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1935

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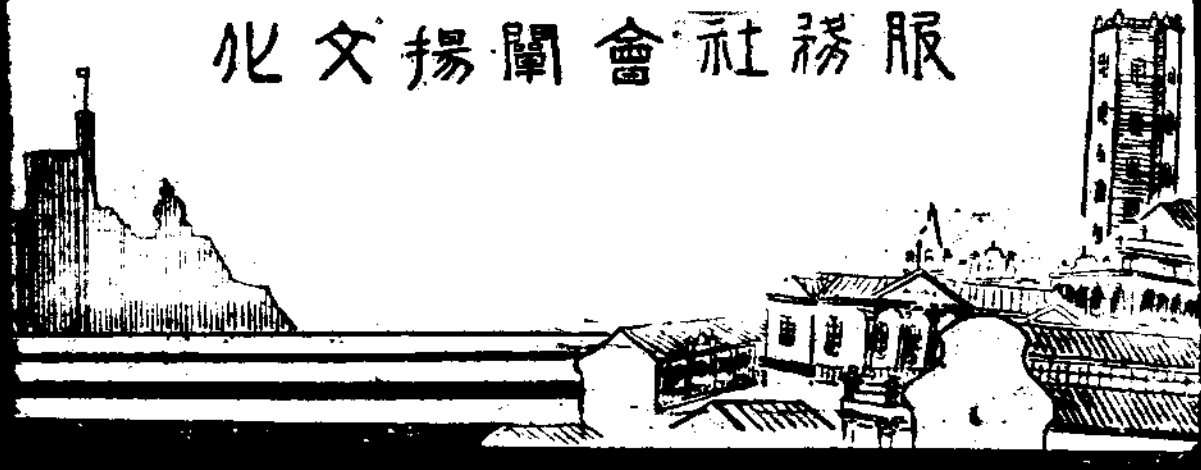
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金
陵
女
大
年
刊

三十四年

The Ginling College
Magazine
1935

因課務關係，出版
延遲，尚乞讀者諒之。校
版如有忽略處，更希指
正。梅先識

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獻 奉 *Dedication*

校 景 *Scenes*

師 生 *Faculty and Students*

文 藝 *Literature*

生 活 *Daily Life*

校 聞 *School News*

廣 告 *Advertisements*

DEDICATION

謹 以 此 刊

獻 給

金 陵 女 大 之 創 辦 人

德 本 康 師 母

THIS, MAGAZINE

is dedicated to

Mrs. LAWRENCE THURSTON

A FOUNDER OF OUR COLLEGE



德本康師母

Mrs. Lawrence Thurston



SCENE

The Ginling buildings are a gift from friends across the sea in America. Some money was given for particular buildings. A special gift was made for the Science Building by a generous friend, and the Library Building is designated as a memorial to a woman who made large gifts to educational work through one of our co-operating Boards. The Central Building was given by the Alumnae of Smith College. One of the dormitories was given in memory of a mother, and the Arts Building is another memorial to a mother. Many small gifts made up the total, all of them representing the desire of Christian women that Ginling should have buildings of lasting beauty, and equipment for college work of high grade.

The Minister of Education has commended the Ginling buildings, because he regards colleges as permanent institutions, and believes that their buildings should be built to stand for centuries, and to be beautiful as well as useful.

Beauty belongs to the higher life of man. His urge to create beauty, as well as his sense of awe and delight in the presence of beauty in nature, are older than his search for truth and his growth in goodness. Beauty, Truth, and Good are all three needed for the abundant life.

A college is a place where the search for truth and the pursuit of knowledge have right of way in the day's work. A Christian college is a place where growth in goodness, character-training as preparation for the best use of knowledge and skill, must always be included in the program. Where is the place for beauty in the plan? The curves of hill and valley, the mountain always lifted up above the plain, sunset skies full of color, the trees, the gay flowers which adorn the seasons for us, are nature's answer to our souls' thirst for beauty.

Shall man disfigure the scene with his building? Shall we walk in the courts of ugliness? China's answer has been, "No!". Her building has been a creation of beauty to match the beauty of her fair land. Ginling was planned in the faith that China need lose nothing that was good in her own culture, although she may again be enriched by new ideas of truth and good, quickened into new life, as in the days of the Tang dynasty, by contact with other cultures.

Architecture is the fundamental art: or, as Ruskin puts it, "the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man for whatever uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power, and pleasure." It acts slowly, perhaps, but surely on the soul, helping to create that divine discontent which will redeem the world from every sort of ugliness, and set men's feet again in the paths of beauty.

Mrs. Lawrence Thurston

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525.8221
987.5

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新 禮 拜 堂 *New Chapel*

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會 客 廳 *Social Hall*

接 待 室 *Guest Hall*

臥 樓 之 一 *A Dormitory*

池 畔 春 曉 *Morning Reflection*



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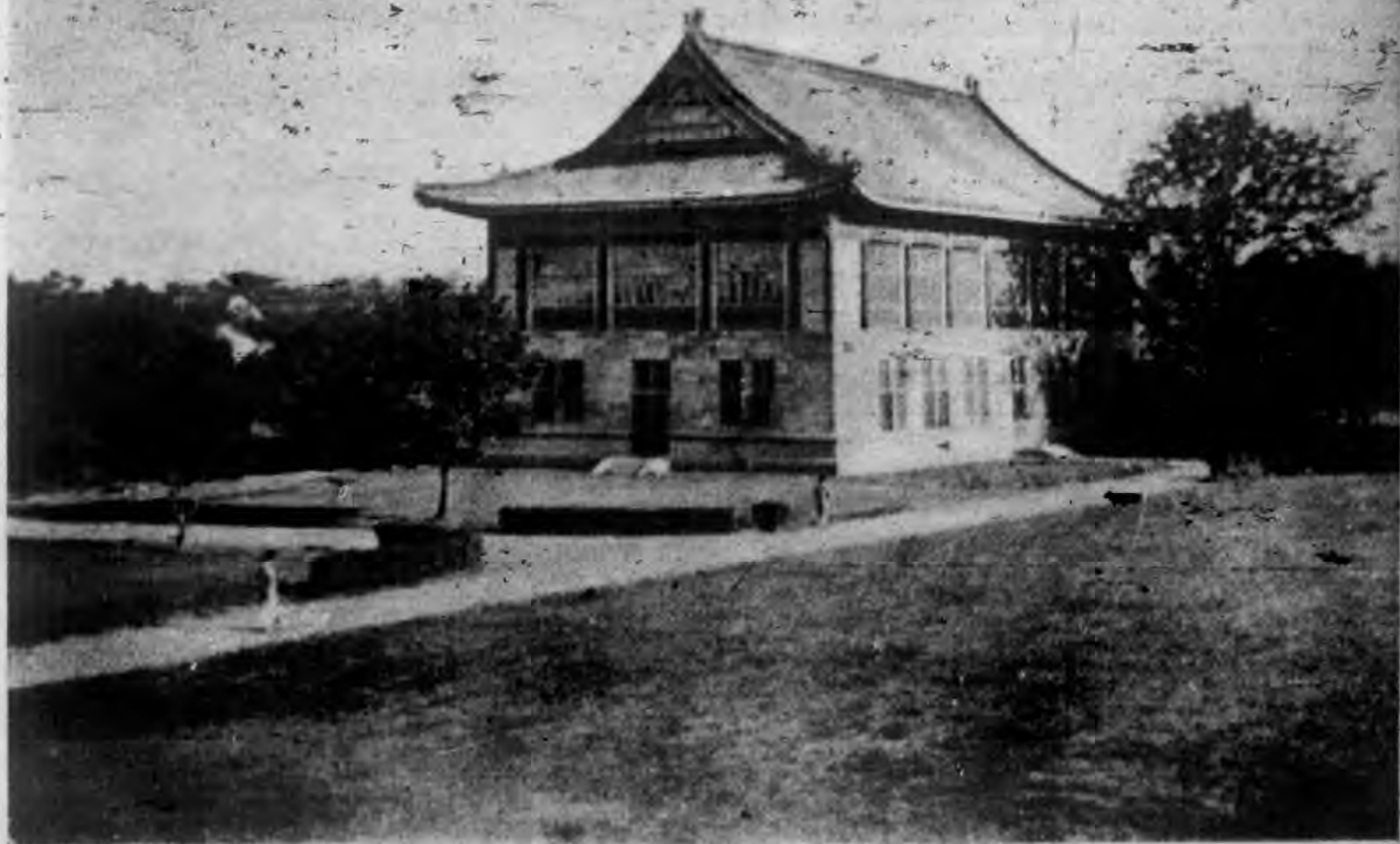
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New Chapel



音樂樓

Music Hall



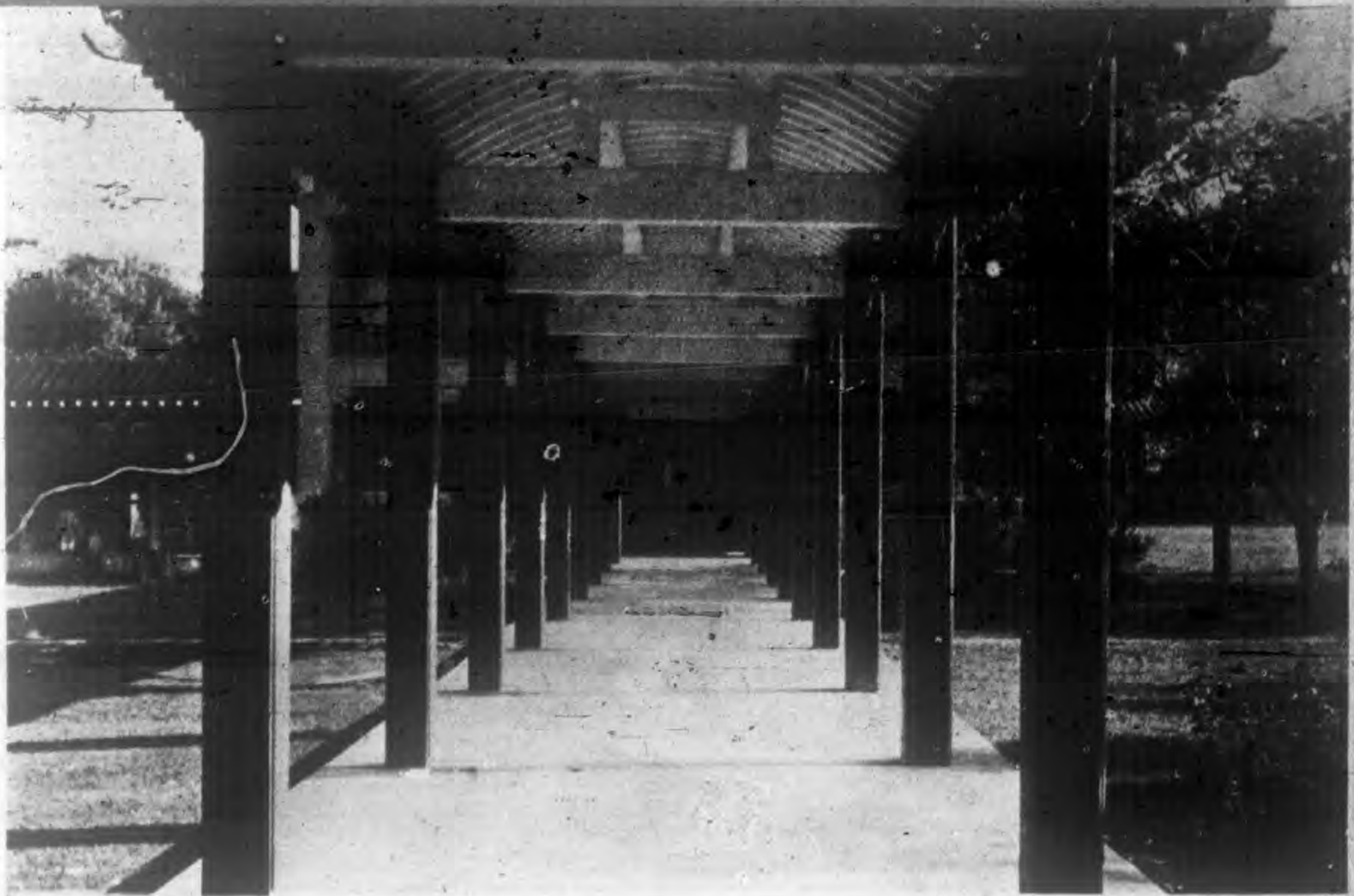
圖書館

Library



迴廊

Covered Way



會 客 廳

Social Hall



接、待 室

Guest Hall



臥樓之一

A Dormitory



池畔春曉

Morning Reflection





Faculty

and

Students

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8. 勵 行 會 全 體 職 員 The Officers of the Student's Government
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18. 本 校 排 球 錦 標 隊 College Volley Ball Team



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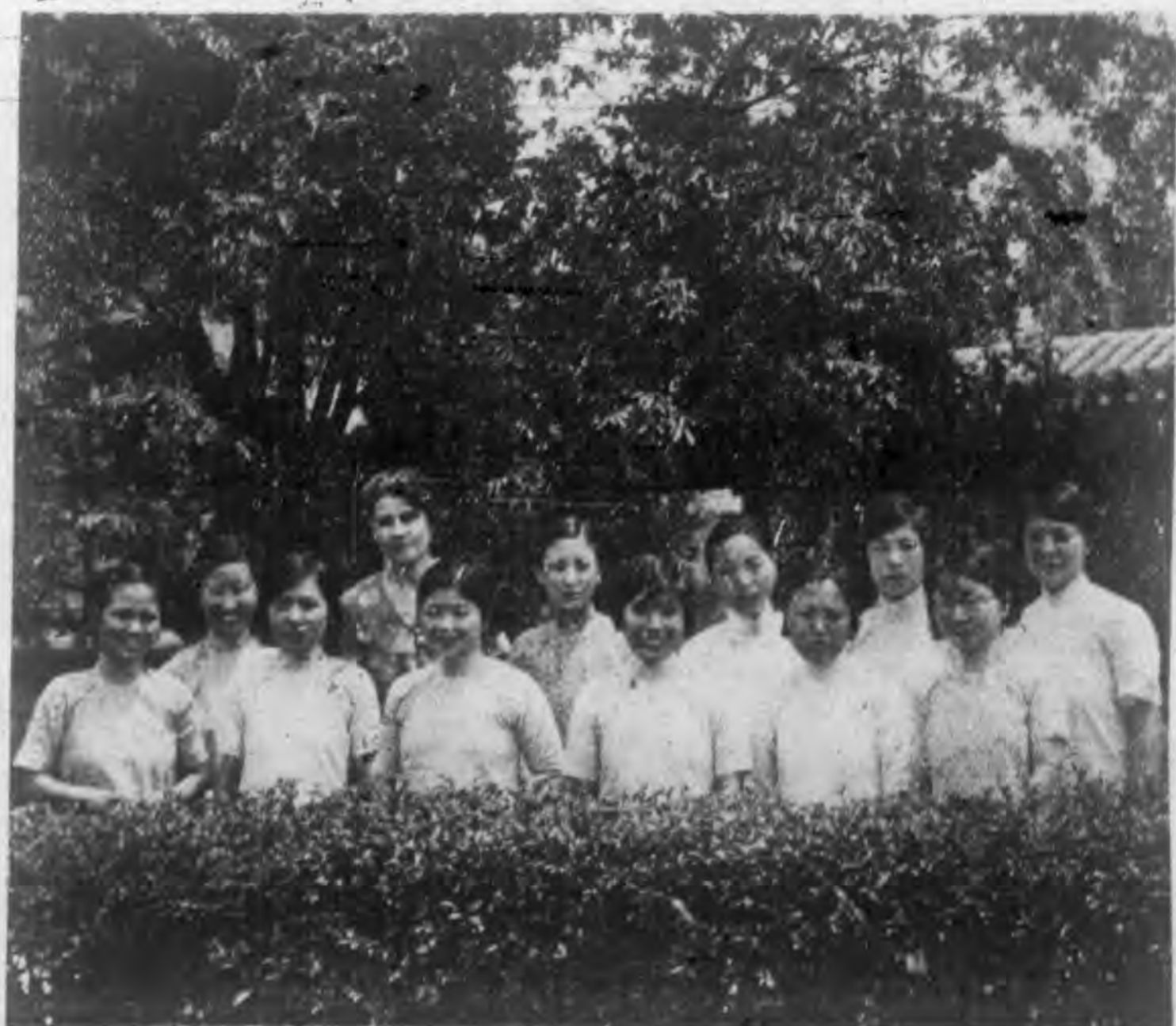
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一九三六級全體

THE CLASS OF 1936

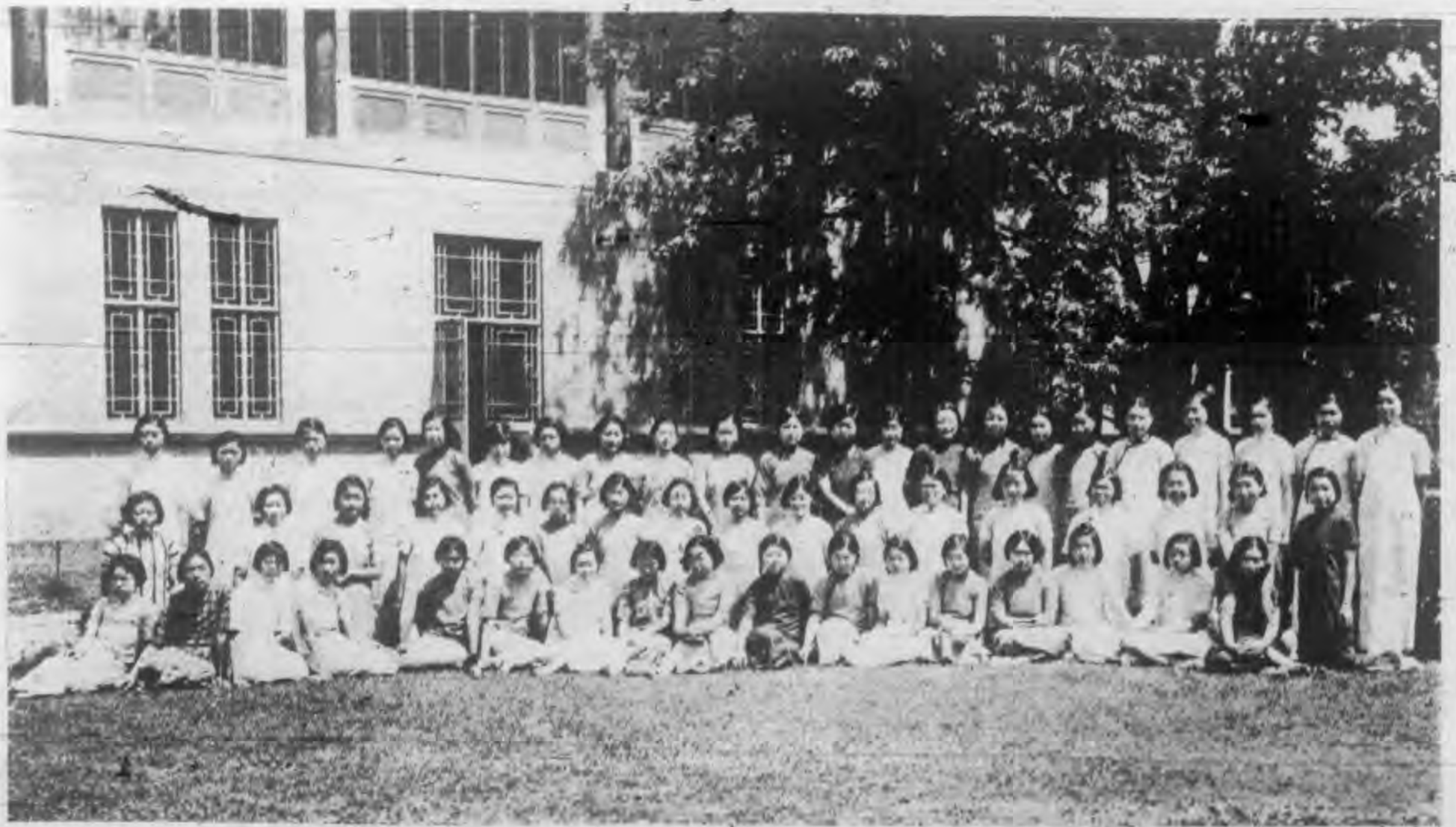
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				Ling Bao-heng
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一九三七年級全體

THE CLASS OF 1937

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師生聯會代表	Representative to the Faculty and Student Council.....		李明珠	Li Ming-dju	
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一九三八年級全體

THE CLASS OF 1938

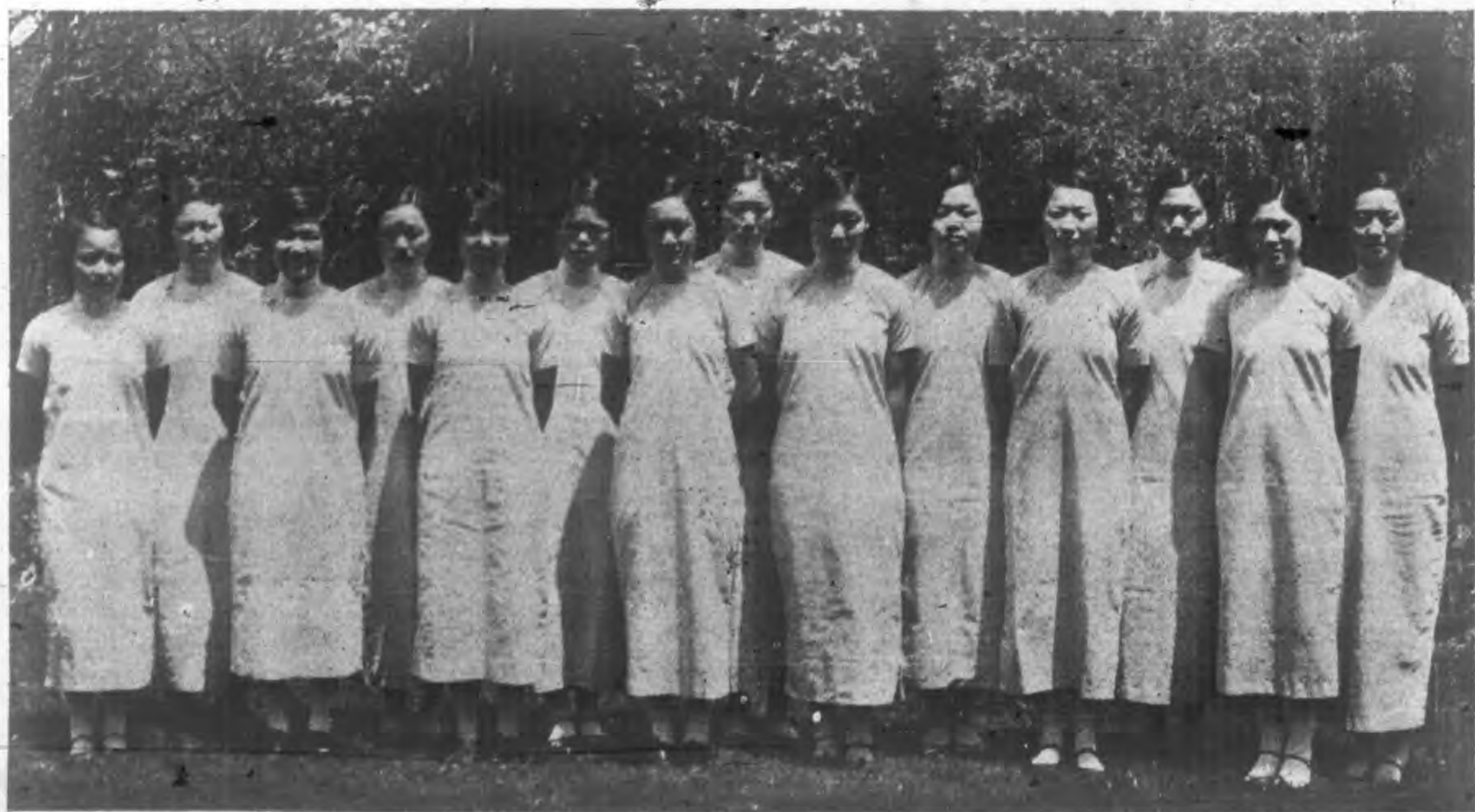
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顧問 Advisor 吳貽芳博士 Dr. Yi-tang Wu



體育專修科

一九三五級

CLASS OF 1935

Two Year Special Students of Physical Education

- | | | | | |
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本校籃球錦標隊

College Basket Ball Team



本校排球錦標隊

College Volley Ball Team

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英美日之海軍競爭

湯 一 葵

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(I) 緒 論 :

自十九世紀末葉，帝國主義盛行，各國競爭海外殖民地，以獲得原料之供給及推銷之市場，凡此種種又非有強大海軍不能為功。如英之殖民地散佈全球，號稱「日不殞國」；美則以遠東及太平洋中諸島為其生命線；日之不顧一切甘冒不韙者，以其本位三小島實不足以稱霸。故欲保全其國威，捨海軍外，莫能為力。其強弱實與國祚之興亡有密切關係。昔日荷蘭有最大之海軍，其屬地亦徧於新舊兩大陸，迨其海軍衰落，屬地亦隨之漸失。繼荷蘭而興者厥為西班牙，其阿姆達 (Armada) 。

自是以後，英國開疆拓土，直至日光所照，無不翻其旗影。可見海軍之支配歷史已艦隊享有大名，即英國亦爲其聲威所懾。其後英國戰勝阿姆達，而成海上主人翁。數百年矣。

然已往皆力不均衡者，不足爲持。汝覆我興，互成世代之交替。自歐戰以降，角逐於洋海之中支配廿餘年歷史者厥爲英美日之海軍競爭。勾心鬥角，翻雲覆雨之事屢見不鮮。向日與英抗衡之德，戰後一敗塗地，而法則兢兢於內政，固無暇顧及海軍，於是北海之爭，地中海及大西洋之戰，無形暫緩，老大帝國對於遠東商務關係，日益密切，欲盡其力統治印澳等殖民地，勢不得不移其注意力於太平洋，如此則難免不與東西岸之二巨首競爭。蓋日本以遠東主人翁自居，高唱『東亞門羅主義』使中國屈伏其威權之下，獨佔東亞。自九一八事件發生其野心暴露，破壞國聯盟約，華府九國公約，非戰公約，東亞之門戶將不再向白種人開放。又爲鞏固其勢力於東太平洋起見，則視委任統治島爲其生命線，積極經營。如此則與美在遠東利益衝突。蓋美在太平洋根據地，維持東亞市場，保障菲律賓諸島之安全，欲樹其勢力於西太平洋。而英則經營印度，澳洲，新西蘭等地之商務，則其海軍亦不得不伸入南太平洋。於是太平洋中之海軍根據地棋星羅列。而成相持不下之勢。

三國利益既相干犯，則不得不增加軍備以維護之，然內困於財政，外鑒於戰爭之危險，則合縱連橫之舉甚多。首英日同盟以制帝俄；再則華府會議併棄前嫌，代英日同盟而成四國公約，海軍成五：五：三之比率；三則日內瓦三強會議求輔助艦之限制；四則倫敦海會再求三強間之諒解；再次則爲一九三二年至一九三三年之世界軍縮會議；以至一九三五年二月間之日本宣佈廢除海軍比率；最近三月十六日德國廢除凡爾塞和約之軍事條款求軍備之平等及收回太平洋之委任統治島。凡此種種，僅舉其大端，其他五花八門，朝秦暮楚之事，層出不窮。三國之外交家及軍事家，不惜絞盡腦汁揚彼抑此，實影響太平洋中之安全。時至今日，條約不能束縛；奔走不能調和；遊說不能動聽；威武不能屈伏，利誘不得如願。利之所在，彼此親善；害之所在，頓形深仇。所謂條約，公約，密約，換文等等，已失其已往之效力矣。

已往各種會議之不能阻止三強海軍競爭者，乃其捨本求末，不根本解決政治問題，使彼此諒解；而咬句嚼字斤斤於技術上之型式及噸數。如英已故內閣總理兼外相沙利斯伯利（Salisbury）嘗云『吾人在未獲得各關係國諒解之前，不應輕率參加任何國際會議』。英人抱此態度，美日又何獨不然？各國國策未妥協之前，焉能談軍備之裁減？華府會議五：五：三比率之成功而維繫十五年太平洋安全者豈非英，美，日，三強間有政治之妥協，而成此舉。反之，一九二七，一九三〇，一九三二等年之諸會議失敗，固然國際情勢，變幻不同。實則爲其桔梗者，乃事先不能得政治上之妥協。故欲防止海軍之競爭，必先使政治問題有以保障，則是本文敘述着重點及主旨，即以歷史眼光回溯過去之成敗；以客觀態度，闡明今日之情勢；而作將來解決此問題之借鏡。

