can express in our faces the genuine sorrow we feel. Nor do words fail us. There is no awkwardness, no restraint, on either side. The thread of our intimacy has not been snapped. The leave-taking is an ideal one. Why not, then, leave the leave-taking at that? Always, departing friends implore us not to bother to come to the railway station next morning. Always, we are deaf to these entreaties, knowing them to be not quite sincere. The departing friends would think it very odd of us if we took them at their word. Besides, they really do want to see us again. And that wish is heartily reciprocated. We duly turn up. And then, oh then, what a gulf yawns! We stretch our arms vainly across it. We have utterly lost touch. We have nothing at all to say. We gaze at each other as dumb animals gaze at human beings. We 'make conversation'—and *such* conversation! We know that these friends are the friends from whom we parted overnight. They know that we have not altered. Yet, on the surface, everything is different; and the tension is such that we only long for the guard to blow his whistle and put an end to the farce.

On a cold grey morning of last week I duly turned up at Euston, to see off an old friend who was starting for America.

Overnight, we had given him a farewell dinner, in which sadness was well mingled with festivity. Years probably would elapse before his return. Some of us might never see him again. Not ignoring the shadow of the future, we gaily celebrated the past. We were as thankful to have known our guest as we were grieved to lose him; and both these emotions were made manifest. It was a perfect farewell.

And now, here we were, stiff and self-conscious on the platform; and framed in the window of the railway-carriage was the face of our friend; but it was as the face of a stranger—a stranger anxious to please, an appealing stranger, an awkward stranger. 'Have you got everything?' asked one of us, breaking a silence. 'Yes, everything,' said our friend, with a pleasant nod. 'Everything,' he repeated, with the emphasis of an empty brain. 'You'll be able to lunch on the train,' said I, though the prophecy had already been made more than once. 'Oh, yes,' he said with conviction. He added that the train went straight through to Liverpool. This fact seemed to strike us as rather odd. We exchanged glances. 'Doesn't it stop at Crewe?' asked one of us. 'No,' said our friend, briefly. He seemed almost disagreeable. There was a long pause. One of us, with a nod and a forced smile at the traveller, said 'Well!' The nod, the smile and the unmeaning monosyllable were returned conscientiously. Another pause was broken by one of us with a fit of coughing. It was an obviously assumed fit, but it served to pass the time. The bustle of the platform was unabated. There was no sign of the train's departure. Release—ours, and our friend's—was not yet.

My wandering eye alighted on a rather portly middle-aged man who was talking earnestly from the platform to a young lady at the next window but one to ours. His fine profile was vaguely familiar to me. The young lady was evidently American, and he was evidently English; otherwise I should have guessed from his impressive air that he was her father. I wished I could hear what he was saying. I was sure he was giving the very best advice; and the strong tenderness of his gaze was really beautiful. He seemed magnetic, as he poured out his final injunctions. I could feel something of his magnetism even where I stood. And the magnetism, like the profile, was vaguely familiar to me. Where had I experienced it?

In a flash I remembered. The man was Hubert Le Ros. But how changed since last I saw him! That was seven or eight years ago, in the Strand. He was then (as usual) out of an engagement, and borrowed half-a-crown. It seemed a privilege to lend anything to him. He was always magnetic. And why his magnetism had never made him successful on the London stage was always a mystery to me. He was an excellent actor, and a man of sober habit. But, like many others of his kind, Hubert le Ros (I do not, of course, give the actual name by which he was known) drifted speedily away into the provinces; and I, like every one else, ceased to remember him.

It was strange to see him, after all these years, here on the platform of Euston, looking so prosperous and solid. It was not only the flesh that he had put on, but also the clothes, that made him hard to recognize. In the old days, an imitation fur coat had seemed to be as integral a part of him as were his ill-shorn lantern jaws. But now his costume was a model of rich and sombre moderation, drawing, not calling, attention to itself. He looked like a banker. Any one would have been proud to be seen off by him.

'Stand back, please!' The train was about to start, and I waved farewell to my friend. Le Ros did not stand back. He stood clasping in both hands the hands of the young American. 'Stand back, sir, please!' He obeyed, but quickly darted forward again to whisper some final word. I think there were tears in her eyes. There certainly were tears in his when, at length, having watched the train out of sight, he turned round. He seemed, nevertheless, delighted to see me. He asked me where I had been hiding all these years; and simultaneously repaid me the half-crown as though it had been borrowed yesterday. He linked his arm in mine, and walked with me slowly along the platform, saying with what pleasure he read my dramatic criticisms every Saturday.

I told him, in return, how much he was missed on the stage. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I never act on the stage nowadays.' He laid some emphasis on the word 'stage,' and I asked him where, then, he did act. 'On the platform,' he answered. 'You mean,' said I, 'that you recite at concerts?' He smiled. 'This,' he whispered, striking his stick on the ground, 'is the platform I mean.' Had

his mysterious prosperity unhinged him? He looked quite sane. I begged him to be more explicit.

'I suppose,' he said presently, giving me a light for the cigar which he had offered me, 'you have been seeing a friend off?' I assented. He asked me what I supposed *he* had been doing. I said that I had watched him doing the same thing. 'No,' he said gravely. 'That lady was not a friend of mine. I met her for the first time this morning, less than half an hour ago, *here*,' and again he struck the platform with his stick.

I confessed that I was bewildered. He smiled. 'You may,' he said, 'have heard of the Anglo-American Social Bureau?' I had not. He explained to me that of the thousands of Americans who annually pass through England there are many hundreds who have no English friends. In the old days they used to bring letters of introduction. But the English are so inhospitable that these letters are hardly worth the paper they are written on. 'Thus,' said Le Ros, 'the A. A. S. B. supplies a long-felt want. Americans are a sociable people, and most of them have plenty of money to spend. The A. A. S. B. supplies them with English friends. Fifty per cent of the fees is paid over to the friends. The other fifty is retained by the A. A. S. B. I am not, alas! a director. If I were, I should be a very rich man indeed. I am only an employé. But even so I do very well. I am one of the seers-off.'

Again I asked for enlightenment. 'Many Americans,' he said, 'cannot afford to keep friends in England. But they can all afford to be seen off. The fee is only five pounds (twenty-five dollars) for a single traveller; and eight pounds (forty dollars) for a party of two or more. They send that in to the Bureau, giving the date of their departure, and a description by which the seer-off can identify them on the platform. And then—well, then they are seen off.'

'But is it worth?' I exclaimed. 'Of course it is worth it,' said Le Ros. 'It prevents them from feeling "out of it." It earns them the respect of the guard. It saves them from being despised by their fellow-passengers—the people who are going to be on the boat. It gives them a *footing* for the whole voyage. Besides, it is a great pleasure in itself. You saw me seeing that young lady off. Didn't you think I did it beautifully?' 'Beautifully,' I admitted. 'I envied you. There was I—' 'Yes, I can imagine.

There were you, shuffling from head to foot, staring blankly at your friend, trying to make conversation. I know. That's how I used to be myself, before I studied, and went into the thing professionally. I don't say I'm perfect yet. I'm still a martyr to platform fright. A railway station is the most difficult of all places to act in, as you have discovered for yourself.' 'But,' I said with resentment, 'I wasn't trying to act. I really *felt.*' 'So did I, my boy,' said Le Ros. 'You can't act without feeling. What's-his-name, the Frenchman—Diderot, yes—said you could; but what did *he* know about it? Didn't you see those tears in my eyes when the train started? I hadn't forced them. I tell you I was *moved.* So were you, I dare say. But you couldn't have pumped up a tear to prove it. You can't express your feelings. In other words, you can't act. At any rate,' he added kindly, 'not in a railway station.' 'Teach me!' I cried. He looked thoughtfully at me. 'Well,' he said at length, 'the seeing-off season is practically over. Yes, I'll give you a course. I have a good many pupils on hand already; but yes,' he said, consulting an ornate notebook, 'I could give you an hour on Tuesdays and Fridays.'

His terms, I confess, are rather high. But I don't grudge the investment.

4. TURTLE EGGS FOR AGASSIZ

DALLAS LORE SHARP

In Agassiz's monumental four-volume work, *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*, there is one small sectional drawing of a fresh turtle egg. And in the preface there is one line in the catalogue of acknowledgments: "In New England I have received valuable contributions from Mr. J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro."

What story material lies concealed in that single line! Mr. J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro became, some years later, one of my college professors; and this is the tale as he told it to me.

"I was principal of an academy during my younger years," he began, "and was busy one day with my class when a large man suddenly filled the doorway and called out that he was Professor Agassiz. Would I get him some turtle eggs? Yes, I would. And would I get them to Cambridge *within three hours* from the time they were laid? Yes, I would.

"It seems that the great *Contributions* was finished but for one small yet very important bit of observation: Agassiz had carried the turtle egg through every stage of its development except the earliest—when the cell begins to segment, immediately upon its being laid. To get eggs fresh enough to show the incubation at this period had been impossible.

"We figured it all out. From the nearby pond, where we knew turtles bred, to the station was a drive of about three miles; from the station by express train to Boston, 35 miles; from Boston by cab to Cambridge another three. Forty miles in round numbers. It could be done.

"I started watching on May 14, two weeks ahead of the time that turtles might be expected to lay. A little before dawn I would drive to the pond, hitch my horse, and settle down close to the sandy shore, with my kettle of sand ready for the precious eggs. There I would eat my breakfast, eyes fixed on the pond, and get back in good season to open the academy.

"What mornings those were! The fresh odors of water lily and wild grape, and the dew-laid soil, I can taste them yet and hear yet the sounds of the waking day, the pickerel breaking the quiet with his swirl, the stir of feet and wings among the trees.

"There were a good many of those mornings, for the turtles evidently felt that *their* contribution to the Natural History of the United States could wait. I watched on, to the end of the second week in June, seeing the mists rise and vanish every morning, and along with them vanish, more and more, the poetry of my early morning vigil. Poetry and rheumatism cannot long dwell together, and I had begun to feel the rheumatism. But Agassiz was waiting, and the world was waiting, for those turtle eggs; and I would wait.

"Then came a mid-June Sunday morning. This was the day. As I slipped eagerly into my covert the head of an enormous turtle rose from the pond. The creature headed straight for the shore and scrambled out on the sand. Up a narrow cowpath she paddled, fixed purpose in her gait. And up the path, on all fours just like another turtle, I paddled. Discreetly behind her, I squeezed through fence rails, tin pail of sand swinging from between my teeth, into a wild pasture full of dewberry vines, excessively wet and briery. Suddenly she hove to, warped herself about, and doubled back at a clip that was thrilling. Single file, we bore across the pasture, across a powdery road, through another fence, and into a field of young corn. There she stopped and began to paw about in the loose soil. She was going to lay! Tail first, she began to bury herself before my staring eyes, until at last her shell just showed, like some old hulk in the sand along shore.

"Then, over the lonely fields, floated four strokes from the distant town clock. With a rush it came over me: this was *Sunday* morning, and there was no train till after nine. But there in the sand were the eggs! And Agassiz! And the great book! He should have them by seven o'clock if I had to gallop every mile. A horse could cover 40 miles in three hours if he had to! Upsetting the astonished turtle I scooped out her round white eggs, packed them with trembling fingers between layers of sand in my pail, and ran for my horse.

"He turned the rig out of the field on two wheels, while I shouted him on, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other—they must not be jarred.

"We pounded down the wood-road. We were rounding a turn when I heard the quick sharp whistle of a locomotive, then the *puff, puff, puff*, of a starting train. But what train? I pulled into a road that paralleled the track and, topping a little hill, I saw a freight train gathering speed, coming toward me—headed for Boston! With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet, I swung him across a field and onto the track. The engineer saw me standing up, waving my arms, the tin pail swinging in my teeth. He blew his whistle, but to no avail.

"The train ground to a stop. I backed off the track, leaped out and swung aboard the cab. The astonished engineer and fireman offered no resistance. They hadn't time; and I looked strange, not to say dangerous. Hatless, dewsoaked, smeared with yellow mud, and holding, as if it were a baby or a bomb, a little tin pail of sand.

"'Throw her wide open,' I commanded. 'These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast!'

"Then they knew I was crazy. I kissed my hand to the horse, grazing unconcernedly, and gave a smile to my crew. They threw the throttle wide open, and away we went. The fireman held onto his shovel, the engineer kept in his hand a big ugly wrench. I caught enough of their talk above the roar of the swaying engine to understand that they were driving ahead under full steam with the intention of handing me over to the police. As we whizzed on, I beamed at them; and they at me. And the fireman beamed at the engineer, with a look that said, 'See the lunatic grin; he likes it!'

"The towering dome of the State House flashed into view. I might have leaped from the cab and run the rest of the way had I not caught the eye of the engineer watching me narrowly. To him I was an escaped lunatic.

"Suddenly, as we were nearing the outer freight yard, the train slowed down and came to a stop. I was ready to jump but I had no chance. They had nothing to do, apparently, but to

guard me. I looked at my watch. It was only six o'clock, with a whole hour to get to Cambridge. But I didn't like this delay.

"'Gentlemen,' I began, but was cut short by an express train roaring past. Then we were moving again, slowly, at a turtle's pace. The fireman, reaching for the bell-rope, left the way to the cab door free—and I jumped, landed in soft sand and made a line for the yard fence. I climbed over to the street—and yonder stood a cab!

"Here was the last lap. The cabman saw me coming, and squared away. I waved a dollar at him. A dollar can cover a good deal, but I was too much for one dollar. I pulled out another, thrust both at him, and dodged into the cab, calling, 'Harvard College. Professor Agassiz's house. I've got eggs for Agassiz!' It was nearly half—past six.

"'Let him out!' I ordered. 'Another dollar if you make Agassiz's house in 20 minutes!'

"Whirling into Cambridge Street, we took the bridge at a gallop, the driver shouting something in Hibernian to a pair of waving arms and brass buttons. Across the bridge with a rattle and a jolt that put the eggs in jeopardy and on over the cobblestones we went. Half standing, to lessen the jar, I held the pail in one hand and held myself with the other, afraid to look at my watch. Suddenly there was a lurch, and I dove forward, ramming my head into the front of the cab and sending half of my pail of eggs helter-skelter over the floor.

"It was Agassiz's house. I tumbled out, and pounded at the door. Soon a frightened maid appeared.

"'Agassiz,' I gasped. 'Quick!'

"'Go 'way, sir. Professor Agassiz is asleep. I'll call the police.'

"Just then a door was flung open, a white-robed figure appeared on the stair landing, and a loud voice called excitedly—

"'Let him in! He has my turtle eggs!'

"And the apparition, slipperless, came sailing down the stairs.

"The maid fled. The great man laid hold of me with both hands, dragging me and my precious pail into his study, and with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs, as the watch in my trembling hand ticked to seven.

"I was in time. There stands my copy of the great book. I am proud of the humble part I had in it."

And there it is—a sectional drawing of a bit of the mesoblastic layer of a fresh turtle egg; one line of thanks in a preface.

5. WAR

GEORGE SANTAYANA

To fight is a radical instinct; if men have nothing else to fight over they will fight over words, fancies, or women, or they will fight because they dislike each other's looks, or because they have met walking in opposite directions. To knock a thing down, especially if it is cocked at an arrogant angle, is a deep delight to the blood. To fight for a reason and in a calculating spirit is something your true warrior despises; even a coward might screw his courage up to such a reasonable conflict. The joy and glory of fighting lie in its pure spontaneity and consequent generosity; you are not fighting for gain, but for sport and for victory. Victory, no doubt, has its fruits for the victor. If fighting were not a possible means of livelihood the bellicose instinct could never have established itself in any long-lived race. A few men can live on plunder, just as there is room in the world for some beasts of prey; other men are reduced to living on industry, just as there are diligent bees, ants, and herbivorous kine. But victory need have no good fruits for the people whose army is victorious. That it sometimes does so is an ulterior and blessed circumstance hardly to be reckoned upon.

Since barbarism has its pleasures it naturally has its apologists. There are panegyrists of war who say that without a periodical bleeding a race decays and loses its manhood. Experience is directly opposed to this shameless assertion. It is war that wastes a nation's wealth, chokes its industries, kills its flower, narrows its sympathies, condemns it to be governed by adventurers, and leaves the puny, deformed, and unmanly to breed the next generation. Internecine war, foreign and civil, brought about the greatest setback which the life of reason has ever suffered; it exterminated the Greek and Italian aristocracies. Instead of being descended from heroes, modern nations are descended from slaves; and it is not their bodies only that show it. After a long peace, if the conditions of life are propitious, we observe a people's energies burst-

ing their barriers; they become aggressive on the strength they have stored up in their remote and unchecked development. It is the unmutilated race, fresh from the struggle with nature (in which the best survive, while in war it is often the best that perish), that descends victoriously into the arena of nations and conquers disciplined armies at the first blow, becomes the military aristocracy of the next epoch and is itself ultimately sapped and decimated by luxury and battle, and merged at last into the ignoble conglomerate beneath. Then, perhaps, in some other virgin country a genuine humanity is again found, capable of victory because unbled by war. To call war the soil of courage and virtue is like calling debauchery the soil of love.

Blind courage is an animal virtue indispensable in a world full of dangers and evils where a certain insensibility and dash are requisite to skirt the precipice without vertigo. Such animal courage seems therefore beautiful rather than desperate or cruel, and being the lowest and most instinctive of virtues it is the one most widely and sincerely admired. In the form of steadiness under risks rationally taken, and perseverance so long as there is a chance of success, courage is a true virtue; but it ceases to be one when the love of danger, a useful passion when danger is unavoidable, begins to lead men into evils which it was unnecessary to face. Bravado, provocativeness, and a gambler's instinct, with a love of hitting hard for the sake of exercise, is a temper which ought already to be counted among the vices rather than the virtues of man. To delight in war is a merit in the soldier, a dangerous quality in the captain, and a positive crime in the statesman.

The panegyrist of war places himself on the lowest level on which a moralist or patriot can stand and shows as great a want of refined feeling as of right reason. For the glories of war are all blood-stained, delirious, and infected with crime; the combative instinct is a savage prompting by which one man's good is found in another's evil. The existence of such a contradiction in the moral world is the original sin of nature, whence flows every other wrong. He is a willing accomplice of that perversity in things who delights in another's discomfiture or in his own, and craves the blind tension of plunging into danger without reason, or the idiot's pleasure in facing a pure chance. To find joy in another's

trouble is, as man is constituted, not unnatural, though it is wicked; and to find joy in one's own trouble, though it be madness, is not yet impossible for man. These are the chaotic depths of that dreaming nature out of which humanity has to grow.

6. A TRUE STORY HAUNTED HIM

ANTHONY ABBOT

My friend had, like many other eminently successful men, a secret ambition that was never satisfied: he yearned to write mystery yarns, but never found time to try.

"One story haunts my mind," he told me. "It was a terrifying experience that actually happened to a young girl I used to know. Would you like to hear it?"

At my eager "Yes, sure!" his pleased laugh rang out in the vaulted, oddly shaped study where we sat.

The girl's name, he began, was Marjorie. A penniless lass with a long pedigree and a sweet face, she had been raised by a scheming aunt to find a million dollars and marry it. So when, at 17, Marjorie fell in love with a poor medical student, the aunt promptly arranged to take her niece abroad. In the '90's that was still standard technique. The young lady could cool her ardor amid the Alpine snows of a Swiss finishing school.

As luck would have it, two days before sailing time Auntie was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. This, Marjorie thought, meant a reprieve—but no! Safely out of the ether, Auntie commanded Marjorie to go off without her; the family lawyer must find a chaperone immediately! This turned out to be no problem at all, for an agent of the steamship line reported that an American nun, Sister Agatha, would also be traveling alone, and glad to watch over the young passenger.

Until the last gong of the midnight sailing, Marjorie was on the hurricane deck with her medical student. She wept when he ran down the gangplank; sobbed as he stood on the dock, waving. When at last the lonely girl went to her cabin, Sister Agatha was already sleeping.

At sunrise Marjorie was awakened by rowdy passengers singing on their way to bed. The curtains of the nun's bed were still closed. Very softly, she put bare feet into slippers, pulled a

robe around her and went toward the bathroom—only to halt on the threshold, gasping with horror.

For what she saw standing before the basin mirror was a tall figure robed like a Sister—but a lather of soap was smeared over cheeks and chin, and in one uplifted hand gleamed a razor.

Sister Agatha was shaving!

Marjorie wanted to scream for help, to fly out of the room. She could do nothing; her throat felt paralyzed, her body bound. Slowly the man lowered the razor, his unwavering gaze fixed upon her. She saw that the coarse face was livid; the luster of intolerable hate and fear shone in the hard, green eyes.

"Don't say one word—if you want to live!" he warned her.

There was a roaring in Marjorie's ears and a faraway thudding that was not the ship's engines but her pounding heart.

"Grab hold of the door!" he called. "You'd better not faint, I wouldn't like it."

She swallowed hard and heard her own voice, remote and unreal, saying, "I'm all right—thank you."

He honed the razor on the rump of his palm and smiled.

"Kid, there's not one thing in this world you've got to be scared about—so long as you behave yourself."

Striding forward, he towered over her. "You understand, I never figured you in this deal at all. My friends just took over a Sister they knew about and brought me her ticket and this rig. Oh, they'll let her go all right, when I'm safe on the other side. All I wanted was to lay low the whole trip, but last night who braces me when I come on board but the captain? And by just keeping quiet, I find out Sister Agatha is supposed to have you on her hands.... you thought I was asleep when you came in, didn't you?"

He gave her an unhallowed smile. "Well, kid—we're stuck with each other. And for the rest of this trip you're not getting out of my sight. Night or day! One peep out of you and I cut your throat."

He reached out and touched her hand with a cold forefinger. "And get one more thing straight. If you're scared about anything else—forget it. I got no romantic ideas. You're as safe with me as in your mammy's arms. Just so long," he added, "as you stick to the routine."

Then began for Marjorie what seemed a hopeless eternity of terror. The man refused to sleep except in dark-of-the-morning snatches, rolled up against the door. The day would begin early; she would open her eyes before sunup. Very quietly she would lie there, listening to the throbbing engines—and her flesh would begin to creep as she remembered that another day of dread was beginning for her.

When she took her bath, he sat outside the bolted door. All their meals were brought to the cabin; the counterfeit nun watched in bleak silence while stewards made the beds. When the ship's doctor came around on his daily visit, Marjorie had to do the talking, even to asking for draughts of sleeping medicine, according to the man's orders—for under the flowing black robes a pistol was pointed unswerving at her head.

In the midst of the voyage there came a gray fog, as if the ocean itself had taken the veil; out of the porthole nothing but damp emptiness, and all night and all day the incessant bleating of the ship's horn. It got on her nerves so that she began to sob.

He laid a rough palm over her mouth. "No hysterics!" he warned. "You sit down there now and read me one of your books."

She began to read aloud from a novel—a story of a guilty love, and it promptly stirred the imposter to virtuous indignation. "What kind of reading is that for a young girl?" he rasped, and hurled the book through the porthole. "Haven't you any respectable literature?"

So she read to him from the Bible. While Scripture bewildered him, he seemed to like St. Matthew and some of the Psalms. For a while, Marjorie had the childish hope that the Gospel might reform him, but he became even more hard, jumpy and suspicious the nearer they came to port.

One day he whirled on her and snarled, "Put that book down. What do you think is going to become of me?"

She thought for a moment and answered carefully, "If they've found out, back in New York, they must have cabled to the other side. Won't there be detectives waiting for you?"

"That ain't likely in New York," he said. "And on this ship nobody knows. Except you!"

He stopped and studied her with an insane sparkle in his eyes.

"Except you!" he repeated.

And that was when the pity and fear that she had come to feel for him gave way to panic. They both knew it was in her power to denounce him, once they got to port; and to bear witness against him, if he were ever caught. Tomorrow morning they would reach Cherbourg; the very hours of her life might be numbered.....

Yet, in spite of all her fears, Marjorie fell soundly asleep on that last night out. When she awoke, the ship was anchored in the harbor; and at her bedside stood the doctor, captain and nurse.

As she struggled up, she saw a heap of dark clothing on the opposite bed. The doctor patted her shoulder and said, "You have had a terrible experience, my dear. He left you this note."

And she read: "So long, Marjorie—and thanks for being a good sport and a damn fine girl. You wait for that nice medical student you told me about; your heart knows better than your Auntie. I apologize for putting that big dose of sleeping stuff in your coffee—but it had to be done, because I had to undress. I'm going through the porthole. I've never really hurt anybody yet, and if I get out of this I never will. There was a time when I might have cut your throat except for the part you read me about the thief on the Cross. That was a new one on me."

There was no signature.

A little silver clock chimed one. Time to go to bed. I thanked my friend and promised him that some day I would try to tell his story. And then, as I left the oval study of the White House, with its ship models and stamp albums and many historic treasures, I said good night to my friend who wanted to write mystery stories—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

7. INDUSTRIALIZING THE GOOD EARTH

JOHN EARL BAKER

The United States took a hundred years for her industrial transformation. Today the popular question is whether China can transform herself in a decade. But a more basic question is how fast China can afford to transform herself. Americans wish for the Chinese the same things they have themselves: coal mines, hydroelectric dams, steel mills, motor factories, and so on. But it is probably less important to blue-print immense dams and factories than to survey the Chinese scene and determine which things need to be done first.

The first things that one sees are obstacles. China is not a country of cities but of villages and farms, on which live some 85 percent of the people. The discipline of the individual is patriarchal. The word of the head of the house is law. The child is conditioned from infancy to respect and obey his elders. The village is in effect a family.

In China practically all disputes are settled by an impromptu jury of one's peers. As soon as voices are raised, passers-by stop to listen. Soon someone offers a compromise, others perhaps suggest variations. A solution is found and accepted. Chinese, instinctively, are very responsive to the judgments of these impromptu courts. And when there is law in the streets, there is seldom law in the courts. Before the Republic, there was no statute law at all in China—merely old custom and imperial edicts. It was inconceivable that men should get together and write out rules that should on all occasions be binding on everybody. Under the Republic legal codes have been formulated, but judges still find themselves impelled to follow custom rather than the code.

This attitude gives direction to the whole course of business. For example, in Western countries, large-scale business is done on terms set forth in written contracts. Sharp practice consists of strict compliance with the language of the contract but profitable departure from the spirit of it. To the Chinese, however, a

written contract is more in the nature of an *aide-mémoire.* The agreement is made not when each party signs it but when each looks the other in the eye and nods mutual understanding. And if conditions subsequently change so as to make the agreement unduly burdensome to one party, he naturally expects such revision of terms as will put both parties on an equal footing again. Anyone who refuses to make such an adjustment would be considered an active enemy, a Shylock standing on his bond—for equity and custom rather than law are the basis of most Chinese business.

The Chinese, lacking efficient courts, have a code of etiquette as binding as the Ten Commandments. Once I was able to protect my motor-car, baggage, and extra gasoline from a bandit gang by means of a ceremonial manner of extending a personal name card and an invitation to take tea. Having been treated like a gentleman, the bandit chief felt compelled to act like one.

But the complications involved in the management of corporations are beyond the possibilities of etiquette or of roadside arbitration. It is arguable on ethical grounds whether formal law is the best means to justice. On corporate grounds it is not arguable.

Obedience to commands is still a thing for which the individual Chinese has no respect. Hence he has not developed the Western technique of issuing instructions so that they will be understood, of implementing them without delay, of accurate timing, of inspection, of punishing all who fail to carry out the duty assigned. He has neither the instinct toward formal coöperation, which is essential to modern industry, nor the concept of loyalty to an abstract organization, on which coöperation rests.

A gang of workmen is called to rerail an overturned locomotive. Do they assume designated positions and at a word of command from the foreman proceed to apply tools and hoists? They do not. There will first be a voluble dispute between the foreman and at least half the assembled group. After 20 minutes of such "walla walla," they will fall to and oftentimes accomplish a miracle.

Such an organized thing as train dispatching is practically unknown in China, for engine drivers so suit themselves that a dispatcher's plan would result in continuous meets on single track. The writer was once in a head-on collision caused by the engine driver of an express train going to sleep in the baggage car,

depending on the No. 1 fireman to drive the train. The No. 1 that night had sent his brother instead—substitute sending is a time-honored custom—and the latter knew nothing about signals. Railway discipline is now improving. But Chinese industry as a whole suffers less from incompetence than from the amiability of discipline.

The Chinese frequently refer to their need for foreign technical assistance in order to make a success of industry. This is more courteous than correct. The number of well-trained Chinese engineers is rising rapidly. However, education in China brings with it certain ideas hard to fuse with industrial processes. The hands that produce the characters of the Chinese written language must be sensitive and supple. The learned, therefore, are not expected to do rough work. Furthermore, there are well-educated men and uneducated men, and very few men in between. Chinese society today is very short of industrial sergeants. So long as the educated are forbidden by custom to use their hands, and manual laborers have no mental training, industrial progress is hampered seriously.

Custom also hampers supervision. Western supervision includes frequent and close inspection not only of the quality of the work but of the procedure used. For the Chinese, such inspection seems to carry an insinuation of lack of intelligence or of ability or of good intention. The supervisor, aware of the sensitiveness of his subordinates, is therefore reluctant to inspect.

On day wages, the Chinese laborer is about the most accomplished loafer the writer has ever encountered. But on piecework he will put in long hours, do good work, improvise ingenious short-cuts, and, in a fashion, sing at his work. Chinese industry must cut loose from Western methods when it comes to handling labor, and make it possible to follow the traditional Chinese lines even in modern industry.

In every country there is some feeling of responsibility for the welfare of near relatives. In China the family is large and the responsibility great. There are always less able or less fortunate relatives whose claims are much more pressing and moral than are the claims of any partners outside the family, let alone unknown stockholders. Generally it is not considered dishonest to load the payroll with relatives, nor is it culpable to continue

in office a lazy manager of an unprofitable department. It is instead an admirable duty.

Thus the catalogues of obstacles that must be surmounted if China is to be industrialized is formidable. But the Chinese are an adaptable people and may find short-cuts to which the Western eye is blind. After all, Western industry is not entirely free of hindering practices—we merely have them under a sort of control.

Chinese industrialization has, in fact, begun. Before the war with Japan, several steel plants of modest size were showing signs of expansion. Several coal mines of large production were wholly Chinese owned. Chinese cotton mills, to all outward appearances, were holding their own with British and Japanese. All of the flour mills were Chinese owned and operated. Chemical factories, paint plants, tanneries, and many other ventures were working under wholly Chinese direction.

Many of these Chinese-owned enterprises have reached a size beyond that possible for individual or even family ownership. Several friends or friendly families often own them jointly. Somehow they have found ways of adapting Chinese etiquette to the demands of efficiency, sufficiently to make possible multiple ownership on a modest scale. Probably Chinese industrial concerns will not be able to attain the colossal proportions of their British or American models. But possibly there is no need that they should.

The Chinese people must be the principal market for the products of Chinese factories. The Chinese masses consume huge quantities of cotton cloth, cigarettes and a growing output of hand and machine tools—all machine-made products. Besides, there is a large demand for luxuries. This consumption and demand furnish a solid backlog for a limited industry in China, but only a great increase in demand could furnish a foundation for industrialization. That increase will have to start in rural China where practically all of the Chinese live.

The purchasing power of China's farming population is limited by the fact that farms average only four acres. So few acres simply cannot produce enough above the food necessities of the family to permit the purchase of the multitude of things that an industrial society can produce. A necessary step, therefore, is to increase farm yields, by seed selection, control of insects and plant

diseases, the use of commercial fertilizer, flood control and an improved irrigation system.

And it is not enough to increase crops; the part not used on the farm must be taken to market. Not only does the rail system require expansion but the whole transport system—railways, waterways and highways, eventually supplemented by airways.

Railways are comparatively an innovation in China. No Chinese would claim that they are operated efficiently, yet to send freight by rail costs only one 40th as much as to move it by man-power. Wherever the rails reach they thus release new purchasing power.

At Changhi delicious, juicy peaches frequently sold at ten for one copper before the railway came. Ripe Changhi peaches used to be carried 100 miles to Tientsin by swift runners. The price was so high that only a few wealthy Tientsin families could afford them. Naturally, few peaches were grown and most of the Changhi people eked out a poor living raising sheep. When the railway went through, peaches became as cheap in Tientsin that the demand was soon far beyond the supply. More trees were planted; the population devoted to horticulture increased many times; and peaches were available in Tientsin by the carload.

In Shansi coal may be had in many places for the picking up. In certain areas it was sold at the pit's mouth before the war for a dollar and a half, Chinese currency, per ton. Before the railway came, this coal could not be bought at any price in Shanghai. After the railway came, the price in Shanghai was $25 per ton and even so there was a great market, with the result that the coal-mining regions soon became populous.

If China's new industries are to be sound, they must utilize carefully and sensibly China's greatest item of wealth: her people. Theoretically the whole male population could devote half its time to industry, or half the male population could devote all its time. Actually, the former is preferable since at seed time and harvest the entire male population and even the women and children of farm families are needed.

If the industrial plant were near at hand, it would be feasible for one of the two men on the average farm to spend the greater part of his time in industry and return to the home acres for the critical days. But most sizable industrial plants are not near at

hand—and to make them near in point of time requires, first of all, a large investment in railways or other forms of transportation. Taking China as it is today, its labor power would be much more effectively utilized if manufacturing units of small size could be developed in the villages rather than in the big cities.

Many problems which arise from industrializing the good earth probably can be solved only by the trial-and-error method. Factories in being already have careful plans for expansion. Village industry and certain rural improvements are easily within the resources of the Chinese Government. Even when it comes to constructing large irrigation systems, harnessing the Yellow River, building railway, highway, and waterway networks, the problem is not so difficult as it first appears. If farmers are allowed to commute their taxes in the form of labor and perform the labor during periods of farm inactivity, tremendous works are possible with the manpower available.

Let no one, therefore, conclude that the prospect is too discouraging to deserve well-directed effort. The problem of industrialization, of progress toward a more abundant life in China, may be compared to the task of a warehouse laborer who must move a box of merchandise to a more favorable position: though it be so heavy he cannot carry it, he can lift one end; in this position he "walks" it, corner by corner, according to his will. But he can advance one corner only a limited distance ahead of the other; if he tries to go beyond the natural limit, he begins to turn back toward the original position, thus adding frustration to waste of effort.

8. FEAR

ROBERT LYND

I am afraid of so many things that I ought not to have been surprised, on taking rooms in a little cottage in Buckinghamshire, to find myself living in terror of the landlady. I was afraid to be late for breakfast, afraid to be late for lunch, afraid to be late for tea, afraid to be late for supper—she resolutely refused to cook me a hot dinner—and a little nervous even of being late going to bed. I do not think she meant to frighten me, for she was an honest, Christian woman, but she liked having her own way. She even compelled me to eat what she liked. In a sense, she always allowed me to choose, but I always found that in the end I had to choose exactly what she had chosen that I should choose. "What about lunch to-d'y, sir?" she would say to me, lingering in the doorway, a large, dark, smiling, intimidating figure, after she had put the breakfast on the table. I weighed the rival charms of various delicacies in my mind, almost tasting them as my thoughts lingered on them. Then, as my wants are of the simplest and I wished to give the woman no trouble, I would suggest tentatively: "What about a roast chicken and apple tart?" Her eyes with the dark rings under them would be quite expressionless as her massive head began to shake on her massive shoulders with a faint wobble of doubt. "I've got a nice bit of cold'am," she would say meditatively, fixing me with her eyes and turning up the corners of her mouth in a joyless smile. As I did not really care much, I said: "Good! Cold ham and apple tart will do splendidly." Again her face lengthened, and the massive head once more began to shake from side to side with a faint wobble on her massive shoulders. "I'm afryde I can't do pystry," she said mournfully. "Got no time," she explained, dwelling on the last word with emphasis and raising her voice as she uttered it. And then she would add, with a sickly smile of reproach at me for forgetting what I ought to have been old enough to remember: "There are only twenty-four hours in a d'y, y'know." "Oh, well," I would say, a little shame-

facedly, "make whatever gives the least trouble." She became almost winning at that. "Wot do you s'y to a little stewed rhubarb?" she would entice me, her hand still on the handle of the door. "Splendid!" I told her. "That's right," she said, nodding as if in approbation of a child that had been naughty and was now good; "stewed rhubarb and shype." Now, though not particularly fastidious about food, I can honestly say that I almost hate blancmange, so that I said to her hurriedly: "Oh, don't trouble about the shape. Stewed rhubarb will do splendidly." She became almost genial under the sacrifices I was making, one by one, to her convenience, but she absolutely refused to accept this one. "Oh, you shall 'ave your shype," she told me, wagging her head jocularly as she disappeared through the doorway. And I did.

One of the great disadvantages of being a coward is that one is constantly having to eat things that one does not wish to eat. One is not free from this necessity even at home, if one happens to be afraid of the servants. I remember, during the War, being very much afraid of a cook who was at once so brawny and so mysterious that we suspected her of being a deserter from the army disguising himself as a woman. One thing was certain: she was not a cook. At least, she did not know how to make soup. She did not know how much salt to put in; she did not know how much pepper to put in. And, as a result, each of us was confronted at table with a bowl of hot and greasy water, which first scalded the lips, then pickled the tongue, and, finally (so lavish had she been with the pepper), scorched the throat, so that at the end of the first spoonful everybody was breathing like a dog on a hot day. Now, it is easy enough for one person to get out of eating soup. All you have to do is to explain that you have been forbidden soup by the doctor. A cook cannot consider that an insult, and she may even sympathize with you as an invalid. This soup was so bad, however, that even our guests (of whom there were two present) seemed unwilling to go on with it, and it would obviously have been impossible to persuade the cook that a large number of men, women, and children, under forty, were all such dyspeptics as to have been forbidden soup by their doctors. To make such a pretence would have been hardly less insulting than to ring for the housemaid and tell her to take the stuff away. This

being so, there was no alternative but to dispose of the soup in some manner other than by eating it. Luckily, there was a second scullery in the house, and, though in order to reach it one had to go along a passage which would be visible to watchful eyes in the kitchen, there was a faint hope that the cook might not be looking. See us, then, one by one, guests, children, and all, tiptoeing along the passage, trembling in fear of demon eyes, each carrying a little bowl of soup, pouring it as quietly as possible down the sink, and hurrying furtively and feverishly back to our places at the table. How happy we felt when we were all safely in our seats again, our empty bowls before us, without having suffered a single casualty! To have outwitted the cook and the housemaid in this fashion seemed at the moment the supreme triumph of our lives. When the next course arrived, though I have no doubt it was as vilely cooked as the first one, we were so hilarious as a result of the success of our stratagem that we ate it as though it had been ambrosia. Fortunately, after a few days, the cook had stolen so many things that she decamped, leaving as little as she could but a memory of prodigal pepper behind her. Even to-day, when I think of her, I find myself gasping gently.

It is one thing, however, to make away with a bowl of soup in one's own house and quite another thing to make away with a blancmange in lodgings. I thought at first of opening the window and throwing the blancmange into a thick bush. I would have given it to the birds if I had been sure they would eat it. Then I considered the possibilities of the fire. If I could only have been certain that blancmange was one of those things that burn quickly! I pictured to myself, however, the little flat, white dome of blancmange still slowly sizzling on the top of the logs when the landlady came into the room to clear the things away, and I had not the courage to face the situation. Even if I were to beat it with the poker, I knew that I could not beat it so as to make it look like anything but blancmange. "Why, wot'ave you been doing to the fire?" the landlady would have said; and I am not one of those silver-tongued people who could have charmed her into believing that the blancmange had got there by accident. You may wonder why I did not wrap it in a piece of paper and throw it into a field later in the afternoon, but, though such a course is possible—and has even, I believe, been taken with rabit and with

suet pudding—it seems to me alien to the spirit of blancmange. If I were to put a parcel of this kind in my pocket, I should be sure to forget it. In the end, I braced myself to the inevitable. I ate the blancmange. It was even worse than I had feared; but it was not so bad as offending the landlady. After that I tried to avoid any recurrence of "shape" by standing out against all invitations to "choose" any kind of stewed fruit for any of my meals. My landlady might try to allure me with, "Wot would you s'y, sir, to a few stewed pru-ins?" but, guessing that they would be served with "shape," I assured her warmly that all I wanted was biscuits and cheese.

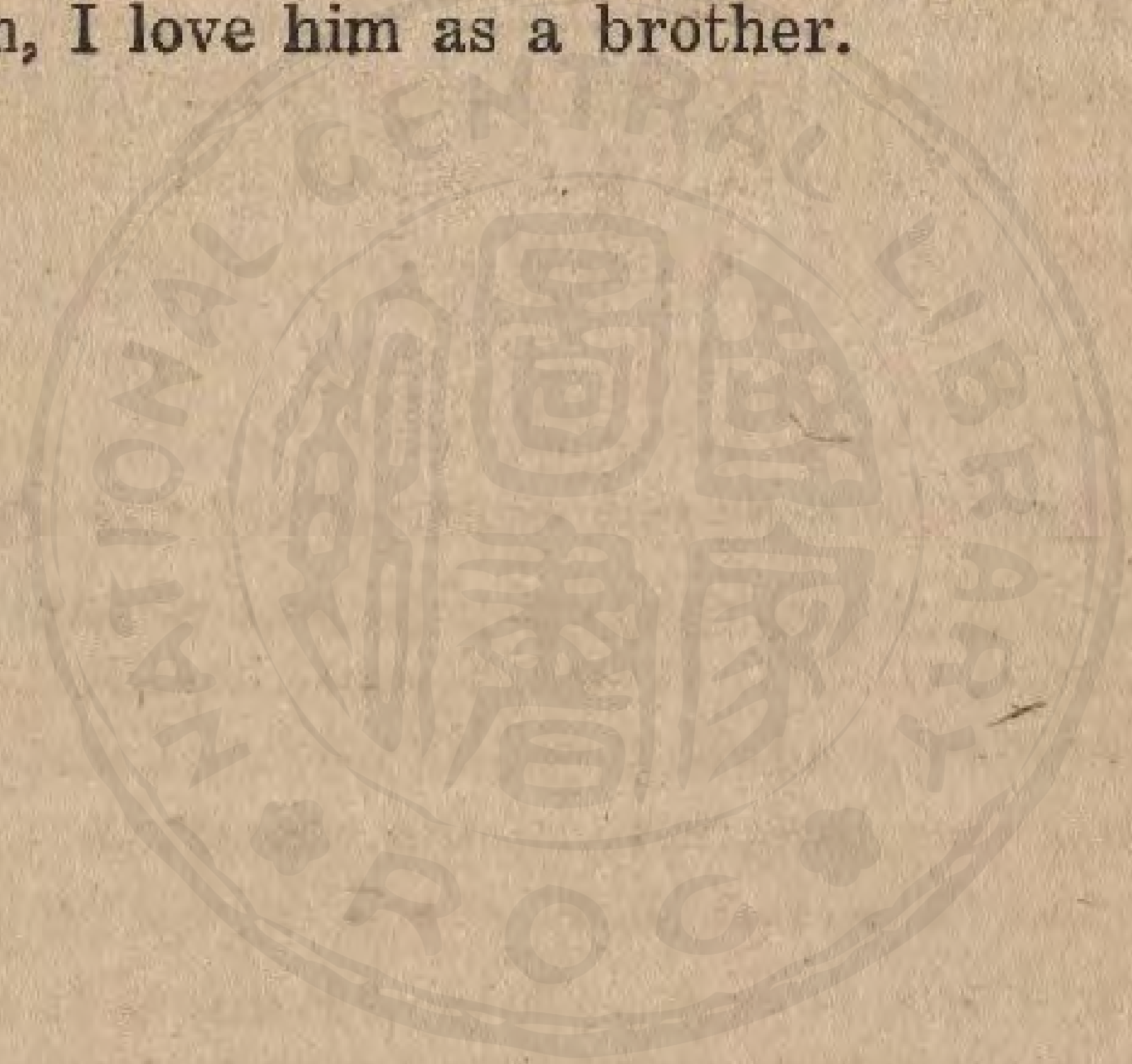
By an evil chance I fell a victim to the landlady's wiles again one day when, as we held our usual after-breakfast conversation, I happened to remark that I supposed she was kept fairly busy all the year round. "Oh, yes," she said, taking up the bacon dish, "I'm gen'rally pretty full." She nodded sagely. "People know where they'll be comfortable," she assured me; "they soon find out where they can get good food—good food and good, plyne cooking," she added, without even a shadow of a smile. She lowered her voice to a confidential tone and a brightness came into her face. "I tell you wot some of'em like," she said—"a nice boiled suet pudding with a little nice treacle. Wy, you 'aven't'ad it yet, I don't think! No. Just fancy! Wy, wot *can* I have been thinking about? I tell you wot, sir, you shall 'ave a little treat to-d'y. Yes, you shall 'ave it—a nice little boiled pudding with some nice treacle." It was in vain that I protested that I was a man of few needs and besought her not to give herself unnecessary trouble. "No trouble at all," she assured me; "and, if it is, well, once in a w'y, wot does it matter? Life's myde up of troubles," she added; and, as she swept out of the room, I could hear her murmuring, mechanically, "Yes, you shall 'ave it." And I did. When it appeared I confess I once more looked longingly at the fire, but again the thought that either the smell or the sizzle of a slab of burning pudding would betray me to the landlady frightened me. I was so demoralized by this time, indeed, that I should have felt guilty even if I had done the thing up into a parcel and taken it away to hide it in the woods. I had no will, though plenty of wish, left. Therefore, I ate a slice of the pudding, and congratulated the landlay on her cooking. "That's right," she said, as if com-

mending a child for swallowing a dose of medicine; "you shall 'ave it agyne." And I did.

Now it is a curious fact, worth the notice of psychologists, that if I went back to that neighbourhood again, I should go back to the same landlady, simply because I should be too great a coward to go anywhere else. I dare not pass her door if I stayed at a rival lodging-house. I should be afraid that she might be looking out of a window or standing at the gate, thinking things she was too civilized to say. And this fear of landladies, I believe, is not at all uncommon. I have known men who were very uncomfortable in their lodgings but who went on living in them because they had not the courage to give notice. When I was a boy, I knew an old gentleman who used to say the most ferocious things about his landlady behind her back, but who was all smiles and obeisance as soon as she came into the room. He was in the tea-trade and had a square beard and scandal-seeking eyes and walked with his toes turned out so far that his feet progressed sideways in the fashion to which Charlie Chaplin has since accustomed us. I used to meet him at "high tea," for he lodged in the same house and had his meals at the same table as a medical student who was a great friend of mine. The old gentleman used to sit at the head of the table, and as soon as the landlady had disappeared would denounce her because of the draught that came in under the door and swept round his ankles. He declared that he would leave if she did not have this remedied. Then he would pour himself out a cup of tea, and, after the first sip, would begin muttering an ever-increasing stream of blasphemies. "If I have told that woman the right way to make tea once," he declared, wrathfully, "I've told her a hundred times. You can't make good tea without first rinsing the pot with hot water. She knows that as well as I do, but she won't do it. I sometimes wonder whether she's only a lazy slut or whether she does it to annoy me." He angrily dipped his spoon into the cup and removed several floating tea-leaves. "I don't like either to hear or to make use of strong language, Mr. Lynd," he said, with the hairs of his eyebrows bristling, "But that woman's a bitch." She came into the room at that moment with a butter-knife she had forgotten. The old man's aspect changed in an instant to a smirk of greeting. "I was just looking for the butter-knife, Mrs. Triggs," he would say to her, with a nervous

snigger; "thank you very much." Then when she had left the room, he would cock an eye at us, half in fear and half in hope, and say: "Do you think, did she hear what I said?" Even if she had heard him, however, I do not think she would have turned him out—she despised him too much to care what he said. I have never heard greater contempt in a woman's voice than on one occasion, when the medical student suggested that Mr. Brown might one day marry and leave her. "And who under God," said she, as though the suggestion were that of a lunatic, "would marry *him?*"

Poor man, I used rather to despise him myself. Since then, however, I have lived in lodgings in Buckinghamshire, and, looking back on him, I love him as a brother.



9. LOUIS PASTEUR, HERO OF PEACE

FLOYD L. DARROW

In 1885 in a Paris hospital one might have seen an old man keeping anxious watch over the life of a peasant lad. Eagerly he observed every symptom. For two weeks he had scarcely eaten or slept. Life was precious to him, and this was to be his crowning achievement in snatching men from death. Would the crucial test of this new treatment fail? Or would the dread malady of rabies come under the control of preventive medicine, even as anthrax and other contagious diseases had done? He had applied his new-found vaccine to the young victim of a mad dog's bite. This man, old before his time in the service of his country, was Louis Pasteur, the father of the germ theory of disease, and acclaimed by the populace of France as its most illustrious citizen. The lad lived, and thousands in every part of the world have since owed their lives to the Pasteur treatment.

As a boy Pasteur possessed considerable talent for drawing, was exceedingly conscientious, and never guessed at conclusions. Here were the very characteristics that in later years were to make him the foremost scientist of France. That dogged persistence, that clearness of judgment, that keenness of vision, which led him from conquest to conquest, were all to be seen in the boy. The father, a soldier of the Third Regiment under the first Napoleon, was his constant companion, guarding him from the temptations of youth and firing him with an unquenchable love of country. Pasteur was born at Dôle, in 1822. When sixteen, his parents at some sacrifice sent him to a school in Paris, but extreme homesickness soon brought him back. A little later he attended colleges at Arbois and at Besançon, from which he received the degrees of bachelor of letters and bachelor of science. Just as Berzelius had been set down as mediocre in chemistry, so was Pasteur. In 1843 he entered the Ecole Normale at Paris. It was there that he formed the determination to devote his life to science. At the Sorbonne he came under the influence of Jean

Baptiste Dumas, the foremost scientist of the French capital. The charm and eloquence of Dumas' lectures in chemistry captivated the impressionable mind of young Pasteur. From this he gained an undying enthusiasm for research, and the spirit that made him cry out that the days were too short and the nights too long.

During these days Pasteur acquired his deep interest in the rare beauty of crystal forms. His first important work was to be in this field, and curiously enough it was to be assisted by the microscope, an instrument which became his life-long guide to discoveries. Having reviewed the pioneer work of Mitscherlich on the microscopic study of crystals, Pasteur began a critical examination of the salts of tartaric and racemic acids. The crystallized sodium and ammonium salts of these two acids were identical in every respect, except that the tartrate deviated the plane of a beam of light that passed through it to the right, while the racemate had no effect upon it. This was apparently a trivial difference. A number of Pasteur's friends told him that it was not worth serious attention. But the young scientist could not rest until the cause had been discovered. And, little knowing it, he was to open a vast, new field of chemical research.

Under the microscope Pasteur observed that these crystals were not symmetrical. The tartrate crystals had facets, or tiny faces, on one side. So did the racemate crystals. But—and here was the difference—the facets were all on the right-hand side in the tartrate crystals, while in the racemate crystals they were on both sides. Patiently Pasteur separated the crystals from the racemate salt into two piles. Those having the facets on the right-hand side were identical with the tartrate and now rotated the beam of light to the right just as the tartrate did. Those having the facets on the left-hand side rotated the beam of light to the left. Rushing into the corridor, Pasteur embraced the first passer-by and pulled him into the laboratory that he might explain to him his discovery. Thus it is often in the first moments of a great triumph. Pasteur soon learned how to transform tartaric acid into racemic acid, and by these researches laid the foundation for the important work of Van't Hoff and Le Bel a generation later on the structure of the molecule of carbon compounds. For

Pasteur himself they won instant recognition and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Pasteur's first professorship was that of physics on the faculty of Dijon, which he soon left for the chair of chemistry at Strasburg. In 1854 he became dean of the Faculty of Science at Lille. Three years later he returned to the Ecole Normale at Paris, with which he was associated for many years. Into the laboratory and lecture hall he brought the enthusiasm for his own keen interest, and inspired his students with the spirit and love of science. He was a marvelous teacher. Hundreds from his own and other lands flocked to his lectures. He was a consummate master of the scientific method of observation and with it he united an unquenchable thirst for truth. And yet he demanded that all scientific discovery have practical application.

At Lille Pasteur began those researches on microörganisms that were to lead him step by step to the conquest of infectious and contagious diseases. Located in the midst of the great distilleries of northern France he turned to the study of fermented liquors. Wine frequently "went bad." It became sour. What was the cause? Could it be prevented? These were the questions asked him by the wine-makers of France. Fermentation had been known from the earliest times, and chemists thought they understood its cause. Berzelius and Liebig, who dominated the scientific thinking of Europe, had taught that the fermentation of sugar to form alcohol and carbon dioxide was a purely mechanical process. Pasteur determined to go to the bottom of this question. With his everpresent microscope, he studied every step of the process. Gradually he became convinced that fermentation is the result of a vital change associated with the life of the yeast cells, which are always present in the production of alcohol. He proceeded to prove it. In a series of experiments, now classic, Pasteur demonstrated that alcoholic fermentation can never be set up in fermentable juices which have been sterilized by heating and afterwards protected from the germ-laden dust of the air. This precipitated a battle royal with Liebig, but the facts were against the German autocrat, and he was compelled to surrender. Pasteur did more than this. He showed that every kind of fermentation, as well as alcoholic, is due to a specific microörganism. The souring of wine he traced to an organism which develops in the wine upon long

standing. To destroy it, he introduced the practice, known everywhere now as pasteurization, by which he heated the wine at a definite temperature for several minutes, out of contact with the air. The wine might then be kept in sterilized casks indefinitely, if contamination from the air were prevented. We now know that fermentation is caused by inorganic principles called enzymes which are secreted by living organisms. Still Pasteur was essentially correct.

Later Pasteur was called upon to perform a similar service for the brewing industry. Just as wine soured, beer became bitter. Pasteurization did not solve the problem. Beer that had been heated soon became bitter again. This led Pasteur to set his "culture mediums" for catching and growing bacteria in the breweries themselves, especially near dusty walls and rafters. He soon found them infected with the same germs that were in the bitter beer. But beer that had been heated and sealed from the dust-laden air with sterilized cotton plugs remained sweet. There was the answer. He taught the brewers to wash down the brewery walls and to keep their product free from dust. The cause was removed and bitter beer became a thing of the past.

These studies in microörganisms led Pasteur to ask whether the universal belief in spontaneous generation was not a scientific fiction. Again he determined to answer the question by a series of experiments that should leave no doubt. According to the current belief, organic matter in a state of putrefaction was transformed into living organisms. At the end of a year of patient work, Pasteur had his answer. In his memorable lecture delivered at the Sorbonne on April 7, 1864, he vanquished the ghost of spontaneous generation for all time. After detailing his exhaustive experiments, showing conclusively that the source of these organisms is the dust of the air, Pasteur produced a flask of putrescible matter, which had been sterilized and sealed to prevent the entrance of dust. There was the liquid after several months, pure and limpid as distilled water, because, as Pasteur then stated, "I have kept it from the only thing that man can produce, from the germs that float in the air, from Life, for Life is a germ, and a germ is Life. Never will the doctrine of spontaneous generation recover from the mortal blow of this simple experiment."

Early in 1865 Pasteur was called upon by Dumas to go to the south of France and study the silkworm disease, which was threatening to destroy the industry, and an annual revenue of one hundred million francs. Pasteur knew nothing of silkworms and he disliked to leave his work in Paris, but his patriotism would not permit him to refuse. For nearly six years he battled with this obscure problem. In the midst of it he was stricken with partial paralysis and for days lay at death's door. To a friend at his bedside, he said, "I am sorry to die; I should have liked to render further service to my country." He did not know that his greatest services were yet to come. He rallied and returned to his work. Following out his theory of microörganisms, he found the germ that killed the silkworms and prescribed the remedy. It was a Herculean task and was achieved only after many bitter discouragements and prodigious amount of work. No soldier on the field of battle ever served his country with a finer sense of devotion or won a more glorious triumph than did Pasteur in this research.

In the Franco-Prussian War, he tried to enlist and had to be reminded that a paralytic could not perform the duties of a soldier. But he gave his son, and at the close of the war, he turned with passionate devotion to the cause of science, in the hope that he might thereby assist in retrieving the fortunes of his country. He had been elected to the Academy of Sciences, and in 1873 he was elected to the Academy of Medicine. Gradually a great thought had been taking shape in his mind. His work on microörganisms led him to ask why diseases of human kind might not also be caused by germs floating in the air, and carried from individual to individual. No question more momentous to the welfare and happiness of the race has ever been asked. It was a lightning flash of genius leaping from the trained imagination of this great scientist. To the solution of the problem Pasteur applied himself with that breadth of knowledge, that rare insight, that skill which a quarter of a century of scientific achievement had given to him. His goal was now preventive medicine. "Perhaps," he said, "I can save more lives than were lost in the Franco-Prussian War."

Surgeons looked on with impatient amazement when Pasteur went into the hospitals and snatching the instruments from their

hands passed them through the sterilizing flame. It had never been done. Why must they submit to the faddish notion of this crazy old paralytic? But Pasteur would not be thrust aside. The frightful loss of life in the French hospitals was needless. Of that he felt certain, and he was determined that it must cease. In 1871 he had cried out against the enormous sacrifice of life from gangrene, which he believed was due to air-borne germs. He forced the use of sterilized bandages and with all the energy of his soul sought to overcome the skepticism of the medical profession and to gain their acceptance of his revolutionizing ideas. More than a decade before, Lord Lister, the real father of antiseptic surgery, had brought these methods to a triumph across the Channel. For the first time he used drugs to cleanse a wound and keep it free from the entrance of infectious germs. Now Pasteur, with little, if any, knowledge of Lister and his work won an even greater victory on the Continent.

In 1877 Pasteur began his investigation of anthrax, that insidious disease which each year took frightful toll of the cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep of France. From examination of the blood of animals that died of this disease, he found the germ which caused it. Familiar with the methods of inoculating against smallpox, Pasteur sought to apply similar means to the conquest of anthrax. His first triumph was a by-product of this work. He developed a virus, which, injected into the blood of a fowl, rendered it immune from the germ disease known as "chicken cholera." This was the first step, and Pasteur felt that he was on the right path. He next discovered that the anthrax germ lived and multiplied in the blood of sheep and other domestic animals, but that it would not cause the disease in fowls. Pasteur sought the reason and found it in that the blood of fowls is four degrees warmer than that of other animals. Therefore, by cultivating this germ at temperatures slightly above that at which it thrives best, he obtained a vaccine, which by inoculation would produce the disease in a mild form and render the animal immune from further attack.

In 1881 Pasteur laid his discovery before his associates in the Academy of Sciences. Immediately it was put to test in a most dramatic way. The president of an agricultural society offered forty-eight sheep, two goats, and ten cattle for demonstration purposes. Pasteur accepted. On May 5th, half of these were

inoculated with the preventive vaccine. Two weeks later these same ones were inoculated again with the preventive vaccine. Then on the thirty-first of the month all sixty of the animals were inoculated with the virulent, disease-producing microbes of anthrax. Two days later a vast crowd of veterinary surgeons, newspaper correspondents, and farmers gathered to witness the closing act of the experiment. What they saw was a scene which, as Pasteur said, "amazed the assembly." Each and every one of the unprotected animals was either dead or dying, while the thirty that had been inoculated moved about with every appearance of perfect health. The scourge of anthrax was no longer to be dreaded, and its passing marked the beginning of a new era in preventive medicine.

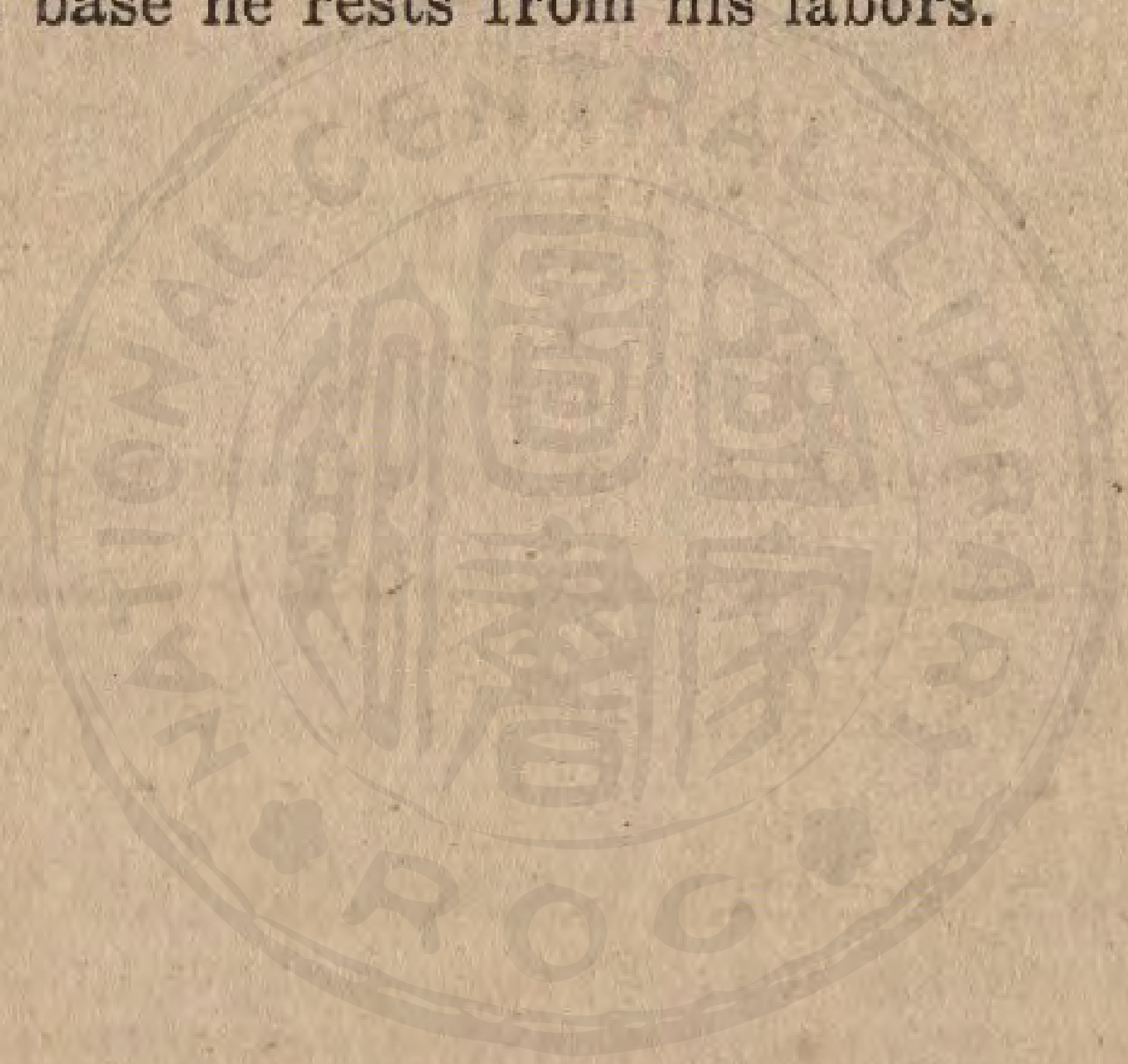
Pasteur had demonstrated that disease is caused by germs. Following up these investigations, he achieved the crowning triumph of his life. In 1885 he produced a vaccine which robbed of its terrors that most fatal of maladies, hydrophobia, the disease resulting from the bite of a mad dog. He obtained this vaccine from the spinal cord of a guinea-pig which he had inoculated with the virus of hydrophobia. Pasteur found the spinal cord rich in these germs, and also discovered that they gradually lost their virulent power upon exposure to the air. By varying the length of exposure he obtained the preventive virus in differing degrees of strength, from very violent to very weak.

The fame of Pasteur's work had spread abroad. Just as success smiled upon him in this last great achievement, he received word from the mayor of a country town that a shepherd boy had been bitten by a mad dog. Without immediate aid death would be certain. Pasteur sent for the boy. He had never tried his vaccine on a human being. But, with the faith of one who knows his ground, Pasteur applied his remedy. He began with the mildest vaccine and inoculated with a stronger one each day until at the end of fourteen days he used the virus in its most powerful form. These were anxious days for the aged scientist. Would the treatment prove a success? Would this young life be saved? Had he led his fellowmen past one more milestone in the conquest of human disease? The complete recovery of the lad gave the answers.

But more than this, the pioneer work of Pasteur inspired the more recent achievements of a host of others in combating tetanus,

cholera, diphtheria, typhoid, yellow fever, malaria, bubonic plague, leprosy, pneumonia, and many other ills. It founded the new branch of medicine known as serum-therapy, by which antitoxins are developed in the blood of animals, with which to inoculate against disease.

On the sixty-fourth anniversary of his birth Pasteur was awarded the Jean Reynard Prize for his conquest of rabies, and at that same time a subscription list was opened for the building of the Pasteur Institute. Contributions came from every part of the world, and it was opened two years later. Here during the last seven years of his life, Pasteur, with an able corps of assistants, organized the wonderful work in bacteriology now carried on there. In a crypt at its base he rests from his labors.



10. TEACHING FOR PLEASURE

R. L. RUSSELL

I think that the successful teacher must be something of a creative artist. He who teaches for pleasure must be one whose curiosity and sense of wonder have survived his education. He must never have quite grown up. He must have kept alive the faculty of looking at common things as if he had never seen them before. The teacher of self-expression must have for his chief qualification the keenest possible desire to look into the minds of his pupils—to see simple common things through their eyes. Such a teacher will early realize the force of that complaint of Emerson: "I want to look into that other man's mind, but he will persist in showing me my own."

The child should learn at school how to express himself. In most cases what he learns is how to express his teacher. Not so bad if his teacher has got something worth expressing. If, as in all too many cases, he has not, but is merely expressing the current opinion of the current official, there is not likely to be much mind to peer into.

But when once the child realizes that his teacher is really interested, not in getting a nice page to show to the inspector but in seeing his pony, his new kite, his hunt with his dog—what a difference! Then there appears a meaning to the teacher's repeated advice about keeping the eye on the object. Then you get such flashes as this (from eleven-year-old Stanley Robinson): "One day about dinner-time the dog and I were standing on the door-step looking into the dusty, frowning sky, when a swift, low, yellow flash of lightning caused us both to wink." Or, from a scalliwag of ten: "A gasp of wind came and blew down the tent." Or, from another: "There came a gusting of rain." And nine-year-old Lila will write: "Joe was coming splashing up the road. A little bird hopped out in front of him and shook itself like a dog coming out of the sea." Or, Willie Wiseman:

"The rainbow's taped across the sky
In all its fashioned deck,
And swarthy clouds are gathering by
Oh, I feel it spit upon my neck.

I see the swallows thrusting low
And that's the sign of rain
And the south wind cold begins to blow
Upon my starving cheek again."

Or a picture like this, again by Stanley Robinson: "The shower is over. The earth which was burnt into wrinkles is not yet satisfied with its little drink. The trees and hedges are decorated with beads of dark-tipped raindrops which occasionally run along the bough or twig and then drop to the craving ground... also the grass has been awarded with about six tiny drops of rain on every blade, which holds it down."

When I see ten-year-old Joe Rodgers, who has been interrupted in a moment of inspiration by the daily milk distribution, feverishly wielding his pencil with one hand while he absorbs through the straw in the corner of his mouth the contents of the bottle he is steadying with the other, he little knows how I am writhing to see the result, for it may be this:

"Through the fleecy, coldrife forest
Fall the gentle, quilting snow-flakes,
Filling up the empty deertracks,
Making pathways up the tree-trunks,
Making all the little robins
Open up their little waistcoats."

What a delight the simplest happening becomes when seen through the eyes of a child. Here is Mary Rock ending her account of a frantic search for a temporarily lost baby sister: "I put my finger into her mouth and I found a big lump of grass in it. I said to her: 'Come on, you little rascal, you. Why did you

go away?' But she only said 'Ba' 'Da.'" Well, well, these are simple things. If you have lost the eye for such simple things, I am sorry for you.

Even the dry bones of formal composition exercises come to life once the child finds his teacher is anxious to "see it his way." Here, for instance, are passages from some fables retold by children of various ages. First from the old tale of the two friends and the bear, by Winifred Buick, aged nine: "The young man hurried down from his place of safety and running to his friend who was sitting up and looking wonderingly at the broad legs of the now distant bear said, 'What did the bear say to you when it put its nose to your ear?'" And Joe Rodgers ends his version of the same: "The man who was on the ground said, as he rubbed his ear which the bear licked, 'It told me not to depend on people who tell me that they will stay with me in bad times, and when the bad times come run away from me.'"

Lila McCloy, aged nine, begins another fable with: "Once a lion was feeling outcast and was not able to hunt for his own grub. He told his wood friend the bear to make it plain through the wood that he, being very kind, was going to set up as a doctor to the patients in the wood...." And thus Joe Rodgers finishes his version of the same tale: "When the horse turned round he played kick at the lion, hit him on the jaw, and went away laughing and telling them about his good deed. The animals which he did not meet, he went to their door and told them. At this the animals gave him a great cheer."

And James Anderson, aged ten, begins the well-worn tale of the lion and the mouse as follows: "One day a very hot lion lay down to have a sleep." And ends up with: "The little mouse ran up and when it heard his roar it shouted, 'Don't yell.' It set to work and it told the lion it would soon set him free and soon it did."

Recently while discussing with my third and fourth standard pupils the "Daffodils" poems by Herrick and Wordsworth, I had got so far as to say "When Wordsworth caught sight of the daffodils beside the lake..." "His heart jumped," put in Joe Rodgers with the eager understanding of a fellow poet.

In my frequent perusals of a pile of worn school magazines, I am glad to say that my heart still jumps afresh every time I come

upon such things as this, in a poem describing a snowfall, by a twelve-year-old boy, now employed as a railway fireman:

> "Unlike the rain it fell so calm
> Upon the frozen cold earth's palm."

Or this, from the same boy's description of a spell of sickness:

> "The pleasant doctor every day
> Came in, and while for hours did stay,
> Cold earphones, as I thought they were
> He clasped upon my body bare."

Or this from an autumn poem by a boy of ten:

> "Tree-tops too are changing colour,
> Changing too from green to yellow,
> Changing hats with gentle Autumn,
> Putting on his golden headdress."

Or this from Stanley Robinson, who writes of the Spring:

> "He coats the plough with plates of gleam
> He shines the horse that smoulders steam
> And makes the dark wake smoothly glare
> Up the lea-land stiff and bare."

Here is a little gem from Willie Stirling:

> "The old sow in the meadow
> With sunburnt back doth lie,
> With such a little shadow
> That you could hardly spy."

And Bobbie Carson writes:

> "Now the bitter mornings blow
> Red raw noses,
> Cheeks aglow

And a-whimpering in we go.

Men like windmills clap their hands:
Starlings gather in little bands,
When an old man comes in sight
With a cold drop at his pipe.

The fire up the chimney snores
The kettle whistles mournful low;
Then the shivering bullock roars,
And old grannies shirts do sew."

I have long grown weary of those people who congratulate me on the work of my clever pupils. I am tired of repeating that these are just ordinary children, such children as you find in any other small rural school. What sort of twelve-year-old boy wrote this?

"Trees in rolls did hone and fray
All tumbling night at rack."

A boy who by all our recognised standards was one of the dullest of my long experience.

Here are lines written by another twelve-year-old boy, Bobby McKendry, now working as a carpenter:

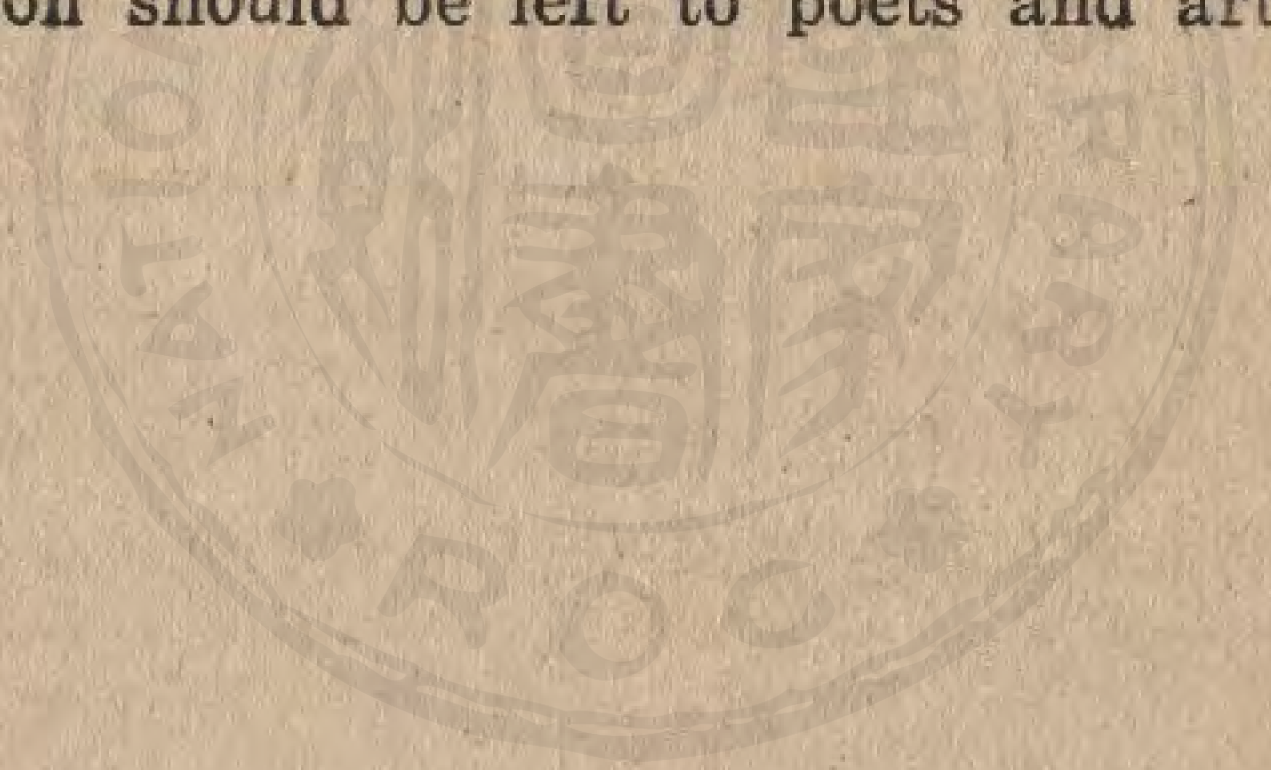
"In the lit spring-cleaned plantation
The mated pigeons coo
Spring, spring, kind spring
Has make everything new."

It is a depressing commentary on our alleged progress in education that it should be accounted a thing of wonder that an ordinary twelve-year-old country boy should thus use the simple direct language of the heart instead of the far more difficult language of convention. The first essentials to great expression in prose or poetry are the open, loving eye and the open loving

heart, and where are you more likely to find them than among unspoiled children?

As to purpose, I blush to say that I think very little about it. But if you must have a purpose and the fostering of the mere love of "beauty in her naked blaze" does not suffice for you, is it not worth while in these days of halfness and insincerity and propaganda and slogans and catch-phrases to try to produce the citizen who will see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, instead of being led by them, and as he thinketh in his heart so doth he truth express, even at the risk of injury to that part of his education which equips him for putting his coin to usury?

We have worshipped mere intelligence long enough and too long have paid the emptiest lip-service to what we glibly call the things of the spirit. Isn't it a pity that so few people realize that the love of beauty is greater than the love of goodness, for it embraces it—a pity that the recognition of a truth so fundamental in child-education should be left to poets and artists—and fools like me?



11. A QUESTION OF COURAGE

DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

At a rather stiff military luncheon in England, where nobody knew anybody else, I sat next to an American paratrooper of the 101st Airborne Division, the heroes of Bastogne. He was perhaps 20 years old; like so many parachutists, he was of slighter build than the average American soldier, but he was broad-shouldered and obviously a tough, strong trooper. His breast blazed with more ribbons than I can remember seeing on anyone else of less rank than a general. He was shy at first, and not very talkative. But after a while he lost his constraint, and he told a story. Here it is:

On D Day minus one—24 hours before the invasion of France—picked men were dropped into Normandy, this youngster among them. Unfortunately, he hit the ground many miles from the designated rendezvous. It was barely dawn. He could find none of the landmarks that had been carefully described in advance. None of his comrades was in sight. He blew the shrill police whistle that was supposed to bring the group together. No other police whistle sounded. A few uncertain minutes passed. He blew again. No one came. He knew then that the plan had gone wrong, that he was alone and completely on his own in enemy-held country.

He realized that he must seek cover at once. He had landed near a stone wall in a neat, beautifully kept orchard. Not far away in the gray dawn light he saw a small red-roofed farmhouse. Whether the people who lived there were pro-Ally or pro-German he didn't know, but it was a chance he had to take. He ran toward the house, rehearsing the few phrases of French he had been taught for such emergencies.

Answering his knock, a Frenchwoman of about 30—"she wasn't pretty and didn't smile much but she had kind, steady eyes"—opened the door. She had just stepped from a big kitchen fireplace where the morning meal was cooking. Her husband and

her three small children—the baby in a high chair—stared in wondering surprise from the breakfast table.

"I am an American soldier," said the parachutist. "Will you hide me?"

"Yes, of course," said the Frenchwoman and drew him inside.

"Hurry! You must hurry!" said the husband. He pushed the American into a large wood-cupboard beside the fireplace and slammed the door.

A few minutes later six men of the German SS arrived. They had seen the parachute coming down. This was the only house in the neighborhood. They searched it thoroughly and swiftly. Almost immediately the parachutist was found and pulled from the cupboard.

The French farmer, guilty only of hiding him, got no trial. There were no formalities, no farewells. He tried to call to his wife as he was dragged from the kitchen, but one of the Storm Troopers struck him in the mouth and his words were lost. The Germans stood him in the farmyard and shot him at once. His wife moaned; one child screamed.

The Storm Troopers knew what to do with a French civilian who had dared to shelter an enemy, but apparently there was an argument as to the disposition of their prisoner. So for the time being, they shoved him into a shed in the farmyard and bolted the door.

There was a small window at the back of the shed. Skirting the farm were woods. The chutist squeezed through the window, ran for the woods.

The Germans heard him go. They rushed around the shed and after him, firing as they came. The bullets missed him. But now the attempt at escape seemed quite hopeless. He had hardly got into the woods—carefully tended French woods with little under-brush—when he heard his pursuers all around, shouting to one another. They had scattered. Their voices came from all directions as they searched systematically. It was only a matter of time until they would find him. There was no chance.

Yes, there was one last chance. The parachutist nerved himself and accepted the risk. Doubling on his tracks, ducking from tree to tree, he left the woods and fled into the open again. He ran back past the shed and on through the farmyard where the

body of the murdered French farmer still lay. Once again the American stood at the farmhouse, knocking at the kitchen door.

The woman came quickly. Her face was pale, her eyes dulled with tears. For perhaps a second they faced each other. She didn't look toward the body of her husband, which she hadn't dared yet to touch. She looked straight into the eyes of the young American, whose coming had made her a widow and orphaned her children.

"Will you hide me?" he said.

"Yes, of course. Be quick!"

Without hesitation she returned him to the cupboard beside the fireplace. He stayed in hiding in the cupboard for three days. He was there when the funeral of the farmer was held. Three days later that part of Normandy was freed, and he was able to rejoin his division.

The Storm Troopers never came back to the farmhouse. It didn't occur to them to search that house again because they did not understand the kind of people they were dealing with. They could not comprehend, perhaps, that human beings could reach such heights. Two kinds of courage defeated them—the courage of the American boy who out-thought them, the courage of the French widow who unhesitatingly gave him a second chance.

I was fascinated by the two protagonists in this true tale. I thought about them often. I told the story many times to groups of American soldiers in France and Italy. But I lacked eloquence. I never could express fully what I thought of these two remarkable people. It was not until after V-E Day, as I was preparing to come home, that I met an Air Force general who put into words exactly what I felt.

"The young parachutist had the courage of desperation," he said. "In a box, he saw and seized the only way out. A brave, smart boy. But the woman had the courage that is with you always, that never lets you down. She was a fortunate woman."

"Fortunate?" I looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes, fortunate," repeated the general. "She knew what she believed in."

12. PATRICK HENRY: GENIUS OF LIBERTY

DONALD & LOUISE PEATTIE

Every American knows seven words that Patrick Henry spoke; few could tell you what he did to give us liberty. Yet of the patriots who struck for freedom, Henry was the spear-head. He began by demanding for the Colonists the rights of Englishmen. Many would have been content with a safe dependency on the mother country. Not Henry. He was all American; he was born in Virginia in 1736, with his back to the sea and his face toward the frontier and the future. He "grew up with the country," reaching maturity just as our nation reached it. He was homespun—the first of our "backwoods" leaders, of the fiercely independent, nonconformist breed of the Scotch.

Like many another great man, he was unsuccessful at everything he tried, till his genius was identified. He set up a store and failed. He married at 18 a bride who brought him a small sandy plantation. Unlucky at farming, he went back to storekeeping, only to fail again. At 23, he found himself with four children, a mountain of debts, and no special training.

But he had a brilliant memory, a logical mind, quick wits, slow angers. He was stubborn in debate yet courteous in address. He could always understand what the common man was thinking and could rouse him as the wind rouses the sea.

Toward what career did these gifts point? The answer flashed on the young man's mind. But how, without leisure and money, could he study for the law? He borrowed a standard work on jurisprudence and a digest of the Virginia laws. In six weeks he had stowed these under his shock of red hair. Then, in his ill-fitting country clothes, he went to the colonial capital of Williamsburg and presented himself to the learned examiners for the bar. They soon detected how scant was his knowledge. But where essential justice was concerned he was infallible, a "born" lawyer if not a well-read one. Shaking their heads, the examiners signed his application.

Returning to his home town to practice, young Mr. Henry in three years tried 1185 suits, most of which he won. Then came the great "Parsons Trial." The Church of England clergy, long notorious in Virginia for their worldliness and greed in collecting their tithes, were generally paid in tobacco. Now they wanted the amount of it adjusted to the fluctuating price of the leaf; they were, as we would say, playing the market. A test case was tried in Hanover County courthouse, and the judge, young Patrick's own father, had already decided in favor of the clergy. All the jury was asked to do was to fix the amount due the clergy. Complacent parsons crowded the benches to watch the fun. An hour later they fled the court with buzzing ears and burning cheeks.

For the greatest jury lawyer of his time had flayed them alive, denouncing the clergy laws as an encroachment on the rights of Virginia freemen by the British crown. The jury awarded the claimant one penny, and Henry left the courtroom on the shoulders of the crowd.

Elected next year to the House of Burgesses (lower house of the Virginia colonial legislature), Henry had been in his seat only nine days when the first copies of the Stamp Act of 1765 arrived from Parliament. This required all legal documents in the Colonies, as well as newspapers and pamphlets, to carry an expensive stamp—the revenue to help pay for maintaining British soldiers to protect the Indian frontiers. But to tax freemen without their consent, cried Henry, violated Magna Charta. In a series of thundering resolutions he asserted that a free people cannot be governed by laws not of their making, and that the Virginia Assembly was independent of Parliament and Crown.

Young Thomas Jefferson leaning in the doorway listened fascinated to the marching logic, the deadly drum of Henry's oratory. And a delegate named George Washington, who was known to have said that no one would catch *him* talking of such a wild notion as "independency," must have sat bolt upright to hear Patrick Henry shout:

"Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—" He paused, for he was a master of timing.

"Treason, treason!" came the cry from many parts of the House.

"—may profit by their example," he ended, slyly. And then shot the parting bolt: "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

In a storm the House passed Henry's resolutions. Copies were rushed to patriots all the way from Charleston to Boston, kindling a wild fire of hope. And a year later Parliament repealed the Stamp Act.

When next the legislature met, Henry led every fight, and none so bitter as that over the hated Townshend Acts. The first of these had suspended the colonial legislature of New York for failure to comply with the Quartering Act, by which British troops were quartered at the Colonies' expense. The second and third raised revenue by an import duty, levied without consent, on glass, paper, paint and tea. Even in England, Pitt and Burke assailed this injustice. In Virginia so fiery were Henry and his followers that the governor dismissed the Assembly.

Out stalked "the forward men," as they called themselves. They marched down the broad street of staid, aristocratic little Williamsburg to the Raleigh Tavern, called for a bowl of punch, locked the doors, and went into a session as unauthorized as it was history-making. There Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Dabney Carr, Peyton Randolph, George Mason, clinked glasses with Patrick Henry, pledging themselves to a new and independent nation. Brave words were those, uplifting as the new flag soon to be flung out on the winds of the world. For the forward men were seeing into a noble future, and none so farsighted as Patrick Henry. "It was to him," states Jefferson, "we were indebted for the unanimity that prevailed amongst us."

And it was unanimity that the Colonies must achieve; for if they concerted their action they might frighten Parliament and King into a more reasonable attitude. So they called a Continental Congress, to meet at Philadelphia in 1774. Most of the forward men, including Henry, were delegates, as well as such conservative members as George Washington. "These gentlemen from Virginia," wrote John Adams in his diary, "appear to be the most spirited and consistent of any."

Patrick Henry opened the Congress, calling upon the delegates to forget that they represented sections and to vote as patriots. "I am not a Virginian, but an American," he cried. When the Congress broke up, it had presented to Britain a statement that,

Pitt told the House of Lords, "for solidity of reasoning and wisdom of conclusion," showed that "all attempts to impose servitude upon such men must be fatal."

Most of the delegates went home satisfied, but Patrick Henry believed that Britain would take no heed and the Colonies must fight.

Clashes between the British troops and the Boston crowds soon proved how right he was. On a March day in 1775, the Virginia Assembly met in Richmond to get away from the royal governor, British warships, and the Tories of tidewater Williamsburg. Richmond was a raw new town then, and the largest place the delegates could find to meet in was St. John's Church—though it looks small enough to our eyes and was smaller still when Patrick Henry rose to speak.

The church must have been hushed with expectancy, as now it is hushed with the quiet of a shrine. The country had the choice of war or peace. If it chose war, it could oppose to veteran troops only ill-armed amateurs, and confront the greatest of navies with fishing smacks. If the delegates chose peace, their property and their necks would be safe. No wonder if many that day were hesitant, cautious, fence-straddling. As Patrick Henry began to speak, he did not sound too sure of himself.

But that was an old trick of Henry's. He always began haltingly, diffidently, in a low voice, as if abashed at his own opinions. Slowly he let his voice rise, till the wooden walls of the church thrummed with it.

"Gentlemen may cry 'Peace, peace!' But there is no peace! Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

"Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, *give me liberty or give me death!*"

Fired by Patrick Henry's words, the delegates authorized the training of troops. News came that Lord Dunmore, the royal governor, had seized the colony's store of gun powder at Williamsburg. Rousing the militia of his home town, Patrick Henry at its head marched on the capital. The frightened Dunmore fled to a warship, and sent payment for the powder. Next day he declared "a certain Patrick Henry" to be an outlaw.

But now that outlaw was off to the Second Continental Congress, which elected George Washington commander-in-chief. On his return, he took the foremost part in drafting a constitution for Virginia, and was elected the state's first governor.

When, after seven terrible years of struggle, victory came, the problems of the states were appalling and their debts mountain high. There had been plenty to cry for war when Patrick Henry made it popular, but few were in a hurry to pay for it. The most suicidal thing any politician could do was to propose to redeem the public word and pay off the veterans. Yet Henry forced Virginia to tax herself more heavily than Great Britain had ever tried to tax her. And he was five times elected governor.

But now this man feared in a strong central government the death of states' rights and individual liberties. When the Constitutional Convention was called to form a union out of the toothless confederation of states, Henry refused to attend as a delegate. When the Constitution was sent to the states for ratification, Patrick Henry opposed it bitterly.

Yet when Virginia and the other states ratified the Constitution, Henry manfully announced his acceptance of it. Nonetheless, he became the center of opposition to federal power, as Washington became the tower of federal strength. Not one day would Patrick Henry serve under the new government, though Washington offered him the posts of Secretary of State and Chief Justice.

Patrick Henry was still battling for your liberties and mine. To him, as to Jefferson and others, there appeared a gaping hole in the Constitution. And into that chasm were slipping, he warned, the very principles for which the Revolutionary soldier had fought and died: freedom of speech and assembly, freedom from imprisonment without trial, the right to bear arms, to a trial by jury, to criticize government and officers, and liberty of religious conscience. The people had no check upon the arbitrary encroachments a centralized government might some day make.

On this subject Henry never ceased to talk until at last popular opinion forced through the first ten amendments to the Constitution. It is of these, the Bill of Rights, that the average American thinks when he speaks of the Constitution in glowing terms.

Less than 60 years of age, Henry was now an old man, broken by three decades of tremendous exertions. Wishing for nothing

so much as the pleasures of country life, he withdrew to "Red Hill," where there were green lawns and grandchildren tumbling on them.

Another man of the times, older and even greater than Patrick Henry, had also retired to his farm and his family life, where he might have rested content in the knowledge that no man ever did more for his country. But Washington could not rest. For he saw that country torn with disunion. One party was crying for war with England, the other for war with France. The champions of states' rights had passed resolutions which declared that any state had the power to nullify acts of the federal government. Both state and federal elections were approaching, and the young country was rent from within. The center of disaffection was Virginia. And as Patrick Henry went, so went Virginia. The master of Mount Vernon dipped his quill in ink, to cover page after page of eloquent pleading.

...At such a crisis, when measures are systematically pursued which must eventually dissolve the union, ought characters who are best able to rescue their country remain at home? I hope that you will come forward at the ensuing elections. Your weight of character and influence in the House of Representatives (of Virginia) would be a bulwark against such dangerous sentiments as are delivered there at present. I conceive it to be of immense importance at this crisis that you should be there.

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

Geo. Washington

And Patrick Henry lifted his eyes from the page as if he had heard a battle trumpet. Just as we know today that the nations must unite for peace, so Henry knew that no right of state was as precious as the right of the United States to exist indivisible.

Announcing that he would support the Federalist John Marshall for a seat in Congress, Henry himself ran for the Virginia Assembly. Though sick and infirm, he journeyed 20 miles to Charlotte to speak. News that Patrick Henry had come back into the arena swept the state; crowds were waiting to meet him as he came out on the steps of the tavern on that March day in 1799. He seemed bowed with years; his careworn face was pale. His voice began haltingly. The union he had denounced so tellingly

as a compact fraught with danger to liberty, he must save, lest disunion snatch all our liberties.

But never had Patrick Henry stood so tall as when he straightened his bent form, like an old soldier. His voice, unleashed, lashed out. No state, he warned, has the right to pass upon the validity of federal laws. No part can be greater than the whole.

"I am asked what is to be done when a people feel themselves intolerably oppressed. My answer is: Overturn the government. But wait at least until some infringement is made upon your rights that cannot otherwise be redressed. For if ever you recur to another change," he cried in words that Americans today may heed as he was heeded then, "you may bid adieu forever to representative government."

When he had finished, Henry literally fell into the arms of the cheering crowd, and was carried exhausted to a couch in the tavern. "The sun," said a famous teacher who stood beside him, "has set in all its glory."

Next month Henry was elected, and Marshall too. But before the Assembly sat again there died George Washington, the man of the stainless sword, and Patrick Henry, the man of the swordlike tongue.

13. WHAT I FOUND IN MY POCKET

G. K. CHESTERTON

Once when I was very young I met one of those men who have made the Empire what it is—a man in an astracan coat, with an astracan moustache—a tight, black, curly moustache. Whether he put on the moustache with the coat or whether his Napoleonic will enabled him not only to grow a moustache in the usual place, but also to grow little moustaches all over his clothes, I do not know. I only remember that he said to me the following words: "A man can't get on nowadays by hanging about with his hands in his pockets." I made reply with the quite obvious flippancy that perhaps a man got on by having his hands in other people's pockets; whereupon he began to argue about Moral Evolution, so I suppose what I said had some truth in it. But the incident now comes back to me, and connects itself with another incident—if you can call it an incident—which happened to me only the other day.

I have only once in my life picked a pocket, and then (perhaps through some absent-mindedness) I picked my own. My act can really with some reason be so described. For in taking things out of my own pocket I had at least one of the more tense, and quivering emotions of the thief; I had a complete ignorance and a profound curiosity as to what I should find there. Perhaps it would be the exaggeration of eulogy to call me a tidy person. But I can always pretty satisfactorily account for all my possessions. I can always tell where they are, and what I have done with them, so long as I can keep them out of my pockets. If once anything slips into those unknown abysses, I wave it a sad Virgilian farewell. I suppose that the things that I have dropped into my pockets are still there; the same presumption applies to the things that I have dropped into the sea. But I regard the riches stored in both these bottomless chasms with the same reverent ignorance. They tell us that on the last day the sea will give up its dead; and I suppose that on the same occasion long strings of extraordinary

things will come running out of my pockets. But I have quite forgotten what any of them are; and there is really nothing (excepting the money) that I shall be at all surprised at finding among them.

Such at least has hitherto been my state of innocence. I here only wish briefly to recall the special, extraordinary, and hitherto unprecedented circumstances which led me in cold blood, and being of sound mind, to turn out my pockets. I was locked up in a third-class carriage for a rather long journey. The time was towards evening, but it might have been anything, for everything resembling earth or sky or light or shade was painted out as if with a great wet brush by an unshifting sheet of quite colourless rain. I had no books or newspapers. I had not even a pencil and a scrap of paper with which to write a religious epic. There were no advertisements on the walls of the carriage, otherwise I could have plunged into the study of them, for any collection of printed words is quite enough to suggest infinite complexities of mental ingenuity. When I find myself opposite the words "Sunlight Soap" I can exhaust all the aspects of Sun Worship, Apollo, and Summer poetry before I go on to the less congenial subject of soap. But there was no printed word or picture anywhere; there was nothing but blank wood inside the carriage and blank wet without. Now I deny most energetically that anything is, or can be, uninteresting. So I stared at the joints of the walls and seats, and began thinking hard on the fascinating subject of wood. Just as I had begun to realize why, perhaps, it was that Christ was a carpenter, rather than a bricklayer, or a baker, or anything else, I suddenly started upright, and remembered my pockets. I was carrying about with me an unknown treasury. I had a British Museum and a South Kensington collection of unknown curios hung all over me in different places. I began to take the things out.

The first thing I came upon consisted of piles and heaps of Battersea tram tickets. There were enough to equip a paper chase. They shook down in showers like confetti. Primarily, of course, they touched my patriotic emotions, and brought tears to my eyes; also they provided me with the printed matter I required, for I found on the back of them some short but striking little scientific essays about some kind of pill. Comparatively speaking, in my then destitution, those tickets might be regarded as a small but

well-chosen scientific library. Should my railway journey continue (which seemed likely at the time) for a few months longer, I could imagine myself throwing myself into the controversial aspects of the pill, composing replies and rejoinders pro and con upon the data furnished to me. But after all it was the symbolic quality of the tickets that moved me most. For as certainly as the cross of St. George means English patriotism, those scraps of paper meant all that municipal patriotism which is now, perhaps, the greatest hope of England.

The next thing that I took out was a pocket-knife. A pocket-knife, I need hardly say, would require a thick book full of moral meditations all to itself. A knife typifies one of the most primary of those practical origins upon which as upon low, thick pillows all our human civilization reposes. Metals, the mystery of the thing called iron and of the thing called steel, led me off half-dazed into a kind of dream. I saw into the intrails of dim, damp wood, where the first man among all the common stones found the strange stone. I saw a vague and violent battle, in which stone axes broke and stone knives were splintered against something shining and new in the hand of one desperate man. I heard all the hammers on all the anvils of the earth. I saw all the swords of Feudal and all the weals of Industrial war. For the knife is only a short sword; and the pocket-knife is a secret sword. I opened it and looked at that brilliant and terrible tongue which we call a blade; and I thought that perhaps it was the symbol of the oldest of the needs of man. The next moment I knew that I was wrong; for the thing that came next out of my pocket was a box of matches. Then I saw fire, which is stronger even than steel, the old, fierce female thing, the thing we all love, but dare not touch.

The next thing I found was a piece of chalk; and I saw in it all the art and all the frescoes of the world. The next was a coin of a very modest value; and I saw in it not only the image and superscription of our own Caesar, but all government and order since the world began. But I have not space to say what were the items in the long and splendid procession of poetical symbols that came pouring out. I cannot tell you all the things that were in my pocket. I can tell you one thing, however, that I could not find in my pocket. I allude to my railway ticket.

14. DR. EINSTEIN ON THE ATOMIC BOMB

AS TOLD TO RAYMOND SWING

The release of atomic energy has not created a new problem. It has merely made more urgent the necessity of solving an existing one. As long as there are sovereign nations possessing great power, war—soon or late—is inevitable. That was true before the atomic bomb was made. What has been changed is the destructiveness of war.

Perhaps two thirds of the people of the earth would be killed in a war fought with the atomic bomb. Civilization would not be wiped out, for enough men capable of thinking, and enough books, would be left to start again, and civilization could be restored. Nevertheless, the urgency of preventing such a war is clear.

I do not believe that the secret of the bomb should be given to the Soviet Union. I do not believe it should be given to the United Nations Organization. Either course would be like a man with capital, who wants another man to work with him on some enterprise, starting out by simply giving that man half of his money. The other man might choose to start a rival enterprise, when what is wanted is his coöperation.

The secret of the bomb should be committed to a *world government*, and the United States should immediately announce its readiness to give it to a world government. This government should be founded by the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain, the only three powers with great military strength. All three should commit to this world government all of their military strength. The fact that there are only three nations with great military power should make it easier, rather than harder, to establish such a government.

Since the United States and Great Britain have the secret of the atomic bomb and the Soviet Union does not, they should invite the Soviet Union to prepare and present the first draft of a constitution of the proposed world government. That will help dispel the distrust of the Russians, which they already feel because the

bomb is being kept a secret chiefly to prevent their having it. Obviously the first draft would not be the final one, but the Russians should be made to feel that the world government will assure them their security.

It would be wise if this constitution were to be negotiated by a single American, a single Briton and a single Russian. They would have to have advisers, but these advisers should advise only when asked. I believe three men can succeed in writing a workable constitution acceptable to them all. Six or seven men, or more, probably would fail.

After the three great powers have adopted a constitution, the smaller nations should be invited to join the world government. They should be free to stay out, and they should feel perfectly secure in staying out, but I am sure they would wish to join. Naturally they should be entitled to propose changes in the constitution. But the Big Three should organize the world government, whether the smaller nations join or not.

This world government would have power over all military matters, and only one further power. That is to interfere in countries where a minority is oppressing a majority and thus creating the kind of instability that leads to war. Conditions such as exist in Argentina and Spain should be dealt with. There must be an end to the concept of nonintervention, for to end it is part of keeping the peace.

The establishment of this world government must not have to wait until the same conditions of freedom are to be found in all three of the great powers. While it is true that in the Soviet Union the minority rules, I do not consider that internal conditions there are of themselves a threat to world peace. One must bear in mind that the people in Russia did not have a long political education, and changes to improve Russian conditions had to be carried through by a minority for the reason that there was no majority capable of doing it.

It should not be necessary, in establishing a world government with a monopoly of military authority, to change the internal structures of the three great powers. It would be for the three individuals who draft the constitution to devise ways for their different structures to be fitted together for collaboration.

Do I fear the tyranny of a world government? Of course I do. But I fear still more the coming of another war or wars. Any government is certain to be evil to some extent. But a world government is preferable to the far greater evil of atomic wars. If such a world government is not established by a process of agreement, I believe it will come anyway, and in a much more dangerous form. For wars will end in one power being supreme and dominating the rest of the world by its overwhelming military strength.

Now *we* have the atomic secret. We must not lose it, and that is what we should risk doing if we give it to the Soviet Union or to the United Nations Organizations. But we must make it clear as quickly as possible that we are not keeping the bomb a secret for the sake of our power, but in the hope of establishing peace through a world government which we will do our utmost to create.

I appreciate that there are persons who approve of world government as the ultimate objective, but favor a gradual approach to it. The trouble with taking little steps, one at a time, is that while they are being taken, we continue to keep the bomb without making our reason convincing to those who do not have it. That of itself creates fear and suspicion, with the consequence that the relations of rival sovereignties deteriorate dangerously. So while persons who take only a step at a time may think they are approaching world peace, they actually are contributing to the coming of war. We have no time to spend in this way. If war is to be averted, it must be done quickly.