(II) 三國海軍發展之簡史：

三國海軍之有今日，其歷史淵源甚久，吾人欲得一有系統概念則不得不探本溯源，對其發展之經過作一簡略之檢討。

英之海軍發展當追溯於十四世紀，當時因漁業而與英抗衡於東大西洋者即荷蘭。後凱穆威爾（Cromwell）爲保護其漁業一再頒行航行律（Navigation Act）。相持日久，繼之以英荷戰爭，當是時，國庫五分之三收入均用之建築軍艦之用。英海軍之初步雛型始於茲時。至十七世紀末葉，荷蘭海軍漸衰，繼之起者，厥爲法國，於是競爭焦點不僅在東大西洋，且漫延至地中海及英倫海峽。自一六八八年至一八一五年，一百廿七年之久，英法戰爭竟有七次之多（註一）蓋法之柯柏梯（Colbert）雄心勃勃，欲賴海軍之力擴張殖民地。然英國素稱雄海上，致力於殖民地。二者相持，焉得不竭力競爭耶？即至拿破侖一敗塗地，洋海之上無人可與英抗。十九世紀中葉維多利亞女王澄平時代，致力於內政之改革，唱『光榮孤立』；外持其海上霸王之尊號。英之國基實自此始。迨自十九世紀末葉，普法戰後，代法而起者爲德。初威廉第一及俾士麥固不欲與英抗。即至老皇駕崩，俾氏去職，德之野心日熾一日。

英唱「二對一」(Two-Power-Standard)之海軍；德唱「自衛海軍」(Risk-Navy)。且殖民地及貿易在在均引起二者之爭，北海一帶成二者競爭之焦點。武裝和平，卒於一九一四年爆發。歐戰後英之氣焰更甚，歐陸既無可抗衡者，乃一意經營海外，高唱共存共榮之口號。美菲二州之殖民地相安無事，且以距離較近易於保護。使之處心積慮者惟東方之印度，澳新等地，離英倫本部甚遠，大有鞭長莫及之勢，加之日本威脅，不得不延線設海軍根據地，乃轉移其注意力於太平洋。三強會粹之地，與美日一見高下。

美之海軍經營，雖僅五十餘年，然其民裕財富，可爲所欲爲。故數十年之間，一躍與英平等。新興之邦高唱「决不次於任何國」(Second to None)。美自一五八八年阿媽達(Armada)之役，卒建其功。於是匍匐英人之下者亦得揚眉吐氣，生其自信力矣。乃脫離祖國，另樹旗幟。然頻年內戰至一八八〇年始致力於內政，固無暇顧及海軍。殆一八八一至一八九〇年開始建艦。(註二)是爲海軍初步之經營。自一八九〇年至一八九八年更努力於基本艦隊(註三)故一八九八年美西之戰，所向無敵。乘長勝之餘威，佔菲力濱羣島爲太平洋之根據地；藉誇耀之心理，大興造艦。加之老羅斯福總統孜孜於海軍。執政七年，慘淡經營，不懈餘力。至一九一六年美準備加入大戰，議會通過海軍建築案，限期三年，完成百五十七艘，(註四)與列強競爭於大西洋。歐戰後，英，法，德元氣俱傷，獨美坐享漁人之利。大西洋勢力可暫告無虞，乃移其注意力於太平洋。一九一九第二，三，建艦案通過(註五)。同年開掘巴拿馬運河。勾通大西洋與太平洋。平時有利交通；戰時便於運輸。至一九二一年但尼耳(Josephus Daniels)嘗海軍要職，乃大興改革，人才之造就，艦之增加均空前未有。美既移其視線於太平洋，則珠港關島等地，更視爲生命線。加之對岸日本雄心勃勃，日處於明爭暗鬥之中，美爲自衛計，亦不得不致力於太平洋與日英馳騁。

日自明治維新，以至今日，爲時六十餘年，由三四等之弱國，一舉高飛與英美並駕。十九世紀末葉以前日本政治受幕府操縱，黑暗重重。閉關自守與外世隔絕者

凡二百五十年。至一八五三年美比芮 (Perry) 勒令與日通商，自是不見天日之瀛島，始知天外之天。繼之英，法，荷，艦艘接踵而來。東西勾通，始知築艦之重要，乃聘請英籍顧問多人。(註六)努力革新，數年之間，築艦大有成效。至一八九四年甲午之役，黃海之畔，鴨綠江頭，大敗我軍。李鴻章氏經營之北洋水師，一敗塗地。日本海軍聲勢始振，侵我之心愈熾，朝鮮，澎湖，琉球，台灣諸地，悉爲日有。日本在太平洋之根據地始形鞏固，然滿蒙之經營與俄衝突，結果一九〇四年與俄開戰，又告一捷。於是氣焰愈熾。軍部當權，海軍預算年高一年。(註七)歐戰後，俄德俱傷，無所顧慮。乃注全力於遠東，及太平洋，以協約國之名，佔太平洋中德屬諸島。(註八)以爲委任統治，造成太平洋中之根據地。於是西犯於美，南嫉於英。太平洋中大有磨刀霍霍之勢。

(Ⅲ) 三國海軍之根據地：

三國之海軍發展，其趨向均集其焦點於太平洋，故其經營技巧，各盡其能，於是海路交錯，根據地羅列。

英自其本島至遠東，路經三洋。始自大西洋；直布羅陀海峽爲其門戶；經過地中海之馬耳他島，以至蘇彝士運河成地中海之東方門戶；再東行，亞丁又爲紅海之門戶；出紅海入印度洋，經孟買，哥倫坡，以至新嘉坡，扼太平印度二洋之咽喉；再東北至香港，上海，威海衛，爲侵略東亞之大本營。

其中以新加坡爲重要。負有保護遠東太平洋殖民地之責任。現在積極營築海港，期以一九三八年完成。自新加坡至各要港之航程，以海哩計之如下：

<u>馬崎</u>	二，四一五哩
<u>香港</u>	一，四五四哩
<u>馬尼拉</u>	一，三七〇哩
<u>達爾文港</u> (在澳洲之西北)	一，九六七哩
<u>加爾各達</u> (印度之京城)	一，六四六哩
<u>瑪德拉斯</u>	一，五九一哩

新加坡爲一小島，商港在南端，軍港在北端，有廣大之寄碇所。自馬耳他至新加坡之航程計三十一日。英之主力艦凡不能至馬耳他船塢修理或取資糧食燃料者，均需比港。

美在太平洋中之海軍根據地，北有阿拉斯加(Alaska)乃帝俄時代以七十萬盧布賣給美國者，非但有荷蘭港(Dutch Harbour)阿魯辛羣島(Aleution Isles)及錫克(Sitka)等港，可作北太平洋之海軍根據地，且發現有豐富白金等礦，更以其接亞美二洲，常與日漁船衝突，故美政府對之亦不敢忽視。沿美之西岸臨太平洋有舊金山之梅爾島(Mare Isle)及勃萊梅頓(Bremerton)港；東行至夏威夷之珍珠港，乃太平洋中最深之港，可容無畏艦，自舊金山至該港距離二千一百哩；距沙姆亞(Samoa)有二千三百哩，距阿魯辛羣島(Aleution Isles)二千零八七哩，故夏島實爲太平洋航綫之中心，其重要當可知矣。夏島之東北一一二六哩有中途島，(Miduay Isle)西南行二〇一〇哩有威克島；再西有關島(Guam)。關島乃馬爾薩羣島(Mariana Isles)中最大之島，外有十六小島包圍，內有可停潛艇及驅逐艦之軍港，距馬尼刺只一千五百一〇哩，實爲菲律賓存亡之關鍵。在太平洋中最使美人積心慮者即菲律賓羣島，該島非但在經濟方面爲原料出產所及市場，且軍事上亦爲不可少者。該羣島乃一加九八年美西之戰時西班牙割讓於美者。自北至南以台灣，婆羅洲，西里伯，摩鹿加羣島(Bornec, Celebes, Moluccas)爲界，全島包括三千一百小島，面積有十一萬五千方哩，有三海軍根據地，馬尼拉，奧倫加坡(Olongapo) 坡羅克(Polloc)，但因條約之束縛(註九)自一九二一年以來均未得經營。然日本一日雄心未死，美決不放棄菲島。最近三月二十四日雖允菲島獨立，但在菲島獨立法中，仍允美有建築軍港權(註十)。蓋菲島非但爲太平洋中之關鍵，亦且爲遠東貿易之咽喉。

日本之本島位於西太平洋。馬海峽(Tsushima)及朝鮮海峽扼日本海北南端之門戶。日本本島僅有三出路，即樺耜海峽，宗谷海峽及津輕海峽(Tartar LaP ero-

use, & Tsugaru)。三條水路，均甚狹窄，易於防禦。本島中之軍港有五：即橫須賀 (Yohosuka) 吳 (Kube) 佐世保 (Sasebo) 舞鶴 (Maidzaru) 大湊 (Ominito) 據煙台後以馬公島爲軍港。日俄戰後又奪旅順。故日本之軍事形勢極其鞏固。歐戰後以委任統洋之名管理馬里亞 (Miria) 加羅林 (Caroline) 所魯 (Felew) 馬沙 (Marshel) 其地勢重要，南臨英領婆羅洲，和澳洲，北接小笠原島，菲律賓，西望夏威夷。日本據此可以橫斷美國的交通，封鎖關島之出路。在軍事上，日本認爲國防生命線。

(IV) 三國之海軍政策：

溯諸三國海軍發達簡史及現在太平洋之海軍根據地，則其傳統海軍政策，當可洞悉。

英非但是依海洋方可生存之島國，且殖民地散佈全球。雖稱工業國然原料不足以自給，市場不足以推銷。如英海軍軍長孟塞爾演講謂「每日有十一萬噸之貨品和五萬噸之食料由海外運至英國。所經之海程約八萬英里。欲免絕食之虞，除非能保障航線，使貨品及食料安抵英倫」故英之海軍政策，即在此。以印度爲遠東之前哨，以新嘉坡爲太平印度二洋之關鎖，使之不受任何國之威脅，高唱共存共榮。保獲全球之殖民地；維持原料市場及遠東種種經濟利益。

在軍備方面力持增加小型艦之噸數，蓋其根據地羅列齊備，停泊添煤，在在均是，故不需巨艦。況小型艦便於行駛，能自由應變。關於潛水艇則因歐戰之經驗，以之爲攻擊武器，故積極贊成限制或廢除。有以上種種關係，故主張分別限制艦數。

美則不然，橫跨兩洋，據有優越之孤立形勢，鄰國之力，不敢與之抗衡。國境既不生問題，原無需強大之海軍。然自歐戰後其經濟勢力普及全球，歐洲各國已成其債務國。東亞成其重要市場，領土星列於太平洋，欲保持既得之種種權利及謀將來之發展必賴強大之海軍。其傳統國策不外有三：維持中國門戶開放主義，門羅主義及不干涉歐洲政治。主義欲保障此傳統國策，非強大海軍不能爲功。歐戰後一躍

與英平等，故主張維持現行之海軍比率。因遠馳海外，突出重洋，故主張增加巨艦之噸數，力持增加戰鬥艦及航空母艦之噸數，關於潛艇亦主張廢止或限制。反對採取總噸數之限制。

日本之地勢亦為海洋國，島嶼逶迤於西太平洋之上，北接蘇俄；東望菲島，關島；南臨英屬澳洲等地。四圍目光炯炯，欲圖生存，必有強大海軍。且以本島有限不足以稱霸，故執政者均抱田中故旨。(註十一)則中國實為其侵略之對象，其原料及食料之來源，多賴我國。欲保全其既得之利益，必維持其在華之特殊勢力。九，一八事件以來，野心畢露，四，一七之「天羽宣言」，高唱東亞門羅主義。關於軍備方面主張廢除現行比例制，實現海軍軍備之平等。主張採用總噸數之限制，俾各國根據其環境之需求，得自由建造任何等級之艦隻。並主張將各種艦類分為侵略及防禦二種，如航空母艦及戰鬥艦均為侵略艦類，而潛艇及小型艦為防禦器。

綜合以上觀之，美之主張增加主力艦噸數，與英日衝突；英美之欲廢除潛艇，日誓死不允；日之維持東亞門羅主義及採取總噸數之限制與英美不合，如此針鋒相對，意見歧異，而欲息其海軍競爭，難矣！每年所耗之軍費，有加無已，人民精疲力竭，實不堪命。

(V) 三國在各會議中競爭之情況：

三國之外交家及軍事家，非不慮及。自歐戰以降，三國中之當政者，奔走不懈餘力。停止競爭之呼聲，盈盈在耳，三國海軍會議展開。欲洞悉其成敗之咎，衝突之點，願依年代一一敘之：

(A) 華府會議：一九二一年

華府會議乃一九二一年由美總統哈定召集，表面上似乎解決五強之縮軍，其實動機及結核，則為解決三強間之政治問題，以阻止海軍之競爭如取消英日同盟，遠東問題，太平洋問題。美總統之熱心召集斯會，蓋欲取消英日同盟之誤會使三國得

以了解。自英日同盟以來，美屢感孤勢，而日則以之爲盾，橫行於東亞；日俄之戰得旅順大連及南滿之勢力擴張；日德之戰則勢力引伸至山東；一九一五年趁歐美諸國無暇東顧乃以廿一條威脅袁世凱；戰後又大軍雲集俄境。諸如此類，日本均欲鞏固其在華及太平洋之勢力，然對岸之美，豈能坐視。蓋日之行爲在在均足以危及在遠東商務及太平洋之島嶼。同文同種之英，反助紂作惡。故哈定總統於一九二一年八月十一日發正式請帖，十一月十二日正式舉行。人才濟濟，然各懷異志。均欲假此會有所收穫，英之代表拜佛(A. T. Balfour)，美代表休士(C. H. Hughes)，日代表加藤(Kaito)，舞台上老手，各展其才。自歐戰以來，英內因民窮財盡，國庫空虛；外以美一九一六，一九一八，一九二〇年一再增加軍艦，若不與以限制，大有超過老帝國之勢。英鑒於此，欲防於未然，一保向日之聲威，則對於該會之態度，並無若大之野心，但求美國收其旗鼓，勿再斤斤於軍備之增加足矣。且委曲求全，允其與之平等。加之，洞悉人忌視英日同盟，今同盟之背景已喪(註十二)，何樂而不爲，獻美秋波，以求限制海軍之最大收穫。美自英日同盟以來，時感孤立，日之縱行，更覺遠東及太平洋之不安。戰後英日諸國均損失甚鉅，財政日蹙，獨美富有，數年之間軍備增加實不可招架。故以其憂越之勢，欲假會議以息日本之氣焰，以四國公約代英日同盟，以新興國之海軍與英平等，以太平洋之維持現狀易中國之門戶開放故美於該會企望者大收穫實多。日對該會初具懷疑之心，以爲美價減輕人民負擔爲名，實則欲縮減日之軍備，干涉遠東問題致日於死命。後因假該會可與列強往還以提倡其國際地位，允縮軍之舉，英美同之。減輕人民負擔之舉，何樂不爲。縱使美欲解決遠東問題，必有相當交換條件，日人熟思之，乃加入該會。

三國態度如此，其結果尙差強人意：

- (1)海軍之比率；限制戰鬥艦及航空母艦之噸數(註十三)使成五：五：三之比率。
- (2)太平洋之維持現狀(Status Quo)；五國公約中第十九條(註十四)規定三國在太平洋中之領土屬地，要塞及海軍根據地，均各當維持蓋印時之現狀，以後不

得增大設備，並規定其範圍如次。

(a) 美：阿拉斯加及接近於巴拿馬運河地帶諸島嶼。

(b) 英：東經一百十度以東之太平洋中所有之領土。

(c) 日：千島，羣島，小笠原羣島，硫球羣島等。

條約既經簽定，乃得維持太平洋中十五年之安甯，其成功之原因，則不外彼等已得政治上之諒解。英日同盟取銷，英美得已恢復前情；太平洋之維持現狀，使英日得一新諒解。三國之政治妥協既已成功，得以裁軍，此實阻止三國競爭之初步。

然會議之失敗(註十五)吾人亦不可抹殺，蓋其影響實深。三國之海軍限制僅限於戰鬥艦及航空母艦，毫未涉及輔助及潛水艇。故閉會以來輔助艦之增加成三國競爭之新現象，人民之負擔，毫未減少，此失敗之一也。太平洋之維持現狀乃助長日之橫行，危及太平洋之安全。蓋美不能積極設防於菲島及關島，使日無東顧之憂，英不能建軍港於香港，致日無南面之慮。日之地位，愈益鞏固。英美既縱之於先，則難束之於後，造成今日猖獗之結果，此其失敗之二也。

(B) 日內瓦會議：一九二七年

華府既種此惡果，故會議後，各國競爭輔助艦之建造。截至一九二六年止，三國已完成之各式巡洋艦之數目如左：(註十六)

國別	巡洋艦	噸數
英	六三艘	三八〇，六七〇
美	四〇艘	三三四，五六〇
日	四三艘	一三八九，七〇一

就上列之數，美之巡洋艦，勢力遠遜於英日兩國。美之海軍擴張派大起恐慌，提倡增加軍備，共和黨亦和之，然素持經濟主義之柯立芝總統則置之漠然，不願耗費其金錢於築艦，然風湧雲蟻，柯立芝總統亦無可如何，以爲息此風雲，爰賴使國際裁軍，以減海軍擴張派之恐怖。乃於一九二七年二月十日向英法意日四國分送國

書，提議召集裁減海軍會議，英日均接受，惟法意則婉辭謝絕。大會於六月二十日開幕至八月二十四日始不歡而散。

大會之代表人物；美代表吉勃生(Mr. Hugh Gibson)及海軍專家仲斯(Almira Hilary Jones)；英之代表爲貝吉門(Bridgeman)西錫爾爵士及費爾德(F. Field)。開會後公舉吉勃生氏爲主席，各國代表紛紛陳述其政府之意見：

美之建議書(註十七)大意：凡一切驅逐艦，巡洋艦及潛水艇均須引用華盛頓會議之主力艦比例數，一也；分輔助艦爲四類，前三類爲驅逐艦，巡洋艦，潛水艇須受限制，尤其對潛艇主張廢除，二也。

英之建議書(註十八)之大意：主張主力艦之年齡由二十年展至二十六年，一也；接受巡洋艦之比例率爲五：五：三，但砲徑不得起過六寸，二也；關於潛水艇雖亦主張廢止，然亦承認爲主力艦，缺少之國家唯一禦防工具，故在可能之內，亦有相當商榷，三也。

日之建議書(註十九)之大意；並未涉及實際計劃，僅謂凡能增加海軍實力之艦類，概不許再造；欲決定列強之海軍實力，必先規定海面之輔助艦——即巡洋及驅逐等艦；各種艦類之建造，必規定其「代換期」。

~~綜合以上觀之，會場中之爭論特熾，當推英美，美謂五：五：三之比率須引用至各種輔助艦類，然英則以爲五：五：三之之比率僅引用至巡洋艦，此其衝突一也。對於潛艇美主張廢止，而英則在可能範圍之內，取妥協態度，此其衝突二也。美對萬噸巡艦可備八吋徑之砲，而英則主張巡艦最大者不得逾七千五百噸，備砲口徑不得逾六吋，此其衝突三也。立場如此不司，故會議終成流產矣。~~

會議後，英美之猜忌愈熾，各增加預算，完成未造成之軍艦(註二十)。且英爲控制美國，尋求奧國，乃於一九二八年七月，秘密與法訂立英法軍事協定。內容經蘇俄赤星報披露。美人大評譁。當然不甘孤立，乃於同年八月二十七日成立非戰公約。兩國邦交，形同水火。殆至一九二八年六月英國工黨組閣，情形始爲之一變

(C) 倫敦海軍會議：一九三〇年

自一九二九年六月英工黨得以組閣，麥唐納乃變前策，與美國駐英大使道威斯開始談海縮問題，嗣又赴美與胡佛總統會談。商談既妥，乃於一九三〇年正月二十一日由英召集美，日，法，意在倫敦開會。由英皇演說，謂希望列強在酌量之下，犧牲割受，以顧及全體之利益，後公推麥唐納代為主席。

在會議中三國代表鑒於日內瓦會議之失敗，彼此均有所顧忌發言慎重，然似其國策如此，則所陳述之意見總含其政策。美代表斯丁生(Stimson)聲明，關於美國海軍準備，不發表任何意見，然美之海軍軍備須『相對』適合世界之情形。英代表麥唐納亦如斯丁生，不作任何具體建議，然鄭重解說軍備與安全之『相對』關係，並聲明英之海軍需要，必須足以支配海上，庶可保障其人民之安全。日代表若槻(Wakatsuki)僅就『軍縮』之大意，述說其重要性。對於國家之安全保障，亦積極注意。而海軍之限制，須就其本國情勢而定。

三國之政策各視其本國『安全』為主，於是則難免重己輕人。美代表則堅持英美平等，且高唱『美決不次於任何國』。關於八寸砲徑之巡洋艦，主張美當有十八隻，而英僅十五隻，對於潛水艇則主張全廢。英則不然，對於海軍實力不但規定總噸數，且須詳細規定各種船隻之大小，及各種類應有之噸數。戰鬥艦在一九三五年會議未開以前，仍然引用華盛頓之規定。航空母艦，仍用華盛頓噸所規定之一〇，〇〇〇噸。巡洋艦則以爲英須有十五隻共計三三九，〇〇〇噸。對於潛水艇則與美同意，主張全廢，或加以限制。日代表之意見以爲戰鬥艦，須至一九三六年再議。巡洋艦則主張裝置八寸砲始足以自衛，而對潛水艇則反對完全廢止。

綜合以上所述，意見如此紛沓，一般人以爲又難免踏入一九二七年之故轍。後由英美各拚棄私見，作相當之讓步。巨首集於倫敦。嗣後有衆望所歸之李德及松平之討論(Reed-Matsudaira Conversation)得一中庸之意見，經日本天皇之批評於是三國協定始成。其中主要者即關於補助艦之決定如下：(註三十一)

	英	美	日
八吋砲巡洋艦	一四六，八〇〇	一八〇，〇〇〇	一〇八，四〇〇
六吋砲巡洋艦	一九二，二〇〇	一四三，五〇〇	一〇〇，四五〇
驅逐艦	一五〇，〇〇〇	一五〇，〇〇〇	一〇五，五〇〇
潛水艇	五二，七〇〇	五二，七〇〇	五二，七〇〇
共計	五四一，七〇〇	五二六，二〇〇	三六七，〇五〇

協定既成，則英美之間得一新諒解。實與一九三二年世界軍縮會議召集之便利

(VI) 九一八事變後海軍競爭之激烈化：

自九一八事件發生以來，日本侵略中國之心愈趨劇烈。以武力佔據東四省，造成傀儡國，獨佔其利。滿蒙之經濟及政治之利益不使英美等國均佔。四月十七日之「天羽聲明」破壞門戶開放主義，使亞洲之門不向歐美而開；機會亦不允均等。高唱亞洲門羅主義，排斥白種人，凡此種種均足使英美嫉視。加之十二月二十八日外務省宣言廢除海軍比率，採用平等原則，並積極經營太平洋委任統治島；加羅林島，耶普島均有積極鞏固之軍事設備，以二百萬日金秘密築港。馬爾薩 (Mariana) 羣島中之沙班 (Saipan Island) 島距美國關島百餘哩，且便於停泊潛艇之類。歐戰中日德之戰時，德視之爲要地。後爲日人統治，復加軍事設防。日本如斯之不顧一切，努力經營，美人豈願坐視？關島雖爲遠東根據地，但受日委任統治島之包圍，一旦遠東或菲島受日之威脅，則難免其不封鎖，及絕其外援。美欲使關島有所保障，則必經營日本勢力圈外之島如蘇姆亞 (Samoa) 之突突拉 (Tutuila)，威克島 (Wake) 中程島 (Midway) 及太平洋中之大本營夏威夷港。去歲珍珠港之大會操；美國海軍部長史瑣生氏之欲積極造空軍根據地於夏威夷；羅斯福總統之親至夏島巡視，在在均足以表示美對太平洋安全之重視。

此風雲緊急之中，日人不自收旗鼓，反左敵右擊，復與英人作商務上之衝突

。蓋九一八事件發生，華人排斥日貨甚烈，不得已，乃輸其貨品於印度，澳洲新西蘭及非洲等地。根據一九三二年八月之報告，日輸入印度之棉織品有一，三九二，〇〇〇，〇〇〇方碼，而英爲一，三八六，〇〇〇，〇〇〇。如此則英之輸入反較日爲少。此實與英人一重大之打擊。加之日因商務及其他關係取罪於英之殖民地。去歲十二月南非著名政治家斯末資將軍在倫敦薩伊旅館皇家國際學會(Royal International Institute)席上演說即主張英美聯合，以對抗雄心無已之日本。

總之，一國之存亡，在其能否保障其國策及生命綫。英，美，日立國端賴其海軍，今日本大權獨攬於軍人之手，瘋狂任性，爲所欲爲。排擠英美於遠東，是斷其經濟上之生命綫，積極防於委任統治島，是破壞太平洋之安全，英美非不知日人之跋扈，但捨英美合作外別無他計，然兩國因金元，戰債，裁軍種種之衝突，勢難調和。日人洞悉此點，更形胆壯。

自歐戰以還，三國之海軍問題，雖經各國之外交家竭忠盡志，奔走號呼，卒不得要領者，實因三國間之政策不能調和也。故欲阻止三國之海軍競爭，必先使其政治問題有調和，妥協之可能，方不致徒勞筋力。於保障三國國策國防原則之下，彼此諒解，則三國當然不致再浪費錢財，徒耗筋力用於無對象之海軍。

(Ⅷ) 阻止三國海軍競爭之先決問題：

歷來引起三國互相猜忌之結癥，當不外以下數種。必先決之，然後始可以談阻止三國之海軍競爭：

(A) 遠東安全問題：使中國門戶開放，保障其領土完整，及機會均等。方足以維持三國間之諒解。英自鴉片之役，其勢力漸入心腹，百餘年來之滲透經營：河川中有其航輪；鐵路之建築有其借款；長江上游及華北有其礦產；在華投資額達一，一八九，二〇〇，〇〇〇金元，對華貿易之出超，近三年中總在四千萬至八千餘萬海關兩(註二十二)。美自一八九八年對於遠東問題即甚注意。於一九〇〇年乃有赫約翰 (John Hays) 之門戶開放主義之宣佈，機會均等之勢力範圍。可見其在華經

營之野心，不稍遜於英日，其投資之額雖不及列強，然自一九三一年以來對華貿易竟居首位(註二十三)。更有其他商業及政治借款，非他國所能比倫。其在華之金融機關亦是操縱市場；企業公司亦可左右商業。(註二十四)日之依華為生命，其勢至明，以其地勢與中國毗鄰，欲求生存必先佈其勢力於大陸。他國在中國之侵略多重於經濟，而日本則雙管齊下，欲伸其政治及經濟之勢力於亞陸。故執政者均依田中故策，效力於侵略支那。三國在華既有均等之勢，則羣犬爭餌，決不容獨吞。自一九〇〇年以來，因門戶開放主義之維持得以相安。英據揚子流域；日佔南滿，內蒙，福建一帶；美則握經濟，文化，宣傳之大勢，數十年之久，各不相擾。然自九一八事件發生以來，日本對華之手腕急劇。雖不敢驟然排斥英美，然九一八之夜襲，一二八之侵滬；四一七之天羽宣言及最近石油專賣，處處均足以表示破壞遠東安全及侵略野心。我固病夫，無能為力，然英美對華利害如此關切，豈容日人之胡為？故遠東一日不安全，英美之海軍一日不可少。遠東安全問題不能解決，則三國海軍之競爭，亦隨之而激烈化。

(B) 訂立太平洋各國不侵犯或保障安全條約，勵行維持現狀(Status Quo)：太平洋居於亞美澳之間，佔全球水面之五分之三，為世界最大之洋。其沿岸東有加拿大，美國，中美諸國；西有蘇俄，日本，中國；西南有安南及東印度羣島及澳大利亞聯邦。其中島嶼，星羅棋布，名義上雖分隸於美，英，日，荷，葡，法。然實則法，葡，荷，之勢力不足與英日對抗。操縱太平洋風雲者，實此三國。自華盛頓會議五國公約訂定以來，太平洋中之和平因第十九條之維持現狀得以安繁其狀。然自一九三一年以來，日本首先破壞太平洋之現狀，蓋欲鞏固其在華之獨立勢力，則不得不摧殘英美在太平洋之地位。欲鉗制美在東太平洋及英在南太平洋之根據地，則必須經營戰後所得之委任統治島。在一九三四年度日本關於委任統治地之報告，有三項，鉅大之建築費用，即以一五〇，〇〇〇圓(日金)在賽班島(Saipan)建一新破浪堤以二一五，〇〇〇圓在帛琉島(Palau)之港口築一碼頭；及以一五，〇〇〇圓在洛太島(Rota)築一碼頭。日人雖言此項建築純係便利商業，然無論如何不能

掩飾其軍事上之重要性。在日本磨刀霍霍情形之下，英美又豈肯坐視。英在新嘉坡海港之建築期於一九三八年完成；香港及新西蘭之軍港亦在暗中籌備。美則更爲顯明，大西洋軍艦之東調；珍珠港之會操，關島之積極備戰；瓦克島（Wake Isle）之交詢軍部管理。誠風雲擾攘，淆混一時。由猜忌之念生恐懼之心。欲沉靜此空氣，必再有哈定總統之精神，輾轉於列強之間，訂立太平洋各國不侵犯或保障安全條約，勵行太平洋之維持現狀。則三國海軍競爭之焰自熄。

(VIII) 結論

綜合以上所敘，自三國海軍擴張以來，其動向均趨之於太平洋。英由北海大西洋，地中海而太平洋；美由大西洋而太平洋，故三國會粹，結癢在此一點。武裝相對，各不相容。雖疊經各會議之斡旋，然絲毫未奏效。總之在各國根本政策未得保障之前，而欲息其競爭，實無易於緣木求魚。自九一八事件發生以來，日之跋扈更引起三國競爭之劇烈化。三大海軍國既不能收其旗鼓，則世界之軍裁自屬夢幻。蓋爲首者不能以身作則，而口是心非作自欺欺人之舉，欲求他國之開誠相見，實不可得。

三國競爭之焦點，厥爲中國及太平洋中之屬地。菲澳等地固爲屬國，但仰其祖國鼻息而已。我老大中華，名雖獨立，實則一旦三國間分贓不均有所衝突時，我既無力參戰，又不能中立。日本以東亞和平使者自命；英美則要求保全中國領土完整，機會均等，凡此種種奸詐刁滑之語皆分割中國之工具，凡我血氣青年決不願中國苟延殘喘於他國庇護之下。中國若能奮力自強，則東亞能和平；領土必能完整；門戶之開放與否自有我主權，政治，經濟由我自理，正無他人過慮。如是則三國野心自息，太平洋中之海軍根據地更無須耗費金錢積極經營，故欲阻止三國海軍之競爭，解決太平洋之問題，不在倫敦，華盛頓，東京，乃在我國之南京，國人其詳之。

民國二十四年春五月完稿

從斯密租稅原則說到我國租稅問題

林 蔚

引 言

我國歷來學者關於租稅原理雖無精密研究，但並不忽視，往往以「薄稅斂」爲主旨。孟子說：「王如施仁政於民，省刑罰，薄稅斂。」又說：「易其田疇，薄其稅斂，民可使富也。」租稅視爲國家要政，柳子厚說：「天下弊政之大莫如賄賂行而賦稅亂。」吾國目前政府需款孔急，一面借債，一面加稅，人民痛受稅上加稅的剝削，而社會購買力因之銳減。購買力一旦減低，農產品與工業品的銷路亦因之日隘。於是實業愈趨凋敝，政府稅收更見減少。這樣看來，加稅政策無異殺雞求卵，竭澤而漁，一旦雞死澤涸，勢必同歸於盡。因此租稅成爲我國今日一個重要的問題。要想解決這個問題，先要知道幾條基本的租稅原則。

斯密時英法繁重的捐稅

要明白亞當斯密(Adam Smith)的租稅原則，先要知道當時的背景。十八世紀末葉，英國一般人民生活困難，農產不豐，工資低廉，同時必需品價格上漲，生活費激增。何以呢？因爲民生四大要素，衣食住行，都要納稅的。如要洗衣，必須用肥皂，而肥皂要納稅。煮菜必須用食鹽，而食鹽要納稅。夜間做工必須用蠟燭，而蠟燭要納稅。魚肉要繳魚肉捐，房屋要納房屋稅，燃料要輸通過稅。在此重重剝削之下，農民拋棄鄉井死亡道路者不可勝數。法國在革命以前，物物征稅，租稅多由專商承包，壟斷漁利，稅類沒有確定，稅率亦無公佈，納稅人一任征收員及包稅者勒索。他們往往強取農民收藏的米麥，以及耕田的牛馬，使農民以人力推車耕作，以木皮草根充饑。迨法國革命後苛捐雜稅才能夠一律裁撤。

斯密租稅四大原則

(17.)