We shall not have the secret of the atomic bomb very long. It is argued that no other country has money enough to develop the bomb. But other countries which have the materials and the men can develop it if they care to, for men and materials and the decision to use them, and not money, are all that is needed.

I do not consider myself the father of the release of atomic energy. My part in it was quite indirect. I did not, in fact, foresee that it would be released in my time. I believed only that it was theoretically possible. It became practical through the accidental discovery of chain reaction by Hahn in Berlin, and he himself misinterpreted what he discovered. It was Lise Meitner who provided the correct interpretation, and escaped from Ger-

many to place the information in the hands of the Danish physicist Niels Bohr, who brought it to the United States.

I do not believe that a great era of atomic science is to be assured by "organizing" science, in the way large corporations are organized. One can organize to apply a discovery already made, but not to make one. Only a free individual can make a discovery. Can you imagine an organization of scientists making the discoveries of Charles Darwin?

Nor do I believe that the vast private corporations of the United States are suitable custodians of atomic development. The U. S. Government must keep the control of atomic energy, not because socialism is necessarily desirable, but because atomic energy was developed by the Government, and it would be unthinkable to turn over this property of the people to any individual or groups of individuals. As to socialism, unless it is international to the extent of producing world government which controls all military power, it might more easily lead to wars than capitalism, because it represents a still greater concentration of power.

To estimate when atomic energy can be applied to constructive purposes is impossible. What now is known is only how to use a fairly large quantity of uranium. One cannot predict when the use of small quantities, sufficient, say, to operate a car or an airplane, will be achieved. Nor can one predict when materials more common than uranium can be used to supply the energy. Presumably such materials will be elements with high atomic weight. Those elements are relatively scarce because of their lesser stability. Most of these materials may already have disappeared by radioactive disintegration. So though the release of atomic energy will be a great boon to mankind, that may not be for some time.

I do not have the gift of explanation with which to persuade large numbers of people of the urgency of the problems the human race now faces and the pressing need for world government. Hence I should like to commend someone who has this gift of explanation, Emery Reves, whose book *The Anatomy of Peace* is intelligent, clear, brief and dynamic.

At present, atomic energy is not a boon to mankind, but a menace. Perhaps it is well that it should be. It may intimidate the human race to bring order into its international affairs, which, without the pressure of fear, it undoubtedly would not do.

15. THE ONLY WAY TO WORLD GOVERNMENT

SUMNER WELLES

The assumption that the manufacturing secrets of atomic power are in the exclusive possession of three governments has blanketed the world with a poisonous fog of suspicion, fear and hysteria. It has intensified the convictions of the "Isolationists" that the only proper policy for us is preponderant armaments and imperialistic expansion. It has moved idealists to rush to the conclusion that all the great achievements represented by the agreement of 51 nations to establish the United Nations Organization must immediately be scrapped. They are convinced that a fresh start must be made without delay. To the idealists a fresh start is always preferable to the hard grind.

In the November *Atlantic Monthly*, Professor Albert Einstein has given us his drastic and urgent recommendations for dealing with this problem. I regret I have to take issue with many of his recommendations. Yet I must do so because I believe that many people who recognize Professor Einstein's authority in the field of science will be readily persuaded that he is an equally competent guide in the field of international politics.

What Professor Einstein proposes is to be found succinctly set forth in the following portion of his article:

The secret of the bomb should be committed to a world government—founded by the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain, the only three powers with great military strength. All three should commit to this world government all of their military strength.

Since the United States and Great Britain have the secret of the atomic bomb and the Soviet Union does not, they should invite the Soviet Union to prepare the first draft of a constitution for the proposed world government.

After the three great powers have adopted a constitution, the smaller nations should be invited to join.... But the Big Three

should organize the world government, whether the smaller nations join or not.

In Professor Einstein's view the solution is as simple as that. But I am convinced that the achievement of any such objective at this time is wholly impracticable. His concept is premised upon his assumption that the Soviet Government would agree to a world government with power "over all military matters" provided the Soviet Government may prepare the first draft of its constitution.

It is interesting to speculate as to the nature of the draft constitution which the Soviet Government would now prepare.

I can conceive of the Soviet Union's agreeing to enter a world government if the constitution should provide for a World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics with its capital in Moscow. I cannot imagine that the Soviet Union would participate in a world government upon any other basis.

No world government of the character envisaged by Professor Einstein could function unless it exercised complete control over the armaments of each constituent state, and unless every nation was willing to open up every inch of its territory and every one of its laboratories and factories to a continuing international inspection. Nor unless each participating country was equally willing to submit to scrutiny every governmental process, including its conduct of foreign and internal affairs and of finance.

Any such requisite as that would wholly destroy the present Soviet system. Certainly the Soviet Union would not participate in any world government unless it were so set up as to preclude the possibility of weakening its own control of Russian foreign and domestic policy. And it is fantastic to assume that either the American or the British people would be willing to join in any World Union which would inevitably abolish their cherished principles of individual liberty.

The major fallacy lies in Professor Einstein's assertion that "it is not necessary, in establishing a world organization with a monopoly of military authority, to change the structure of the three great powers." I regard it as wholly impossible that they could, for the purposes he envisages, ever succeed in devising "ways for the different structures to be fitted together for collaboration."

Professor Einstein declares that his world government should have "the power to intervene in countries where a minority is op-

pressing a majority and creating the kind of instability that leads to war." He admits that in the Soviet Union the minority rules, but he insists that if he had been born a Russian he could have "adjusted" himself to this condition.

If I understand his thesis correctly, minority rule should be regarded as iniquitous in every nation except the Soviet Union. His proposed world government would, therefore, be granted the right to intervene in every country for the purpose of establishing there such form of government as the dominating powers within the world government considered desirable, with the exception of the Soviet Union.

The issue raises one of the gravest problems with which freedom-loving peoples are today faced. Will peoples such as the English-speaking peoples accept any form of world order which grants to some alien and superior power the authority to determine how they shall be governed, to what extent their individual liberty may be reduced, and whether the voices of dissenting minorities or majorities may make itself heard? Intervention such as Professor Einstein proposes would subject the nations of the world to a dictatorship exercised by the Big Three, with all other peoples as abject serfs. No free world can be founded upon such a concept. It was precisely to prevent the establishment of such a world that we have just fought a war.

If in the United Nations Organization the power to correct any infringement of the liberty of individuals were to rest exclusively in the hands of the Assembly, where the smaller nations possess a great majority, and not in the Security Council, which is controlled by the major powers, the danger that such intervention might be exercised in the exclusive interest of the three major powers, or of any one of them, could be avoided.

Those who had a part in preparing for the agreement upon the United Nations Charter recognize the modern miracle which the establishment of the United Nations Organization implies. There were in play the prejudices, the selfish ambitions, and not infrequently the blind suspicions of some 50 peoples. All these conflicting points of view were finally reconciled. The machinery of international organization was at last constructed.

That machinery can work, whatever the new developments in the field of science may be, if the peoples of the world are determined that it shall not fail.

No government, and few individuals, will regard the Charter of the United Nations as satisfactory. The vast majority, however, possess the firm hope that, if peace can be maintained during the first years of transition after the war, the United Nations Charter can gradually be improved so that the United Nations Organization will become more nearly a federal government of the world and more truly an agency of international democracy.

I myself strongly believe that the objective toward which the nations must move is the ultimate establishment, through the United Nations, of a federal world government founded upon law and representative of the true principles of international democracy. But the way in which that objective can be most surely and most rapidly attained is to be found not in the proposals of Professor Einstein but rather in this counsel of Senator Hatch: "We must use the machinery we now have, improving it as best we can, as we progress toward the ultimate goal of complete world-wide rule by law instead of rule by force."

Professor Einstein says: "I appreciate that there are persons who favor a gradual approach to world government even though they approve of it as the ultimate objective. The trouble about taking little steps, one at a time, in the hope of reaching that ultimate goal is that, while they are being taken, we continue to keep the bomb secret. That of itself creates fear and suspicion with the consequence that the relations of rival sovereignties deteriorate dangerously. So while persons who take only a step at a time may think they are approaching world peace, they actually are contributing, by their slow pace, to the coming of war."

What Professor Einstein seems to overlook is that it is an utter impossibility to do anything else than move slowly until the existing fears and suspicions have been ended. How can they be ended until all nations, and particularly the Big Three, work together within the United Nations Organization and thus little by little discover by actual proof that there exist no valid reasons for their fears and suspicions?

International relations have greatly deteriorated since V-J Day. The primary reason is the fact that no organization has

been functioning through which the peoples and governments of the world could work together. Had the United Nations Organization actually been functioning before V-E Day, the present deterioration could unquestionably have been avoided. The one real hope which humanity now possesses rests in the United Nations Organization and in the willingness and capacity of governments to put it rapidly to work. The war years showed that when governments have to work together or face annihilation they can agree.

If the United Nations Organization is now utilized to the fullest extent by all the participating countries, it can lay the foundations for world reconstruction, for human progress, and for peace among nations. If we abandon it without a trial, we deliberately reject the one instrument which today exists through which these objectives can be secured. Yet Professor Einstein recommends that that great and significant achievement, the United Nations Charter, be discarded, and that the governments of the world attempt instead to obtain the consent of 51 nations to a form of world government upon which we may be quite certain the peoples of the United States, of Great Britain and of the Soviet Union cannot agree.

If the peoples of the earth today abandon the United Nations Organization, they will get chaos without hope. For out of chaos fresh confidence does not arise.

16. THE OPEN WINDOW

Saki

(H. H. MUNRO)

"My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a self-possessed young lady of 15. "In the meantime you must put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavored to say the correct something to flatter the niece without unduly discounting the aunt. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on total strangers would help the nerve cure which he was supposed to be under-going in this rural retreat.

"I'll just give you letters to all the people I know there," his sister had said. "Otherwise you'll bury yourself and not speak to a soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping."

"Do you know many people around here?" asked the niece when she judged they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul. My sister visited here four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some people here."

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window open so late in the year," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn. "Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. In crossing the moor they were engulfed in a treacherous bog. Their bodies were never recovered."

Here the child's voice faltered. "Poor Aunt always thinks that they'll come back someday, they and the little brown spaniel

that was lost with them, and walk in at the window. That is why it is kept open every evening till dusk. She has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm. You know, sometimes on still evenings like this, I get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," she said. "My husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting and they always come in this way."

She rattled on cheerfully about the prospects for duck in the winter. Framton made a desperate effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic, conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and that her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors order me a complete rest from mental excitement and physical exercise," announced Framton, who labored under the wide-spread delusion that total strangers are hungry for the last detail of one's infirmities.

"Oh?" said Mrs. Sappleton, vaguely. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention—but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "In time for tea, and muddy up to the eyes."

Framton shivered slightly and turned toward the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. Framton swung round and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking noiselessly across the lawn, a tired brown spaniel close at their heels. They all carried guns, and one had a white coat over his shoulders.

Framton grabbed his stick; the hall door and the gravel drive were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh. "Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"An extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton, "who could only talk about his illness, and dashed off without a word of apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly. "He told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and foaming above him. Enough to make anyone lose his nerve."

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17. SANTOS-DUMONT: THE FATHER OF FLIGHT

MARION LOWNDES

We have only to look to the skies to see the tremendous strides aviation has taken in the past few years. It has grown from a stunt to a science. Before reviewing these latest advances glance back at the past.

It was a still September day in 1898 when Paris heard that Alberto Santos-Dumont, the wealthy young Brazilian who was living in the French capital, was ready to fly over the city in an "air-ship." This strange invention, costing thirty thousand dollars, was an eighty-foot cigar-shaped bag of varnished silk filled with hydrogen, powered by a three-and-a-half-horsepower gas engine taken from an auto tricycle.

Experienced balloonists had told the daring aeronaut he would shake himself to pieces if he used a gas engine off the ground. But he had slung his auto tricycle from the branch of a tree and found that the gas engine, buzzing away in mid-air, was as practical off the ground as on. The experts said that the hydrogen in the bag would catch fire and explode. Santos-Dumont thought otherwise.

Characteristically, he announced he would take off from the zoological gardens, one of the central spots in Paris. Before the gaping crowd that had assembled the aeronaut, dapper in a pin-striped suit, derby, and kid gloves, climbed into his "aerial automobile." It looked like a wicker laundry hamper with a gas motor and two-bladed propeller, attached by cords to a balloon.

"Let go, all!" he shouted. The crew fell back; the engine started; the propeller turned, and *Santos-Dumont No. I* soared up triumphantly.

Man flies! The crowd cheered and wept. It was the first time any of them had ever seen a human being steering himself through the air. Suddenly a little girl shouted: "It's broken!"

It was. The air pump had failed and the great envelope was buckling in the middle. It was a matter of moments till the crash. Santos-Dumont was now over a field where boys were flying kites.

"Take my guide rope," he shouted when his ropes touched the ground, "and run against the wind. Like a kite." They did it, and the wind resistance broke his fall. "And so," he reported later, "I was saved for the first time."

But he had flown. He had gone up under his own power without throwing ballast overboard, as balloonists did. He had steered his ship at will.

Santos-Dumont, the first man ever to fly on gasoline power, weighed little more than one hundred pounds. Yet even before his first flight the frail, foppish little foreigner, whose head was overlarge for his small body, had become a hero in Paris.

Ambitious mothers hoped to see their daughters driving with him in the Bois. The blasé, titled sportsmen in the Jockey Club welcomed him for his ability and for the dare-devil coolness with which he risked his neck. He was very much a man of the world, but as simple and direct as a child. He would work all morning in his shirt sleeves in his own machine shop and then turn up at the most fashionable restaurant in the Bois for lunch attired, invariably, in a top hat and frock coat.

When he wanted to find out how he reacted to altitudes he simply climbed Mount Blanc. The first time he made a balloon ascent he took along a lunch of chicken, cold roast beef, champagne, ice cream, cakes, and chartreuse, eating it as he floated up into a white, opaque world. Nothing, he explained afterward to the delighted Parisians, could be more agreeable.

He designed the smallest spherical balloon ever built—*The Brazil*—and after ascents in it he used to drive back to Paris in his vermilion automobile with the little balloon in a valise on the seat beside him.

At the time of his first triumph Santos-Dumont was only twenty-five years old. He was born in Brazil in 1873, one of ten children of a São Paulo coffee king. On his father's huge plantations, containing sixty miles of private railroad, the most modern machinery of the day was used, and here the boy's mechanical genius had opportunity to develop. At twelve he worked in the cab of an American locomotive, hauling trainloads of green coffee.

Occasionally he turned his face up to the Brazilian sky, where, he wrote years later, "the birds soar with such ease on their great outstretched wings, where the clouds mount so gaily in the pure light of day, and you have only to raise your eyes to fall in love with space and freedom."

Inspired by the novels of Jules Verne, he built toy balloons and dreamed of a ship that would go through the air. In his spare time he worked in the plantation shops like an apprentice mechanic.

At the university in Rio de Janeiro he took honors in science, then persuaded his father to send him to Paris to study aeronautics. In the '90s Parisians were fascinated by eccentric methods of transportation—horseless carriages, auto tricycles, balloons.

To his "immense astonishment," however, Santos-Dumont found that, while there were a number of spherical balloons in Paris, there were no steerable ones. The record had been dismal: Giffard's steam airship and Renard's electric airship had proved impractical; Wolfert's ship had caught on fire and killed him; Schwartz's rigid airship had blown up.

Nevertheless, Santos-Dumont began experiments which led at last to his triumph at the zoological gardens in 1898. Encouraged by this success, he built four more $30,000 machines. Then he was ready to try for the coveted Deutsch prize of 125,000 francs—the equivalent of $25,000—which awaited the man who could fly around the Eiffel Tower and back to Saint-Cloud in half an hour.

On August 8, 1901, he sailed from the starting point to the tower in nine minutes. It looked as if he had the prize in his grasp. But as he reached the tower there was a violent jerk on the cords suspending his wicker basket. Those in front slackened, and the propeller blades bit into them—it was a matter of seconds before he would be catapulted into space. In a flash Santos-Dumont threw the switch; the propeller fluttered to a stop; the big machine, half collapsed, drifted with the wind until it bumped into the roof of a building. There was a loud explosion, and *Santos-Dumont No. 5*—and Santos-Dumont—disappeared from sight.

Paris firemen galloped to the scene to find the aeronaut clinging to a narrow window ledge one hundred feet above the ground, waiting to direct the salvage operations. The long keel of the

ship had come down catercorner across two roofs and had held firm, saving him from death.

Undaunted, the inventor gave the order for *Santos-Dumont No. 6* that very night, and in a month he was aloft, steering for the tower once more. An immense crowd watched him. As before, his ship held confidently to her course. Rounding the tower, the primitive motor almost stopped. Santos-Dumont left the controls, adjusted the spark, then flew triumphantly back to the starting point—this time to win the prize, which he promptly divided between his ground crew and the poor of Paris.

While his triumph was still news he had a red-and-white-striped balloon house built at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris. Here he "stabled" three more ships, the *Racer*, the *Runabout*, and the *Omnibus*—quite a sizable air fleet for a private pilot, even by today's standards.

To prove that flying was destined to be a part of everyday life, he kept aeronautics constantly in the public eye by methods worthy of a Barnum. He would fly down the Champs Elysées boulevard, descending at his favorite café for a drink.

If he was working at Neuilly he sailed home to his apartment in the Champs Elysées for lunch, where a houseman waited on the steps to catch his guide rope. People who were in Paris then remember how, on pleasant evenings, they used to see his carriage lamps twinkling in the sky. When the president of France reviewed the troops on Bastille Day, Santos-Dumont was overhead firing blank-cartridge salutes to the envious army on the ground.

Once his engine caught fire as he was returning from the races at Auteuil. Leaving the ship to steer herself, he climbed forward and beat out the flames with his hat. His crashes and hairbreadth escapes helped to spread his fame.

Once, during an Anglo-American polo match, he sent a young girl up solo.

"Steer for the polo field," he said. "I will bicycle over to meet you. Pull this cord if you get frightened. If you faint you will come down hard, but it won't kill you."

The young lady was not the fainting kind. She rose confidently and sailed through the skies. As the dirigible came over the field the ponies reared and bolted. "It's Santos-Dumont again," someone said. Then a roar rose from the grandstand. It was

not Santos but lovely Miss Aida de Acosta, in a big hat tied on with a chiffon veil. She came down safely, stayed to see the polo match, and then flew back to Neuilly while Paris stared open-mouthed. Miss de Acosta is the only woman who has ever soloed in a dirigible.

Santos-Dumont was reproached for having allowed a young woman to expose herself to such dangers. "But it is not dangerous," he protested. "Flying is so simple a school-girl can do it."

Alberto Santos-Dumont was forty years ahead of his time. He foresaw a new world, united by airways, along which passengers, mails, and freight would be transported. He wanted to share his vision with the world, but prominent men of the day dismissed his ideas, and the press, in reporting his many crashes, nicknamed him "Santos-Dismount." In 1902, however, the Prince of Monaco offered to build Santos-Dumont a balloon house if he would bring his dirigibles to Monte Carlo for the winter. Santos-Dumont accepted. The debonair, reckless young South American was dined by the Prince of Monaco, taken to supper by bankers. When he was aloft he was always a sensation. Yachts and sailboats turned out in his honor, and well-known automobile racers sped their cars at forty miles an hour along the coast road to keep up with him.

But his airships were still far from perfect—they could fly only in calm weather. The next step was to construct a heavier-than-air machine. And after many experiments with machines that were half airplane, half dirigible, he finally succeeded.

In 1906 he gave the world's first public demonstration flight of a heavier-than-air machine. Later he developed the first successful monoplanes, built of bamboo and Japanese silk and weighing, with engine and owner, only 242 pounds. He christened them his "Dragonflies." In 1909, skimming over hedges and treetops in his second *Dragonfly*, he set a new speed record by traveling five miles at the rate of fifty-nine and one half miles an hour.

It was his last triumph. By 1909 aviation had begun to slip out of the hands of inventors and into the hands of engineers and mechanics. At the hangars he found grimy men who spoke the slang of the streets; flying became a matter of races and barn-

storming competition for prizes. For the fastidious Brazilian aristocrat this was intolerable, and he retired from the field.

Like Nobel, Santos-Dumont was convinced that his inventions would make war so terrible that men would abandon it.

When the first World War came this belief was struck a crushing blow. He secluded himself at his villa near Paris, where he suffered attacks of melancholia. Horrified and helpless, he ended by persuading himself that he was responsible for the war.

In the years following the Armistice every aviation disaster intensified his belief that he had brought a curse into the world. When he came home to Brazil in 1928 a Condor plane, flying out to meet his ship, crashed in Rio Harbor, killing its crew. Santos-Dumont attended their funerals and then locked himself in a hotel room for days. When the dirigible R-101 was wrecked he tried to kill himself. After that relatives and loyal friends kept close watch on him.

In 1932 there was a brief revolt in São Paulo against the Brazilian government, and Santos-Dumont saw in the blue sky of his native land the colossal engine of destruction that was conceived on the day he had guided himself around the Eiffel Tower. His nephew left him alone for a few moments, and when he returned Santos-Dumont had disappeared. They found him in a bathroom, hanged with his own necktie.

Today Santos-Dumont's influence is on every hand. The air-mindedness of the people of the world today was born of his clever showmanship; the airplanes that now add a new dimension to the tragedy of war look back to a common ancestor in his *Santos-Dumont No. 1* and *Dragonfly*. The pity is that the father of flight could not wait to see the rise of the curtain on the next act, featuring giant passenger liners and sky-shouldering cargo carriers of the air—aerial ties that will unite lands and peoples as no other agency can. Already, through the war clouds, is to be seen the new world of which Santos-Dumont dreamed.

18. THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

I have been asked to talk to you of the Spirit of France and, at first, yesterday, I hesitated to accept. The terrible events of the last few days made it painful for me to think of the glory that was, and that will be, France. I felt very much as a man who loves his wife dearly, and who sees her mortally ill. He would rather avoid talking about her, not because he loves her less, but on the contrary, because he realizes better than ever how desperately he loves her and how great is the danger of losing her. However, if some friend gently, tenderly, succeeds in breaking his silence, very soon he understands that, though it hurts, it does him good all the same to talk about his beloved. Therefore I shall attempt to talk to you of my beloved France as if she was not today in so sad a condition, in so desperate a plight.

I shall always remember what I felt when I came back from America, for the first time, and went by train through Normandy, from Havre to Paris. I hadn't seen France for many months; it was as if I suddenly rediscovered her. "How lovely!" I thought. "This is not a country, it is a garden." And it is quite true that France is such an old country, and has been cultivated by her people for such a long time, with such loving care, that it really looks like one huge garden. When her continental neighbours, as it has unfortunately so often happened in history, thought and said: "The distribution of wealth is unfair; the French have got all the good and fertile land; we've got the marshes and the forests," they forgot that, for two thousand years, and more, Frenchmen had been clearing the forests and draining the marshes. And even now, how hard they work! Kipling used to say that France is a country where every man, woman, child and dog works from morning to night, and seems to enjoy it. That is certainly true of French peasants, and most French families come from peasant stock. It is from their farmer fathers that hard-working French professors and students learnt their devotion to their task.

And their farmer fathers respect them for being learned young men. No country in the world has more reverence than France for a good literary education. Every middleclass Frenchman knows at least some of his classics by heart; he has been brought up on La Fontaine, and Corneille, and Moliere. The Comédie-Française, which is the national theatre, and the French Academy, are public institutions, and a surprisingly great part of the nation takes an interest in their ceremonies. Very often in the course of the last fifty years, France was governed by professors. Whether it was a sound idea or not is another story, but it is a fact, and it shows the great importance attached by Frenchmen to classical eloquence, to the proper use of words, to simple and beautiful language.

The French language has become, after centuries of improvement, so crystal clear that Lord Salisbury used to say that things would go better in the world if it was forbidden to write about metaphysics in any language other than French. It is also the ideal language to talk about sentiments. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at the courts of the last Kings of France, idle men and women of infinite subtlety took pleasure in analysing very minutely each other's feelings and thoughts. The result was this wonderful literature that goes from La Bruyère and Pascal to Stendhal and Marcel Proust. France became a country of very refined taste. The part played by her in modern Europe was in a way similar to that played by Greece in the ancient world; she took pleasure in a delicious simplicity. Other literatures may have had more strength, more romantic violence; none had that mysterious perfection.

This was true, not only of literature, but of all the arts. During the last dreadful days, as is only too natural, as soon as I had a free moment, I let my thoughts wander to France. What were then the images that crossed my mind? It was the Place Vendôme, the Place des Vosges, the Place de la Concorde, all so well planned, so pure in design, so simple in ornament. The whole world has praised the good taste of the Paris working girls who, in the celebrated street that crosses the Place Vendôme, design dresses and jewels. Their taste comes, for a very large part, from the town in which they have been brought up. How could they have bad taste when, ever since they were children, they saw the

lovely and simple lines of so many noble monuments? Even the light of Paris is just what it should be. There is never too much of it. A blue mist rises from the river and softens the corners of the grey stones of the Louvre, and outside Paris, what is more delightful than a French river with its poplar trees, or than one of those long and straight French roads above which the well-clipped trees build an endless green cathedral?

The people themselves, men and women, are sometimes, in France, works of art. God knows we have our bores and knaves like every nation. But many Frenchmen, in the happy days of peace, had turned life into a fine art. What could be more delightful than to dine with a few well-chosen friends, in a small Paris restaurant? The owner, who was called the *Patron*, was, of course, at the same time, the *chef*. He wasn't so much interested in your money as in your appreciation of his great talents. He wasn't a tradesman, but an artist and a friend. And the guests were often worthy of the setting. Paris conversation at its best was witty, brilliant, sometimes deep, never ponderous, sparkling with anecdotes, portraits and sketches of the great.

I remember suddenly a dinner which was offered to me, a few days before the German offensive, at the front, by some young French officers who formed the staff of a reconnaissance squadron. They all knew that they hadn't much of a chance to survive. They never said a word about it; they spoke gaily and brilliantly. Every one of them has now been killed. But we have a right to say that they were worthy of their fathers, the soldiers of the Marne. What has defeated them is a vastly superior material strength. We owe it to them to say that the spirit of France was never more alive than it was in them. It will live in their sons. No one can kill in a few months, or even years of occupation, a spirit that has been built by generation after generation of patient and faithful men and women.

From the friends of France who listen to-day, I would ask two things. The first is: Do not judge France harshly in this hour of her great distress. She needs more than ever your understanding friendship and she has, I think, a right to it because she has lost everything in the service of freedom. The second is this: Take to-night the French book you prefer and read a few pages of it. Open a portfolio and ask Manet and Cézanne, Renoir and

Degas, to refresh your memories of France. Then think of the French man or woman you like best, of an old mill in Provence, of an apple orchard in Normandy, of the bookshops on the quais of Paris, of some beautiful, long, rolling sentence in Chateaubriand's memoirs, of a blue sky, of a soft French voice, and the Spirit of France will be alive in you, as it is, this very minute, in the minds of millions of Frenchmen, who suffer for France and worship her.

19. THE GREATEST HOAX IN HISTORY

GINA KAUS

Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, never lost the capacity to fall in love. But even those later, bizarre amours which scandalized Europe were really nothing but variations on the theme of her indestructible attachment to one man: Gregory Potemkin. Something more than physical passion gave distinction to this affair, a devotion unique in history. The love of these two, whose common bond was ambition, realized itself in a dream of world rule.

Outwardly the two had little in common: the empress, personification of order and punctuality, who never drank a drop, who rose at dawn and in her 15-hour day accomplished more work than 10 men—and Potemkin, who spent his days in lounging, his nights in drinking, whose gluttony was a byword and who rounded off the wildest debauches with prayers of repentance. Yet Potemkin worshiped her; he overwhelmed her with tenderness; he was past master at choosing presents valued solely for their superb frivolity. With him she became a real woman letting herself be spoilt by a man.

At first Catherine esteemed him as "the most comical and amusing character of the century," for this woman who had known so much horror yearned for gaiety and laughter. But presently she came to appreciate his real qualities...

"Ah, what a good head the man has!"... Potemkin became assistant minister for war and, almost overnight, war minister. Then, suddenly, with no obvious cooling off in their passion, he left for the south, renouncing Catherine's body, but keeping her soul; he even appointed his successor to that intimate position he had relinquished. For 15 years more her lovers were selected with his consent, or at his command. Potemkin was ready to lay at her feet anything—fortresses or flowers, provinces or paramours. (These favorites, incidentally, were expensive. They cost the country about 14,000,000 rubles. What Potemkin himself received from Catherine's treasury must have run to nearly 50,000,000

rubles.) While merely Catherine's lover, Potemkin led a life of indolence, but the moment he left her embrace, his life became ruled by that "tremendous plan worthy of a Caesar" already shaped in Catherine's mind: the ruling of the Black Sea and all south-eastern Europe. In 1783 she quietly annexed the Crimea, and Potemkin's business, as governor of the province, was now to turn this desert waste into a civilized country.

The task appealed to him. He embarked on a hundred projects: the building of the naval harbor at Sevastopol, vast fleets of merchant vessels and warships; importation of silkworms from China, planting of forests and vineyards; new factories and roads; he made plans for a magnificent new metropolis on the river Dnieper, to be named Ekaterinoslav—"Catherine's Glory." He made journeys north to inform Catherine of these new wonders. And she believed him. She believed, too, in the other miracles he reported: fields of waving corn, villages of contented, prosperous peasants—she really believed that in 3 years Potemkin had created the happiest, most fruitful province of her empire out of barren steppe-land. She must visit the new provinces, see for herself these miracles. Though now 58, her enthusiasm had never been more abundant.

Potemkin had not made a garden out of the desert, wealth where had been squalor, but he was able to create the illusion of all this for Catherine's delight. The villages, the factories existed only on paper; the steppes were still as desolate, the towns as tumble-down as always, but Potemkin was a marvelous stage manager, and Catherine's Crimean journey was the greatest triumph of stage management ever known—an achievement worthy of being numbered among the wonders of the world.

Catherine set out in February (Potemkin had gone ahead to "make arrangements.") with a retinue of 40,000. Her sledge, drawn by 8 horses, was like a small house, with 3 windows in each wall. At each station 500 fresh horses were waiting; huge bonfires lighted the road at night. Villagers had been ordered to repaint their houses (they painted only the walls facing the street); groups of artificial trees had been placed to screen unsightly spots, broken-down roofs had been repaired, not with tiles but with painted card-board imitations; the populace must wear its best clothes; girls must strew petals in the roadway; all the ancient and infirm must

remain indoors; begging or the presenting of petitions was forbidden—all must "express their happiness by smiles and merry gestures." Years before, Catherine, traveling this road, had read in the emaciated, hostile faces, misery and hunger—the truth. Now, seeing these clean streets, the well-dressed villagers, the gay merrymaking, she believed that she had really given her subjects happiness and prosperity... "Is not my little house-hold prettily furnished?" she asked the French ambassador.

At Kiev each guest of her retinue was provided with a furnished house, servants and carriages. After each meal the linen was given to the poor; every day the people had a new spectacle to gape at. Catherine was a perfect hostess; sweeping aside court etiquette, she forbade the mention of politics; though her corpulent body moved with difficulty, her brain darted swiftly over every subject—agriculture, child education, town planning, architecture. But about 10 o'clock she would retire. Beside her bed was a mirror wall which slid back at the touch of a secret button, revealing a second bed, that of her favorite, Mamonov. This contrivance, one of Potemkin's little attentions, was provided throughout the journey.

As soon as the Dnieper was free of ice, the company embarked on waiting boats, and here began the real dream-journey through Potemkin's fairyland. Seven floating palaces followed by 80 attendant vessels carried 3000 persons. The imperial galleys were lined with costly brocade; the walls, the servants' uniforms gleamed with gold; meals were served on gold plate. Lying under her silken awning, the empress saw towns decorated with huge triumphal arches and garlands; cattle grazing in the pastures, troops maneuvering, and at dusk, peasants dancing with carefree abandon. Even Potemkin's severest critics grew silent before these never-ending wonders, and Catherine's rapture knew no bounds.

She did not know that this fairyland vanished the moment her boat had passed, that the houses behind the triumphal arches were without roofs, doors or windows, that behind the houses were no streets, that the villages were deserted, that the cattle had been brought long distances to graze before her eyes, that the dancers were wretched serfs, taught, with pains and beatings, to perform their care-free capers. After sunset, they were packed

into carts like a traveling theatrical company and hurried to the next stand, again to provide a spectacle of holiday merrymaking.

At each of three anchorages there was a magnificent new palace with artificial waterfalls and a shady park. Potemkin could work miracles! He turned primeval jungle into formal English garden—by transplanting trees that flourished for a few days and then slowly withered. Again, houses for Catherine's guests had been erected—jerry-built, but furnished with every conceivable luxury. And everywhere were soldiers, fine, upstanding specimens, magnificently uniformed. At Ekaterinoslav the empress laid the foundation stone of the new cathedral. Its plans made St. Peter's in Rome appear a village chapel—but the cathedral was never built. Proceeding now by carriage, the party drove through villages buzzing with industry: bricklaying, roadbuilding—everywhere activity, pulsing life, busy crowds! They could not guess that these same towns were dead and derelict, that Potemkin had snatched no less than 20 communities bodily from their homes to populate temporarily his provinces. Every kind of entertainment was provided. At one stop an artificial volcano spurted flame into the air all night; at Sevastopol a band of 180 musicians played at the reception dinner. Before the windows Catherine's gaze traveled over massed regiments, down to the bay, where lay the new Black Sea fleet; built in 2 years. A roar of cannon broke from the decks, with shouts of "Long live the Empress!" Later followed the triumphant climax of the whole journey: at Poltava two armies met in a mock combat representing the famous victory which Peter the Great had won on the same ground.

It was effective stagecraft, and Catherine's happiness for the moment was complete. She owed it all to Potemkin. But had she discovered the hidden flaws in his methods, it might have damped her enthusiasm; had she known that the warships were constructed of the poorest materials, that the cannon were without ammunition, that the fortress of Kherson was built of sand, and, far from withstanding cannon shot, was to be severely damaged by the first thunderstorm, then she might have regarded this Crimean journey in a sober and pessimistic light. It had cost 7,000,000 rubles and an enormous expenditure of human energy, and it had achieved—nothing save the further aggrandizement of Potemkin in Catherine's eyes. That, at any rate, had been successful.

The Crimean journey and the elaborate invention of a happy, prosperous country were no more than a highly original, expensive tribute paid by one of the greatest lovers of history to his mistress.

20. PROPOSALS

J. E. Buckrose

It has often been said that every woman receives one proposal of marriage. But if you should come across any girl over thirty who owns without embroidery that she has *not* done so, then attach her to your soul with hooks of steel—if you can—for she is one of those rare human beings who speak the truth even to themselves.

Otherwise she would have, stored somewhere in the back of her mind and kept from the moth by memory's lavender, *the proposal that never happened.* For instance, it might have been when she met the object of her secret adoration on the cliff top that August evening, and said how bright the stars were; to which he replied—rendered vaguely sentimental for the moment by a good dinner and the lapping waves—that they shone less brightly than her eyes; then he pressed her hand in bidding her good-night, and after a while she became quite sure he would have proposed that evening, but—

There used to be a great many of these '*but*' *proposals,* keeping middle-aged spinsters in little houses on village streets from growing bitter. You could see women looking out over neat hedges with flower scissors in their hands at the young couples going by, with a sort of calm, semi-regretful assurance that they too might have walked arm in arm like that, but—

Others, however, were soured by this gradually deepening conviction that some trifling accident of circumstance had shut them out from marriage, and the obstacles they invented to soothe their hurt hearts were many; their own lack of response being the most favoured, while the snake in the grass who had mysteriously maligned them came in a good second. And while this sort of thing is far less common now than formerly, it still exists.

Then, of course, there are many different varieties of the proposal which actually happens—though a man is less ready to ask a girl to marry him with no sort of encouragement whatever than some novelists would have us believe, for centuries of being the one

to throw the handkerchief have made him vain, and he usually likes to have some sort of feeling that the handkerchief will be picked up—though he may find out his mistake afterwards.

Such a lover is very fond of the *proposal by implication,* and the following is the only example I know of at first hand, in spite of the fact that they are quite common and take place in all spheres of life. The girl was a small farmer's daughter, and she had an admirer who came to see her every Saturday night for a long, long time, but never got any 'forrader.' He was a silent youth—even for a Yorkshireman in a remote country place—and the girl's relations gradually became impatient at having to go out into the yard, or upstairs into chilly bedrooms, in order to make opportunities which were never taken. The weather grew colder and colder, and still he continued to sit there, staring at the fire and saying nothing. But at last one night about Christmas-time he roused himself and said, without removing his gaze: "Your firegrate is just like my mother's firegrate."

"Is it?" said she dully—for she too was getting very tired of waiting.

"Do you reckon you could bake mince-pies on our grate same as you do on this grate?" he continued, continuing to look straight before him.

"I could try, lad," said she.

And so a marriage was arranged.

But the *kiss-first-and-ask-afterwards* proposal is the one most in favour, I fancy, at the present time; perhaps because it is, after all, the kind that has the finest glamour of youth about it. For there is no tiresome consideration of ways and means; no thought of possibly disapproving relations; just the girl—or the man—and a corner at a dance or a tennis party, and the thing is done. What happens afterwards is another question; but nothing worse, I think, than may possibly come of an interested, well-thought-out marriage.

A popular sort, particularly in certain ultra-modern circles, is the *'if only'* proposal. This is employed sometimes by young men who cannot afford to marry, but more often by those who don't want to do so, and the advantage to the latter lies in the fact that such a suitor can have his fun without paying for it. He can declare his love by telling the girl how he would delight to make

her his bride—'if only' he could afford to marry. Occasionally he brings in a stern father or an unreasonable uncle to reinforce his disability.

But all this is far away from the thoughts of the lover who is really poor and really anxious to marry. He will not have half the assurance of the butterfly man, and may quite likely get elbowed aside by some one better off, or with more push, while he is trying to reach a position where he thinks it fair to the girl to ask her to share his hardships. This kind of proposal, when it finally does happen, has no name—like some other things that are sacred.

There is also the unusual variety which Bernard Shaw has obviously been unfortunate enough to come across rather often in his life—I mean the *driven-to-earth* proposal. Most people observe it only very occasionally and would prefer, if they are women, to look the other way; for when the hunted lover at last succumbs, he usually does it half-heartedly, and he may even come back next day to tell his promised bride that he has been thinking the matter over in the night, and has come to the conclusion he is not worthy of her—that last desperate bid for freedom. But though she may agree with him, she does not say so, and somehow manages to make him feel it was all his doing. Perhaps in time she believes this herself; and when she tells intimate friends that dear John took her by storm, she means what she says.

Another less agreeable sort is the *patronising proposal*. It may come from a young, handsome man to a woman who has loved him for years; or from a very rich man to a girl without a penny; or from a mother's spoilt darling to a fine, gay creature whose boots he is not worthy to button; but it can very seldom lead to happiness, and those who receive such had usually better say 'No,' and be miserable for a time, than 'Yes,' and be miserable until they are divorced or dead.

The *poetical proposal* is one which very few of us know much about. But if the proposer really is a poet, and if poets *do* propose differently from other people, perhaps his words come forth like the notes of a blackbird in spring—that most ancient love-song known to the world. And perhaps the girl he loves will feel as if she were standing in an April wood carpeted with primroses in bud, all of them opening magically, softly, at one time—and yet so quietly that it seems quite natural. But this is only surmise.

The *proposal by letter* is a bleak affair, however burning the phrases in which it is written. Nobody can declare that nature intended man to declare his passion by means of diluted lamp-black and wood-pulp—unless it is those who happen never to have tried the other way. For if the suitor is accepted, he misses an exquisite moment which no power on earth can restore to him—the one when he reads his answer in her face; and if he is refused, he has only spared himself an unpleasant moment at too great a risk.

There is also the tribute sometimes received by middle-aged women who seem unattractive to the general public—I mean the '*When I grow up*' proposal. This has a morning freshness about it like the sound of a brook in the early spring-time, and I can recall one such from my own earliest memories. A little, curly-headed boy was standing by an elderly girl with long features who embroidered poppies and cornflowers on grey linen; and after a while he put his small grubby paw on her knee, saying earnestly: "I'm going to marry you when I grow up, Cousin Harriet." And she smiled down at him over her work, with something in her face that was so simple and kind that it must have reached me even then, for I remember thinking that Cousin Harriet was not a bit plain when she looked like that, and I wished vaguely that she would wear that expression always and make everybody love her.

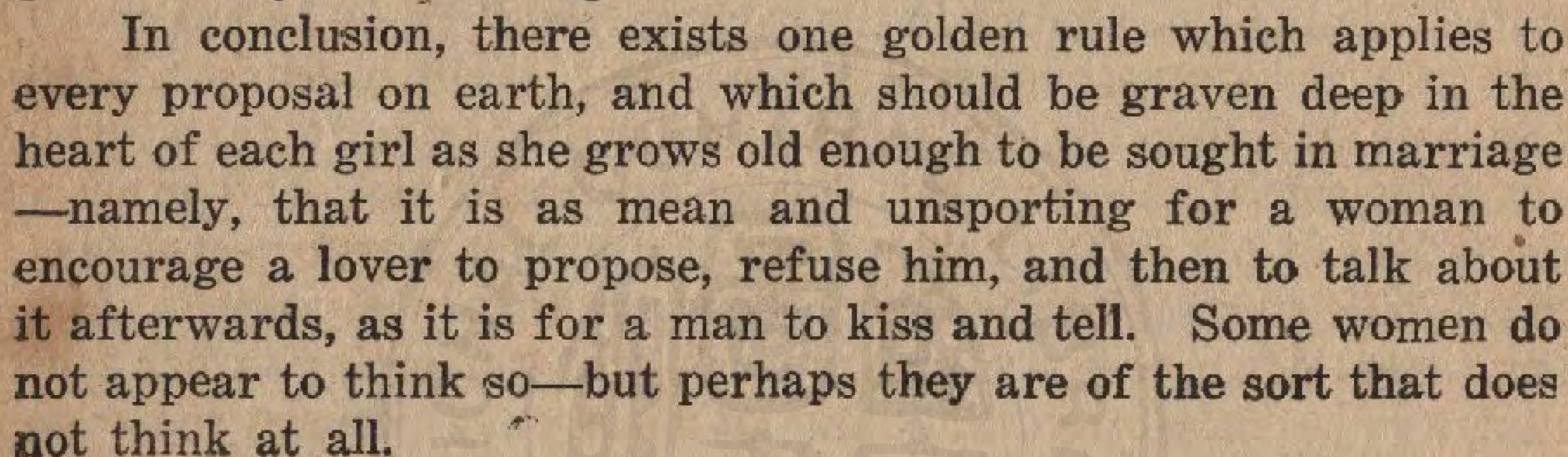
The *recurring proposal* is not so very common, but it does happen. I do not think that lovers who ask and are refused, and then keep on asking regularly about twice a year, can be the most passionate sort, but they are faithful, and they often get the girl in the end. In some few cases, however, they irritate the object of their affections past bearing, and I once heard of a young lady in the eighties who became so exasperated by this unwelcome fidelity that at last she threw the young gentleman's top-hat out of the window and recommended him to follow it; which finished the affair, because a much-respected citizen received the top-hat full in his spectacles, and our town—being a simple place then—rocked with laughter.

The *unspoken proposal* is of all the most common, I believe; but the queer thing about it is that many people do not realize they have made use of it until somebody mentions the subject. Then they glance back over the history of their own courtship, and recall the odd fact that he never did propose at all, but that they

found themselves engaged before the fateful question was ever asked or answered. It somehow happened.

The *proposal by proxy* is the most uninteresting of all, for the simple reason that the man who can go to his aunt or his friend or his sister, and crave assistance from her, may make an excellent husband, but can hardly be called a romantic lover. Either he has no faith in himself, or he has too much faith in the inducements to matrimony which an outsider can put before the lady more delicately than he is able to do in his own person. Anyway, it is a dull, second-hand sort of arrangement, which no gay and ardent girl is likely to find acceptable.

In conclusion, there exists one golden rule which applies to every proposal on earth, and which should be graven deep in the heart of each girl as she grows old enough to be sought in marriage —namely, that it is as mean and unsporting for a woman to encourage a lover to propose, refuse him, and then to talk about it afterwards, as it is for a man to kiss and tell. Some women do not appear to think so—but perhaps they are of the sort that does not think at all.



21. THE LAST DAYS OF DICTATOR BENITO MUSSOLINI

GEORGE KENT

Here, told for the first time, is the story of the last seven days of Benito Mussolini as dictator of the Italian people. These days, July 19 to 25, 1943, began with a meeting between Hitler and *il Duce,* in an Alpine village, as Allied troops were racing forward in Sicily. They ended in a savage 12-hour session of the Fascist Grand Council in the famous balcony room of the Palazzo Venezia in Rome.

When Mussolini and Hitler met in the village of Feltre in northern Italy on July 19—the day the Allies first bombed Rome from the air—*der Fuhrer* made it plain to *il Duce* that the Nazi-Fascist honeymoon was ended, and the German High Command was taking over in Italy in name as well as fact. Furthermore, he said, unless Mussolini got tough and aroused his people to whole-hearted support of the war, he would be replaced by someone who would. Altogether an unpleasant conversation.

As he rode back to Rome from Feltre, he had a message of utter submission to Germany to give to his German-hating people. An extraordinary dose of propaganda would be needed to make them swallow it.

Never a strong man, he was physically ill as the train carried him south. Everyone remembers photographs of Mussolini posing as the man of muscles, skiing, rubbing snow on his bare chest. What we hadn't known is that when the cameramen departed *il Duce* went to bed for 24 hours to recover.

He also suffered from stomach ulcers, and at home kept strictly to a diet of milk and stewed foods, avoiding tobacco and alcohol. On public occasions, however, such as this meeting with Hitler, he hid his weakness and brashly ate everything set before him—with disastrous results. As the train jolted on, Mussolini rolled in pain on the floor, trying now and then to ease the agony by balancing on elbows and knees.

On Wednesday, July 21, back in Rome, he astonished the inner circle by calling a meeting of the Fascist Grand Council for the following Saturday. No such meeting had been held for more than three years. But *il Duce's* reason was obvious. He had a harsh pill to feed Italy—the loss of Italian sovereignty—and needed all possible support.

For two years Dino Grandi had brooded over the disaster which was overwhelming his country. There was only one way out: Italy must quit before it was too late. And Italy would never quit as long as Mussolini held power. Mussolini must go.

On Thursday, July 22, Grandi decided to tell Mussolini that he was going to ask the Council to oust him. How much courage this took, only those who had lived for years under a Fascist regime can understand. To act before the Council was one thing; to warn *il Duce* two days in advance was suicidal. Mussolini agreed to see him, allotting him 15 minutes.

Grandi, whose voice is soft, began by reminding *il Duce* of a statement Mussolini had once made: "Let all parties perish, ours along with the others, so long as our country is safe." Grandi told him the country was in danger, that it was *il Duce's* duty to return the command of the armies to the King, so that peace could be made.

Grandi stayed an hour and a half. Mussolini's face was dark, and as his visitor spoke he played constantly with a pencil. Finally *the Duce* arose and said, "We will see." The interview was over.

At home, Grandi went through the list of members of the Grand Council, and checked six whose good will could be depended on in the crisis. That evening he visited them, discovering that these half dozen would support his attack on Mussolini All that evening and the next day they talked, while men of Mussolini's secret police watched from the shadows. At any moment bullets might put an end to their conversations, but they had come to the point where their honor as patriots was more important than living.

Saturday afternoon, at five o'clock, cars containing the members of the Grand Council pulled up before the Palazzo Venezia. In the courtyard, usually empty except for a guard or two, stood a battalion of helmeted Fascist militia, armed with rifles and machine guns—a gentle warning.

The balcony room of the Palazzo adjoins Mussolini's office; through it he had passed to reach the balcony each time he delivered a speech to the crowds of Rome. It is a long room, hung with tapestries and old masters and lighted by a beautiful Renaissance chandelier. At one end is a thronelike seat, the place of *il Duce*; facing it, a wide semicircle of chairs.

Before sitting down all raised their arms in the Fascist salute —and the Fascist Grand Council was in session. Mussolini spoke first, for about an hour, on the conduct of the war, placing blame for defeat on the military leaders. Old Marshal de Bono, who had lost his command in the Ethiopian campaign, objected. Others spoke, and the discussion went on for another hour.

A little after seven, Grandi remarked that the Council was a civil group and not qualified to discuss military matters. Then turning to Mussolini, he said, "What I am about to say, you already know, because I told it to you two days ago." *Il Duce*, black-browed and pale, sat silently, toying with his pencil. Grandi spoke for over an hour, urging that Mussolini had outlived his usefulness, and that the command of the armies be restored to the King.

Then he drew from his pocket a copy of a motion directing that government by parliament be restored and that Mussolini be instructed to ask the King to assume, under Article Five of the Constitution, "all supreme initiative of decision."

Having read the motion, Grandi uttered a word which in that room was revolutionary: "*Votare*," which means "Let us vote." In more than 20 years of Grand Council meetings, no member had ever voted. "*Votare*!" said Grandi again, and sat down.

The Council had been in session four hours. Because Mussolini didn't smoke, no one else did. No one drank or ate anything. There was nothing to relieve the tension. Mussolini had counted on angry speeches, denunciation, but here was a document, a demand for a vote. He leaned sideways in his chair, his lips working, passing the pencil back and forth between his hands.

In the halls immediately outside the room and at the doors about 60 men stood with fixed bayonets. These men, the toughest in Italy, were the *Moschettieri del Duce*—Musketeers of the Duce. They were pledged to support Mussolini to the death, and obeyed only him. A word from the man on the throne, and Grandi and his supporters would speak no more.

But nothing happened. Then Federzoni, president of the Royal Academy, compared this war with the last, to the detriment of Mussolini. Bottai, who had run the trade unions, told of the workmen's dissatisfaction. Di Marsico, Minister of Justice, attacked from the legal point of view. De Stefani, former Minister of Finance, dwelt upon the war's economic havoc.

Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, one of the few who knew Grandi's plans beforehand, supported Grandi courageously. He addressed the Council, charging that Mussolini's blind passion for martial glory had made him lead Italy into war without consultation with the Council, and against Ciano's advice. This despite the known serious shortages of many types of armament.

Mussolini shouted, "The moment you entered my house, there entered treason!"

Then the supporters of Mussolini took the floor and the talk went on four hours more. Finally Mussolini arose, said that nothing was being accomplished, that it was getting late, and declared the meeting adjourned.

Grandi sprang up. "What does time matter?" he said. "At this moment Italian soldiers are fighting and dying on battlefields in Sicily. Why be disturbed over the loss of a few hours? Let us work out a solution."

The meeting continued. Mussolini began to speak. His face was gray and, in the words of one of the members, his voice had the savagery of a wounded lion. He defended his dictatorship and the Axis pact. It was too late to think of turning back, he said; Italy must stay in the war. His conscience was clear. The people were with him to a man.

Grandi asked Mussolini to tell them what Hitler had told him. Mussolini refused, but assured the Council that victory was inevitable.

"Words, only words!" shouted Grandi. "We know you asked for 3000 planes. He offered you 300."

Farinacci, one-time secretary of the Fascist Party, defended the Duce and, in a long speech praising Hitler and Germany, asked the Council to vote its allegiance. Then Scorza, secretary of the Party, introduced a motion which was substantially a vote of confidence for Mussolini. It declared that all who opposed the dictatorship and the war were subject to the charge of treason.

Yes, it was treason, shouted Farinacci, and asked punishment for all who had a "democratic mentality." Galbiati, who commanded the militia, said, "My troops will know how to deal with you who have raised your voices tonight." And Tringari Casanova, the prosecutor, shouted, "Remember, you are playing with your heads!"

The meeting was now swinging in Mussolini's direction. But no smile crossed his face as he went on endlessly playing with his pencil. Three members who had previously indicated their approval of Grandi arose to say that they had been mistaken.

It was now about four o'clock in the morning. The room was filled with a low-pitched, murderous excitement. From below came the thud of gun butts struck against cobbles as guards were relieved. Anything might happen.

Grandi, weary but his head held so high that his black beard pointed straight at Mussolini, arose and stood for a moment in silence. Then he said, "We don't care what happens to us. It is our solemn duty to see that this motion is acted upon. *Votare*!"

Pareschi, the Minister of Agriculture, fainted. He came to, weeping, and saying, "It's horrible, these attacks on *il Duce*." Later he voted with Grandi—and was executed.

Mussolini, staring into Grandi's eyes, spoke in a strangely dry, menacing voice. "The King will support me in all I have done," he said. "When I tell him what happened tonight he will say, 'They have betrayed you.' "

Grandi, implacable, arose again. "Let us vote," he said, "*Va bene*," said *il Duce*. "Very well."

The voting began. Each man arose and spoke his vote aloud. The first, Scorza, said in a clear voice, "No." Then he sat down and, as secretary of the Party, began recording the votes. The president of the Senate was next. He said, "I abstain." Old De Bono, who hated the Duce, got up stiffly and said, "I vote yes." Grandi followed. Then Bottai stood to utter another yes.

The evening's debate had been largely among a dozen men. The others had listened silently; their votes would decide the outcome. The room was stark with suspense. One man, in telling me the story, said, "At that moment, I wasn't tired any more—I just burned with a fever to know the outcome."

Most of the silent ones voted for the Grandi motion. At last it was over. The count was 19 to 7. Mussolini was finished. The Duce arose from his throne slowly and without a word or a glance walked with stiff strides to the end of the long room and vanished through the door.

This was not quite the end. Grandi produced two copies of his motion and asked all who had voted yes to affix their signatures. One copy he left for Mussolini, the other he put in his pocket. The meeting was over. At this point, in the past, Council members had arisen and given the Fascist salute. This time there was no salute; the men passed out of the room in silence.

The Musketeers of the Duce let them go by.

In the yard it was light. It was Sunday morning and a bell was tolling. The Musketeers watched them come out, and the members of the Council must have shuddered as they turned their backs to climb into the waiting automobiles.

"Young fellow, you'll pay in blood for tonight's work," were Casanova's parting words to Ciano.

Grandi went to inform the chief of the King's household what had happened, giving him a copy of the signed document for His Majesty.

Mussolini started his last day distributing prizes at an agricultural school ceremony, attempting to create a "business as usual" atmosphere.

In the palace the King waited for Mussolini to appear of his own accord. At five o'clock, when *il Duce* had failed to come, the King sent for him. Mussolini began talking of plans for the future. The King said, "The Council has voted. You no longer have a share in Italy's future. I will accept your resignation." Mussolini stormed out, asking a porter at the door, "Where's my car?" Then an ambulance drove up and carried him off. The fallen dictator left Rome for all time.

That Mussolini failed to order his Musketeers to kill Grandi and the others is one of those curious facts which crop up to change the course of history. Undoubtedly the answer is that years ago, when his strong-arm boys had slain Matteotti, the Duce had nearly lost his office. Since then he had been careful to perform assassina-

tions legally. He may also have believed that the King, who had always supported him, would disregard the vote of the Grand Council.

When, later, Mussolini realized his error, his extraordinary Fascist Court at Verona condemned 18 Council members to death and sentenced another to 30 years in prison.

Ciano, De Bono, Pareschi and two others have been executed. The rest are fugitives, hiding in German-occupied Italy or in neutral or Allied countries. All are being hunted, and the North Italian radio warns them weekly that they will not escape Fascist vengeance. Grandi has shaved off his beard and adopted another name, because four attempts have been made upon his life. His estates have been confiscated and all other sources of income stopped. He now lives in poverty. "But I am satisfied," he said. "That meeting of the Council was the last act of my political life."

The rest of the story has been told by the newspapers. Mussolini was shifted from place to place until the Germans rescued him. Marshal Badoglio, instead of immediately speaking for peace, announced, "The war continues." Six precious weeks were lost in negotiations, giving the Germans time to pour in reinforcements.

That does not detract from the drama of that historic meeting when men dared to look a dictator in the eye and order him to get out.

22. LIFE IN A GERMAN CITY

LEWIS F. GITTLER

For several months I roamed the Anglo-French-American occupation zones in Germany, interviewing hundreds upon hundreds of Germans and reporting to Army authorities what they were doing and thinking. It was not a cheerful assignment.

All German cities look strikingly alike today. Each consists of a circular area of ruins—the heart of the town, where public buildings, hotels, amusement places and shops are rubble and ashes—ringed by virtually undamaged small factories, suburban housing developments, and the pretentious villas of the well-to-do. It is hard to tell whether you are in Munich or Hamburg, Cologne or Nuremberg.

It doesn't really matter; everywhere the pattern of living is the same—the same food rations, the same daily habits, the same mood of selfishness and apathy. The hard labor and sacrifice with which for years the Germans supported the Nazi regime and Hitler's war have disappeared completely. There is no national spirit, no community spirit, not even any neighborly spirit. Few Germans of any class are doing anything toward solving Germany's present problems. All the German does is to try by hook or crook to get his dwelling patched up and accumulate nonperishable food to hide in his cellar.

He is a disagreeable fellow, cringing before his conquerors but viciously denouncing his neighbors if he thinks he can get a reward. He tells us he hates Hitler, and he probably does—not because Hitler started the war, but because he did not win it.

Work of rebuilding could be started if the Germans were interested. The available labor pool is fairly large. Most cities, even after evacuations and air-raid casualties, have about half as many residents as ever and hundreds more return weekly. The mayors and city councils, appointed by our Military Government, have extensive powers to regulate wages and prices, plan reconstruction and allocate labor.

Wages are based by the city's Labor Bureau on the low cost of rations and do not vary much, city to city. The lowest wage, for road labor, is 150 marks ($15) a month. A mayor, at 500 marks ($50) monthly, is in the top bracket.

Only the few who are utterly destitute will voluntarily take reconstruction jobs, and the German officials do not want to alienate potential political supporters by forcing them to do the dirty labor that eventually must be done. The only men you see doing forced labor are Nazis expiating their party membership by sullenly cleaning up debris and a number of German prisoners of war the Allies released on condition they work in coal mines or on farms.

The few voluntary workers are railroad employés, handicraftsmen, artisans, mechanics and technicians. Most of them are at work for two reasons. One, they want to establish a franchise, so to speak, and then hope to reorganize their old exclusive, monopolistic union or guild. Second, members of several trades—carpenters, plumbers and tailors—are doing better than ever before in their lives. True, their wages are fixed by the city officials, but not many artisans will do a job without a valuable present, preferably in goods, not cash.

The bulk of the city population simply looks on, and spends the time bartering and scrounging—an art highly developed during the war.

The poor live in seemingly uninhabitable cellars and patched-up first floors in the inner city. Some have built lean-to shacks in the outskirts. The utterly destitute live in wooden barracks or in the thick-walled air-raid shelters, massive fortresses housing a thousand or more people.

The wealthy, most of whom made big money under the Nazis, still have their comfortable suburban homes. Most of the middle-class folk stayed in the city during the bombings and managed to salvage two or three rooms of their apartments.

Typical of this middle-class "average" German is Josef Koelmann, a 47-year-old foreman of Cologne. Koelmann is solidly built, in good health and well clothed. Once he was a harsh boss over 150 Belgian and Czech laborers in a steel plant; now the air raids seem to have cut him down to size.

Koelmann leads an existence which may sound grim to Americans, but which has become almost normal to him. He is hedged

about by rules. He must stay within a ten-mile radius beyond the city line. If he visits a friend, he must hurry home before sunset curfew or stay overnight. He must always carry his identification card and a "permit to circulate." He cannot move to a new flat, nor drive a vehicle. He has not attended a movie, concert or theater for over a year. His only link with the outside world is the Allied-controlled weekly newspaper, and the radio, which transmits only Russian, British and American programs. Even so, Herr Koelmann bartered his best suit-jacket to get a radio.

In his bomb-shattered two-room apartment, shared by his wife and two children, the range stove provides such heat as there is. Koelmann supplements the meager coal ration by scrounging fuel in the ruins. Electricity, gas and running water are luxuries that function sporadically.

Like his neighbors, Koelmann is full of self-pity and stubborn, unrealistic hopes of getting something without working for it. Guilt over his substantial contribution to Germany's aggression is the furthest thing from his mind. All that matters is to get more food jars lined up in his cellar and the coal stacked higher in his bin. At this kind of thing, he is cunning and indefatigable. He knows all the tricks of barter, foraging and illegal marketing.

Most Germans have plenty of cash, the result of years of high war earnings and few expenditures. City dwellers received 5000 to 15,000 marks' property insurance from the Nazi state for bomb damage. For years, too, they collected generous allotments and life-insurance benefits from their men in the Army. Moreover, the soldiers sent home a great deal of loot.

Herr Koelmann, for instance, has a cash balance of 15,000 marks ($1500 at official exchange rates). His apartment and all the food rations for his family of four cost him only 180 marks ($18) a month. All Germans in cities receive the same rations—bread, apples, potatoes, synthetic fats, synthetic egg and pancake flour, synthetic "Hitler coffee," meat and butter for one meal a week, kohlrabi, turnips, cabbage and sugar, with an occasional portion of cheese and jam.

Every German must purchase his rations only from the one grocer, butcher or baker with whom he is registered. With pharmacies, banks and beauty parlors, these are the only businesses operating.

Except for ration-buying, German money is practically worthless. Professional and amateur black marketeers scoff at banknotes; they want goods that can be bartered, everyday things like umbrellas and fountain pens, or luxuries like genuine coffee or cigarettes. A German will do 12 hours of heavy labor for a package of cigarettes.

Those who have a stock of such durable goods and foodstuffs are the "rich men" in Germany today. Every German had some sort of treasure-hideout, a cellar or backyard shack, where he stored his dearest possessions during the war years. He was able to save from damage most of his personal belongings—clothes, household goods, radio, bicycle, electrical equipment, jewelry, toys and tools. This accounts for the fact that Germans look so well dressed today and their houses so comfortably furnished.

Most of the hoarding was begun at the time of the Normandy invasion. During the bombings, half-destroyed homes were looted of their food reserves and fur coats. But the greatest stockpiling came with the capture of the city. During the first few days, Germans shamelessly plundered the warehouses, freight depots and evacuated villas and estates. I saw a 50-room modernized castle on the outskirts of Kassel stripped in two hours of its entire contents by a swarm of solid citizens wheeling carts and baby buggies.

Now the looters have become amateur black marketeers who never cease their bartering. They put ads in the local weeklies, surreptitiously negotiate with American soldiers. A GI will gladly give three packs of cigarettes for a simple camera. Germans trade the three packs for a bottle of cognac, for which farmers will give two pounds of meat.

"The richest man" in Frankfurt today is a black marketeer known simply as Friedl. He lives behind a building that has been completely laid waste. You go through a narrow foot-path over and around the ruins, and suddenly there is a small house, perfectly preserved. Friedl has 40 chickens penned up in his small yard and an automobile secreted behind a wall of wood and straw. In a garage is an assortment of bicycle tires, window glass and baby carriage wheels.

Friedl, a shrewd, greedy man with a passion and talent for marketeering, has been in the business for five years. His house

is as crammed as a pawnshop, with clocks, musical instruments, furniture, radios, suitcases, "junk" jewelry, bolts of cloth.

Hidden somewhere in his house, or beneath it ("not even the Gestapo could find it"), are cartons of American cigarettes, quantities of concentrated coffee and a stock of hard chocolate bars. Friedl knows the punishment is severe for possession of U. S. Army materials, and he is not letting any of it be seen. How he gets it is his secret.

Friedl is out all day in the city on his bicycle, looking up his regular list of customers. He notes down in his "little black book" what each has to offer in barter. He is not interested in money, he will not even accept foreign currency; it is "too hot to handle." All foreign monies have been called in by the Military Government.

"Besides," Friedl said, with the inevitable self-pity of all Germans, "I'll never be able to get out of Germany to use foreign money. It will rot while I go hungry."

Friedl is the last man in Germany who will go hungry.

The people who ran Germany's industry and commerce before and during the war—the most important people in Germany, perhaps—will remain idle for a long time to come. They are the executives without offices, the industrialists and engineers without industries, chemists without laboratories, professors without universities. Some, with apparently "clean" records, have found their way into city administrations. Others are cooking up ideas for "safe" nonwar industries acceptable to the Allied authorities.

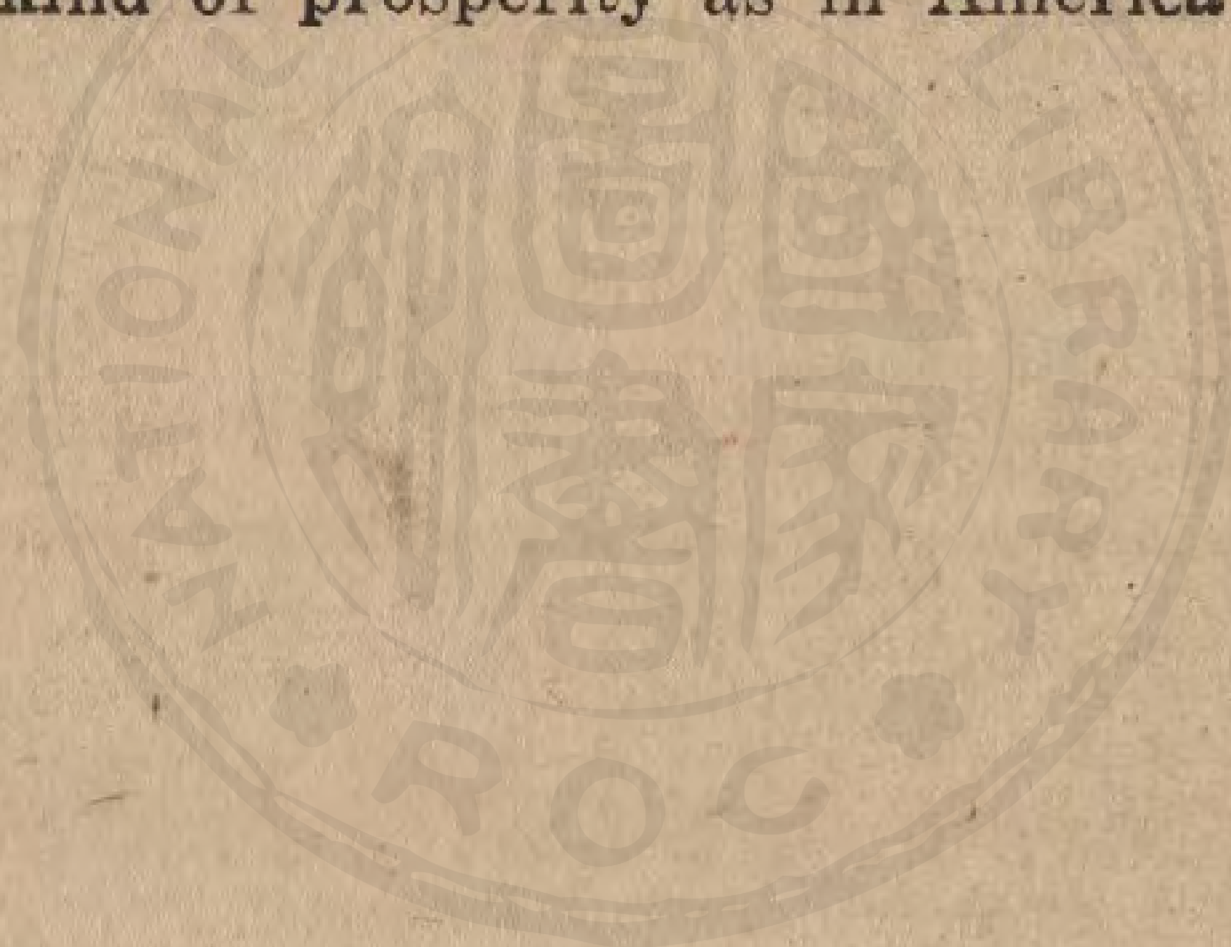
This idle "elite" warns Allied officers of the "chaos" that will come from giving freedom to the workingmen and insists that democracy is "un-German" and that "strong government" is essential in Germany. They deplore the "excesses" of Nazism, but point out the "good aspects" of Hitler's system. A clash between Russia and the western powers is one of their brightest hopes.

Many of the younger Germans, raised to respect might, are awed and impressed by Allied power. Some have come to think democracy is perhaps a better way of life than the Nazi system—because "it wins wars."

If Germany ever produces another Nazi movement, it will probably originate in the rural areas. The people of the farms and villages were not bombed. They saw little of the horrors of war.

They are prosperous, for they have been gouging city dwellers for years. They have not the city man's sense of defeat and they do not wear his licked look. They are bitter over Germany's surrender and the enemy occupation. They are surly; they feign ignorance or stupidity when questioned; they give us wrong road directions; they tear down Allied proclamations. And now that their Polish and Russian slaves are gone, the farmers are not over-exerting themselves to feed hungry Germany. They are growing enough for themselves, and to hell with everybody else.

Too many Germans are confident that, despite our warnings, we will pour provisions into their cities. One woman schoolteacher said to me with complete candor, "We are an American colony now. My husband says you will have to take care of us and that we will have the same kind of prosperity as in America".



23. THE MORAL CONQUEST OF GERMANY

EMIL LUDWIG

The name "Prussia" means more than a geographical territory —it means a philosophy, a way of life. A knowledge of this philosophy and its influence on German character is necessary in deciding how Germany should be treated after defeat.

Prussia's will to conquest began about 300 years ago, when the Elector of the province of Brandenburg built up with an iron fist the first exemplary German army. Already at that time Prussia had a warrior caste which through robbery and inheritance had come into possession of wide stretches of eastern land whose people talked Polish and Slav dialects. Those "200 families" promised their sovereign to protect him from foreign aggression, if he would secure their own estates and privileges. Thus Elector Frederick William formed an officers' corps out of his landed Junkers, while the Junkers pressed their peasants into military service. The peasants lived as armed slaves all their lives. For three or four months each year they were sent home to till their soil and sire new soldiers. Schoolteachers and pastors were mere servants of the Junkers, who also held the local judicial offices and thus were masters over all civic life.

This is how Germany bred her army. When kings and Junkers used that army to subdue foreign regions, they spoke of carrying German culture to the barbarians. Sword and whip were the paraphernalia of that *Kultur*.

To increase the size of their armies, the Prussian kings used slave methods. Foreign subjects were kidnapped or bought like cattle; sometimes they were hired out again as mercenaries for foreign wars. Such methods were unique among civilized nations; by way of contrast, the United States and France had long since adopted the Rights of Man. At the time of Washington's Presidency, Prussia had a "military budget" instead of a constitution. All members of the cabinet were called "war ministers," all tax collectors "war commissars."

In 1871, when Bismarck imposed the domination of Prussia over the other German Principalities, and the Prussian king became German emperor, the Junkers took over in the whole of Germany. Up to 1918, Junker families filled all the ministries and governorships—even though these professional warriors had not the slightest training for such jobs. Most of the scions of Junker families limited their education to the general staff academy (*Kriegsschule*) and an occasional university term, usually spent in beer drinking and dueling.

Only in Germany was a man of action who was also a scholar looked at askance. The first President of the United States left 37 volumes of his writings. Jefferson, Franklin, Wilson and others were scholars. But Prussia, and later Germany, was for 300 years ruled largely by ignorant noblemen. Through the years the men whom Prussia regarded as spiritual leaders voiced such thoughts as these:

The chemist Ostwald, Nobel prize (1894): "I cannot acknowledge any source of Right except Force."

The historian Treitschke (1896): "Whoever preaches the nonsense about perennial peace has not the slightest concept of national life. Our army is a glorious form of German idealism."

General Bernhardi, classical militarist: "War calls forth the highest powers of human nature. Individual atrocities fade before the idealism of the whole enterprise."

Adolf Hitler: "Humaneness is but a mixture of stupidity and cowardice."

At least once in every generation the Prussian General Staff has issued that fateful piece of paper, the Order of Mobilization; and each time the nation has accepted with enthusiasm. For centuries public life to the Germans had meant giving and taking orders, no more. This attitude—which is not necessarily unalterable—must be changed if there is to be peace in Europe and the world.

The American looks upon society as a plane on which all live on more or less the same social and political level, although the ablest may surpass others in prestige, money or artistic accomplishments. To the German, society looks like a pyramid. He himself is but one of its bricks, supporting another one and in turn pressing down upon the brick below. He is quite happy in his cringing and

clicking of heels before those in a relatively higher stratum; he is equally happy when bellowing commands to those below him.

In America the State is a union of people who have entrusted some of their fellow citizens with the administration of government. In Germany the State is a deity, enthroned above the clouds. Every civil servant is the superior of any ordinary citizen, and as a token of superiority wears a uniform. The American never tires of criticizing his President, his Senator, his military commander; to Germans such criticism is instinctively repellent.

The German people have had exactly the kind of leadership they have wanted. When Hitler rose to power nothing baffled the outside world so much as the jubilation of German university professors over this dawn of a new epoch of force and lawlessness. In 1914, 93 outstanding German intellectuals had in a pronunciamento approved the invasion of Belgium; in 1933 no less than 1200 German professors hailed the advent of Hitlerian barbarism.

Thus the German people in great crises were left without the support of their potential spiritual leaders. They believed in the wisdom of their rulers because they saw their rulers' decisions backed by German intellectual leadership. If in the decisive moments of 1914, 1933 and 1939 German professors had risen to protest, surely at least a part of the population would have felt embarrassed to join in the outrages of their rulers. But the professors did exactly the opposite.

Germany is the only country which lacks both a hero to liberty and a monument to liberty. Men who have risen against their tyrannical princes, the kind who live both in the history and the hearts of other countries, exist neither in German history nor in German letters. Order has always been preferable to revolution in Germany, and obedience better than liberty.

Furthermore, Hitler is the only modern dictator who gained power by legal means. The others all used armed forces to take over the government. The Germans, in 1932, in their last free elections, having choice among eight principal parties, cast 12,000,000 votes for the Nazis, against 7,000,000 for the Socialists. Hitler had openly displayed his political program, and these 12,000,000 clearly expressed their wish to see him in power. Indeed, no American President ever rode to Capitol Hill with more legal right than Hitler on his way to the Wilhelmstrasse on January

30, 1933. Hindenburg had appointed him chancellor on the ground of the numerical strength of his party in parliament.

Upon the heads of the German people, and not just the fanatical Nazis, lies the agonizing blame for this war. For Hitler was more than the legal chief of the Germans, he was also their moral head. They never had a more suitable leader.

The Führer gave them what they had so sorely missed in the colorless days of the republic—uniforms, parades and military music. And above all he re-established authority—which they prefer to responsibility. Here was a man after the people's heart: he did all thinking—and voting—for them, as kings and Junkers had done from time immemorial.

On May 1, 1933, I listened on the radio to Hitler's speech before an audience of many thousands. As he yelled "Obedience!" and repeated that word twice, the masses were audibly swept by a frenzy of enthusiasm. As other nations hail freedom, the Germans hailed obedience; the new leader had found the key to their hearts. But nothing impressed them more than the wholesale killings of June 30, 1934, in which he did away with 1100 of his own followers; now at last the Germans beheld the great man of action who knew how to carry a thing through with an iron hand.

All Germans knew of, and sanctioned, secret rearmament. Even before Hitler, classrooms all over the country displayed maps which contrasted the German 1918 frontiers to what they would be again. Of all appropriations asked for in the Reichstag only the army appropriation escaped interference by the opposition during 14 years.

In the 12 years of the Hitler regime not a single political party, club or university faculty protested against what was going on. No groups raised their voices against the obvious preparations for war, against the Nazis' brutal treatment of the Jews, or against the regime's complete domination of economic and social life. Catholic bishops and the Protestant church protested against State interference with ecclesiastical matters, not against the criminal regime as such.

Again the German war crimes have been committed not by 1,000,000 SS men but by 15,000,000 German soldiers. Who are the soldiers who had their picture taken, cigarettes between their grinning lips, somewhere in Poland riding a car drawn by ten

bearded old Jews? Who are the pilots who strafed refugee women and children on French roads in 1940? Who burned Lidice to ashes, killing the whole population? Who suffocated tens of thousands of Jews in sealed freight cars, and massacred tens of thousands in front of graves they had to dig for themselves? Who, indeed, if not the German people in arms? They are the same people who 20-odd years earlier destroyed French cities on their final retreat and burned French forests only to enjoy the last moments of power. They are the same men, or their sons.

In perpetrating such crimes the German individual feels himself as an organ of the State. To be an efficient State organ means much more to the German than to be an upright, humane individual. For the glory of the fatherland, the German kills any neighbor he feels superior to. He has done so not only since Hitler but since the days of his medieval emperors.

The German has come to believe that life consists of his rulers' enthusiasm for world domination, and his own passion to obey. Defeat temporarily upsets the God-given order of things; but defeat, after all, merely means an armistice, a truce. His son, so he comforts himself, will try it again in some 20 years.

Any change for the better in Germany depends on the hope that the nation may at last give up this faith in its own invincibility.

Most plans advanced by American writers on the treatment of postwar Germany take one of two extreme directions; and both, to my mind, are erroneous.

One advocates complete destruction of the German nation—forced labor of the males in other countries, razing of all industrial plants, partition into a dozen or so small states. The other advocates reconstruction of Germany through its "best elements," support of the "decent minority," democratic elections, and self-government.

A third plan, which in my opinion is the only possible solution, lies between these two extremes. Its aim is not only to make the Germans realize that they have lost the war; they must also realize that they deserved to lose it.

To begin with, those guilty of fomenting this war, and of committing atrocities during it, must really be punished this time—and it should be remembered that the war criminals include bank-

ing magnates, industrialists and intellectual leaders, as well as the Nazi chieftains and the military. The trials should be held publicly, and brought by radio and newsreels to as large a German audience as possible. Listening to the whining of their one-time leaders, reading truth and lie from their faces in a newsreel, will lead the Germans to reconsider their opinion of the idols of yesterday.

The wretched spectacle of Germany's mock disarmament after the first World War must not be repeated. Total disarmament is the only possible solution to the problem of the German military spirit, for the ultimate task is to break the German of the habit of wearing a uniform physically and mentally. On the other hand, Germans must be taught to accept foreign uniforms in their midst. Since a uniform is still the only formal expression of authority in Germany, nothing short of foreign uniforms will hammer home to the Germans the fact of their defeat. Then perhaps Karl will say to his friend: "Fritz! This time it seems we lost the war."

All this calls, of course, for an army of occupation. Besides the Big Three, all formerly Nazi-occupied countries should be represented in this army. The Germans must be made to see with their own eyes what kind of people their nation has tortured, and what kind of men got the better of them in the end. This is, I submit, the only way of commanding the respect of the German populace—*and their respect will be the decisive factor.*

One point is of paramount importance: the death penalty must be imposed on anyone secretly possessing arms. Only if it is thus driven home to the Germans that armament is the one thing the world denies them, can they be expected to turn their talents in the direction of peace.

I do not believe that the length of military occupation should be specified in advance. The world situation as a whole and the attitude of the Germans themselves will decide the matter. Not until the world is convinced of a thorough change in German attitude, whether after 20 years or 30, can the army of occupation be withdrawn.

Germans should not be permitted to travel outside of Germany for about ten years. Let us remember what happened last time.

The German republic sent to America some 600 university professors—few of them of any distinction except as propagandists

for a greater Germany. Six hundred propagandists climbed out of a giant Trojan horse and began to disseminate the myths of Germany's innocence in starting the war, and to plead for amelioration of the peace terms. Duplication of this sad spectacle must be prevented, lest German scholars and manufacturers again make use of trips to Paris or New York to spread propaganda for the poor, suffering German people.

If Germans feel this restriction to be an offense, all the better. Not until they realize that the world esteems them less than other nations will they begin to search their hearts and try to change. That is part of the moral conquest.

The partition of Germany into many small states will not guarantee a stable peace; indeed, world peace can without question be more easily achieved without such a partition. Suppose the United States were divided into a half-dozen different countries by a victorious Japan. Present sectional antagonisms would vanish overnight, and the whole country would feel a renewed national consciousness; the common history, the common language and customs would suddenly seem of enormous importance. And from that moment on people would never cease to struggle for political reunion.

There is, however, widespread hatred of Prussia among the rest of the Germans, caused by the Prussian subjugation of all the other provinces during the last century. This points to a simple and effective solution of the problem: a partition of Germany into a "German Federation" (with the Elbe River as eastern frontier) and a "Prussian Republic." Everything which has made the Germans so violently disliked had its origin in Prussia. By isolating Prussia from the rest of the country, the brains and limbs of the German lust for war would be paralyzed.

The Prussian Junkers still own those large estates which have formed the basis of their power. By dissolving these holdings and parceling them out to peasants (some hundred thousand of whom live like cattle), two birds would be killed with one stone.

A separation of Prussia from the rest of the country would serve the same purpose as a breakup into a number of independent countries, without at the same time causing nationalistic repercussions. There can be no doubt that, given a plebiscite, the over-

whelming majority of non-Prussian Germans will choose to belong to the "German Federation" rather than to Prussia

My plan foresees three German-speaking countries living side by side (as a number of different French-speaking or Spanish-speaking countries live side by side): Prussia, the "German Federation" and Austria. The advantages of this solution are (1) the improbability of a nationalistic movement, (2) the elimination of Junker influence, and (3) the impossibility of a future Prussian king or Führer again raising an army from the whole of Germany.

This time no reparation payments (which were never collected last time) should be imposed upon Germany. The essential thing is to educate the Germans by doing away with their megalomania. Success here is of greater value than any amount of reparations.

Moreover, to enforce reparations, German plants would have to be left intact, or rebuilt. And with their industrial apparatus fully restored, no power on earth could prevent the Germans from rearming again.

The very sight of blast furnaces and running power motors would give the Germans a feeling of new strength. They would again talk ever louder about their indignation that so efficient a nation as theirs should be "enslaved."

It is sheer propaganda to declare that Europe's economy would collapse without German exports. For five years the world has produced what it needed without German industry; why should it not go on doing so? Germany does not grow, mine or produce anything which cannot be grown, mined or produced elsewhere. Germany should be allowed to export enough to pay for certain essential imports, such as cotton and wool, but that is all.

If Germany should be left intact as an economic power, it would make her the strongest European nation in industrial potential. This strength, together with her longer working hours and well-known dumping methods, would be the direct cause of large-scale unemployment in the United States. Germany would thus be in an excellent position, through economic pressure, to prepare for the next bid for world conquest.

There is no fear that the Germans will starve. In fact, while decreasing their industrial production they can increase their crops. In the 1930's Germany's 70,000,000 people produced 90 percent of

their own food. Experts maintain that a more intensive agriculture and a breaking up of the Junker estates would enable a population of even 80,000,000 to live off the country.

Another demand is paramount in the economic field: the temporary export of German labor to work at rebuilding the damage Germans have done in other countries. Not all German males should be exported; a few million could do the job, leaving the rest to work at home. But it is just and moral to force a nation guilty of a crime that has no equal in history to repair with its own hands at least part of the ruin inflicted on others.

Yet hope must be left to the Germans. The Allies should promise them full liberty and self-government once they have restored what they have destroyed. Considering modern production methods, 20 years seems a fair estimate for that task. After its accomplishment, foreign rule, though not foreign supervision, should be relaxed.

The task of re-educating the Germans should begin with the five-year-olds. No one can save the Hitler youth of today, the boys of 14. But starting with the five-year-olds an education period of 15 years should be sufficient.

Foreigners should not be installed as teachers; their accent would make youngsters laugh—quite apart from such subtle knowledge of the German character as is necessary in this job. In my opinion, the needed teachers—given strict control by an Allied commission—can still be found in Germany.

The military tone of the German classroom must be abolished. There must be no uniforms, no martial songs, and nothing in the curricula about German "might."

Schoolboy sports, which in the past 50 years have grown continually more military in Germany, should be imbued with the Anglo-Saxon spirit of fair play. As it is, the Germans have neither an adequate word for "fair" nor for "gentleman."

The spirit of play must be restored to German games. Above all, German youths must learn to respect those they have beaten in a game, and keep in mind that they may themselves be beaten in their turn.

History should take a major place in Germany's new education; and the dark pages of German history, as well as the light, must be presented. After the first defeat German children were taught

to look upon yesterday's king and generals as heroes who fell victims to a treacherous, materially superior world; this time they must be made to realize that their fathers challenged the world, enslaved the Continent, and defamed the German name by unheard-of crimes. Germany's shame must be hammered home to them.

In schools and universities, on the stage and screen, German atrocities of both world wars should be shown to the rising generation of Germans; they should see with their own eyes the causes of their national disaster. Thus they may come to wonder whether blind obedience to the powers that be pays in the end.

A nation which for a century or more has been brought up in arrogance and the worship of power cannot be subjugated by soft methods. The Germans must not be enslaved, but moral restrictions are indispensable in dealing with them.

Only by meeting the Germans as their masters can the Allies hope to influence them and bring about the changes of attitude. The atmosphere of foreign rule with one hard hand and the teaching of tolerance and liberalism with one gentle hand will sooner or later prompt several million German young people to inquire about their own peculiar role in the society of nations. They will begin to wonder how they could find a more comfortable way of life. Then these young men and women must be informed that both self-government and moral equality with other nations will be restored to Germany once they themselves have rebuilt the Continent their fathers wantonly destroyed.

The spirit of any community follows the spirit of its younger generation. The Germans who are five years old today may live to see, as young men and women, their nation's free return to the world—with all the historical virtues and capabilities of the German people.

But—this time—unarmed.

24. RENDEZVOUS OF LOVE

BEN HECHT

One sunny July morning many years ago, Mr. Gilruth, the city editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, called me to his desk. "This ought to be a good story for you," he said, and handed me a sheaf of morning newspaper clippings. Disaster had come to the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, traveling in Wisconsin. The circus train had caught fire in the night and scores of performers had been killed and injured.

"Go to Beloit where the circus is reopening today," said Mr. Gilruth. "It ought to make a good feature story."

I arrived in Beloit in time for the parade. It was a brave and heart-touching affair—this parade of a battered, grief-stricken circus.

There were empty seats in the red-and-gold wagons. There were riderless horses, and clowns were missing from the comic contraptions. But there was no hint of mourning; all was as gaudy and blaring as a circus parade should be in a small town on a summer day long ago. Listening to the band and watching the razzle-dazzle of the march, the young and old citizens along the Beloit curbings forgot that almost half the show lay dead and dying in hospitals.

I hunted up Mr. Thompson, the circus press agent. His hands shook and his eyes were red with grief and sleeplessness. Suddenly, as we watched the parade, his mouth opened and he seemed to be looking at a ghost. "That's Gus," he said. "I can't believe it."

He was looking at a man in an ill-fitting red jacket, green silk trousers and patent-leather boots who sat in the front seat of the lead lion wagon, clutching a whip. He held his head stiffly, eyes front, as the gilded cage rolled past. I got the impression he was asleep, with his eyes open.

"I can't imagine what he's doing there," said Mr. Thompson. "He doesn't belong in the parade. The poor fellow must have gone mad last night."

Mr. Thompson told me the story as we drove out to the circus grounds. Gus was the young Swiss husband of Mademoiselle Lola, the lion tamer, whom he looked on as the greatest woman in the world. He stood outside the big cage during every performance and handed her the whip, the kitchen chair and other accessories she used for her animal act. At his belt he carried a loaded gun.

"You will use it in case anything happens in the cage," she had said to him. "But be sure it's *necessary*."

Lola and Gus were in one of the sleeping cars when the fire swept the circus train. Gus was knocked unconscious. When he came to, he was lying on the ground beside the burning cars.

Gus got to his feet and pushed his way through the firelit rescue workers. He saw Lola lying on her back. An iron bar had caught her as she was crawling half-burned from under the car, had gone through her body like a harpoon and pinned her to the ground. A large timber had fallen across her chest. But she was still alive. Wild screams came from her as the men toiled in vain to lift the broken section of the car. There was no chance of saving her.

Suddenly the screams stopped. Lola had seen Gus. He was bending over her, sweating and groaning and trying fiercely to help raise the wreckage.

"Gus," Lola whispered, "it's *necessary*."

Gus looked at the agonized face. A doctor spoke.

"There's no chance," the doctor said. "She'll be dead before the wrecking crew can free her."

"It's *necessary*," the whisper came again from Lola. "Please, Gus!"

Gus drew the gun he had never yet used. He stood listening for a moment to the drawn-out moan from his fearless Lola. Then he fired. Lola became silent.

This was the story Mr. Thompson told me as we drove to the circus.

I looked Gus up in the dressing tent. Two men were arguing with him. "You can't take Lola's place in the cage," one was saying. "You've never worked with the cats, Gus. They'll tear you to ribbons."

"I must do her act," Gus said. He still looked like a man asleep, with his eyes open.

"What good will it do, Gus," the other man argued, "for you to go in there and get hurt?

"I must do her act," Gus repeated. "It was promised me."

In any other business Gus would have been led away and put into custody for his own good. But the circus is a special world and the things behind the staring white face of Gus in his red jacket were powerful and legitimate arguments.

At the afternoon performance I sat near the animal cage and watched the lions and tigers glide in from the tunnel. The band was playing gaily and the spectators were waiting eagerly. There was a fanfare and the ringmaster stepped into a spotlight. His voice rose in the traditional singsong of the arena, announcing that Lola, the world-renowned trainer of lions and tigers, had died in the disaster but that her place would be taken by her husband, who was determined to carry on her breath-taking and unrivaled performance as queen of the jungle beasts.

Gus in his red jacket and patent-leather boots, whip in hand, stepped to the door of the cage. The spectators, thrilled at this bit of "the-show-must-go-on" drama, applauded wildly. But no applause came from the watching circus people. They knew that Gus was walking into death.

I saw his face as he stood for a moment outside the little door. It was lighted and eager. Gus was keeping some sort of rendezvous with the wife into whose head he had sent his mercy bullet. I could almost see Lola in the cage, a shadow among the roaring and snarling beasts. And for a moment I knew, as if Gus had told me, that he hoped to find her and become one with her and the wild animals she had loved.

The small door opened and Gus stepped inside the cage. Hardly breathing, I watched. Gus cracked Lola's whip and called the lions and tigers by their names as she had done. The beasts snarled at this impostor, and backed away, roaring.

For several minutes it seemed as if Lola's famous act would go on as it always had. The lions circled angrily toward their tubs. The tigers slid along the sides of the cage toward their pedestals.

Then suddenly Lola's act disintegrated. One of the lions leaped. Two tigers leaped. Gus lay on the ground, claws tearing him and teeth rending him. Men with iron bars rushed into the cage. Guns barked.

Gus was rushed to the hospital. I learned from the doctors that he would survive; but they said he would come out less an arm and a leg.

I sent the story in, and next morning was back at the *News* office.

"That wasn't a bad yarn," Mr. Gilruth greeted me. "But what made the fellow do that? He must have been crazy."

Mr. Gilruth was more in the dark than the reader of this story today. For in the story the *Daily News* had printed there was no mention of what Gus had done under the burning car the night before. I had omitted the detail of Gus's shooting his doomed and screaming wife—because the police are not so sentimental about such things as newspapermen.

"Yes," the sharp Mr. Gilruth continued, "it was a good yarn, but a little confusing. You missed out somewhere on the facts. I felt that as I read it."

Well, here they are, Mr. Gilruth—29 years later—all the facts of the greatest love story I ever saw.

25. TO BRIDGE THE GULF BETWEEN THE U. S. AND RUSSIA

ERIC A. JOHNSTON

I shall try to show my admiration for your heroic deeds and my gratitude for your hospitable invitation by talking to you from the bottom of my heart, nonpolitically and even nondiplomatically, with total frankness.

I hold no political office in my government. I am here only as a private American citizen, a businessman. Many of you, too, are businessmen. You help to operate the economic enterprises owned by your socialist state. I am hoping that the governmental businesses of the Soviet Union and the private businesses of the United States may in due time do a thriving business together.

My reason for that hope goes far beyond business profits. I believe that friendly economic relations between countries can do a great deal to promote friendly political relations. I believe that when the countries of the world spend more time trying to build one another up in economic welfare they will spend less time trying to pull one another down in political power. I believe that world work is the best antidote to world war.

We in America have a proverb which says that your only true friend is one who knows the worst about you and still likes you. So I am going to tell you a tough business fact:

In economic ideology and practice my country is not only different from yours, it is *more* different from yours than is any other country in the world. You are the most state-minded and most collective-minded people in existence. We are the most private-minded and most individual-minded. And, gentlemen, make no mistake: *we are determined to remain so.*

In most Western European countries the railroads, telegraph, telephone and radio broadcasting stations are owned, like yours, by the state. In my country they are owned and operated by private persons. In most Western European countries businessmen are encouraged by their governments to organize their enterprises into

monopolistic cartels, to divide markets and fix prices. That is private collectivism. In my country this is forbidden by law.

Allow me to be personal for a moment. My own businesses are small. I have no connection with great corporations except to compete against them. That is the kind of America that almost all Americans want: an America where the little man can compete; an American more truly capitalistic than ever.

You can see the gulf between us. Let us not deny it. Let us begin by stressing it.

"But," you may say, "doesn't American labor rebel against this capitalism?"

I employ some 2000 people. They have unions. I have contracts with those unions. I believe in the right of my employés to have unions. Some 13,000,000 Americans now belong to unions. Some 200 of these unions are large enough to be nationally known. Not one of them in the current national election is asking the voters to favor the primary socialist principle of the "common ownership and operation of the means of production and distribution."

Gentlemen, I ask you to realize how completely our American Communists have been wasting their time. Not long ago a research institution asked a large number of people all over the United States this question: To what social class do you think you belong? Most of the organized wage-workers who were interviewed replied that in their opinion they belong to the "middle class." How can our American Communists make a proletarian revolution among workers who do not even know they are proletarians?

Our American Communists haven't caught on to this fact. They lack originality and realism. They still follow and imitate what they think is your current policy. If you take pepper they sneeze. If you have indigestion they belch. They annoy our trade unions much more than they annoy our employers.

Each of our two countries should be allowed to pursue its unique economic experiment unimpeded by the other.

Here we stand, we Americans. There you stand, you peoples of the Soviet Union, on the other side of the gulf. Let us admit the gulf. Now let us see what bridges of practical coöperation can be thrown across it.

The first has to do with fascism.

We American businessmen, since we believe in capitalistic competition, are against fascism. Do not be misled on this point by our American left-wing writers, who have a way of calling almost anybody a fascist if he does not agree with our present administration. A fascist thinks that a country's private businesses should all huddle together in monopolistic cartels under the protection of a "Führer." But that is exactly what the normal American businessman does *not* think. By its own inherent nature, American business is necessarily and emphatically antifascist.

And I can thereupon assure you of one certainty. No matter who sits in the White House, and no matter which party controls the Congress, the United States will continue to prosecute this war till the Hitlerite hordes are humbled to the dust.

That is the first bridge between us: Our common determination to bring Hitler fascism to an end.

The second bridge is our common passion for production in industry.

In Western Europe, under the cartel system, the minds of men have become fixed on "economic stability." It is a desirable thing, but it can easily become "economic stagnation." Something else has to be added. That something else is economic development, economic enlargement, more investments, more machines, more facilities for production, for more and more wealth.

Our statistics about you are not up to date, but we have learned that from 1928 to 1937 you increased your investments in your industries from 10 billion rubles to 75 billion rubles. And we have learned that in the years from 1928 to 1940 you increased your industrial output 650 percent. That is an achievement unexampled in the industrial history of the whole world. It is an achievement that American businessmen can understand and applaud.

And they can understand and applaud your great love to build new cities and make them hum with new products. Many sophisticated Western Europeans think that we and you are positively childish in the delight we take in bigger towns, longer trains, larger machine tools, cuter gadgets and taller smokestacks. All right. Let us be childlike. Let us be young. We seem to be, in this matter, the two young peoples of the world. Perhaps it may mean that we still have long lives ahead of us.

And during those lives let us remember the discovery we have just made about each other. Some of you, I know, thought that our private-enterprise system, which you think is too chaotic, could not produce the necessary volume of goods for this war. Some of us, I know, thought that your state-enterprise system, which we regard as too rigid, would utterly fail to produce the necessary volume of goods for this war. We were both mistaken. We are both of us enthusiastic producers, producing not only for the profit but also for the joy of it.

And thereupon we come to the third bridge that could link us together—the bridge of export and import trade. Each of us can help the other to produce even more.

You have such products as manganese, lumber, chromite, furs and platinum. We have such products as machine tools; electrical, railroad and chemical plant equipment; precision instruments; mining and agricultural machinery. I would like to see brisk exchanges of these commodities between us.

I like your manganese. There is one frightfully nice thing about it. It does not know that it is socialist. It would just as soon go into a furnace in Pittsburgh as in Stalingrad.

And you like our machine tools. They do not know that they are capitalistic. They would just as soon chip pieces out of metal in Kharkov as in Detroit.

Isn't it fortunate, gentlemen, that these lower forms of matter have no ideologies? For that reason they could be the mediators and interpreters between us.

I know, of course, that trade between countries has to be conducted under the terms of trade treaties, and that negotiations for trade treaties almost always get tangled in negotiations for political treaties. And I know that trade between the Soviet Union and the United States will depend in large part on agreements between our two governments as to the character of any proposed international organization for the furtherance of peace. I am hoping that whatever political questions may arise between our two governments can be adjusted in the spirit of friendship and on the basis of agreed moral principles. I am hoping, too, that thereupon our two governments will conclude a trade treaty which not only will permit trade between our two countries but will facilitate and further it throughout the world.

There will be many difficult details to work out. Your country is really one big, consolidated, unified business. We American businessmen have multitudinous competing businesses. By playing one of us against another you could perhaps raise the prices of the things you sell us and lower the prices of the things you buy from us. We businessmen of America and you businessmen of the Soviet Union will have to do a great deal of nonpolitical economic diplomacy in order to put the trade between us on a fair and fruitful footing.

Let us begin that task as soon as possible. And let us remember that it is a task that has a world-wide meaning. Let us here and now begin to move toward the principle that "the best way to get boundaries that are not crossed by soldiers is to get boundaries that are crossed by goods."

That is where we businessmen of all countries have a mission beyond our businesses. That is where we can do as much for peace as any politicians or diplomats. Let us accept that mission.

One of the oil men of my country tells me that the energy available from America's current output of petroleum is equal to the work of 4,500,000,000 men working eight hours a day, six days a week. You have put millions of such "men" to work already but there are billions more yet to be used when you have drilled your wells, broken open the vaults of black gold in your mines, harnessed your great rivers and tied your great country together with the ribbons of steel, motor highways and the skyways we are just beginning to develop.

And so, therefore, gentlemen, I want to propose to you a toast:

"Here's to today's victories for which we fight together; here's to tomorrow's peace for which we must work together."

26. ON DOORS

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The opening and closing of doors are the most significant actions of man's life. What a mystery lies in doors!

No man knows what awaits him when he opens a door. Even the most familiar room, where the clock ticks and the hearth glows red at dusk, may harbour surprises. The plumber may actually have called (while you were out) and fixed that leaking faucet. The cook may have had a fit of the vapours and demanded her passports. The wise man opens his front door with humility and a spirit of acceptance.

Which one of us has not sat in some anteroom and watched the inscrutable panels of a door that was full of meaning? Perhaps you were waiting to apply for a job; perhaps you had some "deal" you were ambitious to put over. You watched the confidential stenographer flit in and out, carelessly turning that mystic portal which, to you, revolved on hinges of fate. And then the young woman said, "Mr. Cranberry will see you now." As you grasped the knob the thought flashed, "When I open this door again, what will have happened?"

There are many kinds of doors. Revolving doors for hotels, shops, and public buildings. These are typical of the brisk, bustling ways of modern life. Can you imagine John Milton or William Penn skipping through a revolving door? Then there are the curious little slatted doors that still swing outside denatured barrooms and extend only from shoulder to knee. There are trapdoors, sliding doors, double doors, stage doors, prison doors, glass doors. But the symbol and mystery of a door resides in its quality of concealment. A glass door is not a door at all, but a window. The meaning of a door is to hide what lies inside; to keep the heart in suspense.