斯密不朽的巨作，原富（一七七六年出版）算是研究經濟學者不可不讀的聖經。第五編第二章論及租稅四大原則，雖然不大完密，但在當時奉為金科玉律，茲將其大旨譯述如下：

（一）平等原則 人民納稅以供政府費用，當視其納稅能力以為斷。換句話說，人民租稅負擔的輕重應與人民在國家保護之下所享受收入的多寡為比例。如果租稅能合此理算為平等，有背此理謂之不均。稅源（人民一般的收入）共有三項：就是地租，利潤（包括利息），和工資。如果政府只稅三項中的一項，而豁免其餘二項，簡直就是有背平等原則。斯密平等原則的見解有點糊塗，可以名之享益稅，又可以名之能力稅。斯密在原富中又說：『富者對於國家納稅數量宜按其收入數量比例稍多。』此說近於累進稅。而為此種累進稅發揚光大者當推其信徒西氏（J. B. Say）西氏在經濟論（Traite d'economie politique, 1803）中力斥比例稅不合平等原則。茲有甲乙二家，假定比例稅率為百分之十。甲家每年有三〇〇、〇〇〇法郎收入，應納稅三〇、〇〇〇法郎，尙餘二七〇、〇〇〇法郎，以供揮霍，乙家每年有三〇〇法郎收入（只能足以維持生活），應納稅三〇法郎，僅餘二七〇法郎，其生活程度必因納稅而減低。所以說，比例稅不合平等原則。西氏極力主張累進稅，因為富者收入特多，而稅率不妨格外抬高，即收入愈多，而稅率愈高。

（二）確定原則 人民所負擔的租稅宜有定制，不宜任意變更。納稅的時間，方法，和稅額都要明白公佈，使人民一目了然。

（三）方便原則 納稅的時間和手續應求其最便利於納稅者。

（四）經濟原則 人民租稅負擔與國庫收入相差之數愈小愈好，即征收費愈省愈好。

我國租稅有背斯密租稅原則

我們在簡述斯密租稅原則之後，應該看看我國現行租稅，是否適合斯密租稅原則。

(一)不合平等原則 關稅，鹽稅，及統稅（包括捲菸，棉紗，麥粉，火柴等稅（爲中央政府大宗收入（見下表）。政府採取收入關稅政策。二十二年五月海關進口稅則加以修改，稅率增加有差。二十三年七月稅則又有修改，生棉及機器等稅率都有增加。鹽稅兩年之間，稅率實際上增加三次：

民國二十三年度國家普通歲入總預算各款百分比率表

科 目	本年度預算數	百分比率
第一款 鹽稅	190,353,851	20.73
第二款 關稅	382,814,241	41.70
第三款 菸酒稅	23,104,873	2.52
第四款 印花稅	12,884,286	1.40
第五款 統稅	116,959,679	12.74
第六款 鑛稅	2,724,979	.30
第七款 交易所稅	100,000	.01
第八款 銀行稅	1,600,000	.17
第九款 國有財產收入	5,544,878	.60
第十款 國有事業收入	21,304,060	2.32
第十一款 國家行政收入	12,517,086	1.36
第十二款 國有營業純利	8,349,567	.91
第十三款 協款收入	6,588,000	.72
第十四款 借款收入	50,000,000	5.45
第十五款 其他收入	82,265,534	9.07
合 計	918,111,034	100.00

第一次爲二十一年七月的整理產區及各省邊區的稅率案；第二次爲二十二年十月的全國普通改訂稅率案；第三次爲二十三年正月實施新衡制市秤及各地正附鹽稅率每百斤不過十元的通令。火柴統稅二十三年正月稅率亦有增加。地方政府向來依

賴營業稅，苛雜，田賦及其附加稅。現行的普通營業稅與販賣稅類似，多以營業總收入額為徵稅標準。商民往往因營業稅負擔增加貨價，以轉嫁於消費者。至於田賦，大地主多與地方官吏勾結，設法逃稅，而青黃不接的小農民反受吏胥誅索，格外多納田賦及其附加稅。田賦苛重往往超過每畝收穫量百分之三十至五十不等。現在厘金雖然撤銷，然而實際上中古時代的通過稅依舊存在，例如由綏遠到新疆的長途汽車運輸一次而納稅不下十四五次，稅上加稅，有礙國計民生，不言而喻。

我國租稅類多間接，而直接稅如所得稅及遺產稅尚未實行開征。鹽為日用必需之品且無代替之物。貧民食品類多蔬菜，所用鹽量與富者相較，或多幾倍。近因鹽稅增加，鹽價抬高。因此貧民往往淡食，有礙身體自不待言。其他日用必需品如棉紗，麥粉，火柴，燃料都可以納稅關係持高價格，於是消費者（百分之八十五為農民）的生活費因之增加。換句話說，間接稅終歸於貧民負擔。而京都公寓，商埠般戶，富有百萬之財，享受西裝革履，洋房汽車，五味八珍種種娛樂，試問其何曾納一絲一毫所得稅及遺產稅耶？

(二)不合確定原則 我國田賦稅目繁雜，清末田賦包括許多種類，迨民國成立，先後按其性質歸併征收。民國四年因中央收支未能平衡，令各省做直魯先例，加征田賦，於是稅制更見破壞。十六年田賦劃歸地方收入，地方政府因行政費增加，遂任意加徵田賦附加稅。據農村復興委員會的調查，附加稅種類甚多，江蘇計有一百零五種，而浙江計有七十種。地方行政費如教育，公安，保衛，建路，測量，公益等都是取給於附加稅，其稅額也是漫無一致，且多於征收時，臨時任意規定。田賦稅率不一，各省各行其是，例如，江蘇下田每畝征銀九厘，米一升四合七勺，山西下田，每畝徵銀一厘七絲，米一合五勺，稅率相差何止幾倍。征收方法亦無定制，我國現在沒有田賦圖冊可以做稽征的根據，明洪武時，新製的魚鱗冊，早已散佚無存。目前田賦由糧書承征，糧書的簿冊僅載每戶田畝及應完糧米的總數，而田地的坐落杳無可考。民間田產買賣的時候，要向糧書推收過戶，於是糧書以此為利藪，任意誅索。而人民對於納稅方法及稅額，實在是莫名其妙的。

(三)不合方便原則 征收田賦的時間，向來分爲上忙和下忙，每忙往往沒有一定的限期，上忙應征的稅額多延至下忙，還沒有征齊。至於征收的手續，弊病多端。例如糧書核算，浮收中飽，米則幾升以斗計，銀則數錢以兩算。每忙開征的時候，催役揭票下鄉向糧戶征收，不但苛求酒食，而且每票勒索錢數百文，多至數千文。

(四)不合經濟原則 我國租稅征收費向來高於歐西各國。首就吾國辦理最有成績的關稅而言，在關稅自主以前，關稅行政費約佔收入百分之十五。自主以後，收入激增，據最近海關開支的報告，開支僅佔收入百分之十（英國海關開支僅佔收入百分之二左右）。鹽稅行政費佔收入百分之十以上。統稅係就廠征稅，手續比較簡單，所以行政費比較低些，約佔收入百分之五左右。我國很多稅項如烟酒稅，牙稅等，大概都是專商包辦。烟酒稅征收方法向來採取招商承包，而包商漁利中飽的情況，筆難形容。鹽商多係引商，劃地引鹽，即在一定區域內承運承銷，獨佔市場，侵吞鹽稅。同時緝私舞弊，私鹽充斥，國家收入因之損失，人民担負因之增加。

結 論

租稅問題與國計民生的關係，非常密切。今日我國租稅紊亂，有背基本原則。富者規避納稅的責任，而貧者反受重重的剝削。老百姓的生活愈趨愈下，消費力量銳減，實業亦難發展，而國家危機益見迫近。「若不早圖，後君噬齊，其及圖之乎？」

UNTO A FULL GROWN WOMAN

by Ling Bao-heng

How many of us, as college students, did ever stop to think about the true meaning and purpose of college education? What do we really expect to get during the four years of college life? Perhaps many people will say that obviously enough the purpose of college education is getting knowledge. Others will say that its chief aim is to train leaders for service in society. It is true that college education widens our knowledge and broadens our interests. Yet education is more than that. It should achieve the end of developing the whole personality of the student, that is, a well-rounded development,

so that he or she can be the kind of leader society needs.

Perhaps you have seen grown up people whose minds and ways of life are childish and immature. Age is not always an indication of mental or spiritual growth. The main reason for immaturity, with the exceptional cases of mental morbidity, is usually lack of education or failure of education. Therefore, I think the first aim of education, especially college education, should be making young people grow in all aspects, physically, intellectually, socially, and spiritually. Now, on what grounds do we judge whether a person is mature or not? Or, what are the qualities of a full-grown person?

In the first place, a full grown person is one who knows herself, and is able to see herself as others see her, that is, to know people. Knowing oneself is not so easy and simple as we usually think. It involves knowledge, experience, self-discipline, an open mind and a sincere heart. And to study people is in a sense far more difficult than to study books. A mature person, however, realizes the significance of knowing herself and other people as well, and looks deep into human souls to see that which is strong and beautiful in them, and yet at the same time does not overlook the weakness of human nature.

Unlike the child or immature person who clings blindly to tradition and authority, accepting ideas or beliefs on illogical grounds a mature woman reasons, raises doubts and questions, exercising the mind, which is the unique gift of God to mankind. She is able to form right judgment between true and untrue, right and wrong, and to balance between greater good and lesser good, greater value and lesser value. She can see relationships between seemingly separate things and situations. She does independent thinking.

An immature person is always so subjective that she sees things not as they are but as she expects them to be. A mature person is objective in her outlook, facing facts with open-mindedness. She does not allow herself to indulge in day dreams and to find satisfaction in fantasies, but is able to face life with all its hardships and challenges. Whatever failures or disappointments of hopes befall her, she stands courageously, and with faith in herself, in others, and in her conviction of life; she looks on failures as spurs and holds on more firmly than ever. The more she struggles, the more she finds life worth living. It is because she has a central purpose in life, that is to live a life of service, influencing others for good. She has a sense of responsibility for the welfare of society and the country, so her life aims at serving people and making the world a more pleasant place to live. She is determined to carry out her purpose in deeds, so she is not a mere dreamer, but an idealist who can work.

What a great privilege it is that we women are having the opportunity of getting college education, especially Christian education, and how challenging it is to live in this age and nation with so many opportunities of service opening before us. ~~May every one of us hear the call and respond with eagerness, strong will, and steadfastness. For I~~ believe we as college women can make unique contribution to our country. China needs

us. She is looking forward to us students, full grown in all aspects, to be leaders in the future. How dare we fail her?

形聲例釋

林 尹

六書之義，若指專象形會意轉注段借諸例，今古達人，皆已精研詳審，足明大體；獨于形聲之道，闕然未明。自唐李少溫刊定說文解字，妄以意說，改竄許書，於形聲之義，尤多謬解。如注『毒』字曰：「从艸、母出地之盛，从土，土可制毒，非取毒聲。」注『袁』字曰：「从衣艸口，非蚩省聲。」注『戌』字曰：「戌土也，一陽也，陽氣入地。」一固非聲之類，（見繫傳祛妄篇）皆游衍無據之說，宜爲後人所痛駁也。（徐鏞說文繫傳及謝啓昆小學考均已駁之。）至於徐鉉校定說文解字，於形聲相從之義，亦未能悉通。己所未達，妄加疑義。如代字从弋聲，徐以爲弋非聲，疑兼有忒音，不知忒亦从弋聲也。經取至聲，徐以爲當从姪省聲，不知姪亦从至聲也。卦从圭聲，徐以爲圭音不相近，當从挂省聲，不知挂亦从圭聲也。嘆从萸聲，徐以爲當从漢省聲，不知漢从難省聲，難仍从萸聲也。簾从殿聲徐，以爲當从馨省聲。不知殿本从肩聲，肩馨古今字，馨亦殿聲也，其他形聲不可解者，輒妄易以會意，錢大所謂鼎臣大半誣鑿附會，王荊公字說濫觴於此，誠哉。楚金說文繫傳，其於形聲不可解者，亦輒誣以俗本，許氏之本義，終不能明，而條貫因而混淆者，數君子不能辭其咎也。清自乾嘉以後，學者多重許書，其尤著者稱段桂王朱，而桂王二氏。不解音韻。故於形聲之字，無所推求，朱氏之書，雖自以定聲命名，而於聲韻之學，恆多謬見，形聲之義，絕無發矧，段氏古韻大家，作六書音韻表，以古音統貫許書，雖多卓識，然拘守韻部，妄改許書，於形聲之解多謬，故形聲之義，益難明徹，是其病同二徐，可慨夫也。今將段氏謬說，略舉二端：

酉部配下注曰：（己非聲，當从妃省聲也。案此乃段氏取大徐之說，蓋以其第一部與第十五部，絕不相通，故屈就妃聲，然許書明言妃从己聲，故段又將妃字易爲會意，謂以女僮己之義，不亦誣許氏之意乎，此其一。

斤部斯从其聲，段氏之意，以其爲第一部字，斯爲第十六部字，亦當不可通轉，故曰其聲未詳，但云部弭从耳聲，重文作。○段注曰：「兒聲也。」案兒之與耳，亦一部與十六部之異，段何不先審耳聲確否，反定兒爲聲，自相矛盾，此其二。

由上二端，可知段氏於形聲之義，並無確論，故或置之，或疑之，或穿鑿附會以通之，終不能盡明也。）

今釋形聲共得五例：

- 一、聲韻畢同者、
- 二、四聲之異者、
- 三、聲同韻異者、
- 四、韻同聲異者、
- 五、聲韻畢異者、

一、聲韻畢同者

禮从豊聲	禮豊皆靈啓切
禎从眞聲	禎眞皆側鄰切
璣从禹聲	璣禹皆王矩切
昔从甘聲	昔甘皆古三切
芊从中聲	芊中皆陟宮切
軀从四聲	軀四皆息利切
牲从生聲	牲生皆所庚切
物从勿聲	物勿皆文弗切
捷从疋聲	捷疋皆疾葉切
螽从兪聲	螽兪皆羊朱切

以上諸例，皆聲韻畢同者，蓋形聲字所从之聲，本應取同音之字，舉定其音，此形聲之正例也。

二、四聲之異者

禧从喜聲 喜虛里切禧許其切

董从里聲 里良止切董良止切

此平上異而得通轉者

根从艮聲 艮古恨切根古痕切

蔣从時聲 時市之切蔣時吏切

唱从昌聲 昌尺良切唱尺亮切

此平去異而得通轉者

凝从疑聲 疑語其切凝魚力切

樵从焦聲 樵卽消切樵側角切

訐从干聲 干古寒切訐居謁切

楷从皆聲 皆古諧切楷古黠切

此平入異而得通轉者

梗从更聲 更古孟切梗古杏切

宥从有聲 有云久切宥於救切

猛从孟聲 孟莫更切猛莫杏切

此去上異而得通轉者

捩从兌聲 捩他搭切兌大外切

怛从旦聲 旦得案切怛當割切

背从北聲 北博望切背補妹切

此去入異而得通轉者

以上諸例，四聲異而得通轉者，顧亭音論謂古音四聲一貫，江慎修雖列入聲八部，仍以入聲配平。自孔廣森倡陰陽對轉之後。亦皆以入聲配麗平聲。茲舉斯例。亦古音四聲皆可通轉之證也。

三、聲同韻異者

犀从辛聲	犀先稽切辛息隣切
員从口聲	員王權切口羽非切
充从昌聲	充余準切昌羊止切
臼从乙聲	臼王伐切乙於筆切
郝从冉聲	郝諾何切冉而琰切
冎从口聲	冎烏緣切口羽非切
奕从而聲	奕而況切而如之切
思从囟聲	思息茲切囟息進切
匿从若聲	匿女力切若而灼切

以上諸例，皆聲同韻異者，即所謂雙聲也，古音雙聲皆可通轉。

四、韻同聲異者

祥从羊聲	羊與章切祥似羊切
翁从公聲	公古紅切翁烏公切
胡从古聲	古公戶切胡戶吳切
蒿从高聲	高古牢切蒿呼毛切
許从午聲	午疑古切許盧呂切
瑕从段聲	段古雅切瑕乎加切
鼈从圭聲	圭古畦切鼈烏鳩切
姜从久聲	久舉有切姜與久切
莧从見聲	見古甸切莧候澗切
歐从區聲	區豈俱切歐烏侯切

以上諸例皆韻同而聲異者，即所謂疊韻也，古音疊韻皆可通轉。

五、聲韻畢異者

必从匕聲	必卑吉切匕與職切
妃从己聲	妃芳菲切己居豈切

賁从崑聲	賁彼義切合許偉切
蓋从盍聲	蓋古太切盍胡獵切
兌从谷聲	兌大外切合以精切
各从一聲	各呂戍切一於悉切
霽从而聲	霽相僉切而如之切
牡从土聲	牡莫厚切土他魯切
斯从其聲	斯息移切其居之切
迹从亦聲	迹資昔切亦羊益切

以上諸例，皆聲韻畢異者，許書形聲字聲均畢異者，十有二三，昔人多不能明其故，今詳考之，蓋無聲字之多音故也。（按指事象形會意皆爲無聲字，形聲則爲有聲字，有聲字之音，皆由無聲字而來。）如許書一引而上行讀若囡，引而下行讀若很——上下通也。古本切，以聲論之，古本切在見紐，囡在心紐，很在透紐。以韻論之，古本切屬痕魂部，囡屬先部，很屬沒部。（以本師靳春黃先生二十八部標韻。）止是一有三音也，又如屮讀若徹，或以爲艸字，則屮有徹艸二音，以止爲足，則有止足之音，疋古文以爲詩大疋字，亦以爲足字，則疋字亦有三音也。蓋當文字草創之初，語言廣博，而字體未能全備，於是一字多音，所以便於應用也，形聲道起，乃取此多音之聲母，以舉定其音，故形聲字與所从之聲母，其聲韻初未嘗有所不同也。迨後字體大備，無聲字漸失其多音之道，聲轉義變，形聲之例，遂致不可詳解。後人穿鑿附會之說，亦因而起矣，今釋此例，既可以明形聲之難解者，且可以知古韻出入之故，亦多由無聲字之不能確讀以定其音也，推此以求，則古書段借字之有聲均畢異而得通轉者，益可明矣。

整理我國菸酒稅時應注意之稅收原則

陳 國 瑜

吾國菸酒稅制，紊亂不堪，稅率既不一致，征收又各地而異，致國課日絀，積

弊良深，考其原由，皆因我國缺乏專門之理財家，及味菸酒稅制止之原則所致，茲綜其最重要者，略述於後，俾可整理也。

關於原則方面

(甲)財政原則——菸酒爲日用之奢侈品，多吸多飲，則有害身心之發育，故雖課之重稅，亦不爲苛。且重稅可裕國庫，蓋菸酒爲不瀟要中之必需品，消費極廣，即稅率加高，需求仍不致減少；即稍有減少，亦可剷除有礙健康之奢侈品，由此觀之，我國菸酒稅收，宜加整頓，以增國家之稅源。吾國菸酒稅率，多半爲值百抽二十，或有稍高者，然較之其他各國尙低三十餘倍，例如英美各國稅率，爲值百抽數百以上，總之，我國稅率太低，國庫既不能增加，奢侈之風，反因之而益盛矣。

(乙)簡明原則——凡一國稅制，須取其簡明便利，稅率固當劃一，附加稅亦宜取消，而吾國菸酒稅制，適得其反。既有菸酒稅，復有公買費，既納正稅，復有附加稅，民國二十三年又有七省所辦菸類特稅，及土酒定額稅等等名目，稅率更不相等，幣制又處處不同，人民因此頗感不便，對於稅款，自難樂於交付，因此往往有逃稅之行爲，而減少國庫之收入，故稅制之不宜繁瑣明矣。

(丙)公平原則——菸酒可徵重稅，已如上述，然各省之菸酒稅率，不宜有所輕重也，蓋以示公平之意。

(一)吾國土酒定額稅，僅施行於蘇，浙，皖，贛，鄂，豫，閩七省，其餘各省，仍沿舊制，制度既異，稅率又高下不等，甚至同等土酒而納稅各異，此項辦法，有背公平之原則，土菸特稅，亦復如此，雖不若土酒定額稅稅率之互歧，一律徵收稅銀四元一角五分，固屬簡明便利，然此乃完全抹煞土菸葉優劣等級之別，對於貧富負擔自不公平。

(二)夫吾國關稅，向受條約之束縛，稅率不能加高，雖現自主，而海關進口稅稅率仍然極低。奢侈品如菸酒亦不過值百抽五十，富者多樂用之，以爲宴會之必需，而吾國土菸土酒普通稅率，爲值百抽二十，此外又加附加捐公

賣費等等，幾於進口稅相等。土菸土酒既多爲貧者所飲吸，則貧者負擔因之特重，不平甚矣。

(丁)行政原則——關於行政制度，必須確定，使稅吏不能乘機舞弊。然吾國爲籌款便利起見，乃有菸酒稅收包商制度之發生，然施行之後，百弊叢生。蓋承包者多係商人，既不識財政原理，復行私舞弊，以飽私囊，有時任意增加稅率，而加重人民負擔，然政府收入反因之減少，故此種制度之宜廢也。

關於整理方面

夫吾國菸酒稅制，既有不合原則之處，自當竭力整理，其根本辦法，莫如實行專賣制，然因吾國菸酒，內地既隨地種植，隨時釀造，零星散漫，極不整齊，復不易設廠直接征收，而免遺漏，故爲目前之計，須設法調查，以限制釀酒製菸，非經政府特許，不得自由開設糟坊，種植菸草，最後實行專賣制度，及統一專賣費，歐美各國皆行菸酒專賣，其成績昭著，推吾國既行專賣之後，尙須注意以上各點方爲有效。

(甲)貨幣之改良——吾國現行之貨幣既不統一，又難流通，如湖南所用之光洋常洋，廣東所用之雙洋者，江蘇則不能通用。至於銅幣，尤爲龐雜。各省之銅元，所用材料既不相同，而成色重量，亦彼此各異，如五文銅元，僅流通於河北一省，他省全無用之，如此情形，有影響於一國之財政，若不速予整頓，則菸酒即行專賣，亦難維持統一專賣價格，及實現公平之原則也。

(乙)職員之宜審察——職員之選擇，宜特別考慮，不可引用私人，亦不可用大力推薦之人，因此類職員，往往賴有後援而任意舞弊，最好遴選專門人材，付以重任，且用保障方法，加高薪金，及舉辦養老金，職員自可安心作事，收入既可增加，而職員亦可藉此以養成高尚之風氣。

(丙)解款時之注意——既行專賣之後，所以菸酒出產產銷價格，政府能統制之，雖可以減少舞弊之端，然專賣機關，當由無論任何銀行解款時，須同時將賬目一

併呈上政府，俾可檢驗，以達到最完善之目的。

(丁)關稅稅率之增加——吾國菸酒進口稅，稅率既如此之低，自應提高(一)稅率高可以增加收入，(二)即菸酒稅率高而減少進口數量，然可以保護國內自製土洋菸酒之營業，亦惟始不可也，(三)富者既樂購舶來菸酒，如稅率增加，即菸酒價格增加，富者負擔亦隨之而增加，方合公平也。

粵中小學讀經的諍言

繆 鎮 藩

經年伏塾在小倉山下的我，祇見十畝蔬畦，幾泓清水，由春而秋的綠着，浸潤着我的心靈，竟教忘却探詢外界流行的口號。前天忽有一朵彩雲，從空飛下，帶來了一個莊嚴燦爛的問題——讀經問題。這問題畢竟嚴重，好教作者下手為難，搜索枯腸，寫上幾個意見，聊了半肩文債，還祈就正高明。

無意中翻到二月十一日的大公報，載着阮雁鳴先生論廣東之讀經運動。間接得到許多讀經的材料，真教我「距離三百」了！作者的意思，讀經是一個問題，小學讀經又是一個問題。讀經的問題委實太大，不敢着筆。現在就小學讀經的範圍來討論一下。據廣東省政府教育廳所讀編輯的經訓本，全書內容分二十七課，現在把牠羅列在後面：

1. 孝之終始
2. 身體髮膚不敢毀傷之義
3. 身體髮膚不敢毀傷之模範
4. 弟子職
5. 九思
6. 三省
7. 人必須學
8. 學以不間斷能進取而成

9. 毋自暴棄
10. 及時
11. 知類
12. 改過
- ~~13. 道德與衣食~~
14. 師友
- ~~15. 世俗五不孝~~
16. 事親之五致
17. 孝之模範一：守貞養志
18. 孝之模範二：得親順親
19. 孝之模範三：感物思親
20. 友愛之模範
21. 孝德之孚信
- ~~22. 孝弟爲平天下之本~~
23. 恕
24. 仁不仁
25. 愛物
26. 人格
27. 立名

就上列的內容觀察，可知主張讀經者專側重在人格的修養。對於這點善意，作者不能一概加以抹殺，不過，就經文的本身，和其它方面，可有下列的批評：

一 文字艱深

就該書第二十課課目「愛友之模範」者，抄其內容一部如下：

章曰，父母使舜完廬，捐階，瞽瞍焚廬；使浚井，出，從而拵之。象曰，謨蓋

都君威我績，牛羊父母，倉廩父母，干戈朕，琴朕，張朕，二嫂使治朕棲。象往入舜宮，舜在牀琴。象曰，鬱陶，思君爾！忸怩。舜曰，唯茲臣庶，汝其於予治。不識舜不知象之將殺己與。

作者曾將此課就問同學數人(有數大學畢業生)，能完全解釋註明者無一人，有些連其中幾個深字也念不出音來。今假定小學五年程度的學生真能從教師口中喃喃獲到些兒印象，然而這樣能叫做育尤教，其所謂道德教育了嗎？

二 含義玄奧

就第五課標目「九思」者內容而觀：

孔子曰，君子有九思：視思明，聽思聰，色思恭，言思敬，疑思問，忿思難，見得思義。

什麼色思溫，忿思難等字句，兒童了解其字義已感困難，若更要求其了解個中所含的玄哲義理，豈不是笑話？要知這些東西，每個字都牽涉到儒家的哲玄論。若僅就字面下幾個註脚而謂為了解，是老師宿儒之論，非今日教學論理所能承認者。

右引二點，係阮雁鳴先生所主張，亦為我個人所極端主張的。

三 側重孝的問題

統觀所列二十七課中講到孝的，竟佔十課之多。爾雅釋詁善父母為孝。「孝」固是儒家倫理哲學上一個重要觀念。孔子和其徒曾參曾經也提倡甚力；並且曾參還作了一部孝經。不過，作者相信孝不是單方面的事。觀論語齊景公問政於孔子。孔子曰，君君臣臣，父父子子。又孟子所舉的五倫：父子有親，君臣有義，夫婦有別，長幼有序，朋友有信。左傳所舉的六順：君義，臣行，父慈，子孝，兄愛，弟敬。可以知道「慈」和「孝」是父子關係中的對等行為。為父能慈，為子的自然會孝，苟父不能慈，怎麼能專責兒子遵守孝道呢？所以從單方面提倡孝道，便好像男子們要女子恪守貞操，而自己的行為却可不問，這事能行得通嗎？并且依照身體髮膚不敢毀

傷的主張做去，一定要做到「言舉足而不敢忘父母，言出言而不敢忘父母。」遇事「戰戰兢兢，如臨深淵，如履薄冰。」養成一種畏葸的態度，使人銷磨一切勇往冒險的膽氣。所以北極探險還得讓俄國的老教授斯密德去幹。最近中央擬建一新疆至中部的公路，還得請斯文赫定去實測了。總之，「慈」和「孝」這兩種倫理上的行爲，很自然的存在着父子的關係裏，決不因爲我們提倡，能夠風行，也決不因爲我們「非孝」，便會消失的。

四 標目抽象

如第二十二課標目叫做「恕」，第二十四課標目叫做「仁不仁」。雖以「恕」便是「己所不欲，勿施於人。」「推己及人」的道理。「仁」便是孟子說的「仁也者。人也。」「做人的道理。不過把這些儒家人生哲學上的專名，講給十一二歲的學童聽，總會使他們墮入五里霧中去的。盧梭說「教學生記憶第一句意義不明的話，或者第一件叫他盲從而不讓他自己審察的事物，就是使學生判斷力消失的嚆矢。」的確，要是把這種教材教給學生，學生不僅不能了解，恐怕還會消失他們的判斷力。

五 不合教育法

凡一切教材當以兒童經驗爲根據，換言之，即使教材成功兒童經驗化。現在經訓讀本所用的教材，和兒童的經驗，不啻相去霄壤。用啓發式教罷，那兒童對教材根本無經驗，無從下手。那末，不得不用注射式。此法雖勉強可行，結果僅能使兒童死讀死背，讀熟了，還不知裏面講些什麼，興趣從何發生，效果從何獲得。這不僅是枉費精神，並且還摧殘兒童花弱的腦筋。

六 不能適應現代社會的需要

在從前科舉時代，一般學子志於「致君」「澤民」「揚名聲」「顯父母」都去研究四書五經，綱義括帖等等東西，這也爲適應當時的需要。可是，到了現在，受了世

界潮流的激蕩，社會漸漸工業化，要注重一切自然科學了。讀經這件事祇得讓大學裏的國學系和哲學系的學生去擔任，其他的都要埋頭在實驗室顯微鏡底下去做工夫，所以經學早不為一般大學生所需，那末，小學生讀經更有什麼用處呢？況且有的小學生畢業後便要投身到農村，和工商界去謀生活，結果把經訓讀本束之高閣，可以一輩子不去碰牠的。這樣讀經有什麼用處呢？

綜上以觀，小學五六年級的讀經，是絕對沒有好的效果的。若果主張讀經的人專注重在人格薰陶，那末，小學裏有的是公民，又何必重牀疊架，採取頂笨拙的手段，來達到同樣的目的呢？所以作者主張應從早放棄小學讀經，轉一方向，來提倡從政人員讀經，或許要切合些咧。

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一三九五，三，二九日於陶谷

EYES

by Li Ming-dju

When you read this you are using the instrument for seeing—your eyes. I don't mind whether you have big round eyes, small piggy eyes, narrow thread-like eyes or bewitching eyes, dreamy eyes, dancing sparkling eyes, talking eyes, childish eyes, dull eyes, bright eyes, greedy eyes or dark eyes, blue eyes, yellow eyes or even red eyes, for they bear the same name eyes, and they have the same function: seeing.

I am proud of myself for having two eyes that make me see all the things created by God on earth. Though they are a little near-sighted, I can still see. I don't mind. I can wear glasses. Whenever I think of the one who invented eye glasses, I always ask God to bless him. Since he must have left the world, then may God bless his descendants.

I pity those who are blind. How they suffer! They have eyes Yes, but they can't see. When I say, "This is such beautiful scenery! See, the bright moon has risen! Look at the shadows of the swaying branches. Here is a running brook. A boat is rowing toward us. Just notice the white spot on the surface of the water. Oh, its flying flying upward to the moon. How I wish that I could stay here to enjoy all these for the rest of the night!" What does the blind man say to this descriptive scenery? Nothing! How can he? It's a pity!

Can a blind man see? Yes. Haven't you ever heard about Helen Keller and her

wonderful work? Did you ever read Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regain'd*? Helen Keller and Milton were entirely blind. Yet they had inward eyes. Those eyes are not always in one who has two seeing eyes.

Those who have two seeing eyes must not forget to keep them open. If one has two wakeful eyes, he will see clearly and distinctly. He will not only see the outward motions but also the inward motions. He is open-minded. His life is rich. He will not follow other's motions blindly. Let each of us follow our own opinion. Let others keep their eyes closed. Every one is drunk, but I am sober. A wise emperor had two open eyes. He admitted remonstrations. He saw himself through his people. The communists allure farmers or other uneducated people. They allow this allurements because they are blind. They don't see further. Only a few advantages would satisfy them. Great men made themselves great. Each had a steady mind and two open eyes.

Do not say 'I don't see why, I never looked at it or I am afraid of seeing so and so.' Be brave to face whatever happens to you. Try to see why, look at the things you never cared for and don't be afraid to see anyone. Life is full of sweet, sour or bitter tastes. Our eyes looking both inwardly and outwardly will teach us how to choose them.

論李廣程不識之治軍

徵

治軍之道，有常有變，有正有奇，常也正也，才將因之以立功。變也奇也，大將因之以制敵，才將不可以捨常正而用奇變。大將可以捨奇變而用常正。其才智之優劣，於此可以判矣。漢之李廣程不識史均稱之爲名將。竊以爲程才將也，李大將也，豈可同日而語哉。世之論者每曰治軍必以律。程之治軍嚴，以律治之也。李之治軍寬，非以律也。是故程守邊而無害，李守邊而見擒。嗚呼，成敗之說，豈足以定論英雄哉！天賦英雄以不羈之才智，而不許英雄以必成之身。不然，武侯伐魏，功限三分；武穆伐金，勳欠一仗，豈才智之不逮歟？蓋天不欲成其功耳！李也數奇不偶，生不逢時。漢文知之而不能大用。衛青迫之而使其失途，引刀自刎，士夫大一軍皆哭，百姓皆垂涕，李之寬以得人心於此可見矣。固非治軍無紀律者所能望其項背也。抑豈程之嚴，可以規其運用之妙哉。世猶有謂治軍之道，效程之嚴，雖無功猶可不敗。效李之寬，鮮不覆亡。雖有李之才智，可以捨嚴而尚寬，然終不可以爲世訓，與其寬也而嚴。治軍之法程卒優於李也。然此僅可以範將，豈可以範大將乎

。治軍之道，寬嚴互用，奇正相生，虛以實之，實以虛之；究未可以一概而論。此李之所以值匈奴在前，下馬解鞍，匈奴卻去。李之寬正，李之才智，過於程也。使程而當此，嚴以待之，其必敗也無疑。郭汾陽單騎見回紇，郭以德度盛之。李之解鞍退匈奴者，李以才智勝之也。所謂知己知彼，百戰百勝者，郭與李有焉。故史公特記程正部曲行伍營陣，擊刁斗。又述程論李治兵之言，以見軍法之正與常。至記李之治軍。曰匈奴畏，曰士卒樂，以明李之才智加於程上，可以運用其變與奇也。史公爲李列傳而不及程者，正以著李之才智而深惜之。迄今讀李將軍列傳，令人感慨，不能不深罪漢文帝之知才而不能用也。噫！

ISN'T THAT INTERESTING ?

by Hsiung Ai-hwa

I was first assigned to have three weeks' practice in "G³". "G³" is a general women's ward where the nursing student in P.U.M.C. almost always got her first few weeks' ward practice.

Here came my first day. At five o'clock in the morning I waked and I could not go to sleep again. Then I got up to fix and put on my uniform. At six o'clock I was in my full uniform. Most of the time I had used to fix the white cap on my head. I had gone to the mirror about ten times. It was still twenty minutes until breakfast. I took the *Nursing Procedure* from the bookshelf and reviewed what I had learned in the classroom. When I was sure that I remembered all the directions, I walked to the dining-room where there was no-body except a few waiters in their white gowns. I ate what was given to me.

The way to "G³" was unfamiliar to me. I waited until the other nurses came. At ten minutes to seven I was in the ward. After the night nurse gave her report all the staff nurses started their work. Bed 5 in the big ward was assigned to me. I must give the patient a bed bath. Twenty white beds with white spreads were so arranged as to leave an aisle in the middle of the ward. My eyes were made dizzy by the shining walls and floor. As I walked in the aisle I felt that the patient in each bed paid attention to me and said, "Here comes a new student." Bed 5 I found had an old, fat Russian lady suffering from Diabetes. She did not understand either Chinese or English. I began to become nervous. I didn't know how to start my work. I forgot to screen the patient and take the bed-side chair and table away from the bed. How glad I was when I saw my instructor standing by my side. I knew she would be glad to help me. At nine o'clock I finished the bath and the bed making. — You can imagine how poorly I did the

work but I know my patient appreciated it. She kissed my hand when I fixed the pillow under her head. Isn't that interesting? How could she appreciate my inexperienced service to her?

In the afternoon at 5 p.m. I went to the ward again. This time I was assigned to give evening care to the patient in Bed 12. She was a girl about twelve years old, with her face powdered, her cheeks painted. Some staff nurse told me she had been brought here one year ago and had been taken to the operating room four times. She asked me whether I was a new student. I told her that she should not ask me because it was not her business. As I brought her a basin of water she said, "You should give me the gray blanket first. I want a cup of water. To save your steps you should take my cup with you." She commanded me to do this and that. Although I was somewhat angry I was interested to know how a patient could be so familiar with the hospital routine.

The more I look back on my work in nursing the more times an old man's statement refreshes my mind. I have made up my mind that his philosophy was really sound. He said, "The very thing which makes the world so interesting is just that there aren't two people or two places that are just alike." People are interesting because they are different. This fact, however, is not only responsible for making the world interesting but also responsible for many difficulties that need adjustments and much unhappiness that we have to endure. Perhaps there is no place that shows such a differentiation of persons better than the hospital. Because people are different in hereditary make-up, mental power, and environmental circumstances from which they come no two are exactly alike in their disposition.

I remember there was one little woman in my ward. She was such a sweet and timid person, she made me just want to do things for her but she never asked for things for fear of troubling someone. I had to go to her room once in a while to find out whether or not she needed attention.

Another patient I helped care for whom I liked very much, but who constantly kept someone doing something for her. She was sweet about asking for things, but the more that was done for her the more she asked for.

I have encountered other patients who absolutely refused to have anything done for them. They didn't want their faces washed, they didn't want their beds straightened, or they didn't want to take their medicine. Such people usually can be talked to if they are approached in the right way, but a few are really hard to manage.

My work in nursing thus far has confirmed the statement that life is made more interesting because people are so very different. Every day that I went on duty I learned something new about the people I cared for. I learned from the demands they made on me, from the way they responded to kindness and from the way they endured discomfort and pain. Really, I think it is interesting to learn to treat my patients as individuals.!

強本節用說

沈 汝 佳

立國於地球之上，不患國家不富，特患上者不儉；不患倉廩不足，特患人民過奢。何以故？奢者敗國之本，儉者養國之原也。管子曰：『倉廩實而知禮節；衣食足而知榮辱。』上下儉則倉廩之實無憂，禮節之興可期，榮辱之辨可至。國無窮困，民無遠慮，是以節用爲強本之大道也。不觀乎秦始皇作阿房，窮極瑰麗，不二世而亡。隋煬帝造龍舟，軸轆千里，不旋踵而見殺！此上者不儉之害也。衛文公大布之衣，大帛之冠。漢文帝後宮衣不曳地，飲食不用玉器。國之元氣，得以栽培；此儉之利也。此皆上之節用與否，關係於國家存亡之明證也。更觀今之伺候於公卿之門，奔走於形勢之途，俯首屏息，佞佞倪倪，處污穢而不羞者，汲汲焉惟利是求。深居大廈，高坐堂皇，笙歌諛其耳，美色耀其目。於是小人之陰賊險狠者，或利其資而陷之，或嫉其富而誣之，故石家金谷，鄧氏銅山，鬥富爭奇，不免有殺身之禍；是皆民貪財而不節用之證也。荀子曰：『足國之道，節用裕民，而善藏其餘。』大哉言乎！夫節用以禮，則上無幸位，下無幸生，貴賤有等，長幼有序。上無幸位，則功不當名，德不當祿者鮮矣。下無幸生，則人皆自食其力，而無游惰之民矣。貴賤有等，則盜賊之事不生矣。是以國貧則宜處之以儉，民貧則宜戒之以奢。昔曲肱疏食，陋巷簞瓢，孔顏之樂未稍改。非孔顏之憂樂與人殊，誠以富貴浮雲，節用爲強本之道也。甚矣，今之爲國者，徒知民生彫敝，財源日竭，而不知奢靡，尤爲財源涸竭之一大原因。嗟夫！四海茫茫，哀鴻遍地。上節用而下法之，端賴此時。否則在上者不知儉，在下者而不知所從。賊民興，喪無日矣。秉國鈞者，曷三致意乎！

ORGANIZATION OF THE SOUP KITCHEN

by Ellen Fei

It was around 9 o'clock when we visited the soup kitchen which is in a mat hall.

Thousands of people crowded at the barred door, waiting to buy the bamboo tickets which cost 2 coppers each with which they can get a bowl of that porridge. Women stood in front of one door and men at another. There were several times more women than men, and most of the women brought along with them several children, some on their backs. The women crowded and pushed towards the door. You could hear the children's cry, the women's yelling. There were several husky young men standing on stools to keep the women from pushing too hard. They had to use whips to whip them back. Even then they pushed and were not afraid of being hurt. As long as they could eat, nothing mattered. They were beaten like animals.

We watched at a distance from the gate, and waited for a chance to go in. Finally the gate was flung open. People inside after eating poured out and more people tried to crowd in. We managed to squeeze in among them.

We were taken into a separate little room in which was stored rice. A well dressed man who seemed to be the head there explained to us about the organization.

The organization is supported by the China's Business Guild. It is a private organization, the money being contributed by business men. Of the three soup kitchens in Nanking the largest one is this one. There is a head in every soup kitchen; he is not paid. He appoints the officers. There are more than a hundred men working. Some take care of the rice (washing and measuring) some carry the rice and coal, some work on the stoves, some do the cooking, some serve them, some sell the bamboo sticks, many stay outside the gate to keep the people back with their whips. ~~There are about a~~ hundred living in the mat hall. Every morning they have to go to the office to report their presence. The salary of these men range from 28 to 40 coppers a day. The total expense for the day minus the amount of money taken in in selling the bamboo sticks is from \$400 to \$500. The total number of people who receive help is about 20,000 per day. The length of time for the soup kitchen to run is three months.

There is one criticism about this organization. There is no way of checking the people whether they really need help or not. For instance there were quite a few well dressed women carrying pails and with a bunch of bamboo sticks in their hands coming to the soup kitchen around 11 o'clock when the kitchen is not so crowded. They carry several pails home and do not have to come until several days later. We asked the head but he said there is no way of checking. Then we asked about the very poor people who have no money to buy the tickets. He said they distribute free tickets to them.

When we were inside there were many women asking from us money but we refused to give. When we wanted to come out it was absolutely impossible. They tried to open a side gate, but women just poured in although they were whipped. Finally they managed to push the women back and close the door. We had to wait a while before we tried to go out again. Finally several men with whips and a few soldiers made way for us in the front gate and we came out uninjured.

There were many mat huts around the soup kitchen, small families lived in them. When we asked them when they came, we learned that most of them had only been here for 20 days. They came from Giang Pei where there was a drought last year. They said that they surely would not have come until it was absolutely necessary. They say they will go back in early spring to try recovering the land again. Many of these refugees were dressed quite well and did not look like beggars. They say they have found no job here and for the time being they eat at the soup kitchen. The soup kitchen opens at 7 a. m. and lasts until 12 or sometimes 1 or 2 p.m.

Many of the people are from families where fathers are away trying to get work and they live on the soup kitchen.

I think this organization is very successful, although there is no way of checking on the kind of people. The cruel treatment shows that only the ones who really need help would suffer the pain.

This kind of charity gives people a chance to find work and to go back to their former state again. But for the professional beggars this only pauperizes.

MY DEPARTURE

by Li Lien-ming

It was on the way from home to the station. I sat in the middle between mother and brother, and little Alice sat beside my father, while he was driving the motor-car, Little Alice blew her nose with father's large handkerchief; brother looked his hands over and over busily; mother peeped out from the window without turning her eyes to me, and I did not know what I should do. It seemed that we had plenty of things to say, but we said nothing.

The station officer warned me that it was the time for the train to leave, so I jumped into the train before I could embrace my dear ones. I looked out from the window of the train with my moist eyes and saw mother was crying, while father stooped over to comfort her. "Something for you!" brother put a small box into my hands.

The train was moving, and gradually father and the other persons at the station diminished in size. Slowly I bent my head, and found in my hands, the small box with a short note on it. The first part of the note was Alice's handwriting and the last part was Johnny's. The note was—"Sister, Brother and I send this box of Chocolate to you as a little present. Don't worry, mother and father will come to you during the coming spring Vacation." Then Johnny's hand writing—"Be a good and diligent student. Mother will be more proud if she finds you have improved." After finishing the note, I found several drops of tears were there on the paper.

ON GETTING UP EARLY AT GINLING

By Ellen Fei

If you have not lived in one of the beautiful dormitories at Ginling you do not know half of the difficulties we have in living there. The one difficulty which has bothered me and my neighbors the most is "getting up early in winter." When I say early, I mean in time for class.

My bed room faces north west. In the winter months it gets no sunshine and is just the reverse in summer. The room is very dark and cold. Altho we leave our door and windows closed, the north wind creeps in through the cracks. There is no heat in the rooms. In fact there is no room which you could call warm in the dormitory.

When the winter months came we all decided to get up very early at 6:30. We would set our alarm clocks and put them next to our ears. We thought surely this would wake us! And it did!

Each morning at the first clink of the alarm I would quickly shut it off without even opening my eyes. Then I would hear half a dozen other alarm clocks going off. Their sounds die away and these thoughts come into my mind.

"Really it's still very dark outside; the washroom is probably not heated; the water is only lukewarm. Besides you are not hungry, the mantou and peanuts do not stimulate your appetite!" and then the thought of sweet sleep and the soft warm bed lulls me back to dreamland.

The next time I wake is when the breakfast bell rings. I hear shouting in the next room.

"Onetwo...three" What do you think this means? I hear it again and again and finally I hear it dragging out longer and it ends like this -

"One..... two.....three.....upl"

So this is the method they use to get up! You hear the bustling of clothes, running in the corridor, the clattering of wash basins, and the humming of peppy tunes. I guess it's about time I get up too.

I turn to my room-mate and hear her half snoring.

"Lillian, Lillian, did you hear the noise outside? Let's use that method too!"

"All right, but please wait until I put on my stockings under the blanket before we start counting. It's very easy to catch cold."

I agree and I do the same.

We start counting but it seems to me you could count up to a hundred before we end with an "up". "Up" we jump. The most difficult part is over! Now the busy day will go smoothly on.

Later in the afternoon, during a lecture I suddenly realized that I had on a stocking inside out. This is the result of getting up early.

A DISCOVERY

by Li Ming-dju

Have you ever felt the joy of discovery? Well, I have.

One day, last year, when we were having our final examinations, I was troubled at not being able to find a quiet place to study. I could study in the library when it was opened. I could study in my bed room when my roommates were not there. But where should I go if I could not study in the library or my bedroom? The only trouble was that I had two lessons to recite in Chinese. I could not recite unless I read aloud. In order to solve this problem I went out searching for a place that very morning. This place should not disturb me nor cause any inconvenience to others.

It was about five thirty. The cool summer breeze breathed softly. The fresh air filled my breast. I stealthily walked toward the athletic ground. "This is the very place for me!" I said. Just then I heard someone reading. I was surprised. The little pathway to the reservoir was occupied. Why, someone came here too! I turned in another direction and went up the little pathway to Dr. Reeves'. I was again startled to see the back of another girl in the woods. I changed my mind again and went to the tennis court. To my disappointment there were two girls walking to and fro reading poems. I looked at my watch and it was almost six. I must hurry to get a place. I ran down to the athletic ground. Just then an idea struck me. When we had our archery class we used to rest in a shady place. There was a smooth rock and a young tree. Nobody would come to this place. Thank God, I got to the place and found it quite suitable. I never had in my life such a pleasant hour for studying. I enjoyed the rising of the sun and the chirping of the birds. At the same time I accomplished my recitation. What a joy to me!

THOMAS HARDY'S HEROES AND HEROINES

by Ma Dzun

PART I—HIS HEROES

The mastery of character is considered an essential of the novelist's art. Hardy's greatness in this direction is undeniable. The reader of his novels has a firm impression

of the unusual range, variety, and importance of his characters: Diggory Venn, straightforward, frank, unselfish, observant and bold; Gabriel Oak, strong, patient and self-sacrificing, Angel Clare, a pale, calm figure, the "pure spirit of intellect, who, at the first sound of the whisper of sin, becomes colder and harder than stone and merciless as winter skies until he is scarce human";¹ Michael Henchard, swift-striding, yet with sublime powers of self-control, most magnificent of Hardy's men. In contrast to these noble, unusual heroes there is a group of false, pretending intellectuals—Troy, Wildeve, Fitzpiers, Alexander D'Urberville. They disdain rusticity; "they are of shallow and . . . faithless passion".² These are some who come immediately to my mind, each with a definite personality. There are many others who will give us great pleasure to recollect. Among women, we find still wider range and greater variety. With them I shall deal later.

It is worth while to study the origin of the heroes. Diggory Venn is a reddleman, red from head to heel, a picturesque figure against the monotonous heath. Gabriel Oak is a shepherd, "heavy-booted and smocked". Angel Clare, the son of a poor parson in the county, takes farming as his career and is a boarder at the dairyman's as a student of kine. Michael Henchard is a tramping hay-trusser. These are all drawn from the most commonplace people and ordinary occupations. Hardy's choice of character is perhaps his peculiar grace: to have gone down among the unnoticed, forgotten class of dull, prosaic, average humanity and discover in them lives as interesting and adventurous as those of emperors and knights. It is this type of personality that Hardy has made his own in literature. To a certain extent, he has contributed to the age its real spirit—democracy.

According to Hardy's point of view, the nature of man may be classified into four elements. The course and quality of human life are governed by these four forces: they are Passion, Reason or Intellect, Emotion, and Animal Instinct. It is true that they determine the personality and dominate human motives. A man often hesitates in doing something and struggles in a certain situation when he finds two inward forces leading him in two different directions. This fact, appearing in various forms, is implicit in Hardy's books. Now I am going to discuss some of his heroes, using these four dominant faculties as a basis for judgment.

Among the actors of Hardy's stage there is an evident similarity. "Diggory Venn, Gabriel Oak and Giles Winterborne are clearly brothers; indeed they come from one family identical in feature, physical, mental, and spiritual. These men are but several disguises of a single piece of psychological imagination and the disguise is scarcely more than a difference in name, in trade and fortune".³

They are honest, steadfast peasants, so faithful in love that personal disappointment is of no account compared with the welfare of the beloved. In them we find the

1 Thomas Hardy, *a Study of Wessex Novels*, p. 199

2. ~~Thomas Hardy, *a Critical Study*, p. 68~~

3. Thomas Hardy, *a Critical Study*, p. 67

emotions of fiery intensity but they are calmed, restrained and tempered by the reason which is really their ruling power and which makes them tolerant of life.

Diggory Venn is passionate in his love for Thomasin Yeobright. He desires to have her eagerly. But when he sees that he cannot have her because she loves Wildeve, whom she must marry, he gives her up. At that time he is not guided solely by passion. Reason enters into his decision, and makes him unselfish and noble. But he still keeps an eye out for her and takes care of her. At the end of the story when Thomasin was left alone, her unfaithful husband was drowned in an attempt to rescue his sweetheart. Diggory Venn, once disdained, came to offer her his name.

Since Gabriel Oak belongs to a similar pattern, his attitude toward love is almost the same as the reddleman's. He loves Bathsheba Everdene, a country girl, more than anything else, and he courts her frankly and promises her all the bliss of married life if she will accept him. But the girl is impatient of the rustic life. When Gabriel Oak adds, "and at home, by the fire, whenever you look up, there I shall be, and whenever I look up there will be you,"¹ the intolerable monotony of married life drives away the image of happiness his proposal had aroused. So Gabriel Oak was neglected. When his sweetheart began to learn to appreciate his sterling worth through an unfortunate marriage with the dashing Sergeant Troy, Gabriel, for his part, proved his devotion to her. He served her faithfully as her farm bailiff. Angel Clare, a conspicuous figure in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, is passion's child with his pale, fine form. "The charge most frequently brought against him is that his spirituality obscures his humanity. His renunciation of Tess is in direct contradiction of the tendencies of his emotional desires."² It is natural, I think, that Clare, coming from a conventional clergymen's family cannot escape from the sense that chastity is most essential of all qualities in his wife. How can he bear the feeling that Tess is impure? He is so strongly influenced by heredity in this direction that his very soul rebels against his passion.

So far I have discussed Hardy's typical heroes. Now let me present another group set off against Gabriel Oak and Diggory Venn. They are Troy, Wildeve and Alec D'Urberville. They are unstable swaggering natures. Troy and Alec D'Urberville careless of the ruin they cause others are almost villains, treacherous and heartless. But Wildeve is not wicked. He is an engineer by training, weak, indiscreet and with, apparently, no energy to do anything constructive. He is young, handsome, and attractive. "The grace of his movement was singular: it was pantomimic expression of a lady-killing career. Next was a profuse crop of hair impending over the top of his face; and a neck which was smooth and round as a cylinder. The lower half of his figure was of light build. Altogether he was one in whom no man would have seen anything to admire, and in whom no woman would have seen anything to dislike." He does not take life seriously. When the marriage was hindered by an accident and Mrs. Yeobright, his wife's aunt, came to tell him that if he would not arrange the marriage soon, another

1. *Far From the Madding Crowd*, p. 102

2. *Thomas Hardy, a Study of Wessex Novels* F, 115

person would marry Thomasin, Wildeve made no objection. He said Thomasin might marry the other man! He lacks wisdom and independence of thought. At some times he knows what he ought to do but he is weak and vacillating.

PART II—HIS HEROINES

It seems to me that in Hardy's novels women are the most interesting and significant characters, by reason of their charm. "On the whole, capricious, passionate, self-conscious natures—not all impatient of their rural surroundings, but all interested chiefly in their own vanity and fine-ladyism."¹ Eustacia, Bathsheba and Tess are prominent. Like the heroes, they are taken from peasant families. Eustacia was the daughter of the bandmaster of a regiment; Bathsheba, a country girl, Tess, a milk-maid whose father was a haggler; and Elizabeth-Jane, the daughter of Henchard, a hay-trusser. And all the others—Fancy Day, Thomasin Yeobright, and Grace Melbury—belong to the rural families.

One of their common qualities is their beauty. Eustacia Vye was considered the Queen of the Heath with her "pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries"² and black hair, so black that "a whole winter did not contain darkness enough to form its shadow."³ When Tess walked along the road people would look at her handsome, young figure and they would "grow fascinated by her freshness and wonder if they would ever see her again."⁴ Bathsheba was a "girl with peculiar charm of rarity."⁵ Fancy Day, appearing at the window at midnight was considered a fairy by singers of the Mellstock choir passing by her house

They are very passionate. To me Eustacia Vye is the most conspicuous and impressive woman. She is noted for her sensuousness. Her flesh, glorious and exultant, has absorbed her soul and she has blood-red passion. It is really ironical that Hardy puts such a woman in so solitary a situation—timeless Egdon Heath. The heath is lonesome and gloomy but Eustacia is "the Queen of Night" who hates the place and longs for the luxurious beauty of Paris. It is a pity that she is married to Clym Yeobright, a man deeply interested in the Heath and its people. How can he lead a happy life with her? It is natural that Eustacia should go to Wildeve, her former lover, and complain of her unlucky situation. Her burning passion which pervades all her life caused the complicated tragedy and ruined her.