Also, there are many ways of opening doors. There is the cheery push of elbow with which the waiter shoves open the kitchen door when he bears in your tray of supper. There is the suspicious

and tentative withdrawal of a door before the unhappy book agent or peddler. There is the genteel and carefully modulated recession with which footmen swing wide the oaken barriers of the great. There is the sympathetic and awful silence of the dentist's maid who opens the door into the operating room, and, without speaking, implies that the doctor is ready for you. There is the brisk cataclysmic opening of a door when the nurse comes in, very early in the morning—"It's a boy!"

Doors are the symbol of privacy, of retreat, of the mind's escape into blissful quietude or sad secret struggle. A room without doors is not a room, but a hallway. No matter where he is, a man can make himself at home behind a closed door. The mind works best behind closed doors. Men are not horses to be herded together. Dogs know the meaning and anguish of doors. Have you ever noticed a puppy yearning at a shut portal? It is a symbol of human life.

The opening of doors is a mystic act: it has in it some flavour of the unknown, some sense of moving into a new moment, a new pattern of the human rigmarole. It includes the highest glimpses of mortal gladness; reunions, reconciliations, the bliss of lovers long parted. Even in sadness, the opening of a door may bring relief: it changes and redistributes human forces. But the closing of doors is far more terrible. It is a confession of finality. Every door closed brings something to an end. And there are degrees of sadness in the closing of doors. A door slammed is a confession of weakness. A door gently shut is often the most tragic gesture in life. Every one knows the seizure of anguish that comes just after the closing of a door, when the loved one is still near, within sound of voice, and yet already far away.

The opening and closing of doors is a part of the stern fluency of life. Life will not stay still and let us alone. We are continually opening doors with hope, closing them with despair. Life lasts not much longer than a pipe of tobacco, and destiny knocks us out like the ashes.

The closing of a door is irrevocable. It snaps the pack-thread of the heart. It is no avail to reopen, to go back. Pinero spoke nonsense when he made Paula Tanqueray say, "The future is only the past entered through another gate." Alas, there is no other gate. When the door is shut, it is shut forever. There is no other

entrance to that vanished pulse of time. "The moving finger writes, and having writ"——

There is a certain kind of door-shutting that will come to us all. The kind of door-shutting that is done very quietly, with the sharp click of the latch to break the stillness. They will think then, one hopes, of our unfulfilled decencies rather than of our pluperfected misdemeanours. Then they will go out and close the door.

27. THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I'VE MET

AUSTIN STRONG

I can see her now—a small woman in a blue dress, sitting barefoot on the roof of the aftercabin of a trading schooner in the South Seas. Her Panama hat, set at a rakish angle, shades a face of breath-taking beauty. She is holding a large silvered revolver in each hand, shooting sharks with deadly accuracy as they are caught and hauled to the taffrail by excited sailors.

Recently Booth Tarkington wrote me: "I once walked across the lobby of the Claypool Hotel in Indianapolis with her. The proprietor of the hotel cigarstand came excitedly at me after I'd put her in the elevator, and said, 'Excuse me, Mr. Tarkington, but, my God, who was that?' Effect of, visibly, a *personage*." Indeed she was a personage, yet she was little known to the world because she shunned the limelight.

Infinitely feminine, self-effacing and gentle, nevertheless she gave the impression of holding a secret power not to be trifled with. When her Scotch husband took her to Edinburgh to meet his parents for the first time, he warned her that his father, a famous engineer and designer of lighthouses, was an uncompromising Calvinist who ruled his household with an iron hand. She knew that she had to face a difficult situation for the old man had disapproved of his son's marrying a woman who was not only an American but was divorced. But when they met face to face, the dour old Scot was completely captured by her beauty and astonished to find a character as strong as his own.

At dinner that first evening, finding the roast overdone, he lost his temper and shouted at the maids, crinkling in their starched aprons. His daughter-in-law rose from her chair, her face white and her eyes big with wrath, for nothing roused her fury more than injustice. "You are a spoiled old man," she said in a voice like water running under ice. "You are taking a cruel advantage of these helpless people who cannot answer back. If you ever

again raise your voice against these faithful women I shall instantly leave this house and never set foot in it as long as I live!"

Nonplused, the old man stared at her in admiration. "Sit ye doon, lassie," he said, laughing. "I see ye're a stormy petrel!" From then on peace reigned and he followed her like a tamed and devoted lion.

Her blood was rich with the wine of courage which she inherited from her sturdy fore-bears—nine generations of American pioneers on both sides of her family. Her father, Jacob, descended from the Dutch line bearing the honored name of Van de Grift. He settled in the then backwoods town of Indianapolis, where he built his house with his own hands, grew up with the thriving city and became a prosperous lumber merchant. Her father's friend Henry Ward Beecher baptized his daughter, christening her Frances Matilda.

After the failure of her first marriage, Fanny Van de Grift fell in love and married a young unknown writer who was ill of tuberculosis. She knew instinctively that he was a true genius and that if she could but keep him alive she would give to the world an immortal name. From then on for many years her life was one long battle with the dark reaper, spent forever wandering about the world seeking a climate which would bring her husband health.

She fought a losing fight in many lands until advised to get him on salt water and keep him there. Then with desperate courage she took him to sea, enduring years of exile from civilization, bearing the responsibility of nursing him far away from medical care as they wandered, in all kinds of ships, on the vast, then uncharted Pacific. They sailed down through the Dangerous Archipelago, the Marshalls, the Marquesas and the Gilberts, daring hurricanes, savages and shipwreck.

A sensitive woman, she once had to live on a tiny trading schooner with 15 men, exposed to a pitiless lack of privacy; sleeping in the leaking aftercabin crowded with wet human beings, fighting monster cockroaches bent on eating off her eyebrows as she snatched at sleep between the squalls which threatened to capsize the tiny craft.

She slept on the floor beside her husband's berth to be ready in an instant to minister to him from a vial of medicine she kept in the bosom of her dress. The Chinese cook often stepped on her

as he staggered across the tumbling cabin to tend his dancing pots and pans. When merciless tropic rain leaked through the cabin roof she held an umbrella over her sleeping husband and many a time she was roused to give first aid to an injured sailor, cutting the clotted hair from a bleeding head or binding a rain-soaked bandage round a smashed hand.

In spite of all these hardships she took heart, for she could see that the invalid was slowly regaining a measure of health. Someone saw her sitting on the foredeck of a sailing vessel one beautiful morning, watching her husband standing barefoot far out on the plunging bowsprit, laughing excitedly as he tried to spear darting fish. After years of lonely vigils in darkened rooms she saw him now on his feet, a man of action, and for an instant tears filled her eyes. She had won through to victory.

I knew her best in paradise where I had the good fortune to share the last years of their life together. Home from the sea at last, their lonely wanderings came to an end on the beautiful island of Upolu in the Samoan Archipelago where the beneficent climate held out great promise for the health of her husband. There they lived among the gracious Samoan people, whom he called "God's best, his sweetest work."

They built a large house in a clearing of the primeval forest surrounded by giant trees bearing ferns and brilliant colored orchids in their forks; the air was sweetened by wild limes, frangipani blossoms, ilangilang, and all the fragrant and lovely flowers that grow in the jungle. Here we dwelt at the foot of a wooded mountain alive with bird song and the music of five mountain torrents tumbling headlong in their frantic haste to reach the Pacific, which we could see three miles below us over descending treetops, a blue infinity spread across the sky.

Fanny Van de Grift's pioneer blood beat faster when they bought 400 acres of cool virgin forest, 600 feet above the sweltering town of Apia on the beach. Her husband was occupied with his writing, and it was she who took complete command of drawing the plans for the new home and superintending the building. She was a born architect.

These were the happiest four years of their life together. While the house was being built it was a delight to watch her directing the laborers, scaling high ladders, standing on swaying

scaffoldings—a tiny figure always dressed in blue, and always with a smart tilt to her Panama hat. Her mere presence stimulated her devoted Samoan workmen to greater efforts.

Tall, slim, half-naked giants with the figures of young Greek gods, flowered wreaths about their necks, their close-cut hair powdered white with slack lime, these gay youths were a handsome sight. A leader would suddenly lift his voice improvising a song to her as he led a chanting chorus, the singers keeping time as they worked with their saws and their hammers.

"Let us build this palace for our High Chief Lady, for is she not as beautiful as the little flying cloud which skims the sea's horizon at dawn? Take warning, you who are lazy, she hath eyes round her lovely head; she is to be obeyed." She was completely unaware of the compliments they were singing to her for she never mastered their language. This they knew and considered a huge joke, making the forest echo with their merriment.

While the work was going on they lived a Swiss Family Robinson life in a small, hastily built shack. "Among my dresses," she wrote a friend, "hang bridle straps; on the camphorwood trunk which serves as my dressing table, beside my comb and toothbrush, is a collection of carpenter's tools. On the walls hang a carved spear, a revolver, strings of teeth of fish, beasts and human beings, and necklaces made of shells. My little cot-bed seems to have got into its place by mistake."

She devised a small reservoir around a spring on the side of our mountain and piped water down a quarter of a mile to the house, freeing us from depending upon rain captured in tanks from our corrugated iron roof. Though Samoans did the actual labor for her she worked with the best of them, and on one occasion I remember her laughing as she asked me to rub and unlock her fingers made stiff by cementing the retaining wall of the reservoir.

Fanny was a woman of contradictions. Curiously timid before strangers, she faced terrifying dangers with quiet courage; helplessly appealing, she had the gift of command, and was the kind of person everyone turned to in an emergency. She could be stern and severe when the occasion called for those qualities, but her favorite saying was: "To know all is to forgive all." A fearless horsewoman, a first-rate shot, an author of distinction, a sailor, a scientific gardener, a miraculous cook and an extraordinary

nurse. Loyalty was her shining trait and she would cling through good and evil report to those she loved. No wonder a tough sea captain said of her: "She's a great gentleman!"

She had an enchanting sense of humor and dearly loved badinage. Seldom laughing aloud, she joined the general hilarity with the running accompaniment of a low and breathless chuckle. If it be true that our characters can be revealed by the friends we make, hers would be as hard to piece together as a Chinese puzzle: beachcombers, duchesses, the poet Shelley's son, an ex-saloon keeper, good King Kalakaua of Hawaii; Captain Slocum, who circumnavigated the globe alone in a small boat, sailing 72 days out of his course to call on her in Samoa; the novelist Henry James, the sculptor Auguste Rodin; John Sargent, who painted her portrait; shy J. M. Barrie, the playwright, who had so little to say to so many, and so much to say to her; the terrifying, murderous King Tembinoka of Apamama, who shot down unruly subjects to keep order on his atoll, and who wept copiously when she left after a visit. A San Francisco journalist who did not know her, after catching a glimpse of her in a crowd, said, "I would recognize her in flashes of lightning. She was the one woman I can imagine a man being willing to die for."

I love to remember a Thanks-giving dinner when Vailima—as they called their home—was finally established. The beautiful furniture and silver had been brought from Scotland. I can see the big living room, 60 by 30 feet, its polished redwood walls hung with paintings by Sargent and Hogarth. Unknown to us, this was to be the last feast when we would all be together. To my mind it was the culmination, the crowning moment of this valiant woman's life of sacrifice, adventure and romance.

Dressed in black velvet and point lace, the sparkle from her jewels vying with the happiness in her eyes, she made a radiant figure at the foot of the long table ablaze with silver candelabra, cut crystal and flowers. Her dream had come true, she saw her husband brown with health, tall and distinguished in the evening dress of the tropics, white mess jacket, red sash and black trousers —a gay and brilliant host.

The lighted candles glowed on the faces around the table—naval officers in their white uniforms, land commissioners, the consuls and their wives. Samoan men, wearing the Royal Stuart

tartan kilted about their loins, hibiscus flowers behind their ears and wreaths around their necks, their brown bodies polished with coconut oil scented with powdered sandalwood, served us with quiet dignity.

This was indeed a Thanks-giving dinner for her. She saw her husband now at the height of his fame, successful and famous beyond their dreams. In the decade and a half of their married life the author of *Treasure Island* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* had written over 30 books. For his success he gave her credit in the dedication of his last novel: "Take thou the writing, thine it is, for who burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal, held still the target higher; chary of praise and prodigal of counsel...who but thou?"

A few days later her husband, apparently in full health, was struck down "as if by the gods, in a clear and glorious hour." He did not die of the disease against which his wife had battled, but from a stroke of apoplexy. His coffin was lashed to a long sapling and carried by grave Samoans to the summit of the mountain he loved so well, and there he was buried.

A few nights later I happened to come around the veranda and drew back as I caught a glimpse of Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson —my grandmother. She was standing in the moonlight, looking up at the forest-covered mountain where her husband lay "under the wide and starry sky." They had been together for 14 short years.

It was fitting that Robert Louis Stevenson should be buried on a mountain peak and that his wife should join him there 20 years later, with his immortal tribute to her inscribed in bronze upon the tomb they share together:

> Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
> A fellow-farer true through life,
> Heart-whole and soul-free,
> The August Father gave to me.

28. WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC

ARNOLD BENNETT

The large majority of our fellow-citizens care as much about literature as they care about aeroplanes or the programme of the Legislature. They do not ignore it; they are not quite indifferent to it. But their interest in it is faint and perfunctory; or, if their interest happens to be violent, it is spasmodic. Ask the two hundred thousand persons whose enthusiasm made the vogue of a popular novel ten years ago what they think of that novel now, and you will gather that they have utterly forgotten it, and that they would no more dream of reading it again than of reading Bishop Stubbs's *Select Charters*. Probably if they did read it again they would not enjoy it—not because the said novel is a whit worse now than it was ten years ago; not because their taste has improved—but because they have not had sufficient practice to be able to rely on their taste as a means of permanent pleasure. They simply don't know from one day to the next what will please them.

In the face of this one may ask: Why does the great and universal fame of classical authors continue? The answer is that the fame of classical authors is entirely independent of the majority. Do you suppose that if the fame of Shakespeare depended on the man in the street it would survive a fortnight? The fame of classical authors is originally made, and it is maintained, by a passionate few. Even when a first-class author has enjoyed immense success during his lifetime, the majority have never appreciated him so sincerely as they have appreciated second-rate men. He has always been reinforced by the ardour of the passionate few. And in the case of an author who has emerged into glory after his death the happy sequel has been due solely to the obstinate perseverance of the few. They could not leave him alone; they would not. They kept on savouring him, and talking about him, and buying him, and they generally behaved with such eager zeal, and they were so authoritative and sure of themselves, that at last the majority grew accustomed to the sound of his name and placidly

agreed to the proposition that he was a genius; the majority really did not care very much either way.

And it is by the passionate few that the renown of genius is kept alive from one generation to another. These few are always at work. They are always rediscovering genius. Their curiosity and enthusiasm are exhaustless, so that there is little chance of genius being ignored. And, moreover, they are always working either for or against the verdicts of the majority. The majority can make a reputation, but it is too careless to maintain it. If, by accident, the passionate few agree with the majority in a particular instance, they will frequently remind the majority that such and such a reputation has been made, and the majority will idly concur: "Ah, yes. By the way, we must not forget that such and such a reputation exists." Without that persistent memory-jogging the reputation would quickly fall into the oblivion which is death. The passionate few only have their way by reason of the fact that they are genuinely interested in literature, that literature matters to them. They conquer by their obstinacy alone, by their eternal repetition of the same statements. Do you suppose they could prove to the man in the street that Shakespeare was a great artist? The said man would not even understand the terms they employed. But when he is told ten thousand times, and generation after generation, that Shakespeare was a great artist, the said man believes —not by reason, but by faith. And he too repeats that Shakespeare was a great artist, and he buys the complete works of Shakespeare and puts them on his shelves, and he goes to see the marvellous stage-effects which accompany *King Lear* or *Hamlet*, and comes back religiously convinced that Shakespeare was a great artist. All because the passionate few could not keep their admiration of Shakespeare to themselves. This is not cynicism; but truth. And it is important that those who wish to form their literary taste should grasp it.

What causes the passionate few to make such a fuss about literature? There can be only one reply. They find a keen and lasting pleasure in literature. They enjoy literature as some men enjoy beer. The recurrence of this pleasure naturally keeps their interest in literature very much alive. They are for ever making new researches, for ever practising on themselves. They learn to understand themselves. They learn to know what they want.

Their taste becomes surer and surer as their experience lengthens. They do not enjoy to-day what will seem tedious to them to-morrow. When they find a book tedious, no amount of popular clatter will persuade them that it is pleasurable; and when they find it pleasurable no chill silence of the street-crowds will affect their conviction that the book is good and permanent. They have faith in themselves. What are the qualities in a book which give keen and lasting pleasure to the passionate few? This is a question so difficult that it has never yet been completely answered. You may talk lightly about truth, insight, knowledge, wisdom, humour, and beauty. But these comfortable words do not really carry you very far, for each of them has to be defined, especially the first and last. It is all very well for Keats in his airy manner to assert that beauty is truth, truth, beauty, and that is all he knows or needs to know. I, for one, need to know a lot more. And I never shall know. Nobody, not even Hazlitt nor Sainte-Beuve, has ever finally explained why he thought a book beautiful. I take the first fine lines that come to hand—

> The woods of Arcady are dead,
> And over is their antique joy—

and I say that those lines are beautiful because they give me pleasure. But why? No answer! I only know that the passionate few will, broadly, agree with me in deriving this mysterious pleasure from those lines. I am only convinced that the liveliness of our pleasure in those and many other lines by the same author will ultimately cause the majority to believe, by faith, that W. B. Yeats is a genius. The one reassuring aspect of the literary affair is that the passionate few are passionate about the same things. A continuance of interest does, in actual practice, lead ultimately to the same judgments. There is only the difference in width of interest. Some of the passionate few lack catholicity, or, rather, the whole of their interest is confined to one narrow channel; they have none left over. These men help specially to vitalise the reputations of the narrower geniuses: such as Crashaw. But their active predilections never contradict the general verdict of the passionate few; rather they reinforce it.

A classic is a work which gives pleasure to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature. It lives on

because the minority, eager to renew the sensation of pleasure, is eternally curious and is therefore engaged in an enternal process of rediscovery. A classic does not survive for any ethical reason. It does not survive because it conforms to certain canons, or because neglect would not kill it. It survives because it is a source of pleasure, and because the passionate few can no more neglect it than a bee can neglect a flower. The passionate few do not read "the right things" because they are right. That is to put the cart before the horse. "The right things" are the right things solely because the passionate few *like* reading them. Hence—and I now arrive at my point—the one primary essential to literary taste is a hot interest in literature. If you have that, all the rest will come It matters nothing that at present you fail to find pleasure in certain classics. The driving impulse of your interest will force you to acquire experience, and experience will teach you the use of the means of pleasure. You do not know the secret ways of yourself: that is all. A continuance of interest must inevitably bring you to the keenest joys. But, of course, experience may be acquired judiciously or injudiciously, just as Putney may be reached via Walham Green or *via* St. Petersburg.

29. THE SECOND TRIAL

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG

It was Commencement at one of our colleges. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large grey eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly-blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you," we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how schoolboys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said, "My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned, domestic flowers such as we associate with the dear grand-mothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for his little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one; that handsome one with brown, wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too, but they are not—they are dark

blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard! He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"His oration is a real good one, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand—'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I cannot describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling, infantile mouth.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew large and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child,

too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage fright.

Alas, little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave, child-voice.

" 'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand—' "

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike word, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her, but she was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand into his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng

of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr.—would now deliver his oration —"Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended, with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

30. GIFTS

MARY E. COLERIDGE

There are gifts that are no gifts, just as there are books that are no books. A donation is not a gift.

A portrait painted—a teapot presented—by subscription, is not a gift. The giving is divided among too many. The true gift is from one to one. Furthermore, tea, sugar, and flannel petticoats are not gifts. If I bestow these conveniences on one old woman, she may regard them in that aspect; but if I bestow them on eleven others at the same time, she looks upon them as her right. By giving more I have given less. The dole is no more like the gift than charity is like love. A £50 cheque on the occasion of a marriage between Blank and Blank is not a gift; it is a transfer of property.

And why is it *de rigueur* that if somebody I like goes into partnership with somebody she likes, I must give her an enormous silver buttonhook when she has six already? The pleasure I confer on her by doing so is not worth the value of the penny stamp which she must, equally *de rigueur*, waste on informing me that she is pleased. It is not within the bounds of possibility that a human being can appreciate more than—say fifty presents at a time, when she has to write notes for them all. The line should be drawn at fifty—for large and generous natures at seventy; and all friends who have not sent in their buttonhooks before a certain date should be requested to distribute them over the coming years instead. As a lily in winter, so is the unexpected gift. But the gift that arrives by tens and tens of tens is a night-mare and an oppression.

Again, the periodical gift is never refreshing; it is too much of the nature of tribute. A present on Midsummer Day would be worth two at Christmas.

"The free gift only cometh of the free."

The articles of furniture—lamps, matchboxes, foot-stools, and so on—duly exchanged between members of the same family, at

certain seasons, are not gifts. They are a kind of tax levied by duty on liking, and duty claims the credit of them. Liking responds with what is called gratitude—a doubtful virtue at best, impossible between true friends—too near obsequiousness in the poor, too hollow for sincerity in the rich. There is no element of surprise about these presents. The spirit of giving is killed by regularity. How can I care—except in a material way—for what is part of my annual income? The heart is not interested. I get these things because my name is down on a piece of paper, not because some one is possessed with an impatient desire to please or to share pleasure.

Rarely, among the many things that are passed from hand to hand, is one a gift; and the giver is not so common as he was. System has attacked and ruined him even in the nursery. Santa Claus no longer comes down the chimney on Christmas Eve as he (or she) did when the child was never sure what might be in his stocking. As soon as he can write at all—or sooner—the child writes a list of "Christmas wishes," and these are conscientiously fulfilled by his father and mother, who know a great deal more than his grandfather and grandmother knew, only they do not know—unless he tells them—what it is that he wants. A feeling of depressed amazement stole over me one day when I heard a little girl enumerating the items on her list:—

A Writing-desk.

A Muff.

A Prayer-book.

A Whole Family of Giraffes.

What sort of mother could that have been who was not aware that her daughter wanted A Whole Family of Giraffes unless she saw it in black and white? And as for the Writing-desks and Muffs and Prayer-books, the child ought to have had them anyhow. We should never have thought such things were presents at all when we were young; the bare necessities of life!

No. A gift—to be a gift—must not be asked for. Dante laid down this rule, with many others, which lead one to reflect that it must have been difficult to give him a present. The request is payment; he who receives in this case buys, though he who gives cannot be accused of selling. The poet also decrees that a gift which is not so valuable to the recipient as it would be to the giver

is no true gift. Romantic generosity would have been spared many a pang, had she considered this precept. *The Falcon* would not have been cooked for dinner; the life of *The Kentucky Cardinal* might have been saved. People who have pearls are curiously fond of stringing them together and offering them to pigs. It makes the pig unhappy in the end.

There is a third saying of Dante, which is a counsel of perfection; the face of the gift should resemble the face of him to whom the gift is given. If this be so, only those who understand each other's appearance should venture to give. My friend, who has an expression like a beautiful sermon, must not present me with a volume of Lightfoot when French novels are written all over my speaking countenance. Neither must I inflict on her the works of "Gyp."

It is a complicated business altogether. Three minutes of serious thinking make it impossible for any one to give any one anything. Yet the deed is done every year boldly and openly, and few are sensible that they have undertaken a more delicate transaction than the robbery of a Bank in broad day-light.

When Rosalind, at a moment's notice, gave Orlando the chain from her neck, the action was perfect on her side and on his. Any man a little lower than Shakespeare would have made Orlando show it and talk about it in the forest; he would not have let it pass without a single further allusion. Celia remembers, she teases Rosalind; but the two lovers will never speak of it again. There was no merit in Rosalind; she gave because she could not help herself. How could Orlando thank her except in silence? Like another young gentleman in the same circumstances, he had been little happy could he have said how much.

There is in some natures a high intolerance of the airy fetters cast round the heart by the constant memory of beneficence. They give freely, but freely they do not receive. They must send something by return of post, like the two friends in *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, who regularly transmitted to each other the same candlestick and the same notebook turn about, as each anniversary chimed the hour on their clocks—whereby they saved an incalculable amount of time, money, and emotion. One sweet lady goes so far as to say that all presents should be of perishable character—

a basket of fruit, a bunch of flowers—that they may be at once forgotten.

Yet, if the truth were known, it might be found that the smaller, the more insignificant the gift, the longer it is remembered. There may be many motives for keeping the Golden Rose; there can be only one for keeping a rose-leaf. Thus was it said by a man of old time who knew what a woman liked and gave her a distaff: "Great grace goes with a little gift, and all the offerings of friends are precious."

31. WALT WHITMAN: POET OF DEMOCRACY

MAX EASTMAN

Every great people has its poet. Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin, Dante, Hugo, Li Po—these names float over their countries almost like the national flag. In America—there is little doubt left now—it is Walt Whitman who will occupy this unique place. A recent anthology gives him 74 pages to 27 for Edgar Allan Poe, seven for Longfellow, six for Whittier.

To me there is drama in this, for within my lifetime Walt Whitman died in a shabby little house in Camden, New Jersey, hardly known to the reading public at all and where known regarded for the most part as a disreputable and rather unclean character.

Whitman was, in fact, immaculately clean—so much so that all his friends mentioned it. He was, moreover, by comparison with most poets, a model of Christian virtue. He had no vices or bad habits. He never swore or smoked or gambled; he seldom took a drink. His chief dissipation was to ride on Broadway horse cars.

He was born in 1819 near Huntington, Long Island, in a small gray-shingled cabin, but most of his boyhood was passed in Brooklyn, where his father built houses. By the time he was 20, he had learned the printer's trade, taught school and started a newspaper—writing and printing it himself and delivering it on horseback. For the next nine years he worked in the print shop, newsroom or editorial office of different New York and Long Island papers. During the last two of these years he was editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

While working on these papers he wrote one or two sentimental verses. But until he was 29 the idea never occurred to him, and certainly never to anybody else, that he might be a great poet.

Everybody around town knew Walter Whitman, and everybody liked him. He was big and strong, had a perfect build, and his face and head were as fine as nature ever produced. But the one thing he was famous for was a magnificently casual attitude toward work. Any afternoon he didn't knock off and go swimming, it was because he had spent the morning riding back and forth on Fulton Ferry, or up and down Manhattan on the Broadway car. One of his first employers remarked that "if the boy came down with fever and the ague, he would be too lazy to shake," and that reputation grew up with him.

There is a fog around the question of why Whitman left the *Eagle*, and you can see his character looming pretty clearly through the fog. He was a Free-Soil Democrat; that is, he wanted slavery excluded from the new states. The owners of the paper wanted the states to decide.

Less than a month after Whitman left the *Eagle*, he had a contract to edit the New Orleans *Crescent*. His trip to New Orleans was the dividing event in his life. It woke the emotional and imaginative giant slumbering within him. I think there are three reasons for this.

First, the journey over the Alleghenies and down America's great rivers astounded his eyes. He saw spread before him the vastness and incredible richness of the young republic. He fell in love with America. Second, he cast loose a little, in the freely languorous French atmosphere of New Orleans, from the stern mood of the reformer.

Most important, he fell in love with a girl whom he could not, or would not, marry. Nothing is known of that love beyond the girl's heart-melting picture pasted in one of his notebooks, for Walt's reticence about the whole incident was made of Egyptian stone. But there is little doubt—in my mind at least—that her touch was what finally broke open the fountains of immortal song that this strange, indolent ardent, majestic and yet callow youth contained.

Walt came home from New Orleans, like Saul from the road to Damascus, a changed and consecrated man. He had seen a vision—a vision of the American republic, casting off the last shred of the stale trappings of feudal Europe and leading mankind into a new era of fearlessly free and equal, boldly scientific

and yet richly poetic, joyfully expanding physical and spiritual life. He came back the poet and prophet of that sublime event.

Like Saul he made a slight change in his name: he would be what his good friends called him—Walt. And he made a big change in his apparel. As the poet of democracy he peeled off his bow tie, unbuttoned his shirt to where the undershirt showed, and put on for good and all the everyday clothes of the ordinary workman or mechanic. The change was not quite so artificial as it sounds, for he was working now as a carpenter for his father, and that was the costume in which he worked. But it was deeply meaningful to him.

He believed he was making a corresponding change in poetry. Instead of turning pretty verses in imitation of England's poets, he would say what he had to say straight out, the way American workmen do and the Bible does, and let the words sing their own song.

It was not his way of singing, however, that made Walt Whitman great. The greatness lay in the things he sang. A Song of Myself—a declaration of the divine and sovereign importance of the individual man, not to be found elsewhere in literature. A Song of Sympathy—a large giving of the self than had ever been sung before. A song of religion transcending the church; of democracy transcending the boundaries of nations; of love breaking free from the prison of silence in which a false shame and a false, puritanical piety had confined it.

It was this last song that gained Whitman an unsavory reputation. In these days when any college girl can buy books on married love at the nearest drugstore, Walt's famous frankness about sex seems almost shy and amateurish. It was in fact prophetic. His was the first book in the world, outside the medical library, to speak of sex relations candidly and yet without comic or erotic emotion. He spoke with intensely reverent emotion—a sense of the sacredness of all being, every least atom, and of himself as part of it. This new serious candor was one of the most momentous changes in the history of human culture.

Walt worked six years on his exalted book of verse, jotting down the lines on ferryboats, along the wharves, on buses, or lying on the lonely beach at Coney Island. He brought them home to the house on Myrtle Avenue, and worked them up on a

pine table in a little upstairs room with a single window, a narrow bed and a washstand. To signify democracy and the sacred worth of small and simple things, he called his book *Leaves of Grass.*

When Walt spoke of himself in the book, he spoke for the everyday working American. He made some prodigiously insolent claims for himself, but what he was trying to say was: "This is the way the American common man should talk. This is how he should stand."

> And I or you, pocketless of a dime, may purchase the pick of the earth,
>
> And to glance with an eye, or show a bean in its pod, confounds the learning of all times,
>
> And there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero,
>
> And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe,
>
> And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes.

Walt printed 800 copies of his book in a little print shop, seeing them through the press himself. Then he inserted an ad in the New York *Tribune*, sent review copies to critics and editors, and gift copies to a number of eminent Americans. To the bookstores in New York and Brooklyn he peddled them himself in a big canvas bag.

Not a copy, so far as history records, was sold. A friend on the *Tribune* wrote a mildly favorable hack review. The rest of the critics either ignored him or burned him up:

"A heterogeneous mass of bombast, vulgarity and nonsense." ... "He is as unacquainted with art as a hog with mathematics." ... "We can conceive of no better reward than the lash."

The verdict of the eminent Americans was little better. Wendell Phillips remarked that he found all kinds of leaves there except the fig. John Greenleaf Whittier threw the book out of the window.

Such was America's reception of her national poet. And then out of the clear sky, out of New England's icy silence, came a letter—a letter that is almost as famous now as the poems:

"Dear sir, I am not blind to the wonderful worth of *Leaves of Grass.* I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I greet you at the beginning of a great career." It was signed with the one pre-eminent name of those times—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Walt never doubted his own greatness from that day on. But his rise to the heights of fame was slower than an ocean tide. The average American for whom he sang preferred the jingly tinkle of Poe's *The Bells* or *The Raven* to Walt's full-throated song.

The Civil War slowed Walt Whitman's climb to glory. Walt was no soldier. He had a mother's gift for sympathy. As he moved through the world, he loved it all, the good and the bad, instinctively. It is hard for those with a genius for love to take sides in a fight. Moreover, Walt had dedicated himself to be the poet of the whole nation.

He solved the conflict in his heart in a way that has given him a place in the history not only of poetry but of love. He moved to Washington, where the great military hospitals were, abandoned his writing, and gave himself to the task of tending the wounded soldiers. Earning a meager livelihood in a paymaster's office, living in a small top-floor room, he visited the hospitals each day from noon till four o'clock and again from six to nine. He carried a big bag full of gifts for the soldiers—tobacco, paper and envelopes, oranges, gingersnaps. But his greatest gift to them was a mother's tenderness in the robust and powerful figure of a man.

Before each visit he walked a while in the sun and wind, or under the stars. He drank only water and milk, avoided "fats and late suppers," in order to assure himself of a "pure, perfect, sweet, clean-blooded robust body," through which the healing powers of nature could flow to the suffering soldiers.

He was not obeying the dictates of any creed or faith. He was following the inmost impulse of his own nature, which he believed to be prophetic of what the world, when democracy fully unfolds itself, is destined to become.

Walt gave his prodigious health in that service. He was himself like a wounded soldier when the war was done. He was at home in Brooklyn with his mother, recuperating a second time

from "hospital malaria," when the news came of Lincoln's assassination.

It was spring and the lilacs were in bloom in the yard of the little house where they lived. Brooklyn in those days was little more than a rural village, and he did not have to walk far to hear a hermit thrush singing as the evening star peered out in the twilight. He composed his noblest poem there, twining the lilac, the star, the song of the bird and his grief into as sublime a tribute to a hero—and to life and death—as has ever been spoken. Swinburne described his poem *When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd* as "the most sweet and sonorous nocturne ever chanted in the church of the world." More perhaps than any of his other works, this sublime requiem has given Walt Whitman by gradual universal consent the name of America's poet.

After the war Walt got a clerical job in the Indian Bureau. He was working on a new edition of *Leaves of Grass*, and kept the scribbled proof sheets in his desk. Secretary of the Interior Harlan, a preacher-politician from Iowa City, got an itch of curiosity one night and sneaked in and took a look at the book. It gave him a terrible shock there in the lamp-light, and he won himself a place in history as a snooping prude by firing his immortal employe. Walt's Irish friend William O'Connor wrote a sizzling pamphlet about the incident, under the title of *The Good Gray Poet*, giving Whitman an inadequate sobriquet that has clung to him ever since.

In 1873 Walt's glorious physique gave out. He woke up one night and found he could not move his left arm or leg. He went calmly to sleep again and the next day waited quietly for his friends to come. Throughout the 20 years of decline and increasing confinement that followed, he never lost that calm. He never lost his patient, friendly humor. He met the inevitable narrowing of his selfhood with a fortitude equal to the arrogance with which he had announced its expansion.

Friends and admirers, a tiny but increasing company, sent funds to help him. He followed the slowly growing fame of his book with anxious joy, as a mother follows the career of her well-trained child. Tributes came, once in a while—and visits—from

those eminent enough to encourage his belief that his book would live.

Walt would have been proudly delighted—and yet also, in his still depths, unsurprised—to know that 50 years after his death a British prime minister, reporting a great military victory to the House of Commons, would quote, like a text from the Bible, his noble admonition:

"Now understand me well—It is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

32. THIS WAS MY MOTHER

MARK TWAIN

My mother, Jane Lampton Clemens, died in her 88th year, a mighty age for one who at 40 was so delicate of body as to be accounted a confirmed invalid, destined to pass soon away. But the invalid who, forgetful of self, takes a strenuous and indestructible interest in everything and everybody, as she did, and to whom a dull moment is an unknown thing, is a formidable adversary for disease.

She had a heart so large that everybody's griefs and joys found welcome in it. One of her neighbors never got over the way she received the news of a local accident. When he had told how a man had been thrown from his horse and killed because a calf had run in his way, my mother asked with genuine interest, "What became of the calf?" She was not indifferent to the man's death, she was interested in the calf, too.

She could find something to excuse and as a rule to love in the toughest of human beings or animals—even if she had to invent it. Once we beguiled her into saying a soft word for the devil himself. We started abusing him, one conspirator after another adding his bitter word, until she walked right into the trap. She admitted that the indictment was sound, but had he been treated fairly? Who, in 18 centuries, had had the common humanity to pray for the one sinner who needed it most?

She never used large words, yet when her pity or indignation was stirred she was the most eloquent person I have ever heard. We had a little slave boy whom we had hired from someone there in Hannibal. He had been taken from his family in Maryland, brought halfway across the continent, and sold. All day long he was singing, whistling, yelling, laughing. The noise was maddening, and one day I lost my temper, went raging to my mother and said Sandy had been singing for an hour straight, and I couldn't stand it. Wouldn't she please shut him up? The tears came into her eyes and she said:

Poor thing, when he sings it shows me that he is not remembering, and that comforts me; but when he is still I am afraid he is thinking. He will never see his mother again; if he can sing, I must be thankful for it. If you were older you would understand, and that friendless child's noise would make you glad."

All dumb animals had a friend in her. Hunted and disreputable cats recognized her at a glance as their refuge and champion. We once had 19 cats at one time. They were a vast burden, but they were out of luck, and that was enough. She generally had a cat in her lap when she sat down, but she denied indignantly that she liked cats better than children; though there was one advantage to a cat, she'd say. You could always put it down when you were tired of holding it.

I was as much of a nuisance as any small boy and a neighbor asked her once, "Do you ever believe anything that boy says?"

"He is the wellspring of truth," my mother replied, "but you can't bring up the whole well with one bucket. I know his average, so he never deceives me. I discount him 90 percent for embroidery and what is left is perfect and priceless truth, without a flaw."

She had a horror of snakes and bats, which I hid in pockets and sewing baskets; otherwise she was entirely fearless. One day I saw a vicious devil of a Corsican, a common terror in the town, chasing his grown daughter with a heavy rope in his hand, threatening to wear it out on her. Cautious male citizens let him pass but my mother spread her door wide to the refugee, and then, instead of closing and locking it after her, stood in it, barring the way. The man swore, cursed, threatened her with his rope; but she only stood, straight and fine, and lashed him, shamed him, derided and defied him until he asked her pardon, gave her his rope and said with a blasphemous oath that she was the bravest woman he ever saw. He and she were always good friends after that. He found in her a long-felt want—somebody who was not afraid of him.

One day in St. Louis she walked out into the street and surprised a burly cartman who was beating his horse over the head with the butt of a heavy whip. She took the whip away from him and made such a persuasive appeal that he was tripped

into saying he was to blame, and into volunteering a promise that he would never abuse a horse again.

She was never too old to get up early to see the circus procession enter town. She adored parades, lectures, conventions, camp meetings, church revivals—in fact every kind of dissipation that could not be proved to have anything irreligious about it, and she never missed a funeral. She excused this preference by saying that, if she did not go to other people's funerals, they would not come to hers.

She was 82 and living in Keokuk when, unaccountably, she insisted upon attending a convention of old settlers of the Mississippi Valley. All the way there, and it was some distance, she was young again with excitement and eagerness. At the hotel she asked immediately for Dr. Barrett, of St. Louis. He had left for home that morning and would not be back, she was told. She turned away, the fire all gone from her, and asked to go home. Once there she sat silent and thinking for many days, then told us that when she was 18 she had loved a young medical student with all her heart. There was a misunderstanding and he left the country; she had immediately married, to show him that she did not care. She had never seen him since and then she had read in a newspaper that he was going to attend the old settlers' convention. "Only three hours before we reached that hotel he had been there," she mourned.

She had kept that pathetic burden in her heart 64 years without any of us suspecting it. Before the year was out, her memory began to fail. She would write letters to school-mates who had been dead 40 years, and wonder why they never answered. Four years later she died.

But to the last she was capable with her tongue. I had always been told that I was a sickly child who lived mainly on medicines during the first seven years of my life. The year she died I asked her about this and said:

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

After a recollective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—

"No—afraid you would."

Jane Lampton Clemens' character, striking and lovable, appears in my books as Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly. I fitted her out with a dialect and tried to think up other improvements for her, but did not find any.

33. HATE

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Three months before, my friend had been in The Hague, quietly pursuing his profession as a physician—and working in the underground movement against the Nazis. Then, one day, he learned that an order had been signed for his arrest. He made an amazing escape, and reached America. Now he was sitting in my study.

We talked far into the night, and the conversation finally turned to the subject of hate. A strange topic for people of our nation, for Dutchmen have always been known as indifferent haters.

After the last war the Dutch opened their homes and hearts to the starving children of Germany, tens of thousands of whom lived for years in Holland. But when the Nazis invaded this peaceful land, the attack was led by those self-same boys, now grown to manhood. Dressed in stolen Dutch uniforms, they mixed with the Dutch soldiers and shot them in the back.

A large part of Rotterdam was obliterated by Nazi airmen after an armistice had been signed. Middelburg, loveliest of old Dutch towns, was burned. I wondered whether such deliberate brutality had finally affected the Dutch character.

My friend poured himself another cup of tea. Then he said, "Most people who are talking about the world after the war completely overlook one thing which will be of the greatest importance."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is the problem of hate, and of a national conscience so deeply offended that it can be appeased only by an act of revenge as gruesome as it is just. In the first weeks after the end of the war there will be an outbreak of hatred and fury in Europe such as the world has never seen.

"But let me tell you a story. It is a sort of folk story that Dutch people tell when they meet at night in what remains of

their homes. When you hear it you will realize how successfully the Germans have educated their Dutch victims in hate."

Here is the story as my friend told it to me:

Suddenly the war was over, and Hitler was captured and brought to Amsterdam. A military tribunal condemned him to death. But how should he die? To shoot or hang him seemed too quick, too merciful. Then someone uttered what was in everybody's mind: the man who had caused such incredible suffering should be burned to death.

"But," objected one judge, "our biggest public square in Amsterdam holds only 10,000 people, and 7,000,000 Dutch men, women and children will want to be there to curse him during his dying moments."

Then another judge had an idea. Hitler should be burned at the stake, but the wood was to be ignited by the explosion of a handful of gunpowder set off by a long fuse which should start in Rotterdam and follow the main road to Amsterdam by way of Delft, The Hague, Leiden and Haarlem. Thus millions of people crowding the wide avenues which connect those cities could watch the fuse burn its way northward to Herr Hitler's funeral pyre.

A plebiscite was taken as to whether this was a fitting punishment. There were 4,981,076 yeas and one nay. The nay was voted by a man who preferred that Hitler be pulled to pieces by four horses.

At last the great day came. The ceremony commenced at four o'clock on a June morning. The mother of three sons who had been shot by the Nazis for an act of sabotage they did not commit set fire to the fuse while a choir sang a solemn hymn of gratitude. Then the people burst forth into a shout of triumph.

The spark slowly made its way from Rotterdam to Delft, and on toward the great square in Amsterdam. People had come from every part of the country. Special seats had been provided for the aged and the lame and the relatives of murdered hostages.

Hitler, clad in a long yellow shirt, had been chained to the stake. He preserved a stoical silence until a little boy climbed upon the pile of wood surrounding the former Fuhrer and placed there a placard which read, "This is the world's greatest murderer." This so aggravated Hitler's pent-up feelings that he burst forth into one of his old harangues.

The crowd gaped, for it was a grotesque sight to see this little man ranting away just as if he were addressing his followers. Then a terrific howl of derision silenced him.

Now came the great moment of the day. About three o'clock in the afternoon the spark reached the outskirts of Amsterdam. Suddenly there was a roll of drums. Then, with an emotion such as they had never experienced before, the people sang the *Wilhelmus*, the national anthem. Hitler, now ashen-gray, futilely strained at his chains.

When the *Wilhelmus* came to an end the spark was only a few feet from the gunpowder; five more minutes and Hitler would die a horrible death. The crowd broke forth in a shout of hate. A minute went by. Another minute. Silence returned. Now the fuse had only a few inches to go. And at that moment the incredible happened.

A wizened little man wriggled through the line of soldiers standing guard. Everybody knew who he was. Two of his sons had been machine-gunned to death by parachute troops; his wife and three daughters had perished in Rotterdam's holocaust. Since then, the poor fellow had seemed deprived of reason, wandering aimlessly about and supported by public charity—an object of universal pity.

But what he did now made the crowd turn white with anger. For he deliberately stamped upon the fuse and put it out.

"Kill him! Kill him!" the mob shouted. But the old man quietly faced the menacing populace. Slowly he lifted both arms toward heaven. Then in a voice charged with fury, he said:

"Now let us do it all over again!"

My friend stopped. I shuddered. "Yes," he said, "every time I tell this story I, too, shiver. For a hatred that will give birth to such a story is the most terrible thing in the world. Now you know what four years of Nazi bestiality can do to the soul of a harmless and peaceful people. God grant that we may see the day when all this will be merely a dark and sad remembrance of that course of hatred the tyrants left behind them when they descended into their ignominious graves."

34. ADVENTURES WITH A PONY

H. L. MENCKEN

Horses, taking one with another, are supposed to be the stupidest creatures within the confines of our Christian civilization, but there are naturally some exceptions. From my 11th year to my 14th I was on confidential terms with a Shetland pony, and came to have a very high opinion of his sagacity. He was sharp as a trap, and he was also a cheat, a rogue and a scoundrel. Nearly all his waking hours were given to afflicting and deceiving my brother Charlie and me. He bit us, he kicked us, he stepped on our toes and sneezed in our faces, and in the intervals he tried to alarm us by running away, or by playing sick or dead. Nevertheless, we loved and admired him.

Charlie, I believe, got the first kick, but I got the first bite. It was delivered with sly suddenness on the second morning after the pony, Frank, had taken up his abode in the miniature stable at the end of our back yard.

Father had called in a colored intern from Reveille's livery stables to instruct Charlie and me in the principles of his art. The intern had cautioned me that the belly was a sensitive area, and must be curried gently. I was gentle enough, goodness knows, but Frank objected to any sort of currying whatsoever, top or bottom, and so, when I stooped down to reach under his hull, he fetched me a good nip in the seat of my pants. In a split second I was out in the yard.

When I tell you that Frank laughed you will, of course, set me down a nature faker; all the same, I tell you that Frank laughed. I could see him through the window above his feed trough, and there were all the indubitable signs—the head thrown back, the mouth open, the lips retracted, the teeth shining, the tears running down both cheeks. I could even hear a sound like a chuckle. Thereafter I never consciously exposed my caboose to him, but time and again he caught me unawares.

A section of the yard about 20 feet square was fenced off to give Frank a paddock in which he was free to disport a couple of hours every day. But when he was in it, he devoted most of his time to hanging his head over the paling fence, lusting for the regions beyond. Just out of his reach was a young and tender peach tree. One spring day he somehow cracked the puzzle of the catch on the paddock gate, and by the time he was discovered he had eaten all the bark off the peach tree to a height of four feet. My mother wept when the tree died, and the paddock gate was fitted with an iron bar.

Frank never got through it again by his own effort. But one day a feeble-minded hired girl left it open, and by the time he was chased back to his own ground he had devoured a bed of petunias, all my mother's best dahlias, the better part of a grape-vine, and the whole of my father's mint patch. I have been told by eminent horse-lovers that horses never touch mint, but I am here dealing not with a horse but with a Shetland pony. Frank gradually acquired many other strange appetites—for example, every time ice cream was on tap in the house he would smell it and begin to stamp and whinny, and it became the custom to give him whatever was left. He also ate oranges (skin and all), bananas (spitting out the skin), grapes, asparagus and sauerkraut.

On one occasion Frank indulged in a jape which came near costing him his life. He was in the habit of hanging his head over the door of his stall and drooling lubriciously while Charlie and I prepared his feed. This feed came down from the hayloft through a chute that emptied into a large wooden trough, and he often saw us start the flow by pulling out a paddle in the chute. One night we neglected to fasten the door of his stall, and he was presently at large. To his bright mind, of course, the paddle was easy. Out it came, and down poured an avalanche of oats. It filled the trough and spilled over to the floor, but Frank was still young and full of ambition, and he buckled down to eat it all.

When Charlie and I found him in the morning he was swelled to the diameter of a washtub, his eyes were leaden, and his tongue was hanging out dismally. "The staggers!" exclaimed Charlie, who had become, by that time, an eager but bad amateur horse doctor. "He is about to bust! We must run him until it works off." So we squeezed poor Frank between the shafts of the go-

cart, leaped in, gave him the whip, and were off. When we got back to the stable he drank a bucket of water, stumbled into his stall, and fell headlong in the straw. He recovered in a few days, and thereafter, not unnaturally, he had a marked distaste for oats.

When we were in the country one summer, Frank had my father's horse, John, for a stablemate and it was plain to see that Frank regarded John as an idiot. This was a fairly reasonable judgment. Whenever the two were in pasture together Frank would alarm John by bearing down upon him at a gallop, as if about to leap over him. Terrified, John would run away, and Frank would pursue him all over the pasture, whinnying and laughing. John himself could no more laugh than he could read and write. Life to him was a gloomy business, and he was often in the hands of horse doctors.

One summer night, an hour or so after midnight, there was a dreadful kicking and grunting in the stable, and my father and Charlie and I turned out to inquire into it. We found John standing in the middle of his box stall in a pitiable state of mind, his coat ruffled and his eyes staring. Frank, next door, was apparently sleeping soundly. We examined John from head to foot, but could find nothing wrong, so we gave him a couple of random doses from his enormous armamentarium of medicine bottles, and talked to him in soothing tones. In the morning he seemed quite all right; but that night there was another hullabaloo in the stable, and we had to turn out again. So it went for a week.