Bathsheba is also dominated by emotion. When Gabriel Oak went to her home to court her, he met her aunt who discouraged him, saying that there were many suitors. But Bathsheba ran after Gabriel to correct the mistake her aunt had made. She said, "I didn't know you had come to ask to have me, or I should have come in from the garden instantly. I ran after you to say that my aunt made a mistake in sending you

1. Thomas Hardy, A Critical Study, p. 69

2,3. The Return of the Native, p. 71

4. Tess of the D'Urbervilles, p. 11

5. Far From the Madding Crowd, p. 4

away from courting me,"¹ She is a typical "Hardyesque" woman full of tenderness and caprice. She is also irresistible to the masculine mind. At one time pride and cold-heartedness dominate her; we see this when Gabriel Oak was asking her if she needed a shepherd; none of the by-standers could have guessed from her calm appearance that he was her lover. But at another time, when love touches her; she loses her balance of reasoning.

The heroines' conception of life is rather sad. They know quite well that they are ill-treated by fate and they are victims of their own affectionate hearts. We often find a pessimistic tone in them. Eustacia complains when she feels utterly depressed. Elizabeth-Jane feels that life and its surroundings are tragic rather than comic; though the men can be gay on occasion, moments of gaiety are interludes, and no part of the actual drama. Tess has the same feeling too when she found that her husband could not forgive what she had done before her marriage.

These women are vain. When Elizabeth-Jane had become possessed of money she desired this and that to make herself charming. "Henchard, her step-father, gave her a box of delicately-tinted gloves one spring day. She wanted to wear them to show her appreciation of his kindness but she soon found that she had no bonnet that would harmonize. As an artistic indulgence she thought she would have such a bonnet. When she had it she found that she had no dress that would go with the bonnet. It was absolutely necessary to finish; she ordered the requisite article. But she felt again that she should have a sunshade to go with the dress. And the whole structure was at last complete"² and she was contented that she had been so much admired

The weakness of Hardy's heroines is evident; first of all, they are women. They cannot conquer; they can only struggle. Tess, desperate and grieved, tried to kill herself the night of the wedding. She confessed that she was no more a maiden but her husband would not forgive her. So she meant to put an end to herself but as soon as she thought the fact would disgrace her husband, she stopped.

Here, I should not fail to mention that Hardy is a biologist. He knows how men are greatly influenced by heredity and circumstance, and how men and women attract each other. Hardy's women are even more real than his men. He understands the nature of women; he knows their vital power over men. It is always woman who plays an important part in the intricacies of life's tragedy. Eustacia Vye leads Clym Yeobright into the wilderness of love. Bathsheba made the honest farmer Gabriel infatuated with her. Hardy's women are always lovable; and because they are so, they make men more or less irresponsible, confused, and morally disordered. In Hardy's novels woman is the stronger sex who sways the universe.

1. *Far From the Madding Crowd*, p. 25

2. *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, p. 89

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ONE YEAR'S RETROSPECT

By Hu Siu-mei

In the early fall of 1933 on the train enroute to Nanking from Shanghai, on the last lap of my journey, for one fleeting moment, panic gripped my heart and my sureness and nonchalance of previous months as to the wisdom of coming to Ginling wobbled unsteadily in midair. For, forsooth, a stranger would I be in a strange place, with the language of which I had no acquaintance. Had I not been on the train undoubtedly I would have turned tail and fled. Thus again was I given proof of God's all loving and wise care. His Guidance that had directed my footsteps to Ginling instead of to one of the other Colleges here in China, and whose assurance had encompassed me round amidst those months of arguing, questioning, doubting friends and relatives.

My first year will always be a year of tender memories, for it is a year of haven reached, of dreams come true. I had always loved and enjoyed pictures of brush or pen, pictures that shared with one the beauties of nature, and now they were mine in all the wonder of reality. How I enjoyed the quiet leisurely strolls in the fresh morning light, drinking in the beauty of the trees and hillsides, listening to the birds, wandering along wooded lanes and when the spirit moved me clambering up among the hills and pines to be alone with the wind, the sky, the trees, Nature and God. Or again wandering down through the persimmon orchard weighted down with its gold red fruit, or peeping under the leaves of the strawberry beds to see the strawberry babies nestled down underneath, wondering at the beauty that surrounded me, marvelling at the skill that had combined God-made and manmade gardening. Looking away at the surrounding hills and realizing that these too, were as they were in bygone years and as Spring began to draw near, picking violets in the woods, enjoying the picturesqueness of spiraea and wild plum blossoms growing together with a background of cedars. Wandering by the willow-bordered pool where lovely iris and snowballs bloomed finding lilies-of-the valley, hunting forget-me-nots. Each day new vistas of delight brought new reminders of God's love and care, and a deeper realization of vision that reveals beauties and wonders untold when He "opens" our eyes, not only in the beauties of nature but the inspirations of worshipful devotional series made more so by interpretative music. There has been joy in effort rewarded with mastery of difficult subjects. The broad vistas spread invitingly before

one from the threshold of new studies, the wonder and beauty of personalities that college life and contact make possible. Golden memories! May each year add to their store that out of a full life I may minister unto the needs of others, and when my college days are o'er face forth to meet life with head up and colors flying, ready to give my best for God and fatherland.

歸燕序

淑元

余家居湘中，已數世矣，先祖石渠公退隱時，因愛碧浪湖畔之晦冥風雨，乃築墅焉。墅位高岡上，環有麓山，面臨湖水，每至春秋佳日，石渠公常集知友數人，創詩社吟佳什唱酬之樂，四時不絕，後十餘年，以匪讎起，先父乃卜宅城居，墅中僅留僕守一人，頽垣斷瓦，人跡罕至。

民十六年春，先父以瘵疾劇，欲養病墅中，于是復興土木，稍葺漏滲，遷居其中，余亦隨侍焉，墅中樹木蔚然，大可數圍，綠葉叢條，飄拂湖面，山光水色，一日數變，先父常曰：「居此已如仙境，塵氛不到，神志甯靜，余等復何有羨于桃源哉？」

某日晨起，隨先父灑水花畦，老僕侍旁，忻然手指曰：「時又暖矣，汝不觀梁間？子已歸來乎！」余昂頭而視，見飛燕二三，往來呢喃，啣泥築巢，若不勝其忙者，余謂老僕曰：「林間嚶嚶好鳥，固多且衆，汝何獨重此燕乎？」僕曰：「余居此已十數稔矣，每近春暖，燕即歸來，秋深，復飛去，來時，噪聲不絕，似報余以其歸者，去時，則寂然無聲，蓋彼等知余老邁，恐不勝離別之悲也。」余父笑曰：「彼等慰汝至殷，則誠可娛汝暮景矣。」僕曰：「十餘年來，燕子孫相傳，已歷數世，老燕死，余輒瘞之，新燕生，余亦愛護備切。」余曰：「汝既瘞燕，則必有塚，汝能引余一憑吊否，僕連應曰：「可，可」，余隨僕行，至後山，僕指一大樹曰：「是樹下，卽其塚也。」余俯視之，見黃土一坯，儼如一塚，余取木板一，書曰燕塚，老僕見余書竟，大喜，以木板懸于樹端，致謝余者再三，翌年，先父棄養，老僕尋亦辭世，余客京都，又已三載，時值春日，遙想墅中風物，悽誦蓼莪舊章，不知二三春燕，尙歸來否焉！百感交集，特爲序以舒余懷。

短篇小說 SHORT STORIES

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我的朋友林鳳

一九三五年校內短篇小說競賽第一獎

李葆貞

朦朧中聽得一聲笑，笑得那般放肆，那般響亮，便驚醒了。睜開眼睛一看，滿房月光，順眼瞧過去，對床的林鳳兀自開了兩隻大眼出神！

「你幹嗎笑，大半夜還不睡？」

「我睡不着。」

「睡不着也能，幹嗎怪聲怪氣的笑，吵得人家睡不着？」

「我心裏樂呀，想到那兒，不由得你就笑哪！我難道管得了？才怪哩！」

「既然樂到笑都管不了的程度，想必是件大喜事，可能公開嗎？」

「你不是說我吵嗎？你請睡得啦。」

「哦，得啦，請罷，請罷。」

「待會你又笑得喘不及氣，我才不受你那窮氣哩。」

「我賭咒不笑你，如果我忍得住的話。是不是密司張的事，吶？」

「哼，密司張的事，怎麼不是？我明天就去求婚哪。」

「求婚還是明天的事，幹嗎今天就不睡覺，真傻瓜！」

「你個笨東西，還說人家傻瓜，你一點羅曼諦克的意味都沒有！」

「我沒有就沒有，不在乎，請問你又是怎麼一個羅曼諦克法？羅曼到睡不滿覺？」

「我在幻想明天一切的一切：哦，在公園少人行的那一角，夕陽無限好的當着，我同她，不，我的甜人兒，談，談，到相當的時候，我將要同她說，「我的女王，我愛你！容我的每個細胞都說我愛你……」

「她不是早就知道你愛她了嗎？儘重複不怕她討厭嗎？」

「傻瓜！……說過之後，只要她扭過頭去或是低下頸子來臉紅，我就，我就跪下去，先是右，不，先是左膝，我就說：「大耳鈴，求你作我終生的女王，讓我作

你的唯一奴僕」，好不好？哦，筱山，你允許我……」

「我相信她立刻會允許你的，起來罷，跪着怪不好受的。」

「笨東西，愛之筵席還未喫就起來了嗎？不通！」

「我祇知道喫喜酒，幾曾又鑽出個愛之筵席來？倒要請教。」

「唉，你忘了嗎？我們唸的那位法國羅曼羅蘭做的大鼻子的那幕戲上不是有愛之筵席的一句話嗎？想想看。」

「哦，就是接吻可不是嗎？」

「對啦，求婚不接吻，還叫求婚嗎，你也有明白的一天了。不易不易。」

「接過吻之後就怎麼樣呢？」

「哦，閉起眼來想罷！她那未經人 touch 過的紅脣，讓我儘量地，溫柔地……」

「不要命地！」

「呸！甜蜜地吻着，將要感到多麼幸福！我相信我的心一定會加速度的跳，也許會紅起來，我一定得將眼閉得緊緊地。」

「以後呢？快點，我要睡覺了！」

「你要睡，你請睡好了……然後我將一百元的戒指戴在她的左手上，再在她的頰上吻一下，我們便訂了婚哪！哈哈！」

「可請我喫東西嗎？」

「那還用說，明天看我凱旋而歸時，咱們倆到館子裏喫一頓。」

「密司張也來嗎？」

「她當然不來，她們六點鐘以前一定得回學校的。」

月兒漸漸沉隱，房裏又陰黯起來，覺得眼皮非常沉重，不久又睡熟了。一覺醒來已是七點半，匆忙起身。林鳳兀自高臥未醒，也不忍去驚動他。我很知道戀愛的人的苦衷。

上了半天的課，甚麼近代戲劇，白郎寧的詩等攪得腦子很脹，便跑到足球場上和錢大和馮小夫兩人踢了一會子球。一身的汗，又累又倦，回來洗浴，到食堂喫中

飯，大概都去戀愛了，只剩寥寥幾個人。當然林鳳也不在，我喫飯時，不免想，「你們誰也沒我的朋友林鳳幸運，他今天去求婚哪，還要喫愛之筵席，晚上還要請我喫一頓。」也許因為晚上有喫一頓的希望，我更加同情我的朋友，願意他們有情人快成眷屬。

星期六的下午神祕得叫你發慌。有些人，簡直當作千載難逢的大赦日一般，要做這樣又要做那樣，忙得個不亦樂乎。有些人又真無聊得可憐，捱到東捱到西，捱到傍晚方罷。我那天恰巧屬於第二等人，悶得只出汗。出去罷，又不認識路。幸而張胖子來看我，我們就談起來了。張胖子是理科三年級的學生，終年一身黃色制服，書讀得很好，脾氣又好，我很佩服他。我說悶得慌，要他帶我出去玩玩，他說好，我喜歡極了。

在路上，我問張先，「你有戀愛的故事嗎？」

「我嗎？我的戀愛已經埋葬了。」

「呀，你是說你的愛人死了嗎？」我十分同情地問，唯恐引起他的傷心，幸而他沒揉眼睛，祇微笑一下道：

「老弟，你還是個未出茅廬的小夥子罷？沒聽見過結婚是愛情的墳墓的一句名言嗎？我已經爲人夫，而且爲人父了。」

「哦！」我一跳，「你，你是說你已經有了兒子或女兒嗎？」

「正是，我有個小女兒叫麗君，今年三歲。」

「喂，我不懂，你還沒畢業，……我意思說你還不曾獨立就娶妻生孩子了嗎？」

「你又來了，中國大多數的青年誰不是靠着父母娶妻生子呀？有幾個憑自己的本事去成家呀？又豈止我一個？」他將肥而圓的前額擠了一擠，兩手插在褲袋裏，聳着肩膀道：

「你今年幾歲？」

我想定是他憶起死了的戀愛，感覺不快了，便連忙恭敬地答道：

「我今年十七歲了，去年夏天考進來的。」

「唔，正是黃金時代，好自努力罷，前途遠大」，他向我笑了一笑，領我進了湖山公園。

那天張先領我玩遍公園的各處，還在湖心亭上喫了茶，我說不出的快樂和感謝。看着時間已經到六點，我催着張先道：「回去罷，不早啦！」

「現在正是紅霞晚照的時候，風景好極啦，不多看一回兒嗎？」張先問。

「風景固然好，可是我要回去，有人請我喫晚飯呀！」

「誰？」

「林鳳，我的朋友，同我一房間的，你知道。」

「有什麼事兒嗎？」

「他今天去求婚去哪，求成了，他不是快活嗎？所以他允許請我喫館子。我告訴你，他羅曼得一夜未睡覺，真的。」

「哦，這位女的是誰？你知道嗎？」

「怎麼，就是張筱山啊，美得像個安琪兒似的，你不知道嗎？」

「你真確信他是去向張筱山去求婚了嗎？」張先很誠切地問，我看他額上都急出汗來了。這人真怪。

「怎麼得假！也許他現在已經喫過愛之筵席，凱旋而歸哪。咱們快點走吧。」我也急了。

「啊喲！糟了，這就糟了。林鳳，好一個青年，這就糟了！唉，可惜，可惜！」張先搓着手不勝懊喪地說。

「喂！」我大聲道：「他們剛訂婚呀，還沒結婚，還沒進墳墓呀，你不要可惜得太早呀。」

張先苦笑一聲，摸着我的頭髮，似乎眼睛內有很深的同情，輕聲道：「你不是看見過張女士嗎？不錯，誠然她美，美得像天上的安琪兒，她一笑...」

「還有一對酒渦」我連忙添上。

「是的，因為她可愛，所以愛她的人太多了。」

「但是沒有我的朋友林鳳愛的那麼深。」

「可是，你相信張女士也愛你的朋友，超過其他的人嗎？」

「那個，那個，我不頂知道」。

「就是哪，林鳳這孩子，雖則二十二歲，可是他的天才，他的努力都是驚人的。我同他同三年學，很知道他的個性。他很剛毅，不畏難，是個英雄式的少年。可是他的心很純樸，我相信他的愛是原璞，是童貞，是值得讚揚的，而那位張女士……她，向她求婚，怎麼我影兒也不知呢？（祇知道他們友誼還厚，却不知居然冒失求起婚來。）她心裏，祇有\$呀！唉……」

「你的話未免太不科學化了，我不信，難道你說我的館子喫不成了嗎？」

「不是我掃你的興，你這頓是沒望的了。而且林鳳，那付性情兒經過這意外的打擊還不知要發生甚麼事情不，真的我們趕快去看看吧。」說完他拉着我的膀子就跳上一部公共汽車。

不但館子喫不成，叫我斗然像冷水澆了一樣，更使我難受的是怕張先的預料成爲事實，那我的朋友真太難堪了，我很愛我的朋友啊！跟着我想張先說密司張愛\$的話，頓時靈機一轉，我附着他的胖耳邊道：「我的朋友預備了一隻一百元的戒指帶去的！」

「一百元！甚麼希奇，再加兩個圈看！」他閉着眼說。

「再加兩個圈，那不是一萬了嗎？一萬元的訂婚戒指！你說笑話，又不是做買賣！」

「信不信由你，所謂摩登女子都是拜金主義的信徒。」

兩人都靜默下來，不說一句話，祇讓車「巴巴」地叫着，一站又一站。最後到校門口，一看時鐘已經六點半，連忙跑進大門便朝第九宿舍跑。留下張胖子隨後跟得來。我依然保存着我固有的信仰，相信他一定大功告成，正在樂不可支哪。也許又拉起凡啞令，一個人在獨唱哪。所以還在樓底下便大聲叫着林鳳，林鳳，一直叫到

三十一號門口。推開門一望，裏面甚麼也沒有，一間空房。我還以為躲在門背，後故意用力將門一拉，也沒有，床底下，衣櫃裏，都搜過了，沒有，實實在在的沒有。正無奈何，張先趕來了，我連忙報告我朋友失蹤的信。他立刻臉色灰白，不發一言，向沙發上一坐，兀自擦汗。

「你說他會自殺嗎？」我顫抖着問。

「自然還不到那地步，不過，林鳳，毀了，他的理想給打碎了！唉，女人是魔鬼！」張先罵了一句，抽出手巾拚命地拭鼻涕。

我知道張先祇罵張女士，不是罵一切女人，所以未同他計較，走上前去拉着他的胖手道：「我們想法子去尋尋罷。他說是在公園裏求婚的，總不能讓他去，是不是？」

我們把三個公園都跑遍了，晚飯也沒喫，到夜裏十二點還不見林鳳回來，我們祇好睡下，我看看林鳳的床，他的大皮鞋，他的保安剃刀，他的凡啞鈴，真有說不出的難受。

第二日，第三日，都在希冀和難受的心理中過去，而我的朋友始終沒有消息。正萬分絕望時，忽然第四日接到一封信，一看是正是林鳳的筆跡，喜得直跳起來也顧不了拆，連忙飛奔到張先那兒去，高叫道：「我朋友的信來哪！」張先正在洗臉，一聽，臉都顧不及擦乾，濕淋淋的一雙手便來接信道：「好了，好了，真的嗎？來看，來看！」

我們按住心頭的怦怦，坐在一處看信。信上是：

「有德弟：

想不到十四日的一夕話，促成我現在，也許將要繼續到永遠的流浪生活。當時同你一問一答時，也許是情伶智昏，竟不覺得可笑，如今追憶，真是愚笨到萬分。做夢也不曾料到事實與理想竟相差到如此程度。我盼望你還未告訴任何人罷？我函知學校說已因母病返里。你對別人也不必提起罷。

我現在明瞭了，女人是女人，她有她的思想，她的算盤，她的人生觀，愛

，戀愛，甚麼，都是假的！而且我更看透，人生是甚麼？生，老，病，死，相連相繫，你來也不知其所自，去也不知其所至，忙甚麼，奮鬥甚麼？咳，不值得，不值得！

你知道我在這兒做甚麼嗎？桌上五瓶香檳酒，已經喫完四瓶半，香煙灰是厚厚一盤，我在實行慢性的自殺了。很有意思。

小朋友，也許你會十分傷心，但，有甚麼辦法？你將我忘懷好了，人生一百也要死，你當我死了好了。」

看到這兒我真的哭起來了，我幻想我那高大可愛的朋友，一旦頹廢到祇以煙酒度日，那深沉的眸子，那闊肩膀，那仁愛的心思，漸漸會與日消逝了，多麼可憐啊。張一沒哭，祇「咳，咳，咳！」地嘆着。我忍住淚又看下去。

「說來可笑，我那日並不是求婚失敗，根本與張筱山並未見面。你知道我們約的三點鐘會面的，但我性急不過，中飯亦不想喫便跑了。走出大門，方想「到何處去呢？」結果一個人走到××飯店了，坐下便聽見隔壁有人語聲，從壁縫裏一張，你知是誰？原來是我素瞧不起的徐國隆，那~~一身銅臭氣~~，見了也頭疼的。不但他還有密司張，兩人正在低飲淺酌。當時我想朋友酬酢，也沒有關係。但有幾句話却如響雷，如急電似地打上我的全身，我巴望忘記就好了，然而如何也忘記不了。你要我告訴你嗎？先是張提起她的同學錢梅秀訂婚的事。

徐一訂給誰？

張一也是個大學生罷。

徐一甚麼儀式？

張一甚麼儀？甚麼也沒有！就是那個男的送她一隻一百塊錢的戒指。

徐一多少錢戒指？

張一一百元，這種訂婚真也少見？一百元的戒指！我想不出是木頭人訂婚還是泥人訂婚。

徐一哼，這種人經濟不能獨立，訂甚麼婚？活丟醜！你看我這兒的一隻戒

指如何？

朋友，當時我下意識地將手去觸我那袋中的戒指，又不由地向壁縫裏去張望，這時他正拿出一隻金質的小盒，打開來，裏面是一隻比黃豆還大的鑽石戒指，真的光耀奪目，我也不免爲之目眩，只聽張筱山驚呼道：

「哦！國隆，你打那兒弄來的？花多少錢？恕我無禮？」

「不多，不多，比一百元多了兩個圈，你歡喜嗎？」

「哦，國隆！你——」

朋友，我的嘴也像被重擊一掌似的，我沒有勇氣再留，我立起身就走，我想起隔夜和你講的一切話，我沒臉再見你，我一氣將就少兩隻圈的戒指丟在道旁的河裏，便搭了火車到這兒了。

唉！一切都過去了，我明白了，從此，我將作流浪的漂泊者，算了，世事人生，不過如此！夠了，夠了，就此擱筆！

張先處乞問候！

林鳳

又及—我很感激你予我的友誼，我將房裏所有一切，都轉贈你作爲紀念。」

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

爲我朋友的事，我有一個禮拜心神若失。想如何方能救他闖過這一關。結果和張先會議多次也無辦法。最困難的一點便是不知他詳細的地址。因此，我遷怒到一切女人，見了女同學也沒好臉色，總將鼻子仰得老高，好似要吃人的模樣。不但遷怒而已，而且私心還決定永遠不和一個女人發生「愛」的關係。可是徐國隆不知就裏，隔一個月後還送一張喜帖請我去喫他同張女士的喜酒，我恨得等他一傳背就將請帖扯得粉碎。但人家後來談起他們結婚用去幾萬塊錢的時，又禁不住側起耳朵聽。聽後又肚子裏生氣，又可憐我那飄泊在天涯的朋友林鳳。

半年在活潑飛揚的青年們看來確是一霎眼的迅速。所以在我朋友出走後的第三個月末的一個雪茫茫的下午，我挾了朋友贈我的凡啞鈴登車返里——那繁華得驚人的×市。回去，見了愛笑的妹妹，愛鬧的弟弟，喜樂逾常。餐後圍爐時，我忍不住

提起林鳳的事，言下不勝唏噓，父親也扼腕非常，嚴肅地說道：

「這委實是青年男子的大難關，經驗少，天真未泯，閱歷不深，情感用事，自己造成悲劇，還不知道，從整個社會說，不但是悲劇而且是絕大損失，……社會需要能改造的人材，而牠自己先天先自有了遺毒，產生不了，結果，無定力的青年，無不隨波逐流，唉！」斗然又改了音調，「不過，還有希望，照你說他平日是個有根底的，那如今不過是一時的氣憤，只要有個人，地，時，相宜的指撥，當然回頭是岸，你，德兒，當然要盡規勸之責的。」

「那還用說，困難的是不知他身在何處，」我答。顯然父親也知道這是事實，半天不響，最後弟弟妹妹一齊拉着我的手道：「不必杞憂他人之天，帶我們到外面玩玩吧！」不管三七二十一，穿上外套擁簇着就走，母親也似乎預先有了會心似的，祇叮囑着早點回來。

當然我們先到幾家大公司去匆匆巡一次禮，雖然未購一件正經東西，祇各人買了一袋糖果。然後便沿着馬路走，一面喫糖，一面觀望輝煌店鋪，電氣廣告以及往來車輛等；一弟一妹還瑣瑣碎碎地報告無數不便函述的事件，覺得很夠樂勁兒。忽然，安娜，我那十五歲的妹，將我的外套一拽；懇切地悄語道：「哥哥！」這突然地轉變作風倒嚇了我一跳。「甚麼？妹妹？」她倒笑起來，向有道擠一擠眼，又向我作一揖道：「我有個，不，我們倆個有個要求，不知你肯不肯？」「哦！」我鬆口氣，「有甚麼要求，儘管說呀，只要老大哥（不由將大拇指一翹）能力範圍之內能辦到的，我無不幫忙」他們一聽，不禁大喜，兩個人早將我左右手膀一人抱了一個，用力一揮，呼道：「黑喇！」甩得我膀子酸痛，只好央求道：「你們可能文雅些，不然，兩三個要求一來，我的膀臂會與我分家嘍，我還要留着到大學裏去寫字打球哪」。他們這才緩和下來，安娜向我一笑道：「不是別的。你知道我們早盼望你來家啦。你看，你走後我們兩人就好像神龍割掉了頭，祇剩了尾巴似的，無論頑甚麼都起不起勁兒。爸爸和媽又不和我們精誠團結，反正我們的意見他們總是反對。我們想只有你才瞭解我們，才能同情我們！」

『到底你們要我做甚麼呢？』我真奇怪他們姊弟兩個腦子裏不知裝的甚麼奇怪思想。

『你看，就是這個，我們想去看一次×××舞場！』

『我們一輩子沒看見過！』弟弟也插嘴。

『我也沒呀！』我不由大叫着。

『所以我們一塊兒去見識一次呀！』他們全聲道。

『父親—』：

『不要緊，瞞着他，而且祇看看，我們又不跳。進去罷，就這兒！』

兀自迷迷糊糊地，竟發現我們已經進了那喬皇偉大的舞廳了。我，同安娜，有道一樣，都是第一次進舞場，所以不免有點像劉姥姥進大觀園似的那付傻勁兒。也不去管他。我們自找了坐位坐下。沒有人來理我們，我們也不理任何人，各不相干。一會兒，爵士音樂從天外響起，漸漸瀰漫了整個舞場。而一對一對的黑禮服男士和妖豔俏媚的女士也都捉着對兒跳起來了。

——『這有甚麼意思』，弟弟首先抱怨起來，『儘是那樣抱得緊緊的滑來滑去，有甚麼好頑？呸！』

『真是盛名之下，其實難副。』妹妹也感慨着。

『誰叫你們高興來着？』

『我聽人家跳過的人講好玩嗎！』妹妹辯着。

『我們等他停止就走好嗎？』弟弟提議。

『何不就走？』

『走就走！』

果然，我們都立起身，向門外走去，誰知道忽然外面衝進一個醉漢來，滿身的酒氣，紅着臉就朝裏面跑。手裏還挾了一個大黑東西攔也攔不住。一進去便朝舞隊裏橫衝直撞，嚇得那些舞女們都尖聲銳叫紛紛向舞客的肩上躲，頓時秩序都亂了。弟弟和妹妹緊緊拉着我朝外面擠，我却要看看熱鬧。此時那醉漢打出一塊場子，也

不再打，打開手裏的黑東西，向下巴下一攔就拉起來了。原來是個凡啞林！

先是，那些被衝散的人們還躍躍欲試地去上前理論，或是趕他出去，但一自那下巴下拉出音調後，衆人都改變了主意，漸漸輕輕歸到座位上，支起下巴來聽了，我更是，目不轉睛地從遠處望，聽到那淒楚之處，竟心裏酸了起來。但忽然，裂帛一聲，他收住弦琴，開口唱了：

一碧海，你的邊在哪兒？

蒼天，你的巔在哪兒！

哦，我的愛，我的美，

讓碧海蒼天宣示我的心！

「好」！底下的人狂呼着。我沒等及聽完，已知道那是我的朋友的声音。啊！我的心跳動了，血液拚命朝臉上跑；他居然在×市，仍然行慢性的自殺嗎？這行選不對啊。我幾乎立刻要衝上去，他又將凡啞林拉起，拉了一段又雄壯地唱道：

呸！深潭，來狂吞我的厭惡！

女人，毒蛇，滾開一邊去！

夢醒，夢醒，原來只是銅臭的賤東西！

他同時還用手指着在場的女人，狂舞着凡啞林，似乎他全身都浸在狂怒的潮水裏。

不等他完結，我已經掙脫弟弟妹妹的手衝上前去，走到他面前時，他正使勁將弦琴一擊大聲狂笑起來，他的雙目像血一般的紅，頭髮很長，可愛的威武的臉，雖然暫時在酒的麻醉下，很紅，却深深透露出那驚人的憔悴，那雙手蒼黃得像黃臘，衣服已經失去向日的光澤，脚下祇是一雙破膠皮鞋。不到半年，如是一個美儀容的少年，我的朋友，我的英雄，竟到如此地步！我顧不得眼內的酸淚，走去將他抱住，我說：「林風，林風！你怎麼改變到這樣？」

他先將我猛一推，繼而朝我一望，忽然緊緊抱住我，「有濼，是你嗎？」眼淚也掉下來了。這時舞場的人都好奇地擁上前來攔熱鬧，立刻將我們包圍了，弟弟便在

鬮子外大聲叫：「大哥！」我便連忙定一定心神，輕輕和林鳳道：「跟我走！」我便大聲道：「喂，讓路！這是我的朋友喫醉了酒的，沒有甚麼好看。」說着我便將提琴裝好在盒子裏，攜着林鳳，一路擠出來，這時舞場的經理已經得了報告，進來看視，見我們已走出來，便怒吼道：「原來是你們幾個小流氓，擾亂舞場秩序，下次再如此，捉到巡捕房去？」我們也不管，走出門口，叫妹妹叫了一部汽車我們便趁了回家。

又是半夜裏；林鳳睡在對面床上。

「你還未入夢嗎？」

「我如何能睡得着呢？我預定的最後歸宿，被你全盤推翻了。唉，幾曾想到今夜還會躺在床上，還會與你聯床夜話，茫茫前塵，豈非一夢！」

「不要再想了，往者已矣，重開始一個新生命！父親不是說嗎，可貴的是你只是一個二十二歲的青年，世界上的女人原有千萬種，張筱山只是沒有福份消受你罷了。你且等着，自然有十分合適的人在前路等着你。而且我再說一句話，人生一世也不是僅僅爲男女戀愛，張先還說結婚是愛情的墳墓吶。……可不是嗎？」

「與其抑鬱的生，何如浪漫的死？」他擰着床緣。

「哦！」我坐起來，「朋友，親愛的，你太叫我失望了！你原是我心目中的英雄，我仰望着你，當你是中國的未來的棟樑，誰知你爲了一個平凡當中最平凡的女人如此自暴自棄！不是一天兩天，如今首尾已將近四個月啦，仍然執迷不悟。不知道你的行動也就罷了，但現在，既然已經尋着你，我以知己的地位，却不能旁觀坐視。老實說，你負社會這筆大債而尚未清償一點時，莫想卸掉責任。你老實說，父親介紹你到蔣公使那兒作隨員的事，究竟你打甚麼主意？三天後就得動身呀！」我興奮極了，自覺口沫四濺。

林鳳半天楞着不響，最後猛一拍，下了大決心，「去，我決定出國去！反正我沒甚麼記掛的，除了那虛應故事按年給我五百元的叔父，如今我獨立了還不更對他的勁兒！有德，小朋友，我這下一部人生都是你和你那慈愛的父親賜與我的，如果

我有甚麼小成就的話。唉，唉，如果我那失蹤二十年的父親，和死了的母親看見我，將要如何傷心！』他竟哽咽得接不下去，一會兒才長嘆一聲好似將一部不快意的史片結束了似的，又恢復常態道：『我心裏倒腸快些哪！……我開始感覺以前的愚笨。真可笑，不真正認識一個女人，如何便去冒昧求婚，笑話。然而女人也太不容易叫人認識了，這麼多面孔！』

末後的幾句話竟低微得像是自語；我却全聽見了，但不再搭話，讓他由微微嘆氣進而為均勻的呼吸，最後便沒了動靜。而今却輪到我不睡了，我輕輕起身，開了房門，逕朝後樓跑，想報告父親好消息，却不道剛穿客室，正碰鐘敲十二點，不由好笑自己的荒唐，又蹣手腳躡地返到床上，一個人還笑了半天，不知何時方睡熟了。

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

三年內爲了想考官費留學，曾下大決心地在養積蓄銳，所以很容易地放取了，而且地址是美國，是我朋友的那地方！想罷，我的心情！現在我相信脫去小孩的幼稚心理和行逕哪，用保安剃刀修面已是一年前開始的日常功課。便對於戀愛，也不如以前所概念地那般可笑。總之，大來輪船離上海時所載去的李有德，是個十足可以代表中國新生命的青年就是。

一到美國，自然除了辦妥學校的事便是找林鳳。三年中，據他說是整個的改變了人生的進行法。原來是走的，現在却是跑，原是按步就班，而今却是迎頭趕上，原是無目的的，現在却是極有希望，極積極，極經濟地在追求，探討，及獲得救國的祕訣和工具。所以他除了工作還得了特別允許在附近大學旁聽。他已忘記那過去的愚蠢，那痛苦再不能螫咬他的心靈。他甚至說他像一朵春秀的花，沒法兒不燦爛，那般生氣見直不知從那兒來的。

果然，經了幾次波折，我們在加利福尼亞見面了。是在一所大公園裏，却是出於偶然。真告訴你也不會信那是我二年前憔悴欲絕的朋友呀！你看，那是九月裏，——我是七月到美國的——正好涼秋天氣，他那麼高的個兒，穿了一身白帆布輕快

夏裝，白鞋白帽，腮幫子那般紅，眸子那般有神，尤其那從由衷而出的快樂情緒，却是每個細胞內却跳躍着的，倒有多美！真的是我不曾打算那天與他會面的，所以當他挾着一個藍衣女郎向前漫不經意的閒步時，我忽然發現他，竟有一分鐘不能動彈，最後我纔丟下弗勞倫斯——我忘記提他是我的美國朋友——不顧一切地衝上去，高叫林鳳，他一驚，見是我，我已經在他的擁抱中了。過份的喜樂，竟不免做出太感情的動作，我很覺難為情，尤其一轉身，那位藍衣女郎和弗勞倫斯都注視我的時候。可是林鳳却無多時候給我難為情，他早大嚷大笑的介紹道：『看，這就是我日夜和你說的李有道呀，這是我的未婚妻蔣竹青女士。』

『啊！』我將眼睜得像銅鈴，說不出話來，『你……你怎麼不早告訴我』？蔣女士，我還不敢細看，但一排白牙齒却深深引起了我的注意，她早笑着道：『我們故意要給你個意外的驚異的，幾次不能上你學校去也是因為此事還未決定，但今天，密司忒李何以又能來加利福尼亞來呢？』

我指着弗勞倫斯道：『是他請我來參觀加利福尼亞大學的，但你們却又來此地幹嗎呢？』

『我們嗎？』林鳳向他的未婚妻睇了一睇眼睛，向我笑道：『我們想回國去哪。乘此將未到各地遊一遊。』

『哦，』我跑去握着林鳳的手，『你趕快將一切事情給我講清楚，我一點兒頭緒也沒有，否則你別想能動身。』

『哈！』林鳳大笑着，『今天我再與你作一夜長談。好，現在，都坐我的車子回公使館去。哈羅，密司忒司密斯，今再到我的公寓裏住一晚，恰巧我有兩張床。』

四小時的抵膝長談，我知道了一切事情。蔣竹青女士便是蔣公使的愛女。訂婚恰是三日前的事。我方知他所說不知從那兒來的生氣，原來就是蔣小姐身上的。我怪他對老朋友都守着祕密，未免對不起人，但他却拍拍我的肩膀，又遞一杯咖啡（已經是第五杯了）給我，方喜孜孜地說：

『上次就因為說太快了才惹出那場是非來，這回還敢那樣大膽嗎？不過，你說可怪，世界上的人何以賢愚不肖之差這般不等呢？從前在中國，我對付那姓張的也很化了一筆錢，送禮物，請電影，喫館子，從來我不曾在她跟前現過窮氣，結果，爲了兩個○（我死也忘不了那兩個○）害得我幾乎一命不保。但來美國後呢，原來我已是劫後餘生的心靈了，自然各事不與我相干，祇願作我份內的事，再說蔣小姐，那般嬌貴，那般闊綽，跟他父親那兒沒見識過，想應眼內那能有我這般人？誰又知，恰因我的貧，我的志，我的境遇方引起她的同情，她的欽佩，也可說她的愛，你說不是奇怪嗎？』

『至於回國的事，因為我那未來的岳父，任滿輪調，所以我們跟他一塊回去。我打算到一個鄉下來實習我所學習的農科，竹青教書』，

『她教書嗎？公使的女兒！』我驚呼着。

『怎麼，她是大學畢業生呀，怎麼不教書？不教書，唸了書又做甚麼？』

『她能喫那苦嗎？』我看他認真的神氣更加驚異。

『自然，竹青不爲喫苦，肯和我訂婚嗎？她說就爲現在的大學生，尤其女的，一讀大學便以爲是了不起，自居爲特殊階級，動是不會動，做是不肯做，祇張着嘴罵這罵那，貪安逸，圖金錢，中國不進步怨誰？不全怪這班肩不能担擔，手不能提籃的公子少爺小姐嗎？』

『那你們結婚，我喫不到喜酒了。三年前你允許的一頓還未補償呢？』

『哦，那個放心，不等你回來做我的債相，我肯結婚嗎？你想想看。而且我現在積蓄毫無，如何養得起家室？幸虧竹青可以等我，（他說着抱了絕大的信仰），哼，結婚遠着哪，賠得成結不成還是問題哩』。

真的一星期後他們整裝回國了，祇留下我一個人孤孤淒淒的獨在異鄉爲異客。起先我的確有幾次難受得幾乎要哭，但不久，學校環境已經對我發生好感，而且還認識不少朋友（還有一個是女的哩！）我便恣意享受着留學生的美趣，一月像一日，一年像一月的那般過去，轉瞬四年。我是整整二十四歲。我記得；我個人倒是各事

順利，博士論文也交了卷，可是我朋友來信却報告在鄉下毫無出息，根本就沒人瞧得起，無論在上的知識階級，有錢階級，在下的農民階級，對於這位有志改造農村的林鳳簡直就不信任，請教不必說，幫助更加別提了。他又說最叫他傷心的是叫他的竹青一日一月一年地等着，青春都從暗影中消逝了，真真對不起，愧怍欲死。最後更說，債相已快回來，新郎還未準備好，他真是憤不欲生。末了的這封信裏表示了他最大的悲怨，我看了也難受。那般好的人才，肯真正到民間去，却無人知，經濟的限制所學無由得展用，這豈不是中國的普遍現象？同時我也擔心起來，不知這寶貝博士抬到中國去會有甚麼用。醫生！醫生！人已死了半邊，還醫甚麼生！

如此焦着朋友，也焦着自己的又登上了柯立芝總統號，總算回國了。你們一定會想我大有衣錦榮歸的概念罷？老實說一點也沒有，在船上至少先有一星期是總躺在鋪上想我那分別了的（我也不說了），到第二星期方起來，各處走走，看看波濤洶湧萬里無邊的大海，閒常也到甲板上坐坐。我清楚記得那是個月夜，我又抱着一付氈子坐在甲板上看月，靜悄悄地似乎無一人，別人都去看電影去了，我心裏正詩意悠悠的，想呼些甚麼。忽然我就低吟道：

【舉頭望明月，低頭思故鄉！】

忽然那邊也傳出一聲長嘆：

【月白風清如此良夜何？】

我不由大驚，連忙立起身走過去，原來隔兩排椅子的後面躺了一位清癯的老者，年紀該有五十了，正在拿手巾擦眼睛。

【對不起，你老不是到中國去的嗎？尊姓？】

老者見我問方坐直了，憂鬱地答道，【我姓林，是回去的，你也是嗎？】

【哦，林老先生，您在美國做生意的嗎？】我坐下了。

【是，我在美國已經二十多年啦，現在人也有了年紀，所以把店盤給別人，折成現金回去了。】

【您府上是那兒？現在打算回到甚麼地方去呢？】

他一聽好似觸着愁腸似的，半日方小聲道：

『唉！回到那兒，我根本就不知道。你看我二十年前一個人闖出來，家裏的信早就不知道了。現在我想起我的兒子，他也該派有二十餘歲了，我要找到他將我所有的給他，讓他陪我在祖國活幾年也就算了。』說完他又一嘆：『所以我打算先到上海住上，然後登報找找看』。

我又問：『您爲甚麼不早点回來呢？』

『因爲店盤不去呀』。他又默然了。看看我，一很慈愛的一後來嘆一聲道：『我的兒子，也許有你這樣俊罷？』

我斗然靈機一動，衝口問道：『你的兒子叫甚麼名字？』

『林鳳』。他低語着。

『林鳳』！我叫起來，『那你是廣東人嗎？廣東台山人嗎？』

『是呀，你怎麼知道？』

我趕快過去拉着他的手，上氣不接下氣地告訴他，我是林鳳唯一的朋友，如何如何，如何！說得那般流水般似的，不但他聽不清頭緒，連我自己也不知說些甚麼。最後還是那老先生（我叫他林伯父了）請我進了他的頭等艙足足問了兩個多鐘頭方才滿意地讓我回房睡覺。

可以說，我是一直笑到了中國的，真的，我常忍不住笑了出來。我的朋友太像小說中的人物了。我和林老先生祕密地定下計策，要叫這青年人意外地樂一樂。

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

我寫了封信給林鳳。信上說：

鳳兄：

幾年來的忽聚忽散，到今日應該作一結束了。雖然你不曾來接我，然而我毫不怪你，因爲你忠於職守的誠心，比甚麼都叫我快活。可是，話雖如此，我渴於見你的心，却是刻不容緩，就是家父母及弟妹等也都想你。恰巧我訂於下星期二在×市行結婚禮，（恕我未曾及早通知，聊以報復耳）。請你和蔣女士作我們的男女賓相，

想你一定不會推辭。固然你看到我先結婚也許心裏不好受。但是明達如你，當不以我爲故意尋你開心。朋友，請你一定來，你要是不來就是不願意我結婚了，你將要失去一切，我警告你。

同時報上又有這麼一段啓事：

茲訂於本月五日在××酒店爲小兒鳳完姻，小女竹青，恭請閣第光臨。

林伯鏞啓
蔣從公

到了那一天，××酒店的禮堂完全裝紮一新，從裏到外都是鮮豔的花朵和綠葉襯映着。蔣公使是外交界上的名人，林伯鏞是海外擁有巨資的僑公，可了不得頓時哄動全市，認識的人固不必說，不識一面的也都來瞧熱鬧，所以那天足有一二千客人在××酒店等着觀禮。

我知道林鳳從鄉進城的那班汽車時間，所以早就趁了車去等。接到他，他雖然極力恭賀我但面上很有些悽慘之色，我也不同他多說，開了車就朝××酒店跑，下了車就將他帶進更衣室。一進去，早有一大羣×大學的朋友在等着，便擁簇着代他換衣裳，最起勁的便是張先大胖子。我的朋友很有點奇怪，說道：『儂相也要這麼好的衣裳嗎？』我又連忙跑到另外一間更衣室去看視，見竹青女士已由母親妹妹代她裝扮好了，妹妹也打扮得花枝招展得坐在那兒相陪。我和蔣小姐說：『鳳哥已經來了，十分鐘之內你便是我的嫂嫂哪！』她羞赧地笑了一笑，將手伸給我，我便低下頭來親了一下。然後又匆匆跑到客室裏瞧林伯父由父親和蔣公使陪着，喜得常常用手巾擦眼睛，便道：『時候到了，走罷！』

一切停當，我手一揮，十二隊軍樂齊奏起來，幾乎屋瓦都給震破了。張先司禮，撐着一個啞喉嚨大聲報告，幸虧××酒店的禮堂大，所以我們還可從容。先是我走，便叫林鳳在我後面，他迷迷糊糊地說道：『不是儂相在前面嗎？』『是啊，是儂相在前面啊？』說着已經進了禮堂，無數的眼睛都望着，他便不敢響，但那樣子實在尷尬別人都好笑了。我們走後，便是妹妹，妹妹後面方是蔣小姐，她扶着我的母（她自己母親死了）一步一步緩緩進來。全堂只聽見婚姻曲的進行，和我們幾個人就

親的足步。最後走到禮台前大家立定，林鳳朝新娘一看，不由大叫一聲，轉過身來要找我，張先已經逼緊了嚨喉喊道：「認親」！我就趕快爬上台將林伯父和林鳳一手拉一個，對大衆報告道：「今天承蒙這麼多的來賓來參加我的朋友林鳳君的認親和婚禮兩種大禮，鄙人覺得榮幸之至，現在先讓我將這經過用極短極簡單的話報告一下……」接着我也不知說了些甚麼，而林伯父早就把抱了他的兒子，涕淚縱橫地相認了。我看着心裏十分感動，我朋友的臉完全白了，他緊緊抱着他父親半天說不出一句話來。最後方轉過身來說：「這樣，竟是我結婚了?!」我便說：「怎麼不是？」於是張先又高叫道：「交換戒指！」林鳳一聽却楞住了，和我耳語道：「我沒有呀！」臉可急紅上來了。可巧林伯父已經立起身來，從口袋裏掏出一隻盒子，打開，取出一隻有蠶豆那般大小的金鋼鑽戒指套在林鳳的手上道：「這是我送給你的一點禮物，你可去與新娘交換」。不知怎麼一來，林鳳的手竟戰抖起來，他向前一步和他父親道：

「父親，謝謝你，將這價值連城的戒指送給我，但是我，從這過去數年的經驗中，覺得是太奢侈了，我們有何德何能，配將千萬家的生活費，終朝不長一利地戴在手上？父親，如果你不怪，可否讓我將這戒指化成金錢去作一筆改造農村的經費？據我算單位從××處起始要二百萬元，而我現在却分文全無」。

林老先生又一次喜得掉眼淚，抱着林鳳的頭頂道：「真是我的兒子。我還有一百五十萬要給你哩！你既如此有大志，不想到自己，我交給你也就放心了」。林鳳見父親說還有一百五十萬，真喜得很了，也忘記是在結婚竟轉過身來向着那千萬的觀衆用他朗朗的清亮聲調說道：「既然家父已經有一百五十萬願意讓兄弟自由用作改造農村的款費，但還欠五十萬，我很喜歡看事情馬上就能起始——因為中國的大病就是病在拖延——話說得好，衆志成城，我胆敢向諸位同志救國的是親戚是朋友，有願意捐助的請現在說出來，看可否湊成二百萬之數？……」

他的聲音說得那般動人那般懇切，幾乎使我下淚。我的朋友是這麼一個爲公忘私的人，真使我覺得又驕傲又慚愧。可是我一想中國人有幾個捨得將錢包的錢去教

國教同胞，怕林鳳要下不得台了。但轉眼間已經從人叢中走出一位嬌嬌婷婷的少婦，一直走到林鳳面前，將手上的一隻光潔奪目的鑽石戒脫下，交給我的朋友道：「我沒有別的，祇有這一點值一萬塊錢，我願意獻給農村！」我的朋友舉手加額謝道：「留下芳名！」那少婦道：「張筱山」。「啊！」我的朋友驚叫着，再要向她細看，底下已經又有數十位男的女的上來捐助，一慌亂間，那少婦已經走了。我跑到蔣小姐身旁問她是否太累了。又跑去看林伯父，他又在擦眼睛；父親坐在旁邊和蔣公使也只慨嘆，我喜得不知如何是好，只說：「你們看，我的朋友，林鳳！」

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

by Dju Yueh-shan

"Yes, madam, I deserve to be dismissed because for a long time I have been neglecting my duties. I shall leave your home just as soon as I have packed up my things. But, madam, please remember that not all servants are easily managed. Oh, it is all right with me now. I hope that you will be able to find a better cook next time."

Thus spoke the cook with extreme politeness after Mary had told him that she was dismissing him. However, a revengeful look appeared on his face in spite of his polite words. This Mary noticed and after he had gone she mentioned it to her sister.

"Alice, the cook had a furious look on his face just now. You know what an old hypocrite he is; I am afraid that he will do us harm."

"Nonsense, sister, how could that old fellow do us any harm? He is just an old goose," responded the young girl carelessly.

Throwing his bundle over his shoulder, the cook walked slowly along the garden path toward the gate. He grumbled as he walked along. "Gardener, tell your mistress that I, her dismissed cook, will sooner or later pay her for what she has done to me. I will know what she has stored in the attic. Beware."

Mary's family was well known throughout the district in which they lived. Her parents had died early and the two girls had lived with their uncle until his death a few years ago. He had been very active in anti-opium activities and had long served as the president of the Anti-opium Society. The cook had the idea that they had stored all of the confiscated opium in the attic of their big home!

A few weeks after the cook's departure there was a stormy night; the wind blew like a wild beast and the rain poured in torrents. Within the house all was quiet except the rain on the roof and the screaming of the wind without. Everybody in the house had gone to bed early that night.

The house was a huge one surrounded by a large garden situated in the most lovely part of Shanghai. Mary and Alice slept in the largest room on the second floor. The servants lived in the opposite wing. The third floor was used for storing things and was rarely unlocked.

Mary was not ordinarily a very sound sleeper; even a small sound was sufficient to awaken her. Contrary to her usual custom, she had gone to bed early that night, and the storm had soon lulled her to sleep. Suddenly she was awakened by the sound of foot steps below her window. A cold chill went down her spine. At first she dared not move but listened attentively, her fear increasing every second. At last she felt she could stand it no longer, so she shook her sister who was sleeping soundly beside her. Alice, however, was too sleepy to be frightened and answered, "Oh, it's only dogs coming to our garden for shelter from the rain. Robbers would not come out on such a night as this." Mary listened again and could hear nothing and finally went back to sleep.

Was the sound of footsteps under the window made by dogs seeking shelter? No, it belonged to several figures clad in black, moving silently below the window of Mary's room. When they saw a light turned on upstairs they knew that someone in the house was awake, so they stopped moving for a while. When everything was dark again they walked slowly along the side of the house to the back balcony. They climbed up to the balcony. They tried to get into a small room by breaking through the screen and glass, but found the window barred from within. Walking to the other end of the balcony they found a door and with the use of their tools finally got the door unlocked. With the aid of their flash lights they found the switch, turned on the light, and discovered the back staircase leading to the third floor. They soon forced their way into the storeroom and began to search for something.

Soon after Mary had turned out her light she had gone back to sleep, but now the heavy tread of people walking above her again awakened her. It sounded to her as if a troop of soldiers were marching to and fro. She did not know what to do, for she was nearly frightened to death. She wanted to turn on the light and yet she did not dare to move.

"Listen, Alice, what is all that noise? Some burglars must have gotten into the house. I wonder how they got in. They are striking at something!"

After a minute Mary whispered again, "What shall we do? Perhaps we shall meet our death to-night. Oh, if father and mother were only here! Listen, they are coming down the steps. Perhaps they will come to our room. Let us get up."

"No, no, I am afraid to get up. I am scared to death. Oh, please don't get up, I shall die if you leave me!"

In the mean while the men had been searching all over the third floor for something. They had broken open every trunk and box, but they had found nothing. Their search was in vain. They could find no clue to the hiding place of the treasure. They

finally deserted the third floor and descended to the second. As soon as they were on the second floor, the telephone caught the eye of the leader and he proceeded to cut the wire at once. Then they searched all the rooms which were unlocked. At last they searched the room of the servant Wang Ma.

Wang Ma was awakened by a flash of light in her eyes. She could see one tall black figure and many smaller ones standing by her bed. The leader held a light in one hand and a revolver in the other. The men were wet through and through. They stood silent and motionless for a minute. At last the leader commanded:

"Will you get up and follow me or will you take a bullet? One minute of delay and your life will be in danger."

"What is the matter, sir, I have done nothing to offend you. Why do you want my life? Ah, how can I get up to dress myself while you and your men are watching me?" tremblingly asked the servant.

"We will stand just outside the door and be in a hurry, hear? You have only a moment to dress," said the leader.

As soon as the men had left the room, Wang Ma jumped up to dress. In one minute the leader reappeared and commanded her to lead him to the opium. When she seemed unwilling they began to drag her along.

"Now then, quickly tell us the place where your mistress stores her opium. Lead me there at once or I will shoot you."

"But, sir, I don't quite understand," said the woman, all the time trying to free herself from the man's grasp.

"Opium, I say. Lead me to the place where it is stored."

"Opium! Why do you expect to find opium here? This is not an opium den. My mistress neither raises poppies nor smokes them. Where do you think you are?"

"You liar, trying to protect your mistress, eh?"

Seeing that he could get no information from the servant he commanded her to lead him to the room of her mistress. Wang Ma hesitated, but the leader forced her on by striking her on the leg with an iron rod. When Mary heard Wang Ma's scream she opened the door immediately lest some harm should come to her faithful servant. She saw standing before her the tall leader in black, his cap pulled low over his face. He held his revolver close to Mary and said:

"Lead us at once to your opium or we will kill you."

Mary was greatly alarmed yet she was calm enough to surprise the leader. Slowly and smoothly she said:

"Mr. Burglar, if you want my life, you may take it now, if you want my things, you may have whatever you can lay your hands on, but if you want opium, it is not within my power to give it to you. My room as well as the whole house is ready for your search, if you won't take my word,"

Alice was still tucked under her covers. As the men started toward the bed, she called out, "Oh, I am not opium, I am only a girl." The men stepped back; she crawled farther under the covers. At length the whole room was searched with the exception of a closet which was locked. The leader asked for the key, Mary asked Alice to hand it to her but Alice was afraid to move. However, when the leader pointed the revolver in her direction, she meekly took the key from under her pillow and gave it to her sister.

When the closet was opened there stood in full view an iron safe in which the girls kept their money and jewels. When the leader saw it he turned to Mary and said:

"I want neither your money nor your jewels. What I want is opium. I have searched the whole house. I believe that your word is true. I now realize that I have been deceived. I pray that you will pardon us for disturbing you at this late hour. We cannot tell you who we are, but we represent a powerful group. If you try to report us it will go hard with you, but if forget our visit to-night, we will only say that there has been 'much ado about nothing'. And may we add in parting that you should be more careful in the handling of your servants here after." The Leader then turned to his men and bade them go out as quickly as possible.

Mary and Wang Ma dropped to the side of the bed and breathlessly listened to the retreating foot steps of the men, while Alice caught them both and sobbed until the dawn.

WHY DO I THINK HE IS A LEADER?

By Bessie Chen

Why do I think he is a leader? This question never entered my mind before. Not because I don't quite know him but just because I know him too well. Our intimate friendship from childhood never made me realize what his helpful, amicable, leading personality meant to me, until the time came for us to part. Then the value of his companionship, leadership, and friendship dawned gradually like the rising sun upon me. The question seems to be branded in my mind with fire. The way which I have chosen to express my thoughts is writing, and I hope by writing I'll release some of the hotness ~~of these burning letters in my mind.~~

As children we used to live next door to each other. Owing to the deep friendship

between our parents, we two innocent children planted our friendship strongly and firmly on the stone of mutual understanding and admiration. We loved each other as sister and brother and that love still remains within me and will stay with me forever.

In summer, my family and he went up to Kuling for the vacation. There we met many playmates of our own age. We went hiking, swimming and to picnics together. Whenever we lost a thing we called out to him. Whenever we hurt ourselves we expected his comfort and help. Whenever anything seemed "rotten in the state of Denmark" we naturally looked up to him to put things in order. One little incident will prove to you what I'm trying to tell you.

One day our little gang begged him to take us to some new places to swim. He, being a boy only, liked adventure also. Somehow he felt the sense of responsibility, which some great men ought but fail to feel, upon him. So, he curbed his desire and said that it was too dangerous. After entreating him for hours, he made us promise, first, that we would not go afar but stick always near him. We promptly promised and would even have held up our hands to swear, should he have wished us to. The result was, we went without our parents' permission. We climbed and ran about, but always near him. Finally we did get to some hidden corners where natural swimming pools are found. We jumped into the water, one by one like happy, care-free fishes. Now we swam and enjoyed ourselves! We forget everything including our promise.

Suddenly a cry was heard, yelling his name from the opposite side of the pool. When we turned our heads to the direction from which the shriek came, we were dumbfounded. A snake was crawling swiftly toward a girl who not only had forgotten her promise to him but had been reckless enough to swim to the opposite bank. The boys all began to stare at her and the girls began to cry. Calmly but swiftly Willie picked up a stone and aimed at the snake. A minute too late and the girl would have been bitten by the snake. Before our senses returned to us, he had swum back with the little girl to our place. We went home that afternoon with trembling hearts, expecting him to rebuke us every minute. That he never did. After reaching home he told our parents everything, and of course they showered all the fault on him. He accepted their blame without a murmur and went to bed quietly.

I admired his courage for helping the little girl from danger but I blamed him for his stupidity in telling the parents. Why should he do it when nothing serious happened to us? Somehow, I could not sleep. I felt sorry for him and had to go to comfort him. I got up instantly and intended to go to his room. On my way, I passed the parlour. I saw our parents sitting and talking. I caught a sentence or two while my father was talking: "Willie is a good boy. He has not only helped Lily out of danger but he is brave enough to tell us all about it afterwards. O, Mr. Chen, I am proud of the boy for you." "Yes, my boy is....." I felt so much ashamed of myself that I retraced my steps to my room instead of going to his. This is only one of the many things which he did when he was a child.

In high school we also studied together. He was the chairman of the student council and other committees. When he presided over a meeting his bearing was right and unbiased. Nor would he argue over personal problems during the meeting. He never even hated the person who purposely made work hard for him. He swallowed all his pains and sufferings quietly. He wouldn't even let me comfort him. The only thought that dwelt in his mind was to help the school and the students to make good. How hard he strove to help the school, no one can tell except the doctor, who after examining his health during his last semester in school ordered him to rest. No graduation, no certificate for our ambitious leader. But he bore the distress bravely and I'm ashamed to admit that he even braced up my spirit when we heard this news, while I ought to have encouraged him.

After he had to stay home, I used to go home every weekend. One Sunday evening—that eventful evening I couldn't go to sleep, I felt restless and depressed. I knew I was going to school again tomorrow and couldn't see him for another week. It was only eight o'clock, but it was not early for a patient. Anyway I made up my mind to go to see him again. After knocking at his door I entered quietly. He was not asleep and in his eyes there were different kinds of lights of welcome, surprise, longing and a little bit of reproach.

"Why did you come at this time of the day? You know you ought to be in bed by now for tomorrow you have to go to school at half-past six."