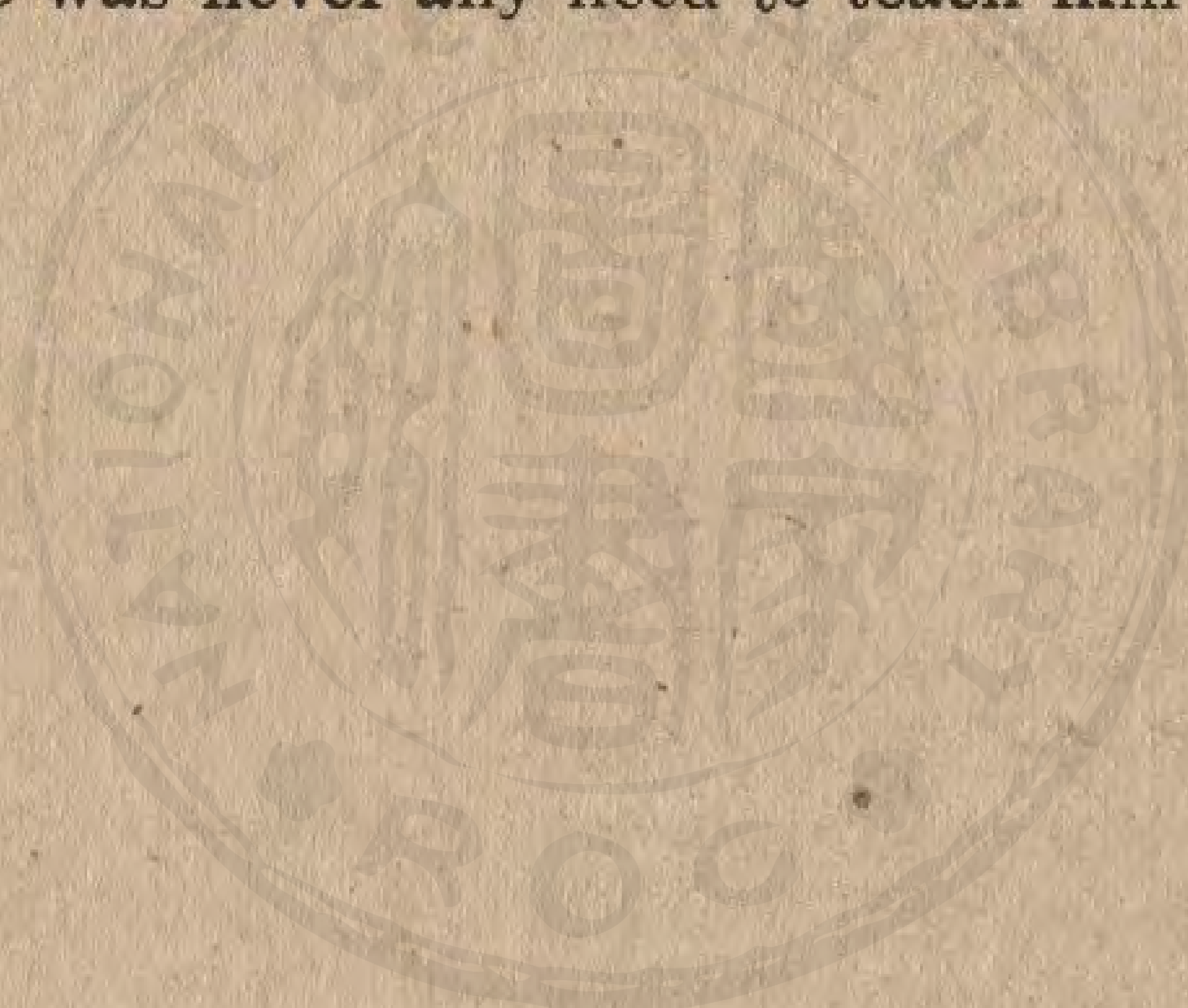
Two or three horse doctors were called in during that time, but they were all baffled. Meanwhile, my father began to suffer seriously from the interruptions to his sleep, and talked wildly of having the poor horse shot.

Charlie and I, talking the business over, decided to keep watch at the stable. At bedtime we sneaked into the carriage house on tiptoe, and made ourselves bunks in the family wagon. We were soon sound asleep, but at the usual time we were aroused by a great clomping and banging in the stalls.

What we saw by the moonlight filtering into the stable scarcely surprised us. Frank was having a whale of a time flinging his heels against the sides of his stall. The noise plainly delighted him. Poor John, waking in alarm, leaped to his feet and began to tremble. At this Frank gave a couple of final clouts, and then

lay down calmly and went to sleep—or appeared to. But John, trying with his limp mind to make out what was afoot, kept on trembling, and was, in fact, still scared when my father arrived, his slippers flapping, his suspenders hanging loose and blood in his eye. When we told him what we had observed, his only comment was "Well, I'll be durned!"

We soon had a bridle on Frank, with a strap rigged from it to his left hind leg. We heard no more noise on following nights. After a week we removed the strap, but nothing happened, for Frank had learned his lesson. At some time or other while the strap was on, I suppose, he had tried a kick—and gone head over heels in his stall. He was, as I have said, a smart fellow, and there was never any need to teach him the same thing twice.



35. ONE ALASKA NIGHT

BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

A root tripped me and threw me flat in the trail that led through the thicket. I lay for a moment face on my arms, too tired to stir. I had been foolhardy to start out alone on a 10-mile hike across an unfamiliar Alaska peninsula.

For some time I had been breasting through the brush, which met thinly above my trail, but had failed to take this as a warning that something was wrong. Now, nose to the ground, I became aware of a rank, musky odor and of something queerly crawling that touched my cheek. It was a tuft of coarse brown hair, dangling from a twig.

One startled glance and I knew it had been raked from an Alaskan brown bear—the largest carnivorous animal that walks the world today.

Earlier in the afternoon I had seen an enormous track in a patch of damp clay beside my path. The imprint, from heel to claws, was twice the length of my boot. The truth came with a shock—I had been following a bear trail, not a path traveled by man.

I'm not a hunter. I'm not even a brave woman. Early that morning I had left town in a boat with some fishermen and had reached the vicinity of a fox ranch where a school-mate of mine, Lonnie, was spending the summer with her father, who owned the place. This part of Alaska was strange to me; but the fishermen pointed out a trail crossing the peninsula to the ranch. I persuaded them to put me ashore so that I might walk over while they fished. They were to call for me late in the evening on their way back to town.

Now I was lost in the middle of a bear trail. Panic came upon me. I had an almost uncontrollable impulse to dash madly through the trees regardless of direction. But I got hold of myself, decided on a course, and went forward.

I was nearly exhausted when I burst through the timber and saw a log cabin in the middle of a small, wild meadow.

There was something sinister about that cabin. The boarded windows on each side of the closed door stared back at me like eyesockets in a brown and weathered skull. I turned to go back, but after one glance into that black forest I changed my mind.

At the edge of the dooryard I came upon a stump on whose broad top was a cross-hatch of axe marks. I moved on to the cabin and paused before the closed door. In place of a knob it had a rawhide latch thong hanging outside. I gave it a pull, and the creaking door swung in on its own weight, revealing an interior so dark I could distinguish no detail. The room gave off the faint rancid odor that clings to a place in which raw furs have been dried. I bumped against a crude table and my outflung hand encountered a candle. I struck a match and turned to inspect my shelter.

In one corner was a rusty stove; in another a stout pole frame laced with strips of cured bearskin to make a bunk. There was a chair made of slabs and on the floor a steel bear trap with a broken jaw. Nothing to alarm even the most timorous woman.

As I raked the ashes from the stove I searched my memory for all I had heard of this region. The first thing that popped into my mind was the story of five prospectors who, a few years before, had vanished on the peninsula without leaving a trace. Rumor had it that they had met foul play at the hands of a crazy trapper, "Cub Bear" Butler. I glanced uneasily over my shoulder, wishing I hadn't thought about that. Axe in hand, I went out to the chopping block to cut firewood. A large blood-gold moon, just topping the hemlocks, threw long tree shadows across the meadow. Each blow of my axe rang out unnaturally loud. My sense of isolation deepened.

I chopped an armload and was reaching for the last stick when my groping fingers touched something which made me recoil violently. I struck a match—and stood transfixed with horror. It was a fleshless skeleton hand, severed at the wrist.

Looking down, I saw another, then another, ten altogether. There wasn't a bone of any other kind. I tried to scream, but could make no sound. I tried to run, but my legs turned to water.

Somehow I got back inside the cabin and shoved the door shut. The fastening was a sturdy wooden bar. I pulled the latch thong inside. The door was strong and no one could enter. I was hollow with dread and my hands trembled so I could scarcely build the fire. My mind kept swirling about Cub Bear Butler, the crazy trapper, and the five prospectors who had vanished. Had I stumbled onto Butler's cabin? Could those skeleton hands belong to the prospectors?

I didn't intend to go to sleep but gradually fatigue began to triumph over nerves.

I don't know what awakened me; but suddenly I found myself sitting bolt upright, heart pounding, ears straining, eyes wide open. Some sound had penetrated my sleep.

I was about to light the candle when it came again: *Thump! ....Thump-thump-thump!* Someone knocking to get in!

The stillness tightened around me. I put from me the thought of a dead man with no hands and tried to convince myself that the knocking had been born of my overwrought nerves when—*Thump!....Thump-thump-thump!* The sound seemed as if the visitor were knocking not with firm knuckles but with the fleshy stub of an arm.

Leaden with fright, I managed to reach the door and press my ear against it.

"What do you want?"

Silence.

I lifted the bar, flung open the door and looked out. Nothing; neither movement nor sound.

Puzzled as well as frightened, I went back inside.

No sooner had I dropped the bar in place than it came again—*Thump!....Thump-thump-thump!* I jerked open the door. I ran around the cabin, scrutinizing every inch of the meadow, bright with moonlight. The nearest cover, a tall hemlock, was 50 feet away. Nothing human could have traversed that distance so quickly Only one thing knocks and remains invisible to mortal eyes!

I kindled a roaring blaze just outside the door, and sat on the threshold to watch the clearing. After a while I began to nod.

I woke with a start, thinking I heard someone calling my name. The morning sun flooded the clearing. Then I saw a slim,

blonde young woman in breeches and a windbreaker, running across the meadow toward me. It was Lonnie, my friend of the fox ranch, and behind her strode her father, a lean sourdough Alaskan.

I could have rushed upon them and fallen to embrace their knees, but pride kept me from betraying myself to the quizzical eyes of Dad, already on the alert for some sign of feminine asininity.

"Dad had a fit when you failed to show up last night," said Lonnie, "and sent ranch hands to search the woods as soon as daylight came."

"A woman," declared Dad, "should never go into the woods alone. Women have no bump of location. They're always getting lost. You can thank your lucky star you stumbled onto Butler's cabin."

"It's not only women who get lost," I retorted. "How about those five prospectors who disappeared in these woods a few years ago?"

"Oh, those chaps! It's likely they were drowned off the Cape."

"No, they weren't," I said quietly. "They were killed—murdered—right here at Butler's cabin."

He and Lonnie stared at me as if they thought I had gone insane.

"Come. I'll show you."

I led the way to the skeleton hands lying stark white in the sunlight. Dad picked up one of the bony things.

"Just like a woman!" he drawled, grinning at me. "Those are not human hands, Sister. They're the paws of cub bears. You see, the skeleton of a cub bear's paw is almost identical with that of the human hand."

"Why are there no other bones?"

"Butler skinned his catch at the traps in the woods—all except the feet, which demand a good deal of care. He brought the pelts back to his cabin, to skin the paws at his leisure. He trapped only yearling cubs. That's how he got his nickname."

Very much deflated, I followed him into the cabin.

"Poor old Butler," he said. "He was found right there out-

side the door, killed by a bear. Tracks of a big brownie were still visible."

"But why didn't he shoot it?"

"Couldn't reach his gun. Butler must have come in from his trap line, put his rifle on the table, and then gone out—for water, likely. Possibly the mother of a cub he'd just killed followed him home. When she went for him he ran for the cabin to get his rifle. The door was closed and in his haste he jerked the latch thong so hard he broke it off. Then he couldn't open the door. So the beast got him."

I shuddered as my mind supplied details.

"Bert Slocum, one of my ranch hands, trapped mink here afterward and came out with a fine, large tale about Cub Bear's ghost. But Bert's the biggest liar in Alaska. The way Bert tells it, Cub Bear—"

Thump!——Thump-thump-thump! With the door wide open it came, and I leaped to my feet.

"What in hell's the matter with you, Sis?" inquired Dad. "Your eyes are sticking out like a crab's!"

"Didn't you hear it?" I demanded.

"Hear what?"

"That knocking."

"Oh, those pesky flying squirrels," said Dad. "The country's getting overrun with 'em. On a moonlight night a man can't get a wink of sleep, the way they play humpty-dumpty on the roof. Just stand there inside the door, and keep your eye on that hemlock out in front."

After a moment, sure enough, a small, furry form soared out from the tree and, with legs outspread, landed with that soft, solid *thump!* on the roof. Then, *thump-thump-thump!* it bounded down to the eaves, and off, racing back to the tree.

"What a cunning little creature," I observed, turning around with what must have been a sickly smile.

As I did so, my attention was caught by the door. Visible on the surface of the soft, furry wood were curious marks—depressions such as might have been made by heavily pounding fists.

"What are you staring at now, Sis?" Dad broke in on my concentration.

"Those marks on the door."

He laughed. "You must have been pretty excited when you got here last night—knocking that hard."

As we were walking away I glanced back at the cabin in which I had spent the most terrifying night of my life—and at the marks on the door.

I knew that my two small fists had never made them. For I had never knocked on the door of that grim, deserted cabin in the clearing.

36. THE WRITING OF ENGLISH

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

If rhetorics, composition books, manuals, guides could of themselves assure the writing of good English, our prose style should now be purer than Chaucer's well; but a multitude of textbooks is no more a guarantee of good writing than a million of books on etiquette is a warrant of good manners. It remains to be proved that the congregations who heard two sermons each Sunday were more moral than their agnostic descendants.

That there is so much imperfect English after such a pressure of honest endeavor in teaching, is best explained by the vast number now to be educated, who in the past would not have written at all, and who may properly regard their slovenly grammar and stilted phrasing as so much won from illiteracy. But what of the more fortunately gifted who surely with the impact of so many books, such determined counsellors from earliest youth up to correspondence courses for the middle-aged, should have developed a new prose style for modern America and justified the concern of their elders? We have good writers of course, but only the least fastidious in our tongue could name this an age of supple, or beautiful, or rich, or forceful, or any thing but varied and useful styles in English.

If we get little style in English, the textbooks teach even less. Good English in their view is first and last clear English, which means English that is plain, unsubtle, direct; it is typewritten English where the meaning jumps to the eye at a glance. Not the infinite complexities of my emotions, nor the baffled struggling of my thought, but what I can readily express in easy sentences neither too long nor too short, is what the rhetorics teach.

They are right to teach thus, for the mind of the young writer is a yeasty mass of unformulated desires and undirected emotions. It surges with aspirations which begin as mighty heavings of the dough and emerge as bursting bubbles. Order, restraint,

clarity are steps in a discipline which the most imaginative need most; and failure to mark them would result in floods of wild words. Fortunately undisciplined writers, like clocks without pendulums, soon tick themselves into silence.

Yet the textbooks are wrong when they make, as in effect they do make, a sermon on accuracy the sum of good English. Accuracy is enough for the dictator of business letters; for the professional writer it is only the first step. He can be as accurate as a slate roof and as clear as a plate glass window and yet have no more life in him than a billboard or a declension. He will never develop a style worthy the name unless he struggles with half meanings, gropes in personality, yields to passion, fancy, intuitions, and much else opposed in every way to simple clarity.

There must be two Muses at the elbow of every writer ambitious of the best in English, one to hold back while the other pulls on, one for discipline and the other for expansiveness; one to teach grasp, the other reach; one with a set of principles, the other with a vision of truth, beauty, hope, and unlimited accomplishment.

And if one asks why so many clear and simple books produce so many dull and flat writers, the answer may be that there is too much starching and ironing of poor material. We laugh at the older rhetorics with their talk of the sublime, of the great style, of dignity, of eloquence. But at least the authors of these treatises promised to able writers something more inspiring than unity, coherence, and emphasis. They implied, even if they took no means to secure it, an active intellect, stirred by passionate ideas, and quite as desirous to express itself as to discover how to be obvious to others.

The weakest element in American literary prose is its style. In the novel, in drama, in poetry, in the essay, whether our work is superior or inferior to the English product, it is usually inferior in this respect. And if Americans lack style it is partly because they have been taught for a generation that good writing is clear writing, which is true, and that clear writing must be excellent writing, which is false. Water, except by the miracle of style, does not become wine.

37. A MATTER OF TROUSERS

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

In confabulation the other day with an editor friend of ours we were discussing the most grievous incidents in our careers. "Well," he said—call him Bill Colophon—"I can tell you of one episode that might have had far more serious consequences for me than it did; but I believe its upshot to have been fortunate inasmuch as thereby I unwittingly discouraged a perfectly nice young woman from accumulating headaches over the practice of literature. You know how those pleasing females swarm on the outskirts of published poetry and prose, always with plenty of promise, and finally pick up a dollar here and there doing book reviews, when they'd actually have a far better time getting married off—bang!—and settling down in the suburbs. Well, here's the case of one.

"It *would* fall to my lot to run into Mrs. Broadbeam that day, the last person on earth I wished to see. For a very embarrassing thing had happened to me. The Swaynes' penthouse party of the night before had been a great success and had kept me up a bit late. Endeavoring to reorganize myself next morning in what the far-too-brazen sunlight assured me was still the A.M., I had decided to wear my dark blue suit (so germane it was to my mood!) and I'm afraid I had hung up my evening clothes rather carelessly the night before. I am not color-blind, but closets are dark, and dressing was a struggle. It was not until I was in the Subway, going up to Times Square, that I realized with quite a jolt that whereas my coat and vest were of the blue suit, my trousers appeared to be a shade darker and had a most damnable braid stripe down the side.

"Several appointments made it imperative that I get to the office quickly. What should I do? Seeing a Western Union sign, I decided to send a messenger for the proper trousers. It was then eleven o'clock. At one of the little desks where you write

telegrams sat Mrs. Augustus Broadbeam. I slipped quickly into a chair and bent my head over a telegraph blank, hoping that my hat would shield me. Not at all. 'Why, good morning, Rossiter!' she cried with positive abandon, 'I was about to wire you. I just ran into Gladys Troutwell on the street and I'm sending her in to see you. The dear child is *so* anxious to talk over her work with someone. I knew you'd be kind to her. Well, I must go!' She stood up. Of course, I should have risen too, but the stigma sartorial glued me to my chair. I stammered and raised my hat. '*Troutwell*,' Mrs. Broadbeam emphasized the name, majestically standing over me. 'You know, the Baltimore Troutwells. I really think the girl has genuine talent. And she's such a sweet lamb.'

" 'Exactly, sweet lamb!' I murmured.

"After I saw Mrs. Broadbeam pass the window under full sail I staggered up and to the counter. 'I mess a wantager,' I said—but why go into my further embarrassments. I finally made them understand. Then I hastened over to my office to telephone my maid and instruct her what to do about the messenger when he arrived. I kept safely behind my desk. At lunch time I had some sandwiches sent in. By two-thirty I was worried. I telephoned my apartment again, but now the maid had gone and there was no answer. It was two-forty. Two-fifty-five. I clasped a clammy brow with clammier palms. Then the 'phone rang and the office operator informed me that a Western Union mercury was there with a package. 'Send him right in!'

"I had the box and he was out of the office. Hastily I locked the door and almost leapt out of the offending trousers, removing my braces. I tore the wrapping from the box and snatched its contents forth. Then I moaned like a dove in an immemorial elm. I don't know what it is about the Swedish intelligence! Truda had sent me up my other pair of *dress* trousers! And the 'phone rang at that moment. The office operator said there was a young lady to see me.

"I plunged once more into the black garments. I hustled the others, in their box, out of sight. Then I realized that I had reached that point of suffering where numbness supervenes. I experienced no further sensation. I thought I had been panicked far beyond necessity. After all, the coat was dark. In a bad

light—ah, that was it! A bad light! I hastily drew down the blind of the window. It mitigated the cheery aspect of my office somewhat. I decided to stand behind my desk and shake hands that way. But there came a knock on the door. I realized I had locked it. Of course the key stuck. 'One second!' I called. Then I opened it in something of a fluster. One of the prettiest girls I have ever seen stepped inside. And at that moment it was borne in upon me unmistakably that I had omitted to put my braces on again. With my left hand in my pocket I hitched up my waistband, and shot forward my right hand in welcome. 'Oh, how-dye-do!' I cried nervously, while I felt my lip clinging to my upper teeth in what must have been a smile of what the French call *fausse bonhomie.* I almost pushed the young lady into a chair in front of the desk and crab-scuttled behind it. I sat down just in time.

"The young lady essayed a smile, but it was erratic and quivering. She looked around toward the door. 'Ah, yes', I began, with a struggle for the jovial, the avuncular, the entirely disarming, 'Do everything I can for you! Make yourself perfectly at home!' Then my gaze followed hers, and I realized that my braces were coiled like a serpent in the middle of the floor in full view. She seemed to think it an extremely odd place for them.

" 'Mrs. Broadbeam said she spoke to you,' she began in a low voice. 'I'm Miss Troutwell—I—' but her voice broke and her eyes returned to those damnable braces. Action on my part was imperative. But if I got up—! Then a brilliant idea occurred to me. There was a ball of twine in the upper right-hand drawer of my desk. There were scissors. To a clever man it would be the work of an instant surreptitiously to open the drawer, extract the twine, cut off a reasonable length, slump down in my chair somewhat, and bind my traitor trousers around my middle. Then I could safely arise and remove the offending braces from the floor. I put forward a stealthy hand, under cover of the desk top, and slowly began to slide open the desk-drawer.

" 'You are a writer?' I meanwhile inquired pleasantly. 'Ah yes, a beginning author. Just so.' (Something had jammed in the drawer and made it stick.) 'I *love* writers,' I began again, tugging. 'I mean, writers interest me. I am a writer. I am

a—goddamn it!' (I could have cut my tongue out at the ejaculation, but the scissors in the drawer had scratched my intruding hand.) 'Some of the greatest writers,' I began again, and looked up with what I hoped was a bright smile to put her at her ease. She was, however, shrinking back in her chair, and had grown distinctly paler. 'There, there,' I said, 'just a minute. Don't be alarmed!'

"It was certainly the wrong thing to say. And the fact that the impediment in the drawer now suddenly gave way and the whole contraption shot into my lap, didn't help the situation much. But I had the scissors! They were large office shears. In my relief I'm afraid I rather flashed them forth.

"I'm sure I don't know what she thought they were or what I was going to do with them. After all, you don't usually make a murderous attack upon a person with *scissors*. It must have been the whole appearance of the thing. '*What are you doing*!' she exclaimed sharply. 'Just that confounded cord, now,' I cried, rather in a jitter. 'I love writers, you know,' I beamed at her again, although I am afraid it wasn't much of a beam. 'Ah!' I cried with some excuse for my gloating tone, after all I had suffered. 'There it is!'

"As I reached for the ball of twine. she rose hastily, and I never saw a girl get out of a room so fast. The telephone operator told me she went by like a blur. I sat dumbfounded. Then I locked the door again and put on my braces.

"Mrs. Broadbeam hasn't the slightest sense of humor and it took me months properly to explain myself to her. But, anyway, she tells me that young Miss Troutwell has entirely given up the idea of writing and gone in for interior decorating instead!"

38. BUILDING A PERSONALITY

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A consulting psychologist told me recently that most cases of emotional maladjustment are due to the fact that people will not accept themselves. They resent their limitations. They want to be someone else. They keep day-dreaming about what they would do if they had another's chance. And so, disregarding their own possibilities, they never make anything worth while out of themselves.

Well, anybody can find sufficient cause to dislike his own lot. William Wilberforce, diminutive edition of a man, did not like himself. Boswell went to hear him speak once and said afterward, "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mounted upon the table; but, as I listened, he grew and grew, until the shrimp became a whale." That shrimp of a man never had good health. For 20 years, on doctor's orders, he took opium to keep body and soul together and had courage never to increase the dose. But more than any other Englishman, he stopped the British slave trade; and as one stands in Westminster Abbey beside the grave of "The Attorney General of the unprotected and the friendless," one sees that sensitive, suffering life translated itself into a persistent, unconquerable sympathy for downtrodden people that a lusty hulk of a man in perfect health probably never would have felt.

The most stimulating successes in history have come from persons who, facing some kind of limitations and handicaps, took them as part of life's game and played splendidly in spite of them. Once when Ole Bull, the great violinist, was giving a concert in Paris, his A string snapped and he transposed the composition and finished it on three strings. That is life—to have your A string snap and finish on three strings.

As soon as a man begins to accept this positive technique for handling his handicaps, they present themselves to him as opportunities always challenging, sometimes fascinating. Rebellion against your handicaps gets you nowhere. Self-pity gets you nowhere. One must have the adventurous daring to accept oneself as a bundle of possibilities and undertake the most interesting game in the world—making the most of one's best.

In a battle with the Saracens in Spain, so the story runs, the Scots threw the heart of Robert the Bruce ahead of them and then with all their might fought toward it. That is the method of procedure. Take charge of your life, hurl some ideal and hope ahead and then fight toward it; organize your living around a purpose. Many folk fail to become personalities because they think that life is something we *find* instead of something we *create*. The fact is that existence is what we find. The big business of being a person is to take existence and so organize it around our plans and purposes that it becomes a life.

A friend of mine landed in Boston a half century and more ago. His old Scotch father had told him that he was of less than average ability. He began his life in America as a foundryman and he roomed over a saloon. Such was his existence to start with. What he made of it, however, was a great life, for he turned out to be George A. Gordon, one of the best scholars Harvard ever graduated; for over 40 years in the Old South Church in Boston, his pastorate was one of the most notable for intellectual quality and spiritual influence in the annals of American churches. His existence was what he found; his life was what he created. Often the best friend a man has is not comfort, but the challenge of antagonistic environment to awaken his slumbering soul.

At least three factors enter into the achievement of this sort of personality. First, imagination. Great living starts with a picture held in some person's imagination, of what he would like some day to do or be. Florence Nightingale dreamed of being a nurse, Edison pictured himself an inventor; all such characters escaped the mere shove of circumstance by imagining a future so vividly that they headed for it.

Look at John Keats: orphaned in early boyhood, pressed by poverty, lacerated by the cruelty of his literary critics disap-

pointed in love, stricken by tuberculosis, and finally shoved off the scene by death at 26. But with all his ill fortune, Keats' life was not driven by circumstance. From that day when, a youth, he picked up a copy of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and knew beyond doubt that he too was born to be a poet, Keats' life was drawn by a masterful purpose which gave him a lasting place among the world's renowned. "I think," he said once, "that I shall be among the English poets after my death." He got that picture in his imagination, and to him it was like the heart of Robert the Bruce to the fighting Scots.

Hold a picture of yourself long and steadily enough in your mind's eye and you will be drawn toward it. Picture yourself vividly as defeated and that alone will make victory impossible. Picture yourself vividly as winning and that alone will contribute immeasurably to success. Do not picture yourself as anything and you will drift like a derelict.

Second, common sense. There is no use in a round peg's imagining itself fitted in a square hole. As a matter of fact, many people flounder around pitifully before they discover the true direction of their lives. Whistler, the artist, started out to be a general and was dropped from West Point because he could not pass in chemistry. Sir Walter Scott wanted to be a poet and turned to novel writing only when Byron outshone him in his chosen field. Phillips Brooks failed as a teacher before he turned to preaching. Study yourself and use your head in picturing your goal. But whether with wisdom or without, pick a goal; don't drift.

Third, courage. Real personalities always have the kind of faith that produces courage. When his generation was against him, Richard Wagner had faith in his music, and it overcame the world. After centuries had borne unimpeachable testimony to the devastating virulence of yellow fever, a little group of American medical men in Cuba had faith that it could be conquered, and it was. Charles Darwin worked for 20 years in a little English garden succeeding and failing, trying and keeping on because he had faith that he had found a clue, and he conquered. Faith is not credulity. It is creative power. It is vision plus valor.

Imagination, common sense and courage—even a moderate exercise of these will produce remarkable results. If a man is primarily after wealth, the world can whip him; if he is primarily after pleasure, the world can beat him; but if a man is primarily growing a personality, then he can capitalize anything that life does to him.

39. WHAT IS PROFIT?

FRED I. KENT

My Dear Grandson:

I will answer your question as simply as I can. Profit is the result of enterprise which builds for others as well as for the enterpriser. Let us consider the operation of this fact in a primitive community, say of 100 persons who are nonintelligent beyond the point of obtaining the mere necessities of living by working hard all day long.

Our primitive community, dwelling at the foot of a mountain, must have water. There is no water except at a spring near the top of the mountain: therefore, every day all the 100 persons climb to the top of the mountain. It takes them one hour to go up and back. They do this day in and day out, until at last one of them notices that the water from the spring runs down inside the mountain in the same direction that he goes when he comes down. He conceives the idea of digging a trough in the mountain-side all the way down to the place where he has his habitation. He goes to work to build a trough. The other 99 people are not even curious as to what he is doing.

Then one day this 100th man turns a small part of the water from the spring into his trough and it runs down the mountain into a basin he has fashioned at the bottom. Whereupon he says to the 99 others, who each spend an hour a day fetching their water, that if they will each give him the daily production of 10 minutes of their time, he will give them water from his basin. He will then receive 990 minutes of the time of the other men each day, which will make it unnecessary for him to work 16 hours a day in order to provide for his necessities. He is making a tremendous profit—but his enterprise has given each of the 99 other people 50 additional minutes each day for himself.

The enterpriser, now having 16 hours a day at his disposal and being naturally curious, spends part of his time watching

the water run down the mountain. He sees that it pushes along stones and pieces of wood. So he develops a water wheel; then he notices that it has power and, finally, after many hours of contemplation and work, makes the water wheel run a mill to grind his corn.

This 100th man then realizes that he has sufficient power to grind corn for the other 99. He says to them, "I will allow you to grind your corn in my mill if you give me 1/10 the time you save." They agree, and so the enterpriser now makes an additional profit. He uses the time paid him by the 99 others to build a better house for himself, to increase his conveniences of living through new benches, openings in his house for light, and better protection from the cold. So it goes on, as this 100th man constantly finds ways to save the 99 the total expenditure of their time—one tenth of which he asks of them in payment for his enterprising.

This 100th man's time finally becomes all his own to use as he sees fit. He does not have to work unless he chooses to. His food and shelter and clothing are provided by others. His mind, however, is ever working and the other 99 are constantly having more time to themselves because of his thinking and planning.

For instance, he notices that one of the 99 makes better shoes than the others. He arranges for this man to spend all his time making shoes, because he can feed him and clothe him and arrange for his shelter from profits. The other 98 do not now have to make their own shoes. They are charged one tenth the time they save. The 99th man is also able to work shorter hours because some of the time that is paid by each of the 98 is allowed to him by the 100th man.

As the days pass, another individual is seen by the 100th man to be making better clothes than any of the others, and it is arranged that his time shall be given entirely to his specialty. And so on.

Due to the foresight of the 100th man, a division of labor is created that results in more and more of those in the community doing the things for which they are best fitted. Everyone has a greater amount of time at his disposal. Each becomes interested, except the dullest, in what others are doing and wonders how he

can better his own position. The final result is that each person begins to find his proper place in an intelligent community.

But suppose that, when the 100th man had completed his trough down the mountain and said to the other 99, "If you will give me what it takes you 10 minutes to produce, I will let you get your water from my basin," they had turned on him and said, "We are 99 and you are only one. We will take what water we want. You cannot prevent us and we will give you nothing." What would have happened then? The incentive of the most curious mind to build upon his enterprising thoughts would have been taken away. He would have seen that he could gain nothing by solving problems if he still had to use every waking hour to provide his living. There could have been no advancement in the community. The same stupidity that first existed would have remained. Life would have continued to be a drudge to everyone, with opportunity to do no more than work all day long just for a bare living.

But we will say the 99 did not prevent the 100th man from going on with his thinking, and the community prospered. And we will suppose that there were soon 100 families. As the children grew up, it was realized that they should be taught the ways of life. There was now sufficient production so that it was possible to take others away from the work of providing for themselves, pay them, and set them to teaching the young.

Similarly, as intelligence grew the beauties of nature became apparent. Men tried to fix scenery and animals in drawings—and art was born. From the sounds heard in nature's studio and in the voices of the people, music was developed. And it became possible for those who were proficient in drawing and music to spend all their time at their art, giving their creations to others in return for a portion of the community's production.

As these developments continued, each member of the community, while giving something from his own accomplishments, became more and more dependent upon the efforts of others. And, unless envy and jealousy and unfair laws intervened to restrict honest enterprisers who benefited all, progress promised to be constant.

Need we say more to prove that there can be profit from enterprise without taking anything from others, that such enterprise adds to the ease of living for everyone?

These principles are as active in a great nation such as the United States as in our imaginary community. Laws that kill incentive and cripple the honest enterpriser hold back progress. True profit is not something to be feared, because it works to the benefit of all.

We must endeavor to build, instead of tearing down what others have built. We must be fair to other men, or the world cannot be fair to us.

Sincerely,

Grandfather.

40. MY ADVENTURES WITH A PAINT BRUSH

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

To have reached the age of 40 without ever handling a brush, to have regarded the painting of pictures as a mystery, and then suddenly to find oneself plunged in the middle of a new interest with paints and palettes and canvases, and not to be discouraged by results, is an astonishing and enriching experience. I hope it may be shared by others.

For to be really happy and to avoid worry and mental overstrain we ought all to have hobbies, and they must all be real. Best of all, and easiest to take up, are sketching and painting. They came to my rescue at a most trying time. When I left the Admiralty at the end of May 1915, I still remained a member of the Cabinet and of the War Council. In this position I knew everything and could do nothing; I had vehement convictions and no power to give effect to them; I had enforced leisure at a moment when every fiber of my being was inflamed to action.

And then it was, one Sunday in the country, that the children's paint box came to my aid. My first experiments with their toy water colors led me to secure, next morning, a complete outfit for painting in oils. The next step was to begin. The palette gleamed with beads of color; fair and white rose the canvas; the empty brush hung poised, heavy with destiny, irresolute in the air. Very gingerly I mixed a little blue paint with a very small brush, and then with infinite precaution made a mark about as big as a small bean upon the affronted snow-white shield. At that moment a motorcar was heard on the drive and from it there stepped none other than the gifted wife of Sir John Lavery, the distinguished portrait painter. "Painting! But what are you hesitating about? Let me have a brush, a big one." Splash into the turpentine, wallop into the blue and white, frantic flourish on my palette, and then several large, fierce strokes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas. The spell was broken. My

sickly inhibitions rolled away. I seized the largest brush and fell upon my victim with berserk fury. I have never felt any awe of a canvas since.

This beginning with Audacity is a very great part of the art of painting. We must not be too ambitious. We cannot aspire to masterpieces. We may content ourselves with a joy ride in a paint box. And for this, Audacity is the only ticket.

I write no word in disparagement of water colors. But there is really nothing like oils. First of all, you can correct mistakes more easily. One sweep of the palette-knife "lifts" the blood and tears of a morning from the canvas; the canvas is all the better for past impressions. Secondly, you can approach your problem from any direction, beginning if you will with a moderate central arrangement of middle tones, and then hurling in the extremes when the psychological moment comes. Lastly, the pigments are so nice to handle. You can build them on layer after layer if you like and can change your plan to meet the exigencies of time and weather. Matching them with what you see is fascinating. Try it, if yau have not done so—before you die.

As one slowly begins to escape from the difficulties of choosing the right colors and laying them on in the right places and in the right way, wider considerations come into view. One is astonished to find out how many things there are in the landscape one never noticed before. And there is a tremendous new pleasure that invests every walk or drive with an added object. So many colors on the hillside, each different in shadow and in sunlight; such brilliant reflections in the pool, each a key lower than what they repeat; such lovely lights gilding or silvering surface or outline. I found myself instinctively as I walked noting the tint and character of a leaf, the dreamy purple shades of mountains, the exquisite lacery of winter branches, the dim, pale silhouettes of far horizons. And I had lived for over 40 years without ever noticing any of them except in a general way, as one might look at a crowd and say, "What a lot of people!"

I think this heightened sense of observation of nature is one of the chief delights that have come to me through trying to paint. And if you do observe accurately and with refinement, and record what you have seen with tolerable correspondence, the result follows on the canvas with startling obedience.

Then, the art galleries take on a new and—to me at least—a severely practical interest. You see the difficulty that baffled you yesterday; and you see how easily it has been overcome by a great painter. You look at the masterpieces of art with an analyzing and a comprehending eye.

Chance one day led me to a secluded nook near Marseilles where I fell in with two disciples of Cézanne. They viewed nature as a mass of shimmering light in which forms and surfaces are comparatively unimportant, indeed hardly visible, but which gleams and glows with beautiful harmonies and contrasts of color. Each of these little points of color sets up a strong radiation of which the eye is conscious without detecting the cause. Look at the blue of the sea. How can you depict it? Certainly not by any single color that was ever manufactured. The only way in which that luminous intensity of blue can be simulated is by this multitude of tiny points of varied color all in true relation to the rest of the scheme. Difficult? Fascinating!

I was shown a picture by Cézanne of a blank wall of a house, which he had made instinct with the most delicate lights and colors. Now I often amuse myself when I am looking at a wall or a flat surface of any kind by trying to distinguish all the different tints which can be discerned upon it, and considering whether these arise from reflections or from natural hue. You would be astonished the first time you tried this to see how many and what beautiful colors there are even in the most commonplace objects.

Obviously, then, armed with a paint box, one cannot be bored or left at a loose end. How much there is to admire and how little time there is to see it in! For the first time one begins to envy Methuselah.

It is interesting to note the part memory plays in painting. When Whistler guided a school in Paris he made his pupils observe their model on the ground floor, and then run upstairs and paint their picture on the floor above. As they became more proficient he put their easels up a story higher, till at last the *élite* were scampering up six flights into the attic.

All the greatest landscapes have been painted indoors, and often long after the first impressions were gathered. In a dim cellar the Dutch or Italian master recreated the gleaming ice of

a Netherlands carnival or the lustrous sunshine of Venice. Here, then, is required a formidable memory of the visual kind. So painting may be a very useful exercise for the development of a trained, accurate, retentive memory.

Again, there is really nothing like painting as a spur to travel. Every day is provided with its expedition and its occupation—cheap, attainable, absorbing, recuperative. The vain racket of the tourist gives place to the calm enjoyment of the philosopher. Every country you visit has a theme of its own and even if you cannot portray it as you see it, you know it, you feel it, and you admire it forever. But after all, if only the sun will shine, one does not need to go beyond one's own country. The amateur painter wanders and loiters contentedly from place to place, always on the lookout for some bright butterfly of a picture which can be caught and carried safely home.

Painting is complete as a distraction. I know of nothing which, without exhausting the body, more entirely absorbs the mind. Whatever the worries of the hour or the threats of the future, once the picture has begun to flow there is no room for them on the mental screen. They pass out into shadow and darkness. All one's mental light becomes concentrated on the task. When I have stood up on parade, or even, I regret to say, in church, for half an hour at a time, I have always felt that the erect position is not natural to man and is only with fatigue and difficulty maintained. But no one who is fond of painting finds the slightest inconvenience in standing to paint for three or four hours at a stretch.

Buy a paint box and have a try. It would be a sad pity to shuffle along through one's playtime with golf and bridge, when all the while, if you only knew, there is waiting for you close at hand the wonderful new world of thought and craft, a sunlit garden gleaming with color. Inexpensive independence, new mental food and exercise, an added interest in every common scene, an occupation for every idle hour, an unceasing voyage of entrancing discovery—these are high prizes. I hope they may be yours.

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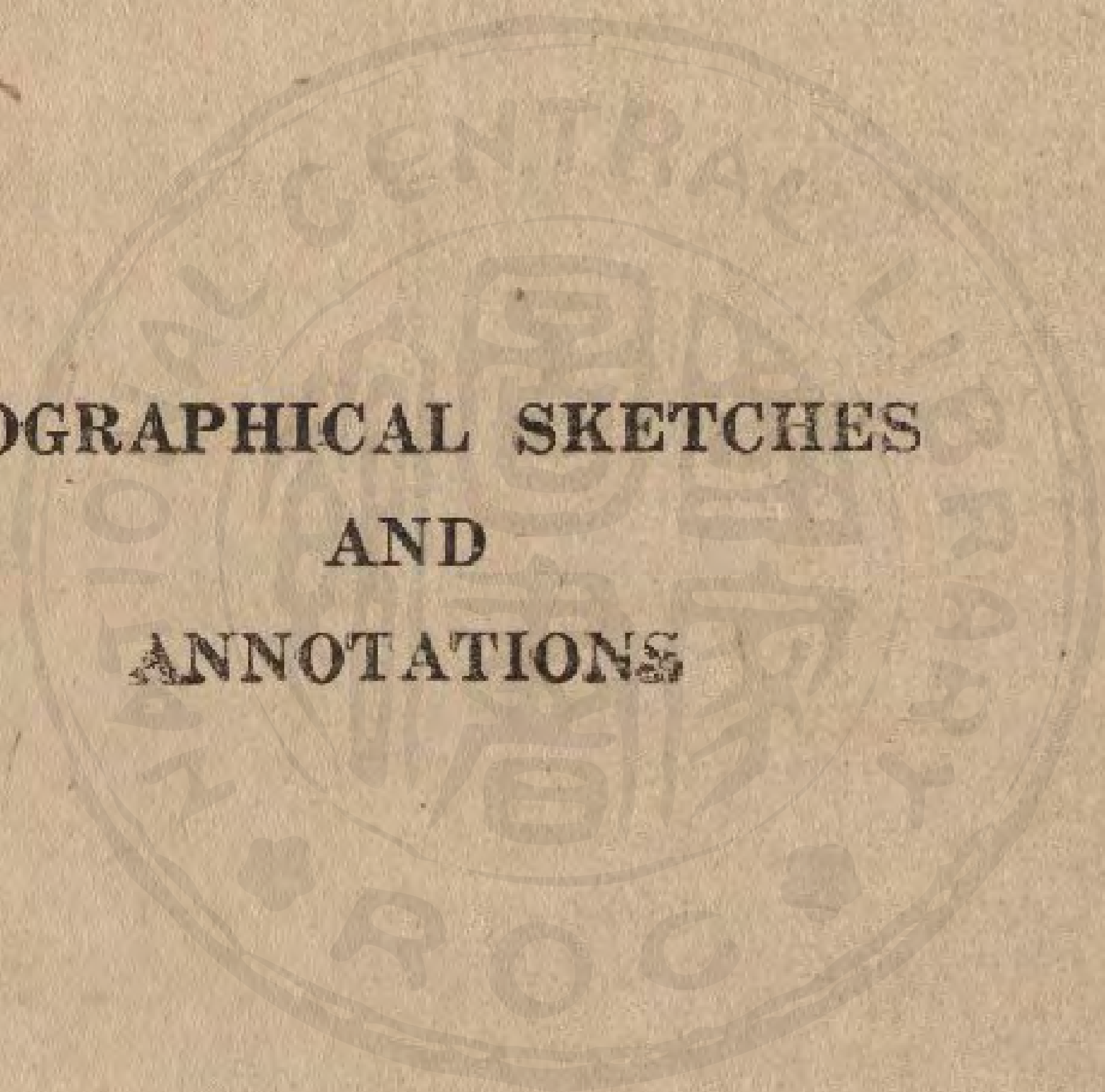

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
AND
ANNOTATIONS

1. Ah, the University!

John Collier (1901-), English author, was born in London. He comes of a family which has for many years been eminent in the field of medicine and the arts. His first active interest in literature as a profession developed in 1920 when he became attracted to the works of the post-Georgian poets and started writing verse himself. During the years 1921 and 1922 Collier spent his whole time studying modern movements in art and letters, his only production during this period being the few poems which made up the volume called *Gemini*, published ten years afterward. Collier was twenty-nine when he published his first book, a novel entitled *His Monkey Wife: Or Married to a Chimp.* Satirical of the manners and morals of modern London, it is the story of a lady chimpanzee who falls in love with her master and eventually succeeds in ousting his fiancée from his affections. In 1932 he published a collection of short stories entitled *Green Thoughts*, from which this selection is taken. No one today writes more amusing, more fantastic, and more effective macabre stories than Collier. They hold the reader with a fresh, and sometimes fearful, fascination.

done with—over with.
honeycomb—bee's wax structure of hexagonal cells for honey and eggs.
Burgundy—wine made in Burgundy, an old province in France.
May Weeks—weeks late in May or early in June during which boat races, examinations, etc. are held. (Cambridge University).
rags—acts of ragging, or bantering. (Dial. Eng. & college slang).
binges—drinking bouts. (Slang).
the hell—*The hell* or *hell* is often used in imprecations.
brochure [brɔ'ʃjuə]—stitched booklet; pamphlet.
counters—small (usually round) pieces of metal, ivory, etc., used for keeping account in games, especially cards.
card-sharper—swindler at card-games.
tackle—grapple with.
Mr. Chamberlain—Neville Chamberlain (1869-1941), English statesman.
games of penny ante—games of small stakes, *ante* being a player's stake put into the pool after seeing his hand but before (*ante*) drawing other cards.
raised—wagered more than another player, or another player's bet in poker or similar games.
straight flushes—hands of five card all of the same suit and in straight sequence.
back down—abandon claim; give up.
habitués [hə'bitjueiz]—habitual visitors or residents.

doss house—common lodging-house (Slang).

stud round—In stud poker all cards but the first round are dealt face up and the the betting usually begins after the second round.

chucked in—thrown in.

Le Bourget—place near Paris.

see—meet a bet, or equal the bet of a player, by staking the same sum.

run—give up the game.

lapels—parts of coat-breast folded back.

high-low stud—stud poker in which the highest hand and the lowest hand win.

half the pot—half the money.

2. Confucius The Philosopher

Carl Crow is a contemporary English writer. He was once a resident in Shanghai and had profound interest in Chinese literature and philosophy. This selection is from his *Master Kung, the Story of Confucius*, published in 1938. The book gives an enlightening account of the economic, political, and social conditions of the time and a delightful version of Master Kung's life, interlarding it all with amusing anecdotes, epigrams, and humour.

gratuities—money presents.

to sugar-coat the pill of learning—to make learning palatable or acceptable.

that in his teachings he would present one corner of a proposition and if the student could not from that construct the other three corners he bothered no more about him.— 舉一隅,不以三隅反,則不復也.(論語,述而).

a lazy disciple— 宰予.

'Rotten wood cannot be carved, a wall of dirty earth will not receive the trowel! What is the use of my trying to teach this fellow!'—朽木不可雕也,糞土之牆,不可杇也.於予與何誅!(論語,公冶長).

'The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort does not deserve the name of a scholar!'— 士而懷居,不足以爲士矣.(論語,憲問).

'Hui gives me no assistance. There is nothing that I say in which he does not delight!'— 回也,非助我者也,於吾言,無所不說.(論語,先進).

Lao-tze— 老子

Loyang— 洛陽

'What do you say about the idea that injury should be recompensed by kindness, that one should return good for evil?'— 或日,「以德報怨,何如?」(論語,憲問).

'If you returned kindness for injury, and good for evil, what would you return for kindness and what for good? No! Recompense injury and evil with justice! Recompense kindness with kindness, good with good!'— 子曰,「何以報德?以直報怨,以德報德.」(論語,憲問).

a disciple—referring to 子貢

'altruism'— 恕

'Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you!'—己所不欲,勿施於人.(論語,衛靈公).

It is bootless to discuss accomplished facts, to protest against things past remedy, to find fault with bygone things.— 成事不說,遂事不諫,既往不咎(論語,八佾).

Men's faults are characteristic. It is by observing a man's faults that one may come to know his virtue.— 人之過也,各於其黨,觀過,斯知仁矣.(論語,里仁).

The scholar who is bent on studying the principles of virtue, yet is ashamed of poor clothing and coarse food, is not yet fit to receive instruction.— 士志於道,而恥惡衣惡食者,未足與議也.(論語,里仁).

When you see a good man, think of emulating him, when you see a bad man, examine your own heart.— 見賢思齊焉,見不賢而內自省也.(論語,里仁).

Without a sense of proportion, courtesy becomes oppressive, prudence degenerates into timidity, valour into violence, and candour into rudeness.— 恭而無禮則勞,愼而無禮則葸,勇而無禮則亂,直而無禮則絞.(論語,泰伯).

Though in making a mound I should stop when but one more basketful of earth would complete it, the fact remains that I have stopped. On the other hand, if in levelling it to the ground I advance my work by but one basketful at a time, the fact remains that I am advancing. — 譬如爲山,未成一簣,止吾止也,譬如平地,雖覆一簣,進吾往也.(論語.子罕). The translation is wrong. 譬如平地 should be rendered into *if on level ground.*

A great army may be robbed of its leader, but nothing can rob a poor man of his will.— 三軍可奪帥也,匹夫不可奪志也.(論語,子罕).

To take an untrained multitude into battle is equivalent to throwing them away.— 以不教民戰,是謂棄之.(論語,子路).

It is harder to be poor without murmuring than to be rich without arrogance.— 貧而無怨難,富而無驕易(論語,憲問).

Hopeless indeed is the case of those who can herd together all day long without once letting their conversation reach a higher plane, but are content to bandy smart and shallow wit.— 羣居終日,言不及義,好行小慧,難矣哉.(論語,衛靈公).

The serious fault is to have faults and not try to mend them.—過而不改,是謂過矣.(論語,衛靈公).

Men's natures are all alike, it is their habits that carry them far apart.— 性相近也,習相遠也.(論語,陽貨).

Men who are of grave and stern appearance, but inwardly weak and unprincipled—are they not comparable to the lowest class of humanity—sneak thieves who break into the house at night?— 色厲而內荏譬諸小人,其猶穿窬之盜也與?(論語,陽貨).

Your goody-goody people are really the ones who are the thieves of virtue.— 鄉愿,德之賊也.(論語,陽貨).

'At first, my way with men was to hear their words and give them credit for their conduct. Now my way is to hear their words, and look at their conduct!'— 始吾於人也,聽其言而信其行.今吾於人也,聽其言而觀其行.(論語,公冶長).

unprepossessing—not tending to invite favour.

one of the most brilliant of the band—referring to 曾參.參也魯(論語,先進).

another disciple—referring to 顏淵.

a dour old scholar—a severe old scholar, referring to 司馬遷.

'It only goes to show how far a horse fly can travel on the tail of a horse.' — 顏淵雖篤學,附驥尾而行益顯.(史記).蒼蠅附驥尾而致千里,以喻顏回因孔子而名彰.(史記索隱).

3. Seeing People off

Max Beerbohm (B. 1872), English caricaturist and parodist of genius, famed for his sophisticated commentary on the social and literary life of his time. In his own words, his art is to caricature strength by picking out its weak points. He was educated at Charterhouse School and Merton College, Oxford. Some of his published works are: *A Christmas Garland, The Happy Hypocrite, Seven Men, Defense of Cosmetics, Observations,* and *Variety of Things.*

Waterloo and Vauxhall ['vouhɔ:l]—railway stations in London. They are quite near to each other.