His trembling, kind voice made my eyes deluged with tears. A glance at his pale, emotional face started the tears rolling down my cheeks. I tried very hard to control myself, but failed. It must have been hard for him to control his tears, but he succeeded as he always did. He looked wistfully and sadly at the candle which I carried in my hand and said to me with an enforced smile.

"Can you not see that your little candle is also crying? Though she is crying yet she still sends out her light. If I happen to leave you forever can you be like this candle and send out your light while your are crying inwardly?"

I bowed my head and left his bedside without a word. I was a weakling to cry in his room and at this time. But I couldn't do anything to stop my showering tears.

The following afternoon after I ~~went to~~ school the news of his death was brought to us. The whole school mourned for him and I, strange to say, didn't cry a bit but went around to comfort them all with hopeful words. Was I not trying to do the thing which he asked me to while my heart was bleeding inside?

Never did I have a better friend before, nor will I have one in the future.

You can answer for yourself why I think he is a leader. For I can't.....

A FACT OR A DREAM?

By Marian Hwang

It was a gloomy day! The sky was partly covered by heavy gray cloud. The wind was blowing more severely than ever. It seemed as if the rain would come down very soon. I found my old friend, Tsui-wen, sleeping on her bed. It was probably I who awoke her from a sweet dream when I knocked on her door. She looked at me with her two deep round eyes, as if she did not know me. When I discovered her pale and languished face and her two slender hands, I began to doubt whether she was my old friend, Tsui-wen. After I had made sure of her by remembering her own name on the door, I began to talk to her,

"Sister Wen," it was the name which we used to call her when we were in high school, "do you remember me?"

She answered me by nodding her head and a sweet smile showed on her face. Before I came to see her, I had heard someone say that she had had poor health since she had recovered from pneumonia, so I began to ask about her health. She not only did tell about her health but told me the whole story from the time when I left her. It was a three-year short story. The part which impressed me most was her unfortunate life.

"Odious and unlucky fate always claims me so that I have neither freedom nor hope to do what I wish. On account of my father's failure in business, I have lost my chance to go to college with you. I have to work for my living. At that time, there seemed a little light of hope in front of me that would bring me to a bright future, if I could endure more. Because of my eagerness to attain a higher education, I worked both day and night. Now I discover that such a hope to me is just a dream! In this world, everything is turning away from me. Before me, there is only the lofty gray wall! My father died two years ago, four months later my mother followed him and left us. I have only two hands; how can I support my three little brothers and one sister! They are the poor things, much poorer than I was! Last year, after I recovered from pneumonia, I found my health had greatly broken down. The doctor told me that if I continued to work as hard as before I would easily get tuberculosis." She spoke with a trembling voice and tears running down from her eyes slowly and unceasingly. Her face was growing paler and paler. I thought that I would hurt her if I let her continue to talk, so I began to talk to her with another subject, but she paid no attention to me. It seemed as if she would leave me soon so she kept on with her story as she was coughing. At last she said, "Recently, I discovered that I already have tuberculosis; what shall I do with my little brothers and sisters....." This last sentence died out slowly with her weeping tone. I could not bear it so I began to cry.

When I awoke, I recognized that it was a dream and I found that my pillow-case was all wet with tears. I began to wonder why I was troubled with such a terrible dream. Then I remembered that a week ago I received my sister's letter saying that this old friend of mine had died of tuberculosis.

混 亂

邵 森 棣

暮春的陽光，無力地從窗簾縫中竄了進來，輕輕地照在一張鋪有三角式圖案底漆布的黑漆寫字檯的一角，一本薄薄的風雅箋，因了她的撫慰，正翹起了頭，露出了一角粉紅色的吸墨紙同一些斜斜的鋼筆字。右角上的插在噴銀花瓶裏的幾朵薔薇，正側着頭窺視着珠羅紗帳下沉沉入睡的女主人，左手藏在她鋪滿了一枕的蓬鬆細髮裏，從髮的細縫中，還能看到她無名指上的一隻葱綠的嵌寶戒指，頭微偏向裏，由于陽光的反照，她底比往常白皙的肌膚與那微紅的右頰，更顯出她鼻的美來。枕邊是些零亂展開着的雜誌，似乎是這位小姐睡前曾經讀過的！

五斗櫺上披上一方白色花毯，嚴肅得像披着兜紗佇立在牧師前聽訓辭的新娘，精緻的茶具與石膏的愛神像是作了她頭上的鮮花！

寫字台旁的一隻小小的長方書架上，羅列着許多中外書籍，幾本封面鮮豔的洋裝書，佩着金色的勳章耀武揚威地向斜對面壁上懸掛着的聖母像微笑。和風是輕輕地掀着窗簾，室內是夜一樣地寂靜。

這沉睡者——黛安——翻了一個身，攜一攜她壓纏了的頭，倦眼惺忪地拉開帳子，不自覺地嘆了一聲「無聊！」接着就倚着枕沉思起來。

「人類的心理多矛盾啊！」她想：「渴望着的總是那麼甜蜜，那麼美好，而所得到的又覺得那麼平淡無聊！」

真的！她的確有點矛盾！當春假未到時，她老是渴望着故鄉，慈親，哥哥和可愛的匹澄，恨不得立刻跳出樊籠，插翼飛歸家去，現在，她已經在她的母親的懷裏了，已經飽飲了天倫的甘露，又覺得平淡無聊，一個學校環境的願望，又在她的心中蠕動。

「假如在校裏」她想：「我可以和萍卿到操場裏去打一會網球，或是到琴室裏去彈一會琴，或是在校園裏的草地上躺着看看小說，談談閒天，但是現在呢，家裏除

了王媽以外，什麼人也沒有，啊！無聊！世界上唯有無聊像撒但那樣可怕！」

她下意識地拿起了一本枕畔的雜誌，翻了一下，一個題目映入了她的眼簾——「女子的職業」——她像孩子們一樣地充滿了好奇心去讀那篇文章，於是好奇心就佔據了她沉悶無聊的心境底地位。

她繃着眉，用左手恨恨地把披在額前的長髮壓向旁邊，終於在她掀過一頁後的刹那，這本雜誌就叟的一聲，從她的手中飛了出去，接着是「嘩朗」一聲，那隻五斗櫥上立着的「願天下有情人都成眷屬」的愛神像，分成兩段了，她瞪着眼餘怒未息地望着地板，地板上的白粉和分成兩段石膏像，正像那沙場上橫臥着的死尸。

王媽縮着頭推進門來，眯着眼小心翼翼地 toward 房裏看了一周，一看到這滿地狼籍的白粉和碎塊，裝着怪臉，問：「阿彌陀佛！是不是姑太太送來的個白菩薩打破了？」

「掃去吧！破了只算破了！」黛安命令式地說。

她立刻轉過身，提起一雙像尖頭履那樣的大小腳，搖搖擺擺地扭了出去，黛安的視線也跟着她向前移，那一條圍裙的白帶，在她寬大的藍布衣後面亂甩，倒有點像一隻老母豬的尾巴，這個慌忙侷促的怪樣子，竟逗出了黛安一個露齒的微笑。

粗厲響亮的一聲關門聲，又把黛安從發怔的狀態裏推進了思想之門。

「職業！女人的職業，是嫁人！什麼！這混蛋！這棍徒！他不但侮辱了他至愛的母親，他女系的祖宗！並且是侮辱了全世界聖潔的女性！他簡直像一個被瘋鬼附着的修道士，拿着神聖的文筆，蘸滿了糞水在聖母像上亂塗！啊！流氓！暴徒！人類的公敵！……」她咬着齒用左手又恨恨地抹了一下覆在前額的短髮，隨即舉起右手像打網球似地一側身把這幾本零亂的雜誌，拋在地上，

本來就覺得無聊，又加上了這篇侮辱女性的文章，更逗起了她無限的煩惱，像平時和牽吵嘴後一樣地撇起了嘴，掀開子絨毯，跳下床來，一壁扣着夾長衫的鈕子，一壁踱到窗前，聽聽樓下仍是那麼寂靜，想父親大約還不曾回來吧！又懶懶地踱到五斗櫥旁，從熱水瓶裏倒了點開水。

坐在寫字檯前的圈椅裏，她左手支着頤，右手托着那隻綠色磁杯，也不呷，只

呆呆地以唇貼着那熱氣蒸騰的杯口。

「父親倒底是個通達者，從不曾把我和哥哥兩樣看待，也不曾說一句侮辱女性的話……」她這樣一想，心中似乎爽快了不少，所謂惱怒，也像暴風雨一樣地過去了！

一陣嘈雜的聲音，在警告她父親已經來到，她立刻放下茶杯，連跑帶跳地跑下樓去，匹潑已經搖着尾巴，從她父親的套室裏迎了出來，她像慈母般地輕輕地把牠摟入懷中，爲牠理一理披在額前的白毛，牠畢竟是個有靈性的東西，在主人柔和的溫存的撫慰下，也舉起了一雙黃色的眼睛，馴服地親切地望着這可愛的女主人。

她父親是安逸地躺在沙發上吸雪茄，仰着頭默默地望着那些在空間裊裊不絕的煙圈，似乎是在想某種事件的解決或是在起某公文的腹稿，哥哥坐在她父親對面的沙發上，也低着頭默默地俯視着地板，似乎要從那些一格一格的裂縫中，找出他設計的圖案來，她的一聲嬌弱的「爸爸！」竟做了他們沉思的阻礙，把他們從默默無言的狀態裏，引起了談話的線索。

「……噫！安安你明年要畢業了！我倒常在替你打算，倒底要不要升大學？不升大學呢，沒有學位不好聽，升大學呢，那末讀那一系？我想總得讀一系便當一點的，理工科是太費力，經濟系實在不適合一個女子，體育系似乎又不切實……噫！安安！你自己想：那一門頂便當？……」她父親含着雪茄，把頭繞了個大圈這樣含糊地說。

「哥哥與你倒底有點不同……」她一聽到這一句怪刺耳的從父親口裏說出來的話，忽然瞪起了眼望着父親，心中的一團無名之火已達到牠的着火點。

「爲什麼！」她問這句話時，聲音似乎有點和往常不同，

「你倒底是個女孩子學理工科呢，未始不好，但是……」她父親又把頭在空中搖了幾個大圈，從鼻孔中噴出兩道長煙，又慢慢接着說：

「但是做父母的給女孩兒讀書，無非是防身之計，如果將來你結了婚，家庭是美滿的，那末也用不着出來做事，到那個時候，什麼高深的學問，簡直一點也沒有

用，當然以後漸漸地忘却了，正像我自己一樣，從前所學過的日文，一入官場，什麼平假名，片假名已忘記大半了，現在恐怕只牠認得我哩！……所以我想你們女孩子們呢，也不值得化許多精力在這些所學非所用的東西上，是不是？……不過大學總得要讀一讀……」

「是的！爸爸說得對！你看四表姊從英國回來，不是也整天在家裏看孩子？……哈！未來的新少奶奶！博士太太！她哥哥打趣她說。

她心中的憤怒，已經在一觸即發的時候了，加以她哥哥底這句導火線似的話，竟在這平靜的空間爆炸了起來。

「是的！人類的文明，都是你們男子造成的！世界是你們男子的天堂也是上帝爲着你們男子安排着的！女子是應該做她丈夫的傀儡，子女們的奴隸的！……」黛安惡恨恨地向她哥哥說，同時，她殘忍地把她心愛的匹瀨丟在牆邊，匹瀨因爲受着痛，發出了一聲怪尖的叫聲，無知的眼光注視着這個正在發脾氣的姑娘！

黛安本坐在她哥哥那張沙發的靠手上，當她聽到了他們底從不曾說過的話，她黃金色的幻夢是醒悟了！她失望！她憤怒！像有一次走在街上受了一個棍徒粗暴罵聲的侮辱一樣，於是她撇着嘴，離開了沙發的靠手，把左脚惡狠狠地踏在她哥哥底一雙雪白的網球鞋上，印成了像銀幣那麼大的一個心臟形。

「難道我說錯了麼？根本事實勝于雄辯！即使我是得罪了你，也何用採取這種卑鄙的報復手段呢？……」

「侮辱女性，你才是卑鄙哩！」她說時聲音極高，似乎還帶一點嗚咽的音節。

黛安一溜烟地跑出了這個惡氣氛，走到葡萄架下，眼淚已經撲簌簌地下來了，也不用手帕揩，讓牠從頰上流到衣襟，從衣襟上滾入地下，與泥土相混，他坐在一張小藤椅上，兩手托着腮，回憶之幕，不斷地在眼前展開，街上暴徒對她的罵聲，可惡的文章，父親與哥哥的話，一切的一切，都是在侮辱她——侮辱全世界的女性！她失望！她得不到人們的同情，甚至她至愛的父親。

匹瀨一跳一跳跑到她跟前，搖搖尾巴懇懇地挨着她的腿，想竭力獻媚于在困惱

中的主人，但是她却咬緊了牙齒，正在憎恨全人類，何況是一個無足輕重的小動物，當然不值得她的留戀，就用力地一脚把牠踢了開去，匹潑很低的叫了一聲，縮在葡萄架的一角。

落日的餘輝，照得滿架金色，晚風是輕輕地緩緩地滑過她蓬鬆的髮際，似乎不願意任意地去破壞一個被煩惱憤怒所捆住了的姑娘底沉思，葡萄的葉子，微微地顫動着，竟使匹潑身上閃着一些碎屑的金光，像黑夜裏的星星，像舞衣綴着的小鏡鏡，薔薇是高高地爬在牆巔，在晚照中，更顯得她淺笑的姣豔！但是這些，都引不起這位姑娘的賞鑑，她低着頭，淚是已經被晚風吹乾了——沉思！像呆鷄似地沉思！

『Who rolls the cradle reigns the (wored)』一句英文的格言竟不知不覺地盤旋于她的腦裏，她默默地念着，念着！啊！她真有點混亂了，立起了踱了一會，又把嫩綠的葡萄葉一絲一絲地把牠撕碎，撒在地上，靠着皮靴的硬度，把這些被戮殺者埋入泥裏。

太陽已經爬過巔巔，金色的葡萄架又變成灰暗，匹潑，也從夢中醒來，沒記憶地又搖搖尾巴貼在她主人的腳下了，她似乎恢復了對牠的憐惜之心，手又輕輕地放在牠的頸上了，但總沒有像已往的那樣溫存，那樣柔和！

踏進了餐室，映入眼簾的是母親慈祥的微笑，和哥哥的一雙靈活的大眼睛，她一語不發地低下頭吃飯，嬌憨的樣兒，不下於她兒時發野過的刹那！

「好容易春假回來，你們又要催她了！」她母親這樣緩緩地說：「做哥哥的，總得讓她的囉！」

她頭低得更下一點，幾乎要與碗口相合了！她哥哥老是從桌角上偷偷地看她。

「安安！寶！別睬他們吧！你愛進什麼科就進吧！我可以答應你，……愛吃什麼儘吃啊！安安！不要懊惱，……」她母親柔和地說：「這次去了，又得暑假才可回來呢！……」

這幾句溫存體貼的慰語，像一些輕鬆柔軟的棉絮，溫馨了她這顆失望的心，無限的委屈，都寄托在這低低的嗚咽與盈盈的淚中了！

她離開餐室跑到房裏，靠在床上竟抽抽噎噎地哭了，母親的體貼入微的安慰格言，五斗櫃上懸掛着的聖母像，竟使她體會到了母性的偉大，但同時，女子的唯一職業——嫁人，——做丈夫的傀儡，子女的奴隸……的思想，又湧上心頭，她混亂極了，倒在牀上竟大哭起來。

一九三四年十一月改作於金陵

BA BA SHUENG

by Tsen Li-ming

I

Her true name was Lu Wen Shueng, but nobody had ever called her that name since she had, once before she learned to speak correctly, answered her mother that her name was "Ba Ba Shueng". Later she became so used to hearing that name that at times she even did not recognize for whom the call "Wen Shueng" was. People either inside or outside of the family called her "Ba Ba Shueng" simply for the sake of teasing and by habit.

Ba Ba Shueng might have been a favourite child to her parents as her little sister, Pei Shueng was, if she had not been so terribly affected by a long period of illness when she was only three years of age. Her mother often boasted before others how her father saved her from death when the horrible crisis came one night. Ba Ba Shueng then was about to die, her face had become pale, her body cold, her hands were shaking, and even worse her jaws drew so tight that one could not thrust even a finger into her mouth. Her father had to force her mouth open with a pair of chopsticks and then poured into her mouth a considerable amount of urine from another boy. So the father was said to be successful in rescuing his daughter from the sudden blow. Nevertheless this illness did not end at once, but, lasted for nearly half a year. When she recovered, she was no longer the usual fat child of rosy cheeks. Her face always appeared pale and languid. Her eyes seemed to be larger and more beautiful with long black lashes. She always looked at people with childish innocence. She had a well-shaped nose. Her lips gave you the impression of a honest child shrinking from the possibility of lying and cheating or throwing hard words at others. Her marble-like forehead covered with dangling hair of irregular lengths possessed a sort of aesthetic softness that a Chinese Romeo, if there really were such a person, would certainly like to kiss and soothe. Ba Ba Shueng had a habit of speaking as fast and lightly as a canary, and a habit of walking in such manner that her heels hardly touched the ground when each step was taken; so people of the village often remarked that this was a sign she would die early.

Ba Ba Shueng was always weaker than her sisters no matter how much special nourishment her mother had given her. In every respect she seemed to be less capable than any of her sisters. Her elder sisters, Gin Shueng and Po Shueng had become popular in school for their brightness. They were put into the same class. when the reports were sent from the school at the end of each semester, their parents just could not

help being delighted at their daughters' high marks in all subjects. It had almost been a rule that Gin Shueng, the eldest one got a small copy of the Holy Bible or other books as the first prize and Po Shueng, the younger one received a beautifully-dressed doll as the second prize each year. Moreover, Gin Shueng was very skillful in knitting and sewing; and Po Shueng was known as a bold little speaker before a big audience every Christmas. The father and mother were really very proud of them; Pei Shueng was not the less smart and lovable than the two elder ones in the eyes of her parents though she was two years younger than Ba Ba Shueng. She was just as beautiful as Ba Ba Shueng but of a different type of beauty. As a rule her father showed her special favour whenever and wherever he met her. Her little pink face was made redder by her father's gentle caresses.

Since there were these three lovable daughters occupying their parents' hearts Ba Ba Shueng was not in the least lovable to them. In fact Ba Ba Shueng's sisters often liked to take advantage of her weakness except Gin Shueng who was of a different nature and showed kindness to her at times. Even the slave girl of the family seemed to look down on her instead of respecting her as she should. Ah How, the slave girl would certainly side with the smallest one whenever there was a quarrel between Ba Ba Shueng and Pei Shueng. You could often hear Ah How scold Ba Ba Shueng saying, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You are the older one. Ought you not to let her have it?" Then there was a silence and she began again to frighten her saying heavily through her yellow teeth, "See if I don't tell your mother about your naughtiness; then you are to receive a number of unbearable lashes!" As a rule, Ba Ba Shueng who stood alone had to give in and then hide herself behind the door to sob bitterly. Ba Ba Shueng could not be at ease even during supper time. She had to take care not to make her parents angry, lest she should receive a sudden stroke of chopsticks from her mother, and reproachful glances from all the others at the table. Many a time she just could not help sobbing and left the table without eating any more. But who was to care whether she was hungry or not? Gin Shueng was afraid to fetch her food separately since her parents always insisted on not caring or pitying as the best way to teach every naughty child!

What consolation of any sort could Ba Ba Shueng seek at home, since every body just kept nagging at her all the time? Her place at home was nowhere. Every day she went out and wandered in the street, in the dirty yard, around the well watching people getting out water bucket by bucket, and along all possible places away from home. While she was unloved at home, she made friends with quite a few grown up persons outside, for she was very meek and always ready to help any one who needed her. People praised her sisters' brightness and beauty before her parents, but in reality they loved Ba Ba Shueng best. She was not proud before others as they were. People certainly received sweet smiles from her. Whenever they happened to see her they liked to talk with her, and pity her; and that was the only way that Ba Ba Shueng could express herself freely.

A blind mission girl who lived in the same street was quite kind to Ba Ba Shueng. Many a time she told Ba Ba Shueng stories in the Bible, and taught her to sing simple songs though she could seldom catch them. On the other hand the blind girl was very thankful for Ba Ba Shueng's help in making a fire to cook her food whenever she was

with her. Ba Ba Shueng became quite another person when she was in the presence of other people who were friendly to her. She was active in helping the old woman (also living in the same street) to get the thread through the tiny eye of a needle. Her sisters, especially Pei-Shueng would feel too proud to do that for such a humble neighbor with ragged clothes and dirty face.

II

When Ba Ba Shueng was just ten, her father died suddenly after a few days' illness. Though Ba Ba Shueng was not loved by her father when he was alive, yet she wept just as bitterly as the others. Pei Shueng simply did not weep at all.

Since no boy was born to the family, the daughters now were every thing to their mother. She valued them all with the possible exception of Ba Ba Shueng much more than all the people did their sons in the village. She determined to give them higher education as practically none of the village people could afford to do even for their only sons.

Though the main figure of the family had died recently yet the mother was not to let Gin Shueng and Po Shueng stop going to school for the sake of mourning. They were obliged to go to the school only a few days after the funeral.

As Gin Shueng and Po Shueng had already studied six years in the Christian school, they were said to have finished the primary schooling. Their mother could find no place other than Canton where her daughters could continue to have junior and senior high school education. After lots of consulting about schools, she decided to let them go to study in a famous girl's school in Canton which was miles away from home. Being afraid of this and that, Gin Shueng and Po Shueng insisted on going earlier to the school than any one else. The night before they left home, they were treated as queens visiting one's home. During supper time, their mother chose fine big pieces of chicken for them time after time; and Ah How served them with particular sweetness. In return they also felt sad to leave every member of the family; even Ba Ba Shueng was greatly pitied by Po Shueng who did not show much goodness to her usually. The next morning all the members of the family rose at five in order to catch the train at six. At breakfast Gin Shueng and Po Shueng could not eat much; for they were too sad to eat now. After breakfast, Gin Shueng went into her own bed room to see if she had missed anything. Ba Ba Shueng's face was wet with tears. She quickly ran after her sister into the same room and burst into loud cries. Hanging herself on Gin Shueng's neck Ba Ba Shueng did not know what to say since she had so much to say at that moment. Gin Shueng patted her back gently saying, "Don't cry now, Ba Ba Shueng. I will come back next summer to see you. Tell me what you want. I promise to buy it in Canton and bring it home for you. Ah! you want a beautiful doll like the one that Po Shueng received before, I suppose?" Their mother was calling Gin Shueng outside, so she had to go out and poor Ba Ba Shueng had no chance to speak a word to her. Gin Shueng was the only one in the family who showed her kindness; and Ba Ba Shueng loved her above all the others. She

had looked sadder and paler ever since she had heard of their coming departure. And that very last moment she was only too absorbed in her grief, she did not hear what Gin Shueng said to her, and so much the better she did not catch the words, else such a passionate child as she would certainly have been hurt more or less by Gin Shueng's misunderstanding toward her. How could she say such things as to buy a beautiful doll for her at that moment? Did not Ba Ba Shueng love her more than a doll?

After the elder sisters' departure, the mother became busy preparing the two younger daughters to begin study the next week in the same Christian school. Though she did not care much about Ba Ba Shueng's education (for she thought her unable to study), yet for the sake of avoiding outsiders' gossip and finding company for her youngest daughter, Pei Shueng, who was now seven years of age, she had to let her enter school at the same time.

Pei Shueng was the smallest one in the school and both sisters were to study with quite many big girls in the same class. Surely, they were too young to compete with those big ones, but Pei Shueng looked bright and smart. People just could not help patting her and protecting her; they made her sing songs that her elder sisters had taught her; and she did sing beautifully; so in a very short period Pei Shueng had become popular while Ba Ba Shueng just stood aside and listened to her sister's singing as others did. She was very timid with new people; and seldom answered the questions thrown out by those big ones. She was simply frightened by the sight of so many strangers and teachers with stern faces. As a result, people took little interest in her and even ventured to think her queer.

Now in addition to her mother's nagging she had to suffer from her schoolmates' laughing and cruel teasing, and all the hard lessons that must be memorized day after day. Her mind was never at ease. By and by she really became too nervous about everything around her. People kept teasing, frightening and fooling her while Pei Shueng though popular among her schoolmates was unable to stop them. Many a time she was obliged to act as an older sister to drag the crying Ba Ba Shueng home.

One day, several naughty girls even went so far as to fool Ba Ba Shueng by rubbing pepper powder over her eyes, in order to enjoy seeing her crying. When Pei Shueng discovered their dirty tricks, she reproached them fiercely so they all sneaked away one by one. She brought Ba Ba Shueng home, and told her mother the tale from beginning to end. Her mother was very angry at their tricks. Not waiting for a minute longer she burst into the school and demanded the teacher to punish her naughty pupils; and said that she would't allow any one to try any trick in her daughters again.

The next morning Ba Ba Shueng shrank from going to school again. Seeing the uselessness of forcing her to study, her mother just let it go. Pei Shueng had to go by herself henceforth. Ba Ba Shueng fell back to her old wandering life again.

III

A little before summer vacation, the slave girl was married to a man who lived in the neighboring village. In order to help in household work the mother bought another slave girl, named Ah Lan, who was a little older than Ba Ba Shueng (who was 10 now). Ah Lan was a robust girl. Her face was absolutely round and full of freckles. She was altogether an untamed wild thing. She knew no manners, and often gave you foolish smiles. She was a great eater, and was sure to eat thrice as much as Ba Ba Shueng at every meal. In addition to that she tried to steal anything eatable in the closet when people were away. Not that she did not have enough to eat but she had formed that unchangeable habit long before she came. She did not stop even after she was beaten many times for that. Moreover, she learned that Ba Ba Shueng was timid and conquered or dominated quickly after her arriving. As a result she refused to do anything for her at every possible situation; so Ba Ba Shueng soon found that Ah Lan was another new enemy to her at home. Right after her fleeing from the misery in school the new trouble of Ah Lan came to her in its place!

Nevertheless Ba Ba Shueng, though troubled by lots of things at home was filled with the pleasure of longing for her sisters' coming back home in summer vacation. She numbered the days till their arrival. It is all the same to any one waiting for others; Ba Ba Shueng felt the day much longer than usual as she waited day and night earnestly.

Finally her hope was fulfilled. Gin Shueng and Po Shueng did actually come home one summer day. Ba Ba Shueng was jumping up and down before her sisters like a puppy for her returned master. Gin Shueng did not forget to buy her a beautiful doll which was quite an unexpected gift to Ba Ba Shueng. At last Ba Ba Shueng could have a little pleasure and consolation for herself. Moreover she was treated kindly by her newly arrived sisters. Everything to her was cheerful again; and Ah Lan was afraid of cheating her in the presence of these two new Misses. They seemed to Ah Lan very honorable and powerful, and she was afraid even to stir without order lest she should be more severely punished in return. Ba Ba Shueng was also glad that her mother seemed to nag at her less before the two older daughters; so she was practically freed from every strain for the time being. She again became interested in reading her simple books. Every spare minute was spent in reading aloud though she seldom could read correctly. She was so earnest in study that she never tired of asking her elder sisters about words that were new to her. Gin Shueng was often willing to tell her whenever she was being consulted, while Po Shueng later became bored by her constant askings which meant trouble to her. Many a time even the youngest one reproached her for too much bothering others by saying, "Oh, please stop, for heaven's sake. Why can't you understand that you yourself are the dullest one in the world!" At hearing such hard words, Ba Ba Shueng nearly burst into tears, and quickly went away. She wanted to study but very few were willing to help her. She felt quite miserable at that.

Time passed on very fast while her sisters were at home. It was about time for them to go back to Canton; Ba Ba Shueng would soon feel lonely again but in addition to that she heard the unexpected news that Gin Shueng was going to take even Pei Shueng to study in Canton; for she learned that generally the schools in a city were far better than those in a village. Though Pei Shueng was not good to her at home, yet she did not wish to be left alone with her mother. But who was to stop the terrible departure for her? No one would listen to her at all. She had spoken of that to Gin Shueng but Gin Shueng again tried to fool her as if she could feel nothing deep!

Ba Ba Shueng kept worrying about the coming of the horrible day of departure. All her former happiness had gone far far away. In the morning when they were going to leave she did not rise to see them go; for she really could not bear the sight of it. She listened to every movement and every sound outside her bed-room. Gin Shueng thought her still sleeping and so she was glad that they could leave without troubling her. After they left, the house suddenly become absolutely still like an ancient tomb; for her mother and Ah Lan were accompanying them to the station too. She could not help sobbing bitterly with the sheet over her head. When she got up, she discovered that the edge of the sheet and the pillow were wet with tears.

IV

It was true that the house almost became a deserted place. Three sisters out of four had gone away to study. They were altogether only three in the house now. Since the house of two stories seemed too large for them, the first floor was let out to another small family who had long been covetous of living there.