Were easy enough—would be easy enough (with the conditional clause implied).

longish—rather long.

turn up—make one's appearance.

in exact ratio to—in exact proportion to.

Nor do words fail us.—We can always find something to say to each other.

took them at their word—believed what they said.

What a gulf yawns!—There seems to be a gulf between us.

guard—official in charge of train.

Euston—railway station in London.

Liverpool—seaport and manufacturing city, Lancashire, England.
Crewe—municipal borough, Cheshire, England.
the unmeaning monosyllable—referring to the word *well.*
portly—corpulent; of stately appearance.
profile ['proufi:l]—side view of human face.
magnetic—having properties of magnet; very attractive.
injunctions—authoritative admonitions.
the Strand—street in London along the Thames, which was frequented by out-of-work actors, because most dramatic agents lived there.
out of an engagement—out of employment.
half-a-crown—English coin worth two shillings and six pence.
a man of sober habit—a man temperate in regard to drink.
imitation fur coat—counterfeit fur coat. Actors usually wear fur coats.
integral ['intigrəl]—essential; intrinsic.
ill-shorn—badly shaven.
lantern jaws—long and thin jaws, giving a hollow look to face.
his costume was a model of rich and sombre moderation.—his dress was rich but not gaudy.
read my dramatic criticisms every Saturday—Beerbohm was at that time dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review.*
unhinged him—made him insane.
feeling "out of it"—feeling forlorn.
shuffling from head to foot—fidgeting; moving restlessly.
martyr—victim.
What's-his-name, the Frenchman—Diderot—Hubert Le Ros forgot the name of Diderot, but in a flash he remembered it
Diderot ['di:dərou]—Denis Diderot (1713-1784), French philosopher and writer.
you could—you could act without feeling.
terms—conditions especially charge or price.
grudge the investment—be unwilling to pay the tuition.

4. Turtle Eggs for Agassiz

Dallas Lore Sharp is a distinguished American amateur naturalist and writer on the wonders to be found in the woods and fields. Between 1901 and 1928 he produced twenty volumes of nature studies, the while contributing regularly to *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's* and other magazines. As a student at Brown University, he lived for three years in the natural history workshop of Prof. J. W. P. Jenks, the hero of this story.

Agassiz ['ægəsi]—Louis John Rudolph Agassiz (1807-1873), Swiss naturalist and professor at Harvard University.

monumental—massive and permanent.
sectional drawing—drawing representing part cut off from something.
catalogue of acknowledgments—list of persons to whom the author gives thanks for their contributions to his work.
Middleboro ['midlbʌrə]—town, Plymouth co., Massachusetts.
Cambridge ['keimbridʒ]—city in Massachusetts, seat of Harvard University.
segment—undergo cleavage or divide into parts.
incubation—hatching.
Boston—capital of Massachusetts.
I would drive—*Would* expresses customary or habitual action in the past.
hitch—fasten with loop, hook, etc.
in good season to open the academy—in good time to conduct the morning classes at his school.
pickerel—young pike.
swirl—commotion made by fish rushing through water.
the poetry of my early morning vigil—the poetical quality or charm of my morning watch.
rheumatism ['ru:mətizm]—pain in joints.
covert ['kʌvə(t)]—shelter.
headed straight for—made directly for (place, point).
paddled—dabbled with the feet in shallow water; walked like a duck.
fixed purpose in her gait—with a fixed purpose in her gait.
on all fours—with hands and feet on the ground.
briery ['braiəri]—full of briers, plants with woody stems bearing thorns.
hove to—brought to a standstill. *Hove*, past of *Heave*.
warped—turned.
clip—rapid gait or motion. (Colloq.) [illegible] made by the tin pail.
bore across—moved across.
powdery—dusty.
paw about—strike with paw.
hulk—body of dismantled ship.
scooped—took up with a scoop.
rig—carriage.
dasher—dashboard, a screen of wood or leather placed on the fore part of a carriage.
pounded—made one's way heavily.
topping a little hill—reaching the top of a little hill.
gathering speed—gaining speed.
to no avail—in vain.
backed off—caused the carriage to move back off the track.
throw her wide open—*her* referring to the throttle of the engine.
I kissed my hand to the horse—I bade the horse good-bye by waving a kiss to him.

unconcernedly—indifferently.
my crew—referring to the fireman and the engineer.
wrench—implement to turn bolts, nuts, etc.
caught—heard.
beamed—smiled.
towering—high.
State House—the building in which a state legislature sits.
flashed into view—came suddenly into view.
narrowly—closely, with minute scrutiny.
bell-rope—rope connecting with a bell to ring it.
made a line for—ran straight toward.
lap—one circuit round a race track, when such a circuit is a fraction of the distance to be traversed.
squared away—turned away.
I was too much for one dollar.—I looked so like a lunatic that the cabman would not drive me to Harvard even for one dollar.
dodged—moved quickly so as to elude pursuer.
Let him out!—*him* referring to the horse.
make—reach.
Hibernian [hai'bə:niən]—Irish.
a pair of waving arms and brass buttons—a policeman.
jeopardy ['dʒepədi]—danger.
lurch—sudden lean to one side.
dove [douv]—plunged head foremost. *Dove*, past of *dive*, colloq. chiefly U. S.
ramming—striking.
helter-skelter—in disordered haste.
mesoblastic—pertaining to the middle germ layer of the embryo.

5. War

George Santayana, poet and philosopher, was born in Madrid in 1863, of Spanish parents. At the age of nine he went to the United States and was educated at Harvard. He studied for two years in Berlin and then returned to Harvard to teach philosophy. During his more than twenty years there, he advanced from instructor to professor and became one of the most noted teachers in the history of the university and one of the most appreciated minds in America. His most ambitious work was *The Life of Reason.* He abandoned his post at Harvard in 1912 to devote himself to literature. Most of the time he has lived in England and France.

radical—naturally inherent.
cocked at an arrogant angle—turned up jauntily or defiantly.
blood—passion; feeling.
screw—make tenser or more efficient; gather.
bellicose ['belikous]—warlike.
long-lived [-laivd]—old.
reduced to—forced to.
herbivorous kine [hə:'bivərəs kain]—cattle. *Herbivorous* means *living on plants.*
ulterior—more remote.
hardly to be reckoned upon—not to be anticipated.
apologists—those who defend by argument.
panegyrists ['pænidʒirists]—those who praise.
puny ['pju:ni]—undersized.
internecine [intə(:)'ni:sain]—mutually destructive.
setback—counter current; check.
propitious [prə'piʃəs]—favorable.
unmutilated ['ʌn'mju:tileitid]—unmaimed.
arena [ə'ri:nə]—battlefield.
sapped—exhausted.
decimated ['desimeitid]—considerably weakened.
merged into the ignoble conglomerate—sunk into the mean and dishonorable mass.
soil—native ground.
debauchery [di'bɔ:tʃəri]—excessive indulgence of lust.
dash—capacity for vigorous action.
skirt—go along the edge of.
vertigo—giddiness.
instinctive—natural.
bravado [brə'vɑ:dou]—show of courage; bold front.
positive—absolute.
delirious [di'liriəs]—mad.
prompting—impulse.
accomplice—partner, usually subordinate, in crime.
discomfiture—frustration; defeat.
These are the chaotic depths of that dreaming nature out of which humanity has to grow.—Mankind has to get rid of these weaknesses in its nature.

6. A True Story Haunted Him

Anthony Abbot—contemporary American writer of detective novels and mystery stories.

yarns—stories (Colloq.).
haunts my frindd—recurs to my mind frequently.
vaulted—arched.
pedigree—ancestral line.
raised—brought up.
scheming ['ski:miŋ]—given to forming schemes; artful.
to find a million dollars and marry it—to find a rich young man and marry him.
'90's—1890's; the years from 1890 to 1899.
standard technique [tek'ni:k]—method recognized as model for imitation; method of admitted merit.
Alpine ['ælpain]—pertaining to the Alps.
a Swiss finishing school—a school where young women are prepared for entrance into society. *Swiss* means *of Switzerland.*
As luck would have it—fortunately or unfortunately.
Auntie—Aunt (used in familiarity or affection).
reprieve [ri'pri:v]—temporary relief from trouble.
ether—operation, because ether is the anaesthetic used in operations.
chaperone ['ʃæpəroun]—married or elderly woman in charge of girl on social occasions.
Sister—title of a nun.
hurricane deck—upper deck, usually a light structure not intended to support heavy weight.
gangplank—plank laid across from ship to shore.
rowdy—noisy and disorderly.
lather—froth of soap and water.
unwavering—fixed.
livid—of bluish leaden color.
thudding—low dull sound.
honed—sharpened by rubbing.
rump of his palm—posterior part of his palm.
kid—child.
towered—stood high.
figured—included in reckoning.
deal—job or business.
rig—dress (Colloq.).
lay low—illiterate equivalent for *lie low*, meaning to conceal oneself.
braces me when I come—Both *braces* and *come* ought to be in the past tense. *Braces* here means *asks a favor from.* (Slang).
have you on her hands—have you in her charge.
unhallowed smile—profane smile.
get one more thing straight—make one more thing clear.
I got no romantic ideas—I am not going to fall in love with you.
dark-of-the-morning snatches—short periods of sleep in the small hours.

sunup—sunrise.
counterfeit ['kauntəfit] nun—one disguised as a nun.
draughts [drɑ·fts]—doses of liquid medicine.
unswerving—straight.
porthole—aperture in ship's side for admission of light and air.
bleating—noise like that of a sheep.
hysterics—hysterical fits or convulsions.
rasped—said harshly.
While Scripture bewildered him—though holy writing puzzled him.
St. Matthew—book of the New Testament written by St. Matthew, disciple of Jesus Christ.
Psalms [sɑːmz]—book of the Old Testament.
the Gospel—glad tidings preached by Christ.
jumpy—extremely nervous.
Cherbourg [ʃəːbuəg]—seaport of France.
so long—good-bye.
a good sport—a good sportswoman; a person ready to play a bold game.
damn—very (used by the illiterate only).
the thief on the Cross—And when they came unto the place which is called The skull, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left. ...... And one of the malefactors that were hanged railed on him, saying, Art not thou the Christ? save thyself and us. But the other answered, and rebuking him said, Dost thou not even fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said, Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom. And he said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise. —— Luke.
oval—egg-shaped.
White House—official residence of U. S. president.
Franklin D. Roosevelt (1882-1945)—thirty-second President of the United States.

7. Industrializing the Good Earth

John Earl Baker has been in intimate and continual touch with the problems of China's modernization. He came to China in 1912 as adviser to the Chinese Government on communications and railways, a capacity in which he has served off and on ever since. He has headed almost all the important famine and flood relief projects in China, and thus has helped save millions

of Chinese lives. He has also served as a financial adviser, and as Inspector General of the Burma Road. Dr. Baker is now working for UNRRA.

the Good Earth—China. *The Good Earth* is a novel written by Pearl S. Buck, describing the life of Chinese farmers.
to blueprint—to plan.
patriarchal [peitri'ɑ:k(ə)l]—subject to head of family or clan.
conditioned—trained.
impromptu [im'prɔm(p)tju·]—extemporaneous.
statute law—written law enacted by the supreme legislative branch of a government.
imperial edicts—orders issued by emperors.
sharp practice—dishonest practice.
aide-mémoire ['eidmemwɑ:r]—memorandum.
Shylock—the Jewish usurer in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice.*
the Ten Commandments—Divine Commands given by Moses to his people.
corporate—of or belonging to a body politic.
implementing—fulfilling.
rerail—put on the rail again.
voluble—glib.
"walla walla"—Chinese expression for noisy dispute.
fall to—begin.
train dispatching—sending out trains according to time-tables by train.
head-on collision—railway collision caused by two trains meeting.
insinuation—hint.
let alone—not to mention.
holding their own—holding their ground; not giving way.
backlog—large log of wood forming the back of a fire on the hearth. (U. S.); support.
Changhi—滄縣 (?).
Tientsin—天津.
eked out—contrived to make.
Shansi—山西.
trial-and-error method—experimental method.
in being—in existence.

8. Fear

Robert Lynd (1879-), English essayist, literary editor of *The Daily News* and contributor to the *New Statesman.* His volumes of essays include *The Blue Lion, The Pearl of Bells,* and *The Book of This and That. Books and Authors* is a collection of his critical essays.

Buckinghamshire [ˈbʌkiŋəmʃ(i)ə]—inland county, England.

in a sense—provided the statement is taken in a particular way; under limitations.

to-d'y—to-day.

intimidating—inspiring with fear; terrifying.

tentatively—by way of trial.

apple-tart—pie containing apple.

wobble—rocking movement.

cold'am—cold ham.

her face lengthened—she pulled a long face.

afryde—afraid.

pystry—pastry.

y'know—you know.

shamefacedly—bashfully.

winning—charming.

s'y—say.

rhubarb [ˈru:bɑ:b]—fleshy leaf-stalks of kinds of garden plant, cooked in spring as substitute for fruit.

shype—shape, blancmange [bləˈmɔ(:)nʒ]—opaque white jelly of isinglass, gelatine, or cornflour, and milk.

And I did.—And I did have shape.

brawny—strong, muscular.

deserter—one who runs away from service in army or navy.

dyspeptics [disˈpeptiks]—people suffering from indigestion.

scullery—back kitchen, room for washing-up dishes.

demon eyes—referring to the eyes of the cook.

sink—basin or box usually of lead or porcelain with outflow pipe into which slops are thrown in kitchens.

furtively and feverishly—stealthily and excitedly.

casualty—accident; mishap; disaster.

outwitted—surpassed in cunning.

vilely—badly.

stratagem [ˈstrætidʒəm]—artifice; trick.

ambrosia [æmˈbrouziə]—food of gods; anything delightful to taste or smell.

decamped—went away suddenly.

a memory of prodigal pepper—a memory of her lavish use of pepper.

to make away with—to get rid of; to dispose of.

sizzling—making a hissing sound.

poker—stiff metal rod with handle, for poking fire.

wot'ave—what have.

silver-tongued—eloquent.

rabit—Welsh rabit; toasted cheese.

brace myself to the inevitable—gather courage to face the unavoidable result.

standing out against—refusing.
pru-ins—prunes; dried plums.
wiles (usually in pl.)—trick; artifice.
plyne—plain.
of'em—of them.
treacle—molasses.
once in a w'y—once in a way; very rarely.
myde—made.
demoralized—corrupted in morale.
done the thing up into a parcel—wrapped it in paper.
agyne—again.
to give notice—to notify the landlady that they would leave.
obeisance [o'beis(ə)ns]—deference.
scandal-seeking eyes—eyes that pry into things people like to hush up.
Charlie Chaplin—Hollywood actor noted for his pathetic humour.
"high tea"—tea at which meat is served.
draught [drɑ:ft]—current of air in room.
rinsing—washing lightly.
slut—slovenly woman.
strong language—forcible expressions especially of abusive or blasphemous kind.
bitch—harlot.
smirk—forced smile.
snigger—broken laugh.
cock an eye at us—wink at us.

9. Louis Pasteur: Hero of Peace

Floyd L. Darrow (1880-)—contemporary American writer.
crucial ['kru:ʃiəl]—decisive.
dread malady—dreadful disease.
rabies ['reib(i)i:z]—hydrophobia.
anthrax—carbuncle; contagious disease of cattle and sheep.
vaccine ['væksi:n]—virus of cowpox as used in vaccination.
old before his time—old for his age.
acclaimed—honored with applause.
conscientious [kɔnʃi'enʃəs]—obedient to the dictates of conscience; scrupulously honest and upright.
dogged—firm.
the first Napoleon—Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821), emperor of France.
firing him with an unquenchable love of country—inspiring him with a strong love of country.

Dole—town, Jura, France, on the Doubs river.

When sixteen—The ellipsis in this clause is a mistake.

Arbois—town, Jura, France.

Besancon—fortified city, capital, Doubs, France.

bachelor of letters—bachelor of literature.

Berzelius [bə:'seilius]—Jöns Jakob Berzelius (1779-1848), Swedish chemist.

Ecole Normale—Normal School.

Sorbonne [sɔ:'bɔn]—the seat of the *Académie* of Paris and of the faculties of theology, science, and literature, founded in 1257 by Robert de Sorbon, chaplain and confessor of Louis IX.

Jean Baptiste Dumas (1800-1884)—distinguished French chemist.

Mitscherlich (['mitʃəlik]—Eilhard Mitscherlich (1794-1863), German chemist.

tartaric acid [tɑ:'tærik]—acid derived from tartar, a substance existing in the juice of grapes and deposited in wine casks, together with suspended matter, as a pale or dark reddish crust or sediment.

racemic acid [re'si:mik]—para-tartaric acid.

sodium and ammonium salts—crystalline salts formed by the the union of sodium and the above-mentioned acids and crystalline salts formed by the union of ammonia and the above-mentioned acids.

tartrate—salt of tartaric acid.

racemate—salt of racemic acid.

symmetrical—balanced; regular in form.

facets ['fæsits]—one side of a many-sided body, especially of a cut gem.

corridor ['kɔridɔ:]—gallery.

Van't Hoff—Jacobus Hendricus Van't Hoff (1852-1911), Dutch chemist.

Le Bel—French chemist.

Legion of Honor—French order of distinction instituted by Napoleon in 1802 for meritorious services both military and civil.

Dijon [di:ʒɔŋ]—Dijon University. Dijon is a city in Côte-d'Or, France.

Strasburg—Strasburg University. Strasburg is a city in Bas-Rhin France.

Lille [li:]—Lille University. Lille is a city in Nord, France.

flocked—went in great numbers.

consummate—perfect.

microörganisms—microbes; bacteria.

distilleries—establishments where distilling, esp. of spirituous liquors, is carried on.

liquors—wines.

Liebig ['li:big]—Justus von Liebig, baron (1803-1873), German Chemist.

classic—standard (adj.).

sterilized—made free from living germs.

precipitated—caused to happen.

battle royal—battle in which several combatants or all available forces engae; free fight; open dispute.

autocrat—despot, referring to Liebig.
pasteurization [pæstərai'zeiʃən]—sterilization.
contamination—infection; pollution.
enzymes ['enzaimz]—chemical or unorganized ferments as distinguished from yeast and other living ferments.
secreted—emitted.
"culture mediums"—fluid or more or less solid mixtures of nutritive substances, gelatin, agar, etc., used for the cultivation of bacteria.
plugs—bottle-stoppers.
spontaneous generation—production of living from non-living matter as inferred from appearance of life (due in fact to bacteria) in some infusions.
putrefaction—fermentative decomposition.
ghost—delusion.
putrescible—capable of putrefaction.
limpid—clear.
rallied—recovered strength.
following out—pursuing to the end.
Herculean task—task requiring the strength of Hercules, son of Zeus, who performed twelve great tasks.
Franco-Prussian War—the war (1870-1871) in which France was defeated by the German states acting under Prussia's leadership. France lost Alsace-Lorraine and an indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs. The war led to the formation of the German Empire and of the Third Republic in France.
paralytic—person affected with paralysis.
retrieving—recovering.
faddish—crazy.
gangrene ['gæŋgri:n]—necrosis, usually with decomposition, of part of the body.
skepticism—a doubting state of mind.
Lord Lister—Joseph Lister (1827-1912), English surgeon, father of modern antiseptic surgery.
antiseptic—counteracting putrefaction.
the Channel—the English Channel.
the Continent—mainland of Europe.
insidious—dangerous or malignant.
took frightful toll of—killed a great part of.
inoculating—impregnating (person, animal, with virus or germs of disease) to induce milder form of it and so safeguard person against its attacks.
virus ['vaiərəs]—poison of contagious disease.
immune—free; exempt.
"chicken cholera"—infectious disease of fowls.

virulent ['virjulənt]—poisonous.
veterinary ['vetərinəri]—for the treatment of diseases and injuries of domestic animals.
scourge—plague.
following up—pursuing steadily.
guinea-pig ['gini-pig]—South-American rodent now half-domesticated as pet.
tetanus ['tetənəs]—disease marked by spasm of many or all muscles of voluntary motion, e. g. lockjaw.
bubonic plague—disease characterized by fever and chills, great prostration and the formation of buboes; a form of black death.
leprosy—loathsome disease eating body slowly away and forming silvery scales on the skin.
pneumonia [nju(:)'mounjə]—inflammation of lungs.
serum-therapy—treatment of disease with serum.
antitoxins—serums serving to neutralize toxins.
crypt—underground cell used as burial-place.

10. Teaching for Pleasure

R. L. Russell—Principal of Tullygrawley Public Elementary School, County Antrim, Northern Ireland.
teacher of self-expression—teacher of composition.
Emerson—Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), American essayist, poet, and philosopher.
the current official—the inspector, for instance.
scalliwag ['skæliwæg]—naughty boy.
deck—covering; dress.
swarthy—dark.
writhing to see the result—very eager to see the result.
fleecy—snowy.
coldrife ['kouldrif]—chilly; chilling.
quilting—filling with some soft substance.
dry bones of formal composition—old subjects for composition.
outcast—cast out; degraded.
grub—food
"Daffodils" poems—

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:

As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, Stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong,
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.
—Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.
—William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

the dark wake—the furrow made by the plough.
lealand—grassland.
a-whimpering—a-crying with a low, whining, broken voice.
grannies—grandmothers.
hone and fray—lament and suffer.
rack—instrument of torture, a frame with roller at each end to which victim's wrists and ankles were tied so that his joints were stretched when rollers were turned.
"beauty in her naked blaze"—unadorned beauty.
putting his coin to usury—making a deal of money.
lip-service—insincere service.

11. A Question of Courage

Dorothy Cameron Disney, war correspondent with the U. S. Army Air Forces, is the wife of Milton Mackay, Director of OWI publications in London.

stiff—formal.
paratrooper—parachutist, a soldier trained to bail out from an airplane with a parachute ['pærəʃu:t].
Bastogne [bɑ:s'toun]—city in Belgium.
build—make; proportions of human body.
blazed with—was brilliant with.
ribbons—pieces of silk or satin for adorning costume; badges.
less rank—lower rank.
D Day minus one—one day before the Day for Debarkation of Allied Troops in France.
picked men—select soldiers.
Normandy—province of France.
rendezvous [rɑ:(n)deivu:]—place appointed for assembling of troops.
on his own—on his own resources; without help from others.
enemy-held—enemy occupied.
pro-Ally—on the side of the Allies.
rehearsing—saying over.
slammed—shut with loud bang.
S S—the Schutz Staffel troops, the most select of the Sturm Abteilung (Storm Troops) of Germany.
formalities—formal proceedings.
stood him—made him stand.
civilian—person not of army or navy.
disposition—disposal.
shoved [ʃʌvd]—pushed roughly.

skirting—surrounding.
tended—looked after; kept.
nerved—collected oneself to face danger.
doubling—turning sharply in flight.
ducking—dipping head under water and emerging; hiding oneself and coming out again.
orphaned—made orphans.
out-thought—outwitted.
protagonists [prou'tægənists]—chief persons in drama or story.
V-E Day—Day of Victory in Europe.
in a box—in difficulty (Colloq.).
that never lets you down—that never fails or disappoints you.

12. Patrick Henry: Genius of Liberty

Donald and Louise Peattie—contemporary American writers. Donald Peattie is best known for his widely popular story of Audubon, *Singing in the Wilderness* and for *An Almanac for Moderns* (1935), which was awarded the Gold Medal of the Limited Editions Club as the book written by an American during the past three years most likely to become a classic.

seven words that Patrick Henry spoke—"Give me liberty, or give me death."
spearhead—head of spear; pioneer.
Virginia—state, E. U. S. A.
non-conformist—nonconforming.
jurisprudence—science, philosophy, of human law.
Williamsburg—city in Virginia.
flayed—stripped off skin or hide of; criticized severely.
Magna Charta ['mægnə'ka:tə]—the Great Charter, which the English barons forced King John to sign June 15, 1215, at Runnymede. It laid the foundation for the security of English political and personal liberty.
Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826)—author of the Declaration of Independence, third President of the United States.
deadly drum—strong and implacable utterance.
Cæsar—Caius Julius Cæsar (100-44 B.C.), Roman general, statesman, and writer.
Brutus—Marcus Junius Brutus (85-42 B.C.), Roman politician and one of Cæsar's assassins.

Charles the First (1600-1649)—King of England, executed by Parliament.

Cromwell—Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658), English general and statesman, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

George the Third (1738-1820)—King of Great Britain.

the parting bolt—the concluding words of his speech, which sounded like a thunderbolt.

Charleston—capital of West Virginia.

Boston—capital of Massachusetts.

Townshend Acts ['taunzend]—so called, because they were introduced by Charles Townshend (1725-1767), English statesman.

Pitt—William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham (1708-1778), English statesman. He strenuously opposed from 1774 onwards the harsh measures taken against the American colonies, though unwilling to recognize their independence.

Burke—Edmund Burke (1729-1797), English statesman and orator. He entered parliament in 1765 and first spoke in the House in 1766 on the American question. He made his speeches *On American Taxation* and *On Conciliation with the Colonies* in 1774 and 1775.

Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Dabney Carr, Peyton Randolph, George Mason—all Revolutionary leaders.

Philadelphia—chief city of Pennsylvania.

John Adams (1735-1826)—second President of U. S. A.

Richmond—capital of Virginia.

Tories—members of an English political party standing in general for the authority and power of the King and the Established Church.

tidewater—water affected by the ebb and flow of the tide. As Williamsburg is a city on the coast of Virginia, so it is called *tidewater Williamsburg.*

fishing smacks—fishing boats.

fence-straddling—not taking sides; neutral.

thrummed—echoed.

Lord Dunmore—John Murray Dunmore (1732-1809), fourth Earl, Governor of Virginia.

toothless—powerless.

"Red Hill"—in Virginia, not far from Charlottesville; home of Patrick Henry.

the master of Mount Vernon—George Washington. Mount Vernon, Virginia, was the native place of Washington.

John Marshall (1755-1835)—American jurist and statesman, Chief Justice U. S. Supreme Court (1801-35).

Charlotte ['ʃɑːlət]—Charlottesville, city in Virginia.

tellingly—effectively.

unleashed—let loose.

13. What I Found in My Pocket

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, who died only recently, was an English author and journalist. He was born in London in 1874 and, when a boy, attended St. Paul's, where much of his time was spent in writing poor poetry rather than working. From 1905 to 1930 he wrote an essay a week for the *Illustrated London News*, missing only two numbers in the quarter-century. With G. B. S. he shared the distinction of being known almost everywhere by his initials. Amazing is the volume of Chesterton's works, which include poetry, biography, history, detective stories and other fiction, and political and critical essays. "His daring paradoxes and the unexpected light which he casts upon familiar themes give him a distinct individuality among contemporary essayists." This selection is from his *Tremendous Trifles*. He wrote of "tremendous trifles" with an emphasis on *tremendous*.

one of those men who have made the Empire what it is—a great English statesman.

astracan ['æstrəken]—astrakhan, the skin of stillborn or young lambs of Astrakhan in Russia.

Napoleonic will—will power as strong as Napoleon's.

hanging about—loitering about.

flippancy—levity in speech.

eulogy—praise.

unknown abysses—the pockets.

wave it a sad Virgilian farewell—bid it a sad farewell as to the dead. Virgil first used the word *vale* (farewell) to mean a farewell greeting to the dead.

bottomless chasms—like *unknown abysses*, referring to the pockets.

unprecedented [ʌn'presidentid]—unparalleled.

but it might have been anything—but might have been morning, noon, or afternoon, because the rain made it impossible to tell what time it was.

mental ingenuity—thought.

Apollo—Greek sun-god.

congenial [kən'dʒi:njəl]—agreeable.

British Museum—great museum in London with enormous collections of books, curiosities, etc.

South Kensington collection—Victoria and Albert Museum, at South Kensington, London, created out of the surplus funds of the Exhibition of 1851.

Battersea—district in London where Chesterton lived.

paper chase—cross-country run in which a trail of torn-up paper is laid by one or more runners to set a course for the rest.

confetti [kɔn'feti]—bits of coloured paper, used as missiles in the carnival, at weddings, etc.

destitution—extreme poverty; utter want.

controversial [kɔntrə'və:ʃ(ə)l]—subject to controversy.

rejoinders—retorts.

pro and con—for and against.

the cross of St. George—red on a white field. St. George has been the patron saint of England since 1348.

half-dazed—half-bewildered.

intrails—inner parts.

splintered—split into thin pieces.

of Feudal—of Feudal war, war among land-holding lords in the Middle Ages.

weals of Industrial war—welfare and prosperity caused by the Industrial Revolution.

fierce female thing—fire (female, because it is a thing we all love; fierce, because it is a thing we dare not touch).

frescoes—pictures, in water-colour laid on wall or ceiling before plaster is dry.

our own Cæsar—our King.

14. Dr. Einstein On the Atomic Bomb

Dr. Einstein [ˈainstain]—Professor Albert Einstein was born in Germany in 1879. As a physicist he developed the theory of relativity based on the postulate that our knowledge of velocity is necessarily and fundamentally relative, and leading to certain conclusions at variance with previously accepted principles of mechanics. He was the winner of the Nobel prize in 1921. Ever since Hitler came to power, he has been living in America.

sovereign nations—nations independent of, and unlimited by, any other.

dispel the distrust—do away with the suspicion.

workable—practicable.

entitled—given the right.

Argentina—country in South America, still under dictatorial government.

Spain—country in Europe, still under dictatorial government.

collaboration—act of working together.

deteriorate [diˈtiəriəreit]—grow worse; degenerate.

chain reaction—reaction caused by stray neutrons on uranium in chain type.

Hahn—German physicist.

Lise Meitner—German physicist.

Charles Darwin (1809-1882)—English naturalist. His greatest work *On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection* was published in 1859.

custodians—guardians; keepers.

uranium—heavy white metallic element used to make atomic bomb.

radioactive disintegration—decomposition caused by quick radiation.

The Anatomy of Peace by Emery Reves—published in 1945 by Harper & Brothers. The central argument of the book is simple: that none of the methods of achieving peace employed up to now will work. They have all been tried and tried again, and have failed without a single exception to prevent war. Peace will come, Mr. Reves believes, only when absolute national sovereignty, which causes anarchy in international relations, gives way to a universal legal order—when the relationship between nations is regulated not by treaties but by law. With the purpose of getting as many Americans as possible to read the book, there recently appeared in American newspapers an open letter initiated by former Justice Owen J. Roberts of the U. S. Supreme Court and Carl and Mark Van Doren. Signed by Senators Fulbright, Pepper and Elbert D. Thomas, by Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann, by representatives of business, labor and veteran organizations, the letter said in part: "We urge Americans to read this book, to think about its conclusions, to discuss it with friends, privately and publicly. In the new reality of atomic warfare the ideas of the book are of immediate urgent necessity, unless civilization is determined on suicide."

dynamic—powerful.

15. The Only Way to World Government

Sumner Welles—former Under Secretary of State of the United States.
blanketed—covered.
hysteria—morbid excitement.
"isolationists"—those who favor or advocate isolation in national affairs.
preponderant—superior in weight, force, etc.
scrapped—discarded.
hard grind—hard monotonous work or task.
drastic—vigorous.
to take issue with—to disapprove.
succinctly [sək'siŋ(k)tli]—concisely.
premised [pri'maizd] upon—based on.
envisaged—contemplated.
nor unless—nor could it function unless.
preclude—prevent; make impracticable.
thesis—proposition to be maintained.
iniquitous—wicked; unjust.
abject serfs—despicable slaves.
V-J Day—Day of Victory over Japan.
V-E Day—Day of Victory in Europe.

16. The Open Window

Saki—Saki was the pen-name of Hector Hugh Munro, English author of humorous stories and novels. He was born in Burma on December 18, 1870. His father was an officer in the Bengal Staff Corps and inspector-general of the Burma police. His mother died before he was two years old and he was taken to England to be taken care of by two strict aunts in Devonshire. He received his early education from a succession of governesses. When he was seventeen, his education was taken over by his father, who had retired from service. He spent the next six years on the Continent, chiefly in Switzerland. His first book, published under his own name in 1900, was *The Rise of the Russian Empire*, a history of Russia from the beginning to the time of Peter the Great. The rest of his works were all published under his pen-name. They are *The Westminster Alice*, *Reginald*, *Reginald in Russia*, *The Chronicles of Clovis*, *Beasts and Super-Beasts*, *The Toys of Peace*, *The Square Egg*, (all short stories and sketches) *The Unbearable Bassington* and *When William Came* (novels). Munro was one of the first to enlist when war was declared in August, 1914. He was killed while lying in a shell hole on November 14, 1916. His writing, despite its suavity and lightness of touch, holds in suspension a diabolical irony and savagery of wit.

self-possessed—cool and calm.
put up with—tolerate (annoying person or thing).
rural retreat—secluded place in the country.
moping—making oneself the victim of ennui; abandoning oneself to listless condition.
silent communion—silent contemplation of each other.
seemed out of place—seemed unlikely.
French window—casement window, usually reaching to the floor, opening like folding doors.
three years ago to a day—exactly three years ago.
engulfed in a treacherous bog—swallowed up in a piece of wet spongy ground which seemed to be quite solid.
creepy—having a creeping of the flesh.
rattled—talked in lively thoughtless way.
labored under—was troubled or impeded by; suffered under.
hungry for—desiring to know.
drive—carriage road, especially private road to house.
headlong retreat—hasty withdrawing.
mackintosh [ˈmækintɔʃ]—water-proof coat.
bolted out—darted off.
the Ganges—river in India.
a pack of pariah [ˈpæriə] dogs—a number of yellow vagabond dogs of low breed in India.
snarling and foaming—growling and emitting foam at the mouth.

17. Santos-Dumont: The Father of Flight

Marion Lowndes—contemporary American writer. This selection first appeared in *Air Facts, the Magazine for Pilots.*

the tremendous strides aviation has taken—the great progress aviation has made.

stunt—special effort, feat, show performance.

Brazilian—native of Brazil, a country in South America.

powered by—given power by.

aeronaut ['ɛərɔnɔ:t]—air-navigator.

gaping crowd—wondering crowd.

dapper—neat, smart, in appearance or movement.

derby—stiff felt hat usually with dome-shaped crown.

wicker laundry hamper—wicker basket usually with cover used to carry clothes in laundry.

buckling—crumpling up.

ballast—heavy material placed in ship's hold to secure stability.

foppish—characteristic of a dandy.

the Bois—the Wood, in Paris.

blasé, titled sportsmen in the Jockey Club—noble sportsmen in the horse-racing club who were tired of pleasure.

dare-devil coolness—desperate coolness.

Mount Blanc—highest peak of the Alps.

chartreuse [ʃɑ:'trə:z]—kind of (green, yellow, etc.) of liquor.

São Paulo [sãu'paulo]—state, Brazil.

Jules Verne (1828-1905)—French novelist, who achieved great and enduring popularity by the combination of adventure with popular science in such books as the *Voyage au centre de la Terre, Vingt mille lieues sous les mers*, and *Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingt jours.*

Rio de Janeiro ['ri:ou di dʒe'niərou]—capital of Brazil.

aeronautics—aerial navigation.

the '90s—the years from 1890 to 1899.

Giffard, Renard, Wolfert, Schwartz—all aëronauts before Santos-Dumont.

Deutsch [dɔitʃ]—German.

Eiffel Tower—an iron tower, 300 meters high, built for the Exposition of 1889 by A. G. Eiffel, a French engineer, in the Champ de Mars, Paris.

Saint-Cloud—place in Paris.

catapulted ['kætəpʌltid]—thrown.

salvage—saving of a ship or its cargo from loss by wreck.

catercorner—obliquely.

spark—electric spark serving to fire explosive mixture in oil-engine of motor.

"stabled"—put or kept.

sizable—of large size.

Barnum—Phineas Taylor Barnum (1810-1891), American showman. Barnumism means advertising or talking in a sensational style.

Champs Elysées [ʃä:zeili:'zei]—Elysian Fields, avenue in Paris, noted for its beauty.

Bastille Day—July 14. Bastille was a fortress in Paris built in the 14th century, and used as a prison especially for political offenders. Its bad repute as an instrument of despotism excited the hatred of the populace, who stormed it, July 14, 1789, and demolished it.

Auteuil—district in western part of Paris, famous for the race course.

polo—game of Eastern origin like hockey played on horseback.

solo—alone.

dirigible—dirigible balloon or airship.

chiffon ['ʃi:fɔ(ŋ)]—thin gauze.

soloed—flown alone.

Monaco—independent principality, south-east of France.

Monte Carlo—commune, Monaco.

debonair [debə'nɛə]—genial; affable.

hangars—sheds for housing aeroplanes.

barnstorming competition—low and mean competition. *Barnstorming* originally means acting by inferior actors in barns when a theater is lacking as is often done in rural districts.

Nobel—Alfred Bernhard Nobel (1833-1896), Swedish manufacturer of explosives, inventor of dynamite, and philanthropist. [Nobel prizes].

melancholia—emotional mental disease marked by depression and ill-grounded fears.

featuring—giving special prominence to; having as chief features.

18. The Spirit of France

André Maurois—He was born in 1885 in Elbeuf, a small city in France. At the lycée at Rouen he distinguished himself by a mastery of the English language. His studies, however, were cut short when his family required him to return to the textile mills at Elbeuf, of which they were the owners. The World War in 1914 proved a turning point in his life. As a soldier he had time to write. While serving as a liaison officer, he wrote three books. In 1923, he published *Ariel: The Life of Shelley*, which instantly establishtd his reputation as a modern biographer. Maurois' most important works since *Ariel* have also been biographies of Englishmen: *The Life of Disraeli* and *Byron*. He believes that the new biography should differ radically from the old. He abandons the apparatus of notes, eulogies, acknowledgments, sources, bibliographies, etc. His aim is "to build a work of art", with as much

symmetry and form as the novel. He has lectured at Princeton, Yale, Cambridge, and many other universities. His *Aspects of Biography* is based upon a series of lectures delivered at Cambridge. When war broke out in 1939, he again served as liaison officer. This selection is a broadcast speech delivered from London, June 18th, 1940, when France had been under German occupation.

Normandy—ancient province, France.

Havre [hɑːvr]—seaport city, France.

Kipling—Rudyard Kipling (1865-), English author of verse and fiction.

La Fontaine [la fɔ̃tɛn]—Jean de la Fontaine (1621-1695), French fabulist and poet.

Corneille [kɔrnɛːj]—Pierre Corneille (1606-1684), French dramatic poet.

Moliere—real name Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-1673), French dramatist.

the French Academy—founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635. It is a society of learned men united for the advancement of the arts and sciences and literature. One of its principal functions is the compilation and revision of a dictionary of the French language. Maurois is a member of the Academy.

another story—different thing.

Lord Salisbury—Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, third Marquis of Salisbury (1830-1903), English statesman and prime minister.

the last Kings of France—Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, Louis XVII, Louis XVIII.

La Bruyère—Jean de la Bruyère (1645-1696), French author and moralist.

Pascal—Blaise Pascal (1623-1662), French philosopher and mathematician.

Stendhal [stɛ̃dɑːl]—pseudonym of Marie Henri Beyle (1783-1842), French novelist.

Marcel Proust (1871-1922)—French novelist.

Place Vendôme, Place des Vosges, Place de la Concorde—open spaces or squares in Paris.

the river—the Seine.

the Louvre—ancient palace in Paris, which, with additions, is occupied by a museum of art and public offices.

Patron—French word for *proprietor.*

chef [ʃef]—head cook.

reconnaissance squadron—a number of aëroplanes to locate enemy or ascertain strategic features.

the Marne—river in France; battles Sept. 1914, and July, 1918.

portfolio—portable case for holding loose papers, prints, drawings, or the like.

Manet [manɛ]—Edouard Manet (1832-1883), French impressionist painter.

Cézanne [sezan]—Paul Cézanne (1839-1906), French painter. [postimpressionism].
Renoir [rənwaːr]—Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919), French landscape and figure painter.
Degas [dəga]—Hilaire-Germaine Edgard Degas (1834-1917), French impressionist painter.
Provence [prɔvɑ̃:s]—old province in southeastern France.
Chateaubriand [ʃatobriã]—Francois René Chateaubriand, Vicomte (1768-1848), French author.

19. The Greatest Hoax in History

Gina Kaus—Austrian editor, playwright, and novelist. Gina Kaus is the author of *Luxury Liner* and *Tomorrow We Part*. Just as she had completed her last novel, *The Dark Angel*, an unexplained Nazi ban forced her to stop writing. She then devoted herself to extensive reading, in the course of which she became fascinated by Catherine the Great. This interest led Madame Kaus to write the biogaphy *Catherine, the Portrait of an Empress.*

hoax [houks]—deception.
Catherine the Great (1729-1796)—Empress of Russia; wife of Peter III.
bizarre amours [bi'zɑ:ə'muəz]—eccentric love-affairs.
scandalized—offended the feelings or conscience of.
Gregory Potemkin (1739-1791) ['gregəri pə'temkin]—Russian field marshal and favorite of Catherine the Great.
personification—embodiment.
rounded off—made less sharp or less offensive.
debauch [di'bɔ:tʃ]—act or occasion of debauchery.
past master—a proficient or thorough master.
yearned for—desired; longed for.
relinguished—given up.
paramours—['pærəmuəz]—illicit partners of married man or woman.
run to—amounted to.
the Black Sea—sea between Europe and Asia.
the Crimea—peninsula, Russia, Europe, between the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea.
appealed to—proved attractive to.
embarked on—engaged.
Sevastopol [si'væstəpl]—seaport city, Crimea.
vineyard ['vinjəd]
the river Dnieper ['ni:pə]—river flowing into the Black Sea.
Ekaterinoslav [jekatjəri:nɔ'slaf]—city on the Dnieper.

steppe-land—level plain devoid of forest especially in Russia and Siberia.
squalor—filthiness.
tumbledown—dilapidated (Colloq.).
unsightly—not pleasing to the sight.
emaciated—lean.
Kiev ['ki:jef]—city in Russia.
linen—tablecloths.
to gape at—to admire.
contrivance—mechanical device.
attentions—acts of civility or courtesy.
awning—canvas roof above the deck of a vessel.
with carefree abandon—with careless freedom.
stand—a town where a touring company stops for performance.
anchorages—places where ships anchor.
jerry-built—built with cheap or insufficient materials.
St. Peter's—St. Peter's Cathedral.
derelict ['derilikt]—deserted.
bodily—completely.
Poltava [pɔl'tɑ:vɑ:]—city in Ukraine; battle 1709.
mock combat—false fighting; sham battle.
Kherson [ker'sɔ:n]—city in Ukraine.
save—except.
aggrandizement—exaltation.

20. Proposals

J. E. Buckrose—contemporary English author. This selection is taken from his *What I Have Gathered*, a collection of humorous essays.

without embroidery—frankly.

kept from the moth by memory's lavender—kept fresh in the memory. *Lavender* is a small lilac-flowered narrow-leaved shrub, the perfume of which is used to keep the moth away from clothing.

spinsters—unmarried women.

soured—made peevish or morose.

snake in the grass—hidden or hypocritical enemy. The phrase is from Virgil (*Ecl.* iii, 93), *Latet anguis in herba*, a snake is lurking in the grass.

being the one to throw the handkerchief—being the person to make the proposal. In some children's games to throw or drop the handkerchief to a child is to signify that he or she is to run after the child who does it. Here the phrase is used figuratively.

at first hand—as the first hearer.; directly.

that they are quite common and take place in all spheres of life.—*'It is'* and *takes place* should be used instead of *they are* and *take place*, because *they* (pl.) cannot be made to refer to *the proposal by implication* (sing.).

'forrader'—progress. (Colloq.).

even for a Yorkshireman in a remote place—even considering, or making allowance for the usual nature of a Yorkshireman in a remote place. Yorkshire is a county in North England.

glamour—delusive or alluring beauty or charm.

assurance—self-confidence; impudence.

butterfly man—showy or fickle person; trifler.

elbowed aside—pushed aside.

push—determination to get on: self-assertion.

Bernard Shaw (1856-)—Irish dramatist and critic. Bernard Shaw, like his master Samuel Butler, is fond of emphasizing the fact that in love-making woman is the pursuer, and has written several plays around the theme.

succumbs—is overcome.

mother's spoilt darling—boy spoilt by a fond mother.

burning—passionate.

diluted lamp-black and wood-pulp—ink and paper.

grubby paw—dirty hand.

it must have reached me—it must have affected me.

past bearing—beyond the limit of endurance.

in the eighties—in the years from 1880 to 1889.

proxy—deputy.

graven—carved.

unsporting—unfair.

21. The Last Days of Dictator Benito Mussolini

George Kent—roving editor of *The Reader's Digest*. From Dino Grandi and from other members of the Fascist Grand Council, Kent obtained the story of Mussolini's overthrow. Whatever shall be the final judgment on Grandi's career, he will have a spot in history for his part in ousting the Italian dictator.

il Duce-[il du:tʃei]—the Chief, title given to Mussolini as leader of the Fascisti.

Sicily—island, south of Italy.

Palazzo [pɑ:'lɑ:tsou] Venezia—Palace Venezia.
der Fuhrer [der'fju:rə]—the Leader, title given to Hitler.
Nazi-Fascist honeymoon—coöperation between Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy.
posing as—assuming a studied attitude of.
skiing ['ski:iŋ]—gliding over a snow-covered surface with a pair of strips of hard wood bound one on each foot.
stomach ulcers ['stʌmək'ʌlsəz]—open sore in stomach.
brashly—hastily; impetuously (Colloq.).
'Dino Grandi—Fascist member, former ambassador of Italy to England.
brooded over—meditated on.
pulled up—stopped.
old masters—paintings by old masters.
Renaissance chandelier [rə'neɪs(ə)ns ʃændə'liə]—branched hanging support for several lights, in the style of Renaissance (revival of art and letters under the influence of classical models in 14th-16th centuries).
Ethiopian campaign—campaign in Ethiopia (Abyssinia).
black-browed—sullen.
had outlived his usefulness—had ceased to be useful to his country.
to the detriment of—at the expense of.
martial glory—military glory.
took the floor—spoke in debate.
Axis pact—agreement between the Axis nations, i.e., Germany, Italy, and Japan.
to a man—all without exception.
came to—recovered one's senses.
abstain—refuse to vote.
stark—stiff and rigid.
of his own accord—voluntarily.
stormed out—went out in a rage.
crop up—turn up unexpectedly.
Matteotti—Italian politician, assassinated by Mussolini.
Marshal Badoglio—prime minister of Italy after the fall of Mussolini.

22. Life in a German City

Few men are better qualified to report on life in Germany than Lewis F. Gittler. From the University of Alabama he went to the University of Berlin, and remained in Germany several years. After the Nazis took over he decided to study their methods at the source. He passed himself off as a

foreign-born German, and studied for two years in the *Hochschule für Politik*, Nazi school for training spies and propaganda agents. Later with Ladislas Farago, he wrote the authoritative book *German Psychological Warfare*. During the war he analyzed German propaganda for the U. S. Government. Attached to the Psychological Warfare Branch of the U. S. Army, he served as political observer for the First and Ninth Armies in Germany.

zones—areas.

assignment—work assigned.

rubble—waste fragments of stone, brick, etc., from old houses.

virtually—for practical purposes though not in name or according to strict definition.

suburban [sə'bə:bən]—in the suburbs.

pretentious—ostentatious.

Munich ['mju:nik]—capital of Bavaria, Germany.

Hamburg ['hæmbə:g]—city in North Germany.

Cologne [kə'loun]—manufacturing and commercial city in West Germany.

Nuremberg ['njuərəmbə:g]—city in Bavaria, Germany.

rations—fixed portions of provisions served out for man or animal, especially in war time.

apathy—insensibility to suffering; passionless existence.

Nazi ['natsi]—pertaining to the German National-Socialist party; member of the same party.

regime [re'ʒi:m]—system of government.

Hitler—Adolf Hitler (1889-1945), dictator of Germany.

by hook or crook—by fair means or foul.

cringing—bowing servilely; behaving obsequiously.

labor pool—number of laborers taken together.

evacuations [ivækjp'eiʃənz]—withdrawals of inhabitants or troops from a place.

casualties ['kæʒ(j)ueltiz]—number of killed, wounded, and invalided in war.

allocate—assign.

in the top bracket—in the highest class.

alienate ['eiljəneit]—estrange; make indifferent or averse.

expiating ['ekspieitiŋ]—paying the penalty of; making amends for.

debris ['debri:]—scattered fragments; wreckage.

franchise—privilege or exceptional right granted to person, corporation, etc.

bartering—exchanging goods for other goods.

scrounging—appropriating things by cadging. (Slang).

leant-to shacks—rough, mean dwellings having single-pitched roofs.

outskirts—suburbs.

salvage ['sælvidʒ]—save from wreck, fire, etc.

boss—master; person in authority (Slang).

Czech [tʃek]—Bohemian.
hedged about—surrounded with hedge (fig.); restrained.
curfew—medieval regulation for extinction of fires at fixed hour in evening; hour for this.
identification card—card to establish identity of person.
"permit to circulate"—written order giving permission to go round.
Herr [hɛə]—German equivalent for *Mr*.
range stove—cooking fire-place; a portable cooking range.
function sporadically—seldom operate.
stacked—piled.
foraging—collecting food or any other thing by unlawful means.
synthetic—pertaining to synthesis, the art or process of making a compound by the the union of simpler compounds or of its elements.
kohlrabi ['koul'rɑ:bi]—turnip-cabbage.
black marketeers—people buy or sell in black market.
treasure-hideout—place to hide treasure.
stockpiling—piling of goods.
depots ['depou]—storehouses.
Kassel ['kɑ:səl]—city, Hesse-Nassau province. Germany.
buggies—light vehicles for one or two persons.
ads—advertisements.
surreptitiously [sʌrəp'tiʃəsli]—stealthily.
G I—Government Issue, American soldier.
cognac ['kounjæk]—French brandy, properly that distilled from Cognac wine.
Frankfurt ['fraŋkfurt]—city in Germany.
laid waste—destroyed.
penned—shut up.
secreted [si'kri:tid]—hidden.
crammed—overfull.
"junk"—old iron, or other metal, glass, paper, or other waste or discarded material which may be treated or prepared so as to be used again in some form. (U.S.colloq.). Here it means *discarded*.
bolts—rolls of canvas, etc.
Gestapo [gəʃ'tɑ:pou]—secret police in Germany under Nazi regime.
cartons—cardboard boxes for holding goods.
"too hot to handle"—*Hot* here means unpleasant or dangerous.
monies ['mʌniz]—moneys.
with apparently "clean" records—apparently innocent.
cooking up—concocting.
"elite" [ei'li:t]—the choice part, the best.
raised—brought up.
gouging ['gaudʒiŋ]—cheating (U.S.colloq.).
licked look—defeated look.
to hell with everybody else—everybody else may go to the devil; misfortune may befall everybody else.

23. The Moral Conquest of Germany

Emil Ludwig—Perhaps the thorniest of all post-war problems—how to handle the German people—is here discussed by a German author of international reputation. Emil Ludwig was born in Breslau, and educated at Heidelberg. He studied law but early took up writing. In the spring of 1914, he went to London as correspondent for a daily paper. After World War I broke out he continued his journalistic activities in countries allied to Germany. Since 1918 he has published a steady stream of books on world figures and political and historical subjects. Showing a deep understanding of the German character, he has written biographies of Goethe, Beethoven, Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm, Hindenburg, and a book on the German people. In this selection he carries the latter study a step further, presenting fresh and thought-provoking proposals for eradicating German militarism and bringing the people of his native land back into civilized society. He is at present residing in the United States.

Elector of the province of Brandenburg—Frederick William (1620-1688).

landed Junkers—German nobles possessing land.

sire new soldiers—beget boys who would be soldiers.

paraphernalia—accessories.

Kultur—German word for *culture*.

the Rights of Man—the constitution.

the time of Washington's Presidency—from 1789 to 1797.

commissars—officers.

Bismarck—Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck (1815-1898), German statesman.

scions—descendants of noble families.

looked at askance—looked at with suspicion or doubt.

Jefferson—Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), author of the Declaration of Independence, third President of the United States.

Franklin—Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), American philosopher and statesman.

Wilson—Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924), twenty-eighth President of the United States.

Ostwald [ˈɔstvalt]—Wilhelm Ostwald (1853-), German physical chemist.

Treitschke [ˈtraitʃkə]—Heinrich von Treitschke (1834-1896), German historian.

Bernhardi [bernˈhardi]—Friedrich von Bernhardi (1849-), German general and author.

cringing and clicking of heels—bowing servilely and standing at attention.

bellowing—uttering loudly and angrily.

baffled—perplexed.

pronunciamento—proclamation.

Capitol Hill—site of the Congress of the United States at Washington.
Wilhelmstrasse—William Street, in Berlin, site of the Chancellory.
Hindenburg—Paul von Hindenburg (1847-1933), German general, second President of Germany.
appropriations—sums of money set apart for specific uses.
Reichstag [ˈraikstɑ:g]—German Parliament.
S S Men—the Schutz Staffel troops, the most select of the Storm Troops.
strafed [strɑ:ft]—shelled and bombarded fiercely.
perpetrating—performing, committing (crime, blunder, or other things viewed as outrageous).
razing—destroying completely.
fomenting—fostering; instigating.
banking magnates—great bankers.
newsreels—motion pictures showing news items.
hammer home—make clear.
calls for—requires.
the Big Three—the United States, Great Britain, and Soviet Russia.
paramount—supreme.
driven home—made clear.
giant Trojan horse—Virgil tells us that Ulysses had a monster wooden horse made after the death of Hector, and gave out that it was an offering to the gods to secure a prosperous voyage back to Greece. The Trojans dragged the horse within their city, but it was full of Greek soldiers who at night stole out of their place of concealment, slew the Trojan guards, opened the city gates, and set fire to Troy.
amelioration—improvement.
the Elbe River—river in Germany, flowing into the North Sea.
parceling them out—distributing them.
two birds would be killed with one stone—two objects would be accomplished by one effort.
nationalistic repercussions—patriotic movements.
plebiscite [ˈplebisit]—vote or decree of the people.
megalomania [megəlo(u)ˈmeiniə]—passion for great or grand things; insanity of self-exaltation.
dumping methods—methods of sending goods unsalable at high price in home market to foreign market for sale at low price, to avoid lowering home price and capture new market.
bid—attempt.
curricula—courses of study.
imbued with Anglo-Saxon spirit of fair play—permeated with a sense of justice common to the Anglo-Saxon people.
that be—that exist.
pays—is worth the effort or pains required; gives a recompense.

24. Rendezvous of Love

Ben Hecht, author and dramatist, wrote for the Chicago *Daily News* (1914-23), spending two of those years as chief of its Berlin bureau. In 1928 he and Charles MacArthur wrote the hit play *The Front Page*. Among Mr. Hecht's books are *Count Bruga, A Guide for the Bedevilled, I Have Actors*, and his *Collected Short Stories*, which was published in 1944. His motion-pictures include *The Scoundrel* (for which he and MacArthur received the Academy Award), *Scarface, Topaze*, and *Wuthering Heights*.

rendezvous [rã:(n)deivu:]—meeting place agreed on; meeting by agreement.
sheaf—bundle of papers laid lengthwise together.
clippings—pieces clipped off.
Wisconsin—state of the United States.
Beloit ['belɔit]—town in Wisconsin.
feature story—story given especial prominence in a newspaper.
parade [pə'reid]—procession.
battered—shattered.
contraptions—contrivances; new-fangled devices.
blaring—noisy with the sound of trumpets.
razzle-dazzle—state of confusion, hilarity, or bewilderment.
curbings—sidewalks.
press agent—person employed to look after the newspaper advertising, press notices, etc. of a theater, theatrical company, or the like.
Mademoiselle [mædmə'zel]—French equivalent for *Miss*.
accessories—things additional and subordinate.
got to his feet—stood up.
harpoon [hɑ:'pu:n]—spearlike missile.
wreckage—wrecked material.
wrecking-crew—people who try to save the wreck and its passengers and cargoes.
drawn-out—long.
dressing tent—tent in which the circus people get dressed for performance.
the cats—the tigers and lions.
put into custody—imprisoned.
tunnel—long passageway.
fanfare ['fænfɛə]—flourish of trumpets.
ringmaster—manager of circus performance.
arena [ə'ri:nə]—central part of circus in which performances take place.
breath-taking—astonishing.
snarling—growling.
impostor—one who assumes a false character or passes himself off for some one else.

backed away—moved back.
tubs—wooden stands shaped like tubs.
pedestals—wooden stands like bases of statues.
disintegrated—broke up.
yarn—story (Colloq.).
in the dark—uninformed; ignorant.
sentimental about—easily touched by.

25. To Bridge the Gulf between the U. S. and Russia

Eric A. Johnston, President, Chamber of Commerce of the United States, visited Russia at the invitation of the Soviet Government in 1944. He delivered this speech at the official reception tendered him in Moscow.

antidote—medicine given to counteract poison or disease.
ideology—theory; visionary speculation.
state-minded—disposed to think of the state first.
collective-minded—disposed to think of the nation as a whole.
monopolistic cartels—manufacturers' unions to keep up prices; trusts.
collectivism—non-revolutionary socialism.
proletarian [proule'tɛəriən]—of the proletariat, lowest class of community.
caught on to—grasped.
belch—emit wind noisily from throat.
fascism—principles and organization of the patriotic and anti-communist movement in Italy started during World War I, culminating in the virtual dictatorship of Mussolini, and imitated by fascist or blackshirt associations in other countries.
left-wing writers—communist or radical writers.
"Fuhrer" ['fju:rə]—Leader, title given to Hitler by the Germans.
White House—official residence of the U. S. President.
Hitlerite—Hitler's.
humbled to the dust—conquered.
sophisticated—worldly-wise.
cuter gadgets—more ingenious mechanical contrivances. (Colloq.).
manganese—black mineral used in glass-making, etc.
chromite—mineral of the spinel group composed of iron, chromium, and oxygen.
Pittsburgh—Iron City, Pennsylvania, noted for its iron and steel works.
Stalingrad—Russian city named after Stalin, also noted for its iron and steel works.

Kharkov [ˈkɑːkɔf]—manufacturing city in Ukraine, Russia.
Detroit [dəˈtrɔit]—manufacturing city in Michigan, U.S.A.
playing one of us against another—making us compete among ourselves.
footing—basis.
black gold—manganese.
ribbons of steel—railways.

26. On Doors

Christopher Morley was born at Haverford, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., in 1890, of English parents. On the lovely and quiet campus of Haverford College, where his father, Dr. Frank Morley was professor of mathematics, Christopher lived until 1900 when Professor Morley moved to Baltimore to take the chair of pure mathematics at John Hopkins. In 1910 he was awarded the Rhodes scholarship and spent the next three years at New College, Oxford. There he wrote and published his first book, *The Eighth Sin*, a collection of poems. The best of Morley as a poet is in two books of his verse, *Chimneysmoke* and *Parson's Pleasure*. The best of him as a writer of imaginative prose is in two novels, *Where the Blue Begins*, the story of the dog Gissing's search of God, and *Thunder on the Left*, which is at once a fairy tale, a tragedy, and a fantasy about the question: Are grown-ups really happy. He has also written several collections of essays.

significant—having a meaning; suggestive.
harbour surprises—shelter surprises.
faucet [ˈfɔːsit]—tap.
a fit of vapours—a fit of depression or ill temper.
demanded her passports—wanted to quit.
a spirit of acceptance—resignation.
anteroom—room leading to another.
inscrutable [inˈskruːtəbl]—that cannot be penetrated.
"deal"—bargain (U. S. Colloq.).
put over—carry through; transact.
stenographer [steˈnɔgrəfə]—shorthand writer.
flit—pass quickly from one place to another.
mystic—mysterious.
John Milton (1608-1674)—English poet.
William Penn (1644-1718)—English Quaker, founder of Pennsylvania.
slatted doors—doors made with thin narrow bars of wood like Venetian blinds.
denatured—deprived of natural qualities.
trap-doors—door in floor or roof.

in suspense—in a state of anxious uncertainty or expectation.

shoves [ʃʌvz]—pushes.

carefully modulated recession—carefully regulated receding or opening of the door.

cataclysmic [kæt.ˈklizmik]—coming like a deluge; signifying a voilent change.

"It's a boy!"—said by the nurse, telling the anxious husband that his wife has given birth to a boy.

hallway—entrance-passage of house.

make himself at home—feel at ease.

rigmarole [ˈrigm(ə)roul]—rambling or meaningless talk or tale.

mortal gladness—human joy.

reunions—social gatherings, especially of intimates or persons of common interests.

reconciliations—acts of reconciling.

human forces—feelings or passions.

seizure of anguish—fit of severe bodily or mental pain.

stern fluency of life—grim or merciless flow of life.

irrevocable—unalterable; gone beyond recall.

snaps—breaks suddenly.

Pinero [piˈnɛərou]—Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, contemporary English playwright.

Paula Tanqueray—heroine in Pinero's play *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.*

vanished pulse—time gone by.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ"—

> The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
> Moves on: Nor all your piety nor wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.
>
> —Omar Khayyám, *Rubáiyát*, LXXI.

a certain kind of door-shutting that will come to us all—death.

latch—door or gate fastening made of small bar falling into catch.

our unfulfilled decencies—our good qualities or manners that are still far from being perfect.

perfected misdemeanours—our offences and misdeeds that are irrevocable.

27. The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

Austin Strong—contemporary American writer, author of *Three Wise Fools*, *Seventh Heaven*, and other plays.

schooner [ˈsku:nə]—fore-and-aft-rigged vessel with two or more masts.

set at a rakish angle—put on with a smart tilt.

taffrail—rail round stern of vessel.

Booth Tarkington—American novelist (1869-1946).
lobby—entrance hall.
Indianapolis [indiə'næpolis]—capital of Indiana.
"Effect of, visibly, a personage"—"She impresses one as a person of rank and importance"
shunned the limelight—preferred living in obscurity; did not like to be known.
self-effacing—treating oneself as unimportant.
her Scotch husband—Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894).
Edinburgh ['edinb(ə)rə]—capital of Scotland.
his father—Thomas Stevenson.
uncompromising Calvinist—stubborn and faithful follower of John Calvin (1509-1564), a French theologian and reformer.
dour [du:r]—hard, fierce, and obstinate.
crinkling—twisting.
nonplused—hopelessly perplexed.
"Sit ye doon, lassie, I see ye're a stormy petrel."—"Sit you down, girl. I see you are a small bird used to storms."
Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887)—American pulpit orator and lecturer.
the dark reaper—referring to tuberculosis or death. cf. Longfellow's line: There is a reaper whose name is Death.
the Dangerous Archipelago, the Marshalls, the Marquesas, and the Gilberts—groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean.
bent on eating—determined to eat.
snatched at sleep—got a few minutes' sleep with difficulty.
first aid—help given to wounded man before doctor comes.
bowsprit—spar running out from ship's stem, to which forestays are fastened.
Samoan Archipelago [sə,mouən ɑ:ki'peləgou]—islands in the Pacific Ocean.
primeval [praim'i:vel]—ancient.
frangipani ['frændʒi'pæni]—red jasmine.
ilang-ilang [i'læŋi'læŋ]—tree with very fragrant flowers.
sweltering—sultry; overpoweringly hot.
swaying scaffoldings—unstable elevated platforms for supporting workmen and materials in building.
the *Swiss Family Robinson*—the romance of a family wrecked on a desert island, published in 1813 by Johann Rudolf Wyss (1781-1830), a Swiss author, professor of philosophy at Bern.
cot-bed—portable or small bed.
piped water down—brought water down through pipes.
corrugated—marked with ridges.
"To know all is to forgive all."—"Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner." (French proverb).

shot—possessor of specified skill with rifle, gun, pistol, etc.
cling through good or evil report to those she loved—be faithful to those she loved no matter what others spoke of them.
badinage ['bædinɑ:ʒ]—light raillery.
piece together—put together.
Chinese puzzle—toy contrived to exercise ingenuity and patience (七巧板之類).
beachcombers—white men in Pacific Islands who live by collecting jetsam.
Shelley—Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), English poet.
Kalakaua—David Kalakaua, king of the Hawaiian Islands (1836-1891).
Slocum—American sea-captain.
Henry James—American novelist (1843-1916).
Auguste Rodin—French sculptor (1840-1917).
John Sargent—American portrait and genre painter in England (1856-1925).
J. M. Barrie—James Matthew Barrie, Scottish novelist and dramatist (1860-).
Apamama ['ɑ:pɑ:'mɑ:mɑ:]—island, Gilbert islands.
atoll—ring-shaped coral reef enclosing lagoon.
silver—silverware.
Hogarth—William Hogarth (1697-1764), English painter and engraver.
point lace—thread lace made wholly with needle.
vying with—competing with.
mess jacket—coat worn at mess.
sash—ornamental scarf worn by man over one shoulder or round waist or by woman or child round waist.
Royal Stuart tartan—Scotch plaid with distinctive chequered pattern of the Royal Stuart family. The natives wore Scotch tartans, because Stevenson was a Scot.
kilted—tucked up; fastened.
hibiscus [hai'biskəs]—genus of malvaceous herbs, shrubs, or small trees, the rose mallows, having dentate or lobed leaves and large showy flowers.
sandalwood—kinds of scented wood.
Treasure Island—a romance by Stevenson published in 1883.
The narrator is the lad. Jim Hawkins, whose mother keeps the Benbow Inn somewhere on the coast in the west of England, in the 18th century. An old buccaneer takes up his quarters at the inn. He has in his chest information, in the shape of a manuscript map, as to the whereabouts of Captain Kidd's treasure. Of this his former confederates are determined to obtain possession, and a body of them, led by the sinister blind beggar, Pew, make a descent on the inn. But Jim Hawkins outwits them, secures the map, and delivers it to Squire Trelawney. The squire and his friend Dr. Livesey set

off for Treasure Island in the 'Hispaniola' schooner, taking Jim with them. Some of the crew are the the squire's faithful dependants, but the majority are old buccaneers recruited by the plausible one-legged villain, Long John Silver. Their design to seize the ship and kill the squire's party is discovered by Jim, and after a series of thrilling fights and adventures, is completely thwarted; and the squire, with the help of the marooned pirate, Ben Gunn, secures the treasure.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—a novel by Stevenson published in 1886. Dr. Jekyll, a physician conscious of the duality, the mixed good and evil, in his own nature, and fascinated by the idea of the advantage that would arise if these two elements could be clothed in different personalities, discovers a drug by means of which he can create for himself a separate personality that absorbs all his evil instincts. This personality, repulsive in appearance, he assumes from time to time and calls Mr. Hyde, and in it he gives rein to his evil impulses. The personality of Hyde is pure evil. It gradually gains a greater ascendancy, and Hyde commits a horrible murder. Jekyll now finds himself from time to time involuntarily transformed into Hyde, while the drug loses its efficacy in restoring his original form and character. On the point of discovery and arrest, he takes his own life.

burnished—polished by friction.

lashed to a long sapling—fastened to a long young tree.

"under the wide and starry sky"—

> Under the wide starry sky,
> Dig the grave and let me lie.
> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> *Here he lies where he longed to be;*
> *Home is the sailor, home from sea,*
> *And the hunter home from the hill.*
>
> —Robert Louis Stevenson, ***Requiem.***

fellow-farer—fellow traveler.

28. Why A Classic Is A Classic

Arnold Bennett (1867-1931) was born at North Staffordshire near Hanley called "Hanbridge" in his novels of the Five Towns. He had but little

regular education and began writing by reporting for the Staffordshire newspapers. About twenty-six, he became editor-in-chief of a weekly magazine called *Woman*. In 1900 he threw up his editorial job and withdrew to the country in order to devote all his time to literature. He wrote between seventy to eighty books, but he said in his diary that he had written only four: *The Old Wives' Tale, The Card, Clayhanger*, and *Riceyman Steps*. Bennett's genius had its basis in his remarkable grasp of details. This selection is from his *Literary Taste, How to Form It*.

perfunctory—done merely for sake of getting through a duty.
spasmodic [spæz'mɔdik]—fitful; intermittent.
vogue—popularity.
gather—infer; deduce.
Bishop Stubbs—William Stubbs (1825-1901), English bishop and historian, professor of modern history at Oxford (1866-1884). His *Select Charters* must be dry and uninteresting.
Shakespeare—William Shakespears (1564-1616), greatest English poet and playwright.
man in the street—ordinary man.
emerged into glory—risen to fame.
sequel—result.
savouring—tasting; relishing.
authoritative—commanding; possessing authority.
placidly—calmly.
verdicts—judgements.
concur—agree in opinion.
by the way—as one goes, parenthetically.
memory-jogging—reminding.
stage-effects—effects produced in acting or on the stage.
King Lear—tragedy written by Shakespeare.
Hamlet—tragedy written by Shakespeare.
cynicism ['sinisizm]—mental state, opinions, or conduct of a cynic, one given to sneering at current opinions and social customs
grasp—understand.
make a fuss about—busy oneself restlessly with.
popular clatter—noisy talk of the multitude.
chill silence—indifference.
Keats—John Keats (1795-1821), English poet.
airy manner—lofty but irresponsible way.
beauty is truth, truth beauty, and that that is all he knows or needs to know—
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.—Keats, *Ode on a Grecian Urn*.
I, for one—I, for instance.

Hazlitt—William Hazlitt (1778-1830), English critic and essayist.

Sainte Beuve [sɛ:tbø:v]—Charles Augustin Sainte Beuve (1804-1869). French literary critic.

The woods of Arcady are dead,

And over is their antique joy—These are the opening lines of *The Song of the Happy Shepherd* by William Butler Yeats, contemperary Irish poet.

Arcady ['ɑ:kədi]—Arcadia, a district of the Peloponnesus which, according to Virgil, was the home of pastoral simplicity and happiness. *The woods of Arcady are dead* means poetry is dead, because it is believed that in the woods of Arcady poets can find inspiration.

antique [æn'ti:k]—ancient.

reassuring aspest—perfectly reliable phase.

catholicity—liberality of sentiment.

vitalize—give life to.

Crashaw—Richard Crashaw (1613?-1649), English poet.

predilections—mental preferences.

canons—laws or rules.

put the cart before the horse—do things in the reverse order.

judiciously or injudiciously—wisely or foolishly.

Putney ['pʌtni]—ward of Wandsworth metropolitan borough, London, England.

via ['vaiə]—by way of.

Walham Green—in Fulham, north of Putney and across the river Thames, on the direct route from the heart of London to Putney.

St. Petersburg—capital of Czarist Russia, now Leningrad.

29. The Second Trial

Sarah Winter Kellogg is an American writer. This story is taken from Craig and Gunnison's *Pieces For Prize Speaking Contests* published by Noble and Noble Publishers, Inc., New York.

Commencement—day when, or ceremonies at which degrees are conferred by colleges and universities upon students and others.

"make up"—make friends.

greenhouse favorites—flowers reared in greenhouses.

nosegay—bunch of (especially sweet-scented) flowers.

homely one—plain one.

valedictorian [vælidik'tɔ:riən]—student of the graduating class who delivers the farewell address at commencement.

for all that—in spite of all that.

she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes—her brother's studies, hopes, and successes had become hers.
I'most—I almost.
permutations—interchanges.
kaleidoscope [kə'laidəskoup]—tube through which are seen symmetrical figures, produced by reflections of pieces of colored glass and varied by rotation of the tube. Here the word is used figuratively.
elfish—weird.
exercises—ceremonies.
overture—opening orchestral piece.
limp—wanting in energy.
automatic—mechanical.
somnambulist [səm'næmbjulist]—person who walks in sleep.
stage fright—nervousness on facing audience.
swimming with tears—overflowing with tears.
set face—face like that of a statue.
stone still—silent and motionless.
set purpose—fixed purpose.
The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said—Her wide eyes, her parted lips and her whole being intent upon the speech went to show.
abandon—careless freedom or ease.

30. Gifts

Mary E. Coleridge (1861-1907) was an English writer. Besides essays, she wrote *Poems*, a book on Holman Hunt, and a novel, *The King with Two Faces*. Her essays are marked by a charming touch of archness and a delight in the freshness of youth and youthful feeling.

donation—thing presented; gift (especially money given to institution).
by subscription—by asking many people to contribute to a common fund or for a common object.
dole—charitable (especially sparing, niggardly) gift of food, clothes, or money.
between Blank and Blank—between Mr. So-and-so and Miss So-and-so.
de rigueur [də rigœ:r]—fixedly prescribed by convention; required by etiquette.
goes into partnership with somebody she likes—marries.
buttonhook—hook for pulling button into place.
for large and generous natures—for persons who are liberal and generous.
Midsummer Day—June 24.

free gift—gift not in requital.

obsequiousness [əb'siːkwiəsnis]—fawning compliance.

Santa Claus—personage who fills children's stockings with Christmas presents by night.

in black and white—in writing or print.

Dante—famous Italian epic poet (1265-1321), author of the *Divine Comedy*, an account of hell, purgatory, and heaven.

The Falcon—This story is told by Baccaccio, Longfellow, and Tennyson. A knight kills his falcon as a meal for his love, who has come to beg the bird as a pet for her sick child.

The Kentucky Cardinal—by James Lee Allen. It tells how a cardinal-bird was treacherously caged by the man who had taught it to think him a friend: given to the lady he loved, it died of grief.

People who have pearls are curiously fond of stringing them together and offering them to pigs. It makes the pig unhappy.—"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before the swine, lest haply they trample them under their feet and turn and rend you".—*Matthew* vii, 6.

Lightfoot—Joseph Barber Lightfoot (1828-1889), English bishop and Biblical scholar.

"Gyp"—Martel de Janville, a popular modern French novelist.

Rosalind, Celia, Orlando—See Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, Act. I, Sc. II.

Elizabeth and her German Garden—This book, published anonymously but generally accredited to a German Baroness, is a sentimental novel tinged with irony.

turn about—alternately.

Golden Rose—a rose of pure gold and blessed by the Pope, who presents it to a sovereign as a mark of his distinction.

distaff—staff from which flax is drawn in spinning.

31. Walt Whitman: Poet of Democracy

Max Eastman (1883—) Max Forrester Eastman, American author and editor, was born on January 4, 1883 at Canandaigua, New York. His parents were both Congregational ministers. He graduated from Williams College in 1905. "Also an important part of my education," he says, "was four months in the summer of 1901 which I spent in the West without money, traveling and earning my way as a day-laborer." For four years

after graduation he taught logic and psychology at Columbia, studying at the same time. The year 1913 saw the publication of Eastman's first literary work, *Enjoyment of Poetry*, a study of the psychology of literature. None of his later works has surpassed its success. It is used as a text in many schools and colleges. He has founded many magazines. Of his frequently publicized relations with the communist party Eastman says, "I was for a short time a member of the communist party, and am still of the same political conviction, but I allowed my membership to lapse because I want to devote myself to literature. I was also, however, as a formality, expelled from the party for defending Trotsky's position." In addition to his literary and political activities, he is widely known as a lecturer. His writings include poems, social philosophy, literary and critical essays, and a number of political biographies and discussions.

Shakespeare—William Shakespeare (1564-1616), English poet and dramatist.

Goethe—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), German poet, novelist, dramatist and philosopher.

Pushkin—Alexander Sergeievitch Pushkin (1799-1837), Russian poet.

Dante—Alighieri Dante (1265-1321), Italian poet.

Hugo—Victor Marie Hugo (1802-85), French poet and novelist.

Li Po—李白 (701-762), Chinese poet.

anthology—collection of small choice poems.

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49)—American poet.

Longfellow—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-82), American poet.

Whittier—John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-92), American Poet.

immaculately—spotlessly.

Broadway—street, New York City.

Long Island—part of Queens bor., N. Y. City.

gray shingled—covered with gray slips of wood used as roof-tile.

Brooklyn—borough and seaport, West Long Island, part of New York City.

build—body.

knock off—leave off work (Colloq.).

Manhattan—part of New York City.

ague ['eigju]—malarial fever with cold, hot, and sweating stages.

Free Soil Democrat—Democrat in favor of 'free soil' or the non-extension of slavery into the Territories, or those parts of the country not yet erected into states.

New Orleans—commercial city, Louisiana, U. S. A.

Alleghenies ['æligeiniz]—ranges of Appalachian system in Pa., Md. Va. and W. Va., U. S. A.

America's great rivers—the Ohio and the Mississippi.

cast loose from—deviated.

languorous—producing or tending to produce a state of listless indolence.

for Walt's reticence about the whole incident was made of Egyptian stone—for Walt was as silent about the incident as the Sphinx.

callow—unfledged; inexperienced.

Saul—Saul of Tarsus, afterwards St. Paul (Acts VII 58 and the following chapters). Saul persecuted the disciples of the Lord. On his way to Damascus, he saw a vision and was converted.

Damascus [də'mæskəs]—city in Syria.

consecrated man—man devoted to a holy purpose.

trappings—ornamental accessories.

for good and all—not tentatively, not in pretence, nor yet temporarily, but *bona fide*, and altogether.

transcending—passing beyond the range of.

puritanical—pertaining to puritans, persons of or affecting extreme strictness in religion and morals.

unsavory—morally offensive.

amateurish—superficial or defective like the work of an amateur.

erotic—of sexual love.

exalted [ig'zɔltid]—noble.

Coney ['kouni] Island—in Brooklyn borough, New York City, off south shore of Long Island.

And I or you, pocketless of a dime,—48 *Song of Myself*.

hub—central part of wheel, from which spokes radiate.

ad—advertisement.

hack review—book review written by hack writer.

Wendell Phillips—American orator and reformer (1811-84).

except the fig—in allusion to the first clothing of Adam and Eve (*Gen.* iii, 7). The fig leaf is a covering for a thing that ought to be concealed. In the opinion of Wendell Phillips, Whitman's poems were full of ugly and indecent things that ought not to have been written.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1805-82)—American poet and essayist.

jingly tinkle—a succession of small, sharp, quick sounds in the nature of jingles especially in verse.

The Bells—poem written by Poe in 1849.

The Raven—poem written by Poe in 1845.

full-throated—sung with full power or sound.

The Civil War (1861-5)—war caused by the secession of the eleven southern states as result of the anti-slavery agitation and the growth of the doctrine of state sovereignty and terminated by the surrender of their armies.

paymaster's office—office of the official who pays troops.

gingersnaps—thin, usually brittle, cakes flavored with ginger.

recuperating—recovering from illness.

Lincoln's assassination—Lincoln was murdered by a Southern youth in

a theater in Washington in 1865.

Swinburne—Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909), English poet.

nocturne—dreamy musical piece.

requiem [ˈrekwiem]—mass for the dead; dirge.

Iowa City—manufacturing city in Iowa, U. S. A.

itch—restless desire.

snooping prude—one who affects extraordinary prudence or correctness in conduct and likes to pry into others' affairs in a sneaking way.

firing his immortal employe—dismissing Whitman.

sizzling—noisy and scorching.

sobriquet [ˈsoubrikei]—nickname.

a British prime minister—Winston S. Churchill.

32. This Was My Mother

Mark Twain—Samuel Langhorne Clemens, who wrote under the pseudonym Mark Twain (1835-1910), born in Missouri of a Virginian family, was apprenticed in boyhood to a printer, became a pilot on the Mississippi in 1857 and a newspaper correspondent in 1862, being at that time in Nevada. He then adopted as pseudonym the leadsman's call which had become familiar to him on the Mississippi. He first came into prominence as a writer with his *Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog* in 1865, and shortly after became a popular lecturer. His best-known works are *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), the fruit of a voyage to the Mediterranean and the Holy Land; *A Tramp Abroad* (1880); *Life on the Mississippi* (1883); *Tom Sawyer* (1876), an amusing tale of young scapegraces of Missouri; and *Huckleberry Finn* (1884), a masterpiece of humorous fiction and at the same time, it is said, an accurate picture of the old rough civilization of the Mississippi. His *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* appeared in 1889, *In Defense of Harriet Shelley* in 1894, *Joan of Arc* in 1896.

accounted—considered.

to pass soon away—to die soon.

got over—excused; tolerated.

beguiled—cheated.

indictment [inˈdaitmənt]—accusation.

the one sinner—the devil.

Hannibal—city, Marion co. Missouri, boyhood home of Mark Twain.

Maryland—state, U. S. A. on middle Atlantic.

Sandy—name of the little slave boy.

couldn't stand it—couldn't bear it.

disreputable—bearing a bad character.

embroidery—untruthfulness.
Corsican—native of Corsica, French island in the Mediterranean Sea.
barring the way—obstructing the way.
lashed him—rebuked him.
St. Louis—city on the Mississippi in St. Louis co. Missouri.
burly—of stout, sturdy build.
tripped into—stumbled into.
volunteering a promise—making a promise voluntarily.
the circus procession—parade of the circus through town before performance.
conventions—meetings.
Keokuk [ˈki(:)oukʌk]—city in Iowa.
unaccountably—without any reason; inexplicably.
fire—enthusiasm.
ostensibly—apparently.
fitted her out—equipped her.

33. Hate

Hendrik Willem Van Loon was born on January 14, 1882, in Rotterdam, Holland, just around the corner from the birthplace of Erasmus. "I was the son of a rich father," he relates, "who lived in a realm a million miles away from that of his child and never made the slightest effort to construct a bridge across that chasm. And so I escaped entirely into the past and re-evaluated all the adventures of my own existence in the terms of a bygone era. Even today I know the seventeenth century better than the twentieth."

When he was eleven years old he saved his pennies until he could buy twenty blue copybooks and started to write a history of the world. He recalls that he passed a statue of Erasmus every day on his way to school and that people said Erasmus turned a page of the book in his hand every hour. "I used to stand in front of the monument for hours, but never saw him turn a page." That incident started him off as a doubter and a seeker after truth.

Van Loon went to the United States at twenty-one and was graduated from Cornell University in 1905. Then he spent four years at the University of Munich where he received a Ph. D. in 1911. He has been a college professor, newspaper correspondent and writer. His best-known works are *The Story of Mankind*, *Tolerance* and *Van Loon's Lives*.

Van Loon speaks and writes in ten languages as well as their dialects. When he eats in a restaurant, he draws pictures on the tablecloth to illustrate his conversation, and he signs the check with a sketch of an elephant or a mouse, according to the size of the meal—usually an elephant.

"I have lived with history all my life," he says. "and I have found it neither a dead nor a respectable subject. I have found all of it more romantic than fiction."

The Hague—capital of Holland.
The Nazis ['nɑtsiz]—National Socialists of Germany.
Rotterdam—manufacturing and commercial city and seaport of South Holland province, Netherlands.
obliterated—destroyed.
Middelburg—town in Zeeland province, Holland.
gruesome ['gru:səm]—disgusting.
Hitler—Adolf Hitler (1899-1945), German dictator.
Amsterdam—commercial and manfacturing city of North Holland province, Netherlands.
tribunal [tri'bju:nl]—court of justice.
ignited—set fire to.
fuse [fju:z]—cord filled or saturated with combustible matter for igniting explosive.
Delft—town, South Holland province, Netherlands.
Leiden ['laidən]—city of South Holland province, Netherlands.
Haarlam ['hɑ:ləm]—city of North Holland province, Netherlands.
pyre—pile of combustibles for burning a corpse.
plebiscite ['plebisit]—vote or decree of the people.
sabotage ['sæbotidʒ]—doing of damage to plant by workmen on bad terms with their employers.
choir ['kwaiə]—company of singers.
hostages—persons given as pledge.
stoical—austere; showing great power of resisting pain and hardship.
Führer ['fju:rə]—Leader, title given to Hitler.
pent-up feelings—suppressed feelings.
ranting away—preaching noisily.
anthem—song of praise.
wizened—shrivelled-looking.
holocaust—wholesale sacrifice or destruction.
bestiality [besti'æliti]—beastliness.
ignominious—shameful.

34. Adventures With A Pony

H. L. Mencken—Henry Louis Mencken has been denounced more copiously and violently than any other American of the present age. His attacks upon Babbitts, professors, patriots and politicians have met with excessively hearty response, and he has been accused of a long list of high crimes and misdemeanors ranging from slandering Abraham Lincoln to

ruining the English language in America, and from taking money from the late Kaiser to working as a spy for the Bolsheviki. In 1928 Mencken succeeded in making his enemies earn royalties for him by publishing *Menckeniana*, A Schimpflexicon, in which he collected the diatribes against himself and his opinions in 'a dictionary of abuse.' His sympathizers look upon him as a champion of honest thought in America; his foes regard him as a public menace.

Mencken was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1880. He read *Huckleberry Finn* when he was six, began seriously to write at twelve, and turned to poetic and musical composition at fifteen. He was educated at private schools and at the Baltimore Polytechnic, where he adopted Huxley as his god. He is writer and critic and has been a contributor to many magazines. In 1924 he founded the *American Mercury*. In its pages have appeared his caustic comments on American life and his scathing denunciations of shams and hypocrisies. His well-known works are *In Defense of Women*, *The American Language*, and *Prejudices*,

taking one with another—on an average; considering all things.

on confidential terms with—friendly with.

Shetland [ʹʃetlənd] pony—one of a small, stocky, hardy breed of horses, with a long rough coat and long mane and tail, which originated in the Shetland Islands off the coast of Scotland.

sharp as a trap—sensitive and quick to take advantage like an animal catching apparatus or device.

playing sick or dead—pretending to be sick or dead.

delivered—given.

miniature—small-scale; diminutive.

colored intern—negro assistant horse-doctor.

livery stable—stable where horses and vehicles are kept for hire, and where stabling is provided.

curried—rubbed down or dressed (horse).

goodness knows—I do not know, I appeal to Heaven to witness.

hull—body.

nip—bite.

in the seat of my pants—in my buttocks.

in a split second—instantly.

set me down a nature faker—regard me as a man who pretends to know things in nature.

feed trough [trɔ:f]—long narrow open wooden or other receptacle for holding water or food for horse, sheep, etc.

retracted—drawn back.

caboose [kəʹbu:s]—cabin house. Here it means *body*.

paddock [ʹpædək]—turf field; enclosure.

disport—move about for enjoyment.

paling fence—fence of pales (stakes).
lusting for—having passionate longing for.
puzzle of the catch—ingenious contrivance to fasten gate or door.
petunias [pi'tju:njəz]—plants with white, purple, or violet flowers of funnel shape.
dahlias ['dɑ:ljəz]—Mexican composite plants cultivated for its many-colored single and double flowers.
ice cream was on tap—ice cream was made ready.
whinny—neigh gently.
asparagus [əs'pærəgəs]—plant whose vernal shoots are a table delicacy.
sauerkraut ['sauəkraut]—German dish of pickled cabbage.
jape—jest.
drooling lubriciously—slavering profusely.
hayloft—loft for hay in outbuilding.
chute [ʃju:t]—slide for conveying things to lower level.
paddle—piece of wood shaped like a paddle.
at large—free.
avalanche ['ævəlɑ:nʃ]—falling mass of snow, earth and ice.
buckled down—started vigorously.
staggers—giddiness as horse and cattle disease.
bust—burst (Vulgar).
shafts—bars between which horse is harnessed to vehicle.
go-cart—wheeled frame for teaching child to walk.
bearing down upon—approaching.
ruffled—disturbed.
armamentarium ['ɑ:məmən'teiriəm]—equipment of instruments and medicines used by a medical man.
hullabaloo [hʌləbə'lu:]—uproar.
bunks—sleeping-berths.
clomping—treading heavily or clumsily.
having a whale of a time—having a great time.
clouts—blows.
limp mind—weak mind.
afoot—in progress.
suspenders—trouser-braces.
durned—damned (in cursing).
rigged—bound; tied.

35. One Alaska Night

Barrett Willoughby's first home was her father's trading schooner that cruised the coast of her native Alaska in search of furs, gold and adventure.

Thlinget chiefs tried to buy her from her parents with sea otter skins because of her white skin and golden hair. Later her father kept a trading post, where on winter nights adventurers from all over the world gathered. All of her books, including *Spawn of The North*, a novel based on the salmon industry, deal with America's far-northern territory. Now Mrs. Larry O'Connor, she maintains homes in San Carlos, California, and Ketchikan, Alaska.

Alaska—organized territory U. S. A., northwest of Canada.
foolhardy—foolishly venturesome.
hike—long walk.
Alaska peninsula—in southwestern part of Alaska.
breasting through—making way through.
carnivorous—flesh-eating.
vicinity—neighborhood.
got hold of myself—controlled myself.
boarded windows—windows closed with boards.
cross-hatch—crossing series of parallel lines.
rancid—smelling or tasting like rank stale fat.
cured—cleaned and dried.
bunk—sleeping-berth.
that popped into my mind—that I suddenly remembered.
prospectors—persons who prospect for gold, etc.
my legs turned to water—my legs became weak.
nerves—fear.
overwrought nerves—overstrained nerves.
blonde—of fair complexion.
windbreaker—any protective shelter from the wind.
sourdough ['sauədou]—old-timer.
quizzical—queer; addicted to quizzing.
asininity—stupidity.
fit—sudden seizure of hysteria, fear, etc.
show up—appear.
ranch hands—workers on the ranch.
bump—faculty. (Slang)
stark white—completely white.
catch—animals caught.
pelts—undressed skins of fur-bearing animals.
yearling—animal between one and two years old.
deflated—dejected; depressed in spirits.
mink—small semi-aquatic stoat-like animal.
in hell's—in hell is. *In hell* is here used to secure emphasis.
pesky—annoying.
humpty-dumpty—all of a heap; all together (Slang).

36. The Writing Of English

Henry Seidel Canby was born in 1878 in Wilmington, Delaware, U. S. A., where his family settled several generations before. He says of himself that he "is a Quaker by inherited temperament, and Epicurean by taste and desire." He studied mining engineering at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, but later added graduate work English to his scientific training. He taught composition while in the graduate school, and after receiving a Ph. D. from Yale had charge of Freshman English. He has lectured at Cambridge and other universities abroad. In 1924 he organized the *Saturday Review of Literature*, of which he is still editor-in-chief. His best-known works are *Definitions*, *Better Writing*, and *American Estimates*.

Chaucer's well—Chaucer, Father of English Poetry (1340?-1400), is called the well of English undefiled.

agnostic—holding the theory that nothlng is known of the existence of a God or of anything beyond material phenomena.

slovenly ['slʌvnli]—careless; slipshod.

stilted—high-flown or bombastic (of style).

what of—what will people say of.

impact—pressure.

determined counsellors—teachers with a determination to improve the English of their students.

correspondence courses—lessons taught through correspondence.

fastidious—hard to please; fault-finding.

our tongue—referring to English.

supple—flexible.

unsubtle ['ʌn'sʌtl]—coarse; not evasive or delicate.

baffled—frustrated.

surges—moves in or as in waves.

heavings—swellings.

dough [dou]—flour moistened and kneaded.

tick themselves into silence—stop writing by themselves

billboard—bulletin board.

declension—table showing the inflection of nouns or adjectives.

gropes—feels about as in dark.

Muses—The Muses were nine sister goddesses to whom inspiration in learning and art was attributed.

starching—stiffening with starch.

the sublime—the noble and exalted (of style).

37. A Matter of Trousers

William Rose Benét was born at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor in 1886. For at least two generations the family had been military, and his

father and grandfather were graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point. His proclivities not being particularly militaristic, he went to the Sheffield Scientific School, where Henry Seidel Canby was his intructor. With Henry Seidel Canby and Christopher Morley, Benét started the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post* in 1920. In 1924 this group organized the *Saturday Review of Literature*, an independent weekly. He is still one of the editors of this magazine. Benét is a poet, critic, and novelist.

confabulation—talk.
upshot—general result or effect.
unwittingly—unconsciously; unintentionally.
bang!—used as a mere interjection.
to run into—to meet.
penthouse party—party held in a penthouse (on the top-story of a sky-scraper.)
reorganize myself—dressing myself.
far-too-brazen—far-too-strong.
germane [dʒə:'mein]—relevant; appropriate.
my mood—Benét's editor friend was rather depressed that morning, so he decided to wear his dark blue suit. Blue suggests depression.
the Subway—underground way in New York.
Times Square—place in New York.
with quite a jolt—with great surprise.
Western Union—telegraph office in America having messengers to run errands for customers.
with positive abandon—in a quite easy manner.
stigma sartorial—defect in clothes, referring to his wearing a pair of dress trousers.
under full sail—quickly.
'I mess a wantager'—He meant to say, 'I want a messenger' but confused the words in a flurry.
clammy—stickily moist.
mercury—messenger (Mercury being a Roman god, messenger of Jove).
moaned like a dove in an immemorial elm—cf. Tennyson's line in *The Princess*: The moan of doves in immemorial elms. The simile is of Assyrian origin.
the Swedish intelligence—His maid Truda was a Swede.
supervenes—occurs as an interruption in or change from some state.
panicked—alarmed.
in something of a fluster—in a flurry or nervous hurry.
was borne in upon me—occurred to me.
hitched—jerked.
fausse bonhomie—false simplicity (French).
crab-scuttled—hurried along like a crab,

essayed—attempted.
erratic—queer.
avuncular [ə'vʌŋk ulə]—of or resembling an uncle.
disarming—pacifying.
twine—string.
surreptitiously [sʌrəp'tiʃəsli]—stealthily.
slump—fall.
goddamn it!—God damn it! (a curse).
the whole contraption—referring to the drawer and its contents
confounded—damned.
jitter—trembling and nervous tone (Slang).
beamed—smiled.
beam—smile.
gloating—exulting.
went by like a blur—went by quickly so that she could not be seen distinctly.
dumbfounded—nonplused.
gone in for interior decorating—taken house decorating as her pursuit.

38. Building A Personality

Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Riverside Church in New York City, is internationally known as a preacher, as a professor at Union Theological Seminary, and as the author of *The Meaning of Faith, As I See Religion, Living Under Tension* and other books. He has received a dozen honorary degrees from universities in America and other countries, and his books have been translated into numerous foreign languages. During the past twenty years more and more people have come to him for advice about their personal difficulties. To deal with unusual problems adequately, he studied the techniques of psychiatrists and psychologists, and in many cases asked their help. Thus he has been enabled to provide counsel concerning both mental and spiritual attitudes.

consulting psychologist—psychologist who is called in by colleagues or applied to by clients for advice in special cases.
maladjustment—faulty adjustment.
William Wilberforce (1759-1833)—English politician who devoted himself to the cause of the abolition, first of the slave-trade, then of slavery, and to other philanthropic projects.
diminutive edition of a man—a very small man in stature.
Boswell—James Boswell (1740-95), Scottish biographer of Samuel Johnson.

Westminster Abbey—the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, in the borough of Westminster, London. It is the national sanctuary and burial place, the sovereigns being crowned there and the remains of many sovereigns, statesmen, soldiers, poets, etc. being interred under its pavements.

"The Attorney General of the unprotected and the friendless"—referring to William Wilberforce.

a lusty hulk of a man—a very big and strong man.

Ole Bull ['oulə bul]—Norwegian violinist (1810-80).

A string—the second string on a violin.

transposed—put into another key.

Saracens—Mohammedans of the time of Crusades.

Robert the Bruce (1274-1329)—liberator and king of Scotland.

Boston—city in Massachusetts, U. S. A.

foundryman—man working in a foundry, workshop for casting metals.

roomed over a saloon—occupied room over a drinking bar.

Harvard—famous university at Cambridge, U. S. A.

Florence Nightingale (1820-1910)—English philanthropist, who devoted her life to the care of the sick and the wounded.

Edison—Thomas Alva Edison (1847-1931), American electrician and inventor.

John Keats (1795-1821)—English romanticist poet.

lacerated—wounded.

Spenser's Faërie Queene—an allegorical romance of chivalry by Edmund Spenser (1552?-1599), English poet. It details the adventures of various knights, who personify different virtues, and belong to the court of the Faërie Queene.

derelict ['derilikt]—ship abandoned at sea.

flounder—struggle and plunge; proceed in bungling or struggling fashion.

Whistler—James Abbott M'Neill Whistler (1834-1903), American painter and etcher in England.

West Point—Military Academy at West Point, U. S. A.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)—Scottish novelist and poet.

Byron—George Gordon Byron, sixth Baron (1788-1824), English poet.

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)—American clergyman, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts.

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)—German composer and originator of the music drama.

virulence—quality or state of being venomous.

Cuba—island north of Caribbean sea, which with adjacent isles forms republic of Cuba.

Charles Darwin (1809-1882)—English naturalist.

capitalize—use as capital.

39. What Is Profit?

Fred I. Kent, LL. D., is President of the Council of New York University and a former director of the Federal Reserve Board of the United States. His grandson, a mere school-boy, disturbed by the current fashion of speaking disparagingly of the profit system which has formed the basis of the American way of life, wrote to him asking him to "explain just how there can be a profit which is not taken from the work of someone else." Dr. Kent wrote this letter in reply to the query.

builds for—helps.
enterpriser—one who undertakes enterprises.
say of 100 persons—"Say" in phrases like this means to mention or suggest as an estimate, hypothesis, or approximation.
day in and day out—every day.
trough [trɔ:f]—channel.
at his disposal—in his power to use freely.
specialty—special pursuit; thing to which one gives special attention.
due to—The use of *due to* in an adverbial phrase is incorrect. Here *owing to* should be used.
incentive—motive.
drudge—disagreeable and wearisome employment.
nature's studio—nature's musical studio, the forest.
proficient—expert (adj.).
intervened—came between persons or things; interfered.
cripple—disable; impair.
hold back—check.

40. My Adventures With A Paint Brush

Winston S. Churchill needs no introduction. This selection, condensed from *Amid These Storms*, shows the lighter side of the world-famous British statesman and soldier.

palettes—artist's flat tablets for mixing colors on.
canvases—pieces of coarse cloth of hemp or flax for painting on.
trying time—difficult time.
the Admiralty—branch of the executive that superintends the navy. Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty at the beginning of World War I.
enforced leisure—leisure forced upon him.
poised—held in a balanced or steady position.

gingerly—with extreme caution.
affronted snow-white shield—insulted canvas. The canvas was affronted because it was smeared by a bad painter.
drive—carriage-road, especially private road to house.
Sir John Lavery—famous contemporary English portrait painter.
wallop—thrash; beat (Slang).
cowering—shrinking with fear; submissive.
inhibitions—instinctive or induced habitual shrinking from some action as a thing forbidden.
fell upon my victim with berserk fury—attacked my victim with the fury of a wild Norse warrior; painted on the canvas boldly.
content ourselves with a joy ride in a paint box—rest contented if we can find some enjoyment out of painting.
disparagement—depreciation.
the blood and tears—the drops of colors painted on the canvas.
psychological moment—the psychologically appropriate moment.
exigencies—pressing needs.
each a key lower than what they repeat—each reflection a bit darker than the reality.
lacery—work having the appearance of lace.
silhouettes [silu(:)'ets]—outlines of objects seen against the light.
tolerable correspondence—moderate accuracy.
comprehending—understanding.
Marseilles [mɑ:'seilz]—seaport in southern France.
fell in with—happened to meet.
Cézanne [sezan]—Paul Cézanne (1839-1906), French painter. [post-impressionism].
luminous intensity of blue—bright deep blue.
simulated—imitated.
had made instinct with—had animated by.
left at a loose end—left without definite occupation.
Methuselah [mi'θju:zələ]—a pre-Noachian patriarch who is stated to have lived 969 years (hence as type of longevity). [Heb.].
Whistler—James Abbot M'Neill Whistler (1834-1903), American painter and etcher in England.
easels ['i:zlz]—frames to support pictures.
élite [ei'li:t]—the pick (of); the best (of).
Netherlands carnival—festive days preceding Lent in Holland.
Venice—city in Italy.
visual ['vizjuəl]—of, concerned with, or used in, seeing.
retentive—having the power or characteristic of retaining things.
spur to travel—stimulus or incentive to travel.
recuperative—having the power of recuperating.
racket—bustle and hurry.

some bright butterfly of a picture—some beautiful picture.
at a stretch—continuously.
shuffle along—move in a slovenly, dragging manner.
golf—game in which small hard ball is struck with club into hole on each of successive smooth greens separated by rough ground.
bridge—card-game of Russian origin resembling whist, in which each player in turn looks on while his exposed hand is played by his partner.

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