Ba Ba Shueng's bed-room was moved to the second floor. It was really too large a room for a child like her. Though her room was just next to her mother's, yet she seemed to feel it too large to fill up. She often looked around cautiously as though some thing else — a ghost or a robber — were hidden in the corners under the bed, above the mosquito net and in almost every space of the room. She lit the oil lamp late at night until her mother called from the other room; then she blew out the light. Often enough she was awakened suddenly from her horrible dreams at night. A great number of ugly little ghosts poked her, and heaped themselves above her; ~~so that she felt unable to breathe and to call for help.~~ At such a moment Ba Ba Shueng would pray and cry to her almighty old-grandfather-like God for help; then she was successful in pulling herself together and fought them away with feet kicking and hands clawing in the air. Naturally, she woke up, wondering for a while; then recovered herself, and wiped off the sweat on her forehead; then quickly covered herself entirely with the sheet, and never tried to stir again for fear of any ghost that might have remained in the room.

Being so often frightened by the dreams Ba Ba Shueng always felt sad toward

evening. How she wished there would be no night at all!

Since all her three companionable daughters were away from home, the mother also felt a little bit too lonesome at home with no one to talk with. She took no interest in Ba Ba Shueng. All that she had to do for her was to give her food and clothing. She did not know what Ba Ba Shueng was doing during the rest of the day. She even became tired of nagging at her now.

It happened that a new girl teacher, Miss Tan, had come to the Christian school lately. In her eyes Miss Tan was charming, tender, and good-mannered. She could play the organ and sang beautifully, though many town folk would certainly think her voice too loud and too stiff. In every respect Miss Tan was superior to all those who had taught here before. She and Ba Ba Shueng's mother got acquainted with each other in the church after numerous contacts.

Miss Tan was an orphan brought up by a foreign missionary. She was quite alone in the world; so naturally she also came to admire the mother's hospitality toward her. By and by Miss Tan became a constantly welcomed guest of the house. She was treated much more dearly than Ba Ba Shueng by her mother. But Ba Ba Shueng by no means became jealous of her; for she was not used to thinking ill of any body who did her no harm. For quite a long period the house was full of sunshine again. The solitude was replaced by the presence of Miss Tan.

But two months later the principal of the school told Miss Tan to move her bed-room to another old house of immense size, since there was not enough room for study in the school. Miss Tan was not accustomed to sleeping alone in such a big house. (She had slept in a crowded room usually during her student period). The mother had already seen that from Miss Tan's hesitant manner. She was sympathetic enough to volunteer to go to sleep in the next room to Miss Tan's in the same house at night. She loved Miss Tan as dearly as her own daughter; and Miss Tan was more thankful to her than to any other in the world.

Now the cheerfulness of the house was carried away once more. Except at meal times the slave girl Ah Lan was left alone working in the house all day long. Ba Ba Shueng did not dare to enter it except at meal times. At night there were only Ba Ba Shueng and Ah Lan sleeping in the whole floor. The people living in the first floor seldom made any noise at all. The whole house was full of mysterious quietness. Ba Ba Shueng ~~then~~ became ten times as frightened as before since no body now slept in the room next to hers. Probably she would be poked to death by the little ghosts at night and never wake up again! Just imagine! To whom could she cry for help had something horrible or dangerous really happened to her? Ah Lan, tired by the day's work, slept most soundly from first to last. Nobody could possibly wake her up without vigorous shaking of her body at night. Moreover, she spoke every night in her dreams unconsciously. She herself did not feel frightened in sleep; but her habits added lots of evil things to Ba Ba Shueng's

imagination when she was awakened at night. Many a time she was nearly frightened to death. Her night gown was wet with vapourish sweat. Being bored in the day time, and having no good rest at night Ba Ba Shueng grew paler and thinner day by day. She began to hate eating, and feel full all day long. But nobody had seen that except the people in the street; but they were not responsible for that. It was nobody's business if it was not her mother's!

V

Presently, Ba Ba Shueng formed a habit of sitting at the window pane with her feet resting on the table below meditating over the series of misfortunes which had happened to her and dreaming of every possible way of rescue, the coming home of her sister, or some kind one to take her away. That evening, as she looked forth with her head leaning against one of the iron rods of the window and her right hand grasping the upper part of the same rod for support, she was quite lost in pursuing many different images of human beings, animals, angels as told of in the stories, houses and things of tremendous varieties in the cloud.

"Oh, here is such a kind old man with a long white beard, may be he is the very God who is coming to rescue me now." Ba Ba Shueng murmured to herself. Her tired eyes flashed suddenly saying, "What, his shape is changing again! His beard disappears, now his legs, now his body, nowhis....." She became sad again as if her real savior had shrunk from coming to her. Two rows of tears dappled her face, she had to close her eyes and bow her head in order to suppress her emotion for fear of bursting into audible sobs.

After sitting there for a long hour, she felt tired and thirsty, then she carefully got down from the window and went to the kitchen for a bowl of tea. As she set her feet into the kitchen she saw Ah Lan stealing things in the dishes to eat again. Ah Lan was very much absorbed in eating, she did not discern Ba Ba Shueng's presence, she still kept picking up the finest food with two dirty fingers and putting it into her mouth, lapping her fingers greedily every time. Ba Ba Shueng became quite angry at that sight. Ah Lan's habit of stealing things to eat behind others' backs was most disgusting to her. She reproached Ah Lan by saying, "Why, again you steal eatables right after supper. Don't you realize that any good girl won't permit herself to do such things?"

"What does it matter to you?" Ah Lan said with a very fierce gaze.

"You dare to say that! The devil would not like to eat the dish again after you have dipped your dirty fingers into it!" said Ba Ba Shung.

"So much the better that you shan't eat it again; I may have more in that case!" said Ah Lan laughing and nodding her head vigorously.

Ba Ba Shueng was put into a difficult situation. She became more angry and did not know what to do with that obstinate thing! So she had to use her last defense to frighten.

en Ah Lan by saying, "See if I shan't tell this to mother. You shall see and shall have to bear lashes again!"

At hearing this the pain received from lashes was recalled to Ah Lan's imagination. But she became more angry than ever instead of being frightened to silence as usual; for there was nobody else in the house, and she thought that she could do what she willed at that time; so she suddenly rushed at Ba Ba Shueng who was standing near the doorway unprepared for the stroke. Ah Lan stabbed her big bony fists one after another into Ba Ba Shueng's breast, and kicked with her muddy feet. There was no time for Ba Ba Shueng to defend herself. She was not accustomed to fight against such a beastly thing! The ground was too wet and muddy for her to hold her feet firmly. When the punches and kicks came incessantly, she took a few steps back and bumped the chest which immediately fell heavily on her right foot, and the broken pieces of dishes and bowls flew in every direction. Ba Ba Shueng was crying for help. Her left hand was cut terribly deep by one of the broken pieces. Seeing much blood flowing from the wound Ba Ba Shueng fainted and lay there motionless. Ah Lan was really frightened now. She had not thought of such a terrible ending. Lashes and lashes from her mistress were flashing over her mind now. She could not escape while the chest and Ba Ba Shueng were blocking the door way; but neither was she able to lift up the chest to its old place. As she was standing there shaking from top to bottom the woman who lived in the first floor came in. That woman was awe-struck at the sight. She quickly lifted the chest with Ah Lan's help, and carried Ba Ba Shueng to bed. Her mother was sent for; and all at once the house was full of people and voices suggesting doing this and doing that.

VI

From that evening Ba Ba Shueng was unable to get up. The lower bone of her right foot had been broken, a light movement and a touch would mean terrible pain to her. She could not help crying when her mother was spreading medicine over her foot. She sat up only three or four times to wash and to eat. Every thing she needed had to be brought within her reach. She avoided drinking tea as much as possible lest she should have to get up oftener. The left hand was infected by the cut. There seemed to be something pricking underneath. A few days later the wound became larger and pus flowed out.

Day after day passed, but Ba Ba Shueng felt no better. On the contrary, she felt feverish every afternoon. Her cheeks grew red. Her body felt aching all the time. She suffered day and night. During the first two weeks, her mother regretted her absence from home very much. In return, she pitied Ba Ba Shueng with special care such as Ba Ba Shueng had never received from her before. Her mother washed her wound with her own hand. Even Ah Lan felt regretful and served her timidly. Now and then people would peep in to ask if she was better. It was an extraordinary thing for such a suffering child like Ba Ba Shueng who had not received many caresses from others before. But how? It was too late for her to appreciate all such fallacies. She was too much weakened by her illness; and people's visitings only troubled her more. Her desire to be pitied had disappeared. No more tenderness and caresses could mean anything to her now.

When people came she simply turned her face toward the wall. Gradually people did not come at all.

Likely her mother tired of her by and by. Many ways of curing had been tried, but none gave better results. Ba Ba Shueng had no appetite to eat. She just became thinner and thinner. Her eyes looked larger, cheek bones more distinguished, face as pale as the lime-washed wall of her room, hands and legs like sticks covered with wrinkly skin. Her mother could see no hope of her recovering. She became sick of watching her day by day: so she went back to sleep in the old big house with Miss Tan, and trusted her care entirely to Ah Lan's hand, so Ah Lan was told to move her bed to Ba Ba Shueng's room.

Ba Ba Shueng could not tell how worried she was when her mother left her that night. Ah Lan's move only frightened her more, because her night-speaking could be heard still more clearly now. Nine times out of ten Ah Lan did not get up to give her tea to drink at night when Ba Ba Shueng needed it so much. No, no, Ah Lan did not do her good, but troubled her more!

Ba Ba Shueng lay there day after day. She watched through the window the setting of sun and the rising of moon every evening. The images in the cloud were nothing to her now. Her eyes were just too weak to look so far. Even things in the room grew obscure before her. During the day for hours and hours she stared blankly at the ceiling of the room.

A mission woman came to visit her one afternoon, for that afternoon was her visiting period every week. She brought a number of Bible pictures to please Ba Ba Shueng. But Ba Ba Shueng felt no more interested in these which had meant a great deal to her before. The woman asked her so many questions, and talked to her disgustingly about this and that. Ba Ba Shueng kept silent and wished to turn her face to the wall. But when the woman had tried unsuccessfully, all possible ways to please her, she finally thought of a topic with the hope of interesting her but without any idea of its being true. She said, "Ba Ba Shueng, I am going to Canton for a meeting day after to-morrow. Would you like me to tell your sisters to come back to see you?"

Ba Ba Shueng immediately smiled a hearty smile and her eyes flashed with delight. "Yes, that was the very thing that Ba Ba Shueng thirsted for now. How she would like to have Gin Shueng sitting on her bed to talk and to take care of her. Then she would hear no more Ah Lan's night-speaking, and be frightened no more! Oh! what a great thing for her! Her heart was beating fast for that! For a long long time she had not been so happy as that afternoon."

That evening, as usual, Ah Lan brought up supper for her. After eating a mouthful, she pushed it away, and ate no more; for she was too excited to eat.

As dusk fell it became silent every where. The children playing all day in the

street were now being called in by their mothers. Through the window, Ba Ba Shueng saw no light in the opposite house. Probably they had all got to bed.

"It is time for every body to rest now, and so shall I." She sighed to herself; for she was quite tired by the excitement of this afternoon.

At mid-night Ba Ba Shueng suddenly waked from sleep. She felt so strange that she seemed to be flying round and round the room in darkness. She could not distinguish left from right. She wondered in what direction her head was lying. Where was the door? The window? Her head was very feverish. Fire seemed to burst from her eyes and her nostrils. The right foot and the left hand became more terribly painful than ever. She felt thirsty, and called Ah Lan faintly for tea; but no response came from the sleeping thing. The heat and the pain were too much for her. She could not help groaning out loud. Tears wet her whole face. Something was pricking her inside all the time, she turned over her body from left to right alternately. She lay there helpless till dawn had nearly approached; she then suddenly seemed to see a flash of light going straight before her. Unconsciously she rose to catch it with her eyes; and all of a sudden she fell down to her bed again. Some liquid, sticky and a little bit salty with the smell of decayed fish, was spat out of her mouth. She murmured in a very weak voice, then lay still forever.

ONE STORMY NIGHT

By Stella Dju

It was a horrible stormy night; the thunder and the lightning covered all noises except their own. In a tiny, dirty, square room, the light-radiating five-watt bulb was dim and miserable. Ah Mai, a sixteen-year old country girl, sitting on a chair before the window, moving her shoulders up and down in a definite rhythm, sobbed heartily.

Because she had lost her parents, circumstances forced her to leave her native province. Trusting Wong Ma as a guardian, they went to the city to make their living. One night they spent in a very small hotel. The next morning before lunch, Wong Ma took her to a home, and Ah Mai was told that she was supposed to act as a maid there. When observing the strange house arrangement, and the unusual actions and movements of the people in the house, she wanted to leave the house immediately, but she found that Wong Ma had left her already. Though she was ignorant, yet she was clever enough to guess that this was not an ordinary home. She wondered if it could be a

A girl of her age came in and whispered to Ah Mai that Wong Ma had sold her here a sing-song girl. These few words made Ah Mai almost crazy. She cursed the woman. She regretted that she had trusted people too much. She did not know what to do. She could not think of a plan to get free from that place. The only thing

she could do to get comfort was to cry, cry all the time.

Suddenly, the door was opened, and there came the heavy steps of a middle-aged woman. Judging by her appearance and gesture, one would say she was the owner of the house.

"Hey! Have you time enough to think that over? Answer me one word, yes or no!" The woman walked toward the girl, waving her whip to and fro, and questioning in a pretended kind way.

Ah Mai made no answer.

"Why, you haven't lost your voice, have you?" the woman continued asking in an angry tone.

"No! I will not do it. I would rather die than do that kind of business!" Ah Mai finally shouted.

"Do you really mean it?" The woman glared at the girl with two fiery eyeballs.

"Y---e---s!" Ah Mai trembled. At the same time, she got two blows on her face from the owner's two big strong hands. Ah Mai did not cry; she simply turned her head.

"Come on, do something more fierce! I don't want to live, I want to die!" Ah Mai's face turned white as marble. She stood at the center of the room like a statue. Not a second after, the merciless continuous whipping sound harmonized with the woman's roar, "You dog! You devil. You silly! You dumb! You!" In the intervals you could hear the horrible groaning sound, "OO.....,O... ..!" from the sufferer. The whipping, the grumbling, the groaning, the crying, the shouting and the laughing blended together like a particular kind of music, which could be clearly heard from outside the window. But the storm was so great that it covered all the other sounds except its own.

Suddenly, the girl cried, "Stop! I will;" then every other sound stopped and only the groan continued until the intensity of the poor soul's voice died away.

On both side walks of a certain street, many young girls, dressed in all kinds of attractive colors, each followed by an older woman, were waiting for their prey, searching for their luck and looking for their bread and butter. Ah Mai was one of them.

"Ma Ma, look there," Ah Mai whispered to the woman behind her when she saw a man, a day laborer, passing in front of them with a big umbrella above his head.

"Go forward, quick! I'll wait for you here," the woman advised the girl. Ah Mai ran up to her prey, holding his right arm and said with a smile.

"Come, let us leave here."

"Where shall we go then?" the man asked in turn. The dim street light fell upon the man's face and showed him to be a middle aged hard-working man.

"Go..... go to my home."

"No, no, I won't."

"Please, just go there for a few minutes," the girl begged.

"No, nothing doing you shameful creature!" the man said in a rage.

"Please! Please! Just save my whipping to-night!" tears were rolling in and out of her eyes. She still kept on begging.

"Go your way, silly!" He pushed Ah Mai away with his two muscular hands and walked on with quite unpleasant laughter.

Ah Mai got up from the muddy ground. Suddenly, the word "run" came into her mind.

"Yes, run... run away! Why not? Run awayrun... ..!" her heart beat so fast that she was afraid somebody would hear it.

"Where shall I go then?" she murmured. She turned around and found no one was looking at her.

"Be quick. If you do not slip away quickly, may be it will be too late." Her inner voice spoke to her. So she ran as rapidly as she could through lanes and streets, her heart beating faster and faster. Occasionally she looked backward, afraid there were people chasing her. She kept on running, running, and running, though she did not know where she was going.

GOING TO THE CITY

by Tsû Dji-siu

No words could express her happiness when Mrs Ling, a young woman of twenty-seven, the beauty of the village, said good-bye to her neighbors before she left the village and went to the city with her husband. It was the happiest day since her wedding seven years before. Her face, her eyes, her lips were smiling and shining and her heart was bathing in the glorious sea of hope. She looked at her husband, Ling Bin, a strong and somewhat handsome young man, now and then with a pleasing look. She kissed her son, a six year old child who was in her husband's arms and then shook hands with her neighbors. They walked out of the village under the eyes of the neighbors who watched them with some expression of envy and admiration. Indeed, she was a lucky woman married to a

good husband at the age of twenty, a son the next year and now she was going to live in the beautiful city. All she had were what her neighbors wished but they were not lucky enough to have the same fortune. They wished her a bright future and she, herself, felt as if she was flying in the golden light toward paradise with her husband by her side and her son in her arms. As they walked along, she glanced over the trees and flowers at the road side, and all these things, smiling and gay, bowed to hail them. In the field several men and women were working. They waved their hands as the Lings passed by and offered them good wishes. She thanked them and turned to her husband.

"Shall I work in the field again?"

"No, my dear," replied Ling Bin, "You will never work in the field again, nor need you do any other hard work. You know I have now twenty dollars a month as a servant in the lawyer's office, and there is, in addition, some extra always. It is quite enough to support you two."

"Is it really so? Can we live there very happily?"

"Certainly! city life is happier and far better than the hard country life. You will never think about the country when you live there," said Ling Bin gently.

"Oh! Dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Ling with a sweet smile on her face.

It was just noon when they reached the quay. Mrs. Ling was a little tired after thirty miles' walk but her heart was more excited for they were nearer to the city. After going on board the ship, they took some food which they carried and sat down side by side on the deck. Resting her head on her husband's shoulder, she listened to him telling of the beautiful and admirable appearance of the city. She gazed at the water wistfully and fell half asleep until her husband wakened her up when the city was in sight.

On the river bank the splendid city stood. Large buildings stood in the cloud. Black smoke came hurling out from the black chimneys. Automobiles flew to and fro on the white, broad road like arrows which left the string.

"Oh! how splendid and marvelous the city is," cried Mrs. Ling.

"It is only the outer appearance. When you step into it, you will feel that you are lost in the sea of men who move busily under the electric light," said Ling Bin, smiling.

"Are there any pretty toys in the city, Papa?" asked the little boy with his eyes fixed on his father.

"Yes, a great many, dear boy, every kind of beautiful toys is there in the shops. I shall buy some for you," replied the father.

As they talked, the ship had stopped at the quay. They landed and went by

jinrikishas to the house which Ling Bin had prepared.

It was almost dark when they reached the house. Under the electric light which she had admired for its brightness and convenience, Mrs. Ling looked round the rooms. In a large room a half new, middle sized, iron bed was set near the wall; a table and cupboard and four chairs were all placed in their own places. In the next small room the furnace was settled. Although it was only a very simple and small house, in Mrs. Ling's eyes it was a good and comfortable one in comparison with that in the country. They put in order the things which they carried from the country, and went to a small restaurant to have some dinner. It was not a good dinner, yet all things were strange to her. She tasted the food carefully and slowly and ate it spoon by spoon until the dishes were emptied. After dinner they walked to a good looking street. Mrs. Ling's eyes were dazzled by the colored light shooting out from the windows of the shops; and she gazed one by one at those windows where the things were displayed. Turning her head, she saw the ladies, wearing beautiful, shining, silky dresses, walking gracefully along. Their faces, shaded by the waved hair and reflected by jewel necklaces, looked as beautiful as angels. She looked at them with interest and could not find any suitable words to admire them. In contrast she suddenly found how poor and mean she was in such dull and unfashionable clothes. She turned her head to her husband who was just telling her son about the toys in the window and said to him.

"I would like to buy some cloth to make a new dress."

"All right," replied Ling Bin looking at his beloved wife with a smile.

"I want a new dress too, Papa," requested the boy.

"Yes, my dear," said the mother and turned to her husband, "It is a shame to let the child look like a little beggar."

So they stepped into a shop. The clerk took out several kinds of cloth to let them choose. Mrs. Ling looked at one and then the other. She liked this one for its pattern, that one for its color and another one for its material. She liked them all and could not determine which one she would buy. At last Ling Bin chose it for her but when they came out of the shop she was still admiring the color of the one and the pattern of the other.

When they returned to their house it was twelve o'clock already. Having put the child to bed, she took out the cloth and examined it again and again. After Ling Bin told her three times, she went to bed, yet she could not fall asleep. All the things she saw in the evening came to her mind one by one. Now she had seen the city and recognized that city life was really happy and admirable.

All the night she was kept awake by the noise of the cars. Her mind was disturbed but her heart was dancing in the colored light. When the sun-light penetrated into the room she got up and washed before the mirror. She was quite satisfied with her pretty

face and imagined that if she put on a new dress she would be prettier. After Ling Bin had gone to the lawyer's office at seven o'clock and she had finished her little house work and had nothing more to do, she went to the door to look at the street and gossip with her neighbors. She was very happy that from them she learned many things which she had not known before, but at the same time she was a little uncomfortable because they had many luxuries but she had none. So when Ling Bin returned home in the evening, she asked him to go shopping with her. Ling Bin could not refuse his wife's request and bought the things which she wanted although he had not much money.

When one desire was fulfilled, the others rose. The more she had the more she wanted. The more she wanted, the less she was satisfied. As she had seen all the luxuries of the city, she wished to have them all. She considered that living in the city she must dress and act as the city women did. So she liked to go to theatres, she liked gambling, she liked all kinds of amusement which the city women liked. Thus every day she bustled about and did not take much care of her child who played all day long with the neighboring children. When Ling Bin returned home in the evening she always asked for money.

"You must not act like this," said Ling Bin one day. "You must stay at home and take care of the child instead of going to the theatre and gambling. You know I have only twenty dollars a month and it cannot be wasted like this."

"It's you who brought me to the city. As I am now living in the city, I must act as a city woman. I cannot bear to let the neighbors mock at me," answered Mrs. Ling.

"But I have not much money for you to waste," said the husband.

"If the husband cannot support his wife, what's the use to have a husband? Why can the others and you cannot?" said Mrs. Ling angrily.

Ling Bin was angry also but when he raised his eyes to her, he swallowed down the fire which rose in his heart. He would not hurt his sweet wife's feeling and make the family unhappy. Thus every time when she asked for money, her desire was fulfilled, even if he borrowed it from his friends.

At the end of a season, the house owner came to ask them to pay the rent. The grocer came to ask money for the things which they had bought on credit. The tailor, the electrician, etc. all wanted pay. Mrs. Ling was greatly worried but she would not show it before her husband, lest he would blame her. She sobbed in bed when he returned home and told him that she would not get up until he paid the money. He, being worried by his wife and compelled by the persons who asked for pay, was very anxious but could find no method except borrowing. When this difficulty had passed, Mrs. Ling went to the theatre and gambled as happily as ever.

When the end of a year came, the house owner, grocer, tailor, etc. came to ask for pay again. Mrs. Ling was vexed by fear and Ling Bin was afflicted by anxiety. He

tried to borrow but no one was willing to lend. One day when he returned home, despairing and sad, he saw a group of people standing at the door talking fiercely and loudly, saying that if he could not pay the money they would take away the furniture of their house. As he stepped into the room his wife said angrily to him,

"I can't bear to let these men bother me. You are a man and cannot find any method to meet them?"

"Why can't you find any method? You know whose fault it is," answered Ling Bin coldly.

"Whose fault is it? I do not see Mrs. Djang, who lives more luxuriously than I, bothered by any one."

Ling Bin dropped his head disappointedly as his eyes met hers.

The next day while Mrs. Ling was bewildered about the debt, her husband came in with his hat drawn down over his eyes and his head bent very low. He handed her two rolls of paper money silently. As her hand touched his, she felt that he was shivering. She raised her eyes and saw that his eyes were red and his face a little pale.

"Are you well? Will you lie down on the bed? I must go straight to the creditors now, otherwise they will come here again. When I come back I will make some tea for you." Then she went out.

When Mrs. Ling returned home two hours later, she found that a crowd was gathered at her door. As she came near, they all looked at her disdainfully and whispered to each other. She did not see Ling Bin when she came into the room but her son ran to her crying. She picked him up and asked him where papa was.

"Papa was carried away by two policemen just before you came," said the little boy.

On hearing these words, her face turned pale. She put her son on a chair and ran out as fast as a fallen petal flying in the gale, in spite of the boy crying and running behind her. An automobile flew toward her from the opposite side. She withdrew a little and it passed away. As she tried to run again, a shrill cry rose behind her. She turned her head unconsciously backward, where thirty yards away from her, she saw a little boy with his head under the automobile. Her face turned paler and her lips shivered. Frightened she ran to the spot and recognized her son with his little cheeks stained with blood.

That night Mrs. Ling cried mournfully till dawn. She recollected and inspected all her actions of the year and found that she herself was the cause of the tragedy. It was she who wasted all her husband's wages, compelled him to steal and to be put into prison. It was she who caused her son's death. She further realized that her evil was caused by the city. It was the city who attracted her and led her to luxury. It was the city who killed her son. She blamed herself. She reproached herself. She damned

the city. She hated the city.

Five days after, the same ship which carried them to the city carried Mrs. Ling to her country again. She came to the quay in the early morning with a drooping head and disappointed eyes. The delighted heart had changed to a heavy one. Her sweet dream was broken. Her paradise was lost. She raised her weary eyes once more to gaze at the city. The large buildings stood in the cloud as wild beasts overlooking the weak creatures, men. The automobiles flew to and fro like arrows finding opportunity to pierce through one's heart just the same as ever. "Oh! City! You devil!" She covered her eyes with her hands.

The steam whistle gave the warning. The ship moved slowly away from the quay. All the things on the river banks swept quickly backward and the city was out of sight in ten minutes. As if she had got out of the danger now, Mrs. Ling's grief was a little released. She turned her head to look at the water. Dimly her husband's face appeared in the ripple. She saw his melancholy and regretful face which she had seen the day before in the prison. And his words which he said to her when they parted came to her mind again, "The punishment is a little too severe. But it's the price we paid for a lesson. Our years are still long. There is enough time for us to compensate. I can return home after six months, and we can begin a new life again." A new hope came to her and a smile rose on her lips.

STRUGGLE

by Lü Nai-yiug

At the age of sixteen Pearl was married to Fung by the will of her parents who had died before her marriage. She believed as millions of brides that to marry was the way for women to live as man must earn their living by profession. For Fung's part, he felt a new comfort he had not known before. She served him faithfully, doing everything for him.

Ten years flew by swiftly. Except for the death of Fung's father there was no great change. Fung had been away to study in university for three years. Every summer he returned and stayed at home for two months. From Fung, Pearl knew many new things outside her little world. She was very interested in hearing such things which seemed to be far away beyond reach, just as children are interested in stories of fairies hiding in shoes and the demon moving the house to the hill. ~~Those she was especially interested in~~ were that the girls wore clothes with short sleeves, and that they talked, laughed, and danced in public. They had boy friends as well as girl friends. If they loved and understood each other they could get married. It was very often that a couple obtained a divorce if they loved no more. Women also got jobs and supported themselves as men did. In short, men and women were equal.

"Divorce is unreasonable and ridiculous. How can they marry and be divorced so

easily? It is like children's play. Moreover, what would the divorced woman do?" Pearl asked timidly.

"This is a foolish thought," answered Fung with an air of a preacher, earnest and emphatic. "To force two persons without love to live together is really unreasonable and ridiculous. The divorced woman can again marry another man if she wishes."

Pearl could not think out why it should be so but nodded slightly.

In early summer the next year Fung came back with all his baggage for he had graduated from university. Pearl, with a heart full of joy which she dared not express plainly, handed him a towel with a little smile, "It is so hot, clean yourself first."

"Thank you!" Fung said humbly and took off his eye-glasses with the other hand.

— Suddenly a strange feeling swept over her as a chilly wind. She watched Fung carefully to see if he was puzzled by the extreme hot weather to mistake her as a stranger. But, no, he was so calm, and his eyes were as clear as ever. Pearl stood till thinking it was perhaps a bad dream she was in. Fung moved uneasily, unpacking.

"Pearl!" Fung called her name at last as he took out a picture of a girl.

"What?" she murmured, staring, frightened. Her heart was beating faster and faster.

Sitting down with his eyes fixed on her, Fung began, "I must speak to you now. You needn't be sad. You must understand and think; you must think what I say is right."

"What?" It could scarcely be heard. She lost all her strength. The corners of her eyes moistened.

"Haven't I told you that marriage must be based upon love? Marriage without love is a prison. Unfortunately we were born a few years ago. Our parents couldn't understand this so they sent us into this prison. Have you ever thought that we have true love? I have never loved you. Similarly you have never loved me." It was too hard for her to hear. She broke into low sobs.

"I have said you needn't be sad but listen to me," continued Fung with a tone like that of a teacher, gentle but grave. "Love can't be separated from understanding. Can you understand me?" She sobbed more bitterly.

Impatiently he stood and patted her shoulder. "I tell you a prisoner is eager to get free. The past has passed. We must master the future. We must save ourselves. Let us be divorced!"

Pearl cried her heart out. The little maid of fifteen years old was frightened by the

crying. She stole out of the kitchen to see what was the matter. Standing there with one hand against the door she was bewildered by the scene.

Divorce! It was like a peal of thunder to Pearl. She couldn't think but cried. Fung pushed her body slightly and said, "Don't cry like that. It is not only for me but for you too. Haven't you also been in prison?" Such words were above her comprehension. Her body was shivering. Everything seemed whirling around her.

"Listen, Pearl!" Fung said slowly but steadily. "Let us part from now on. We are no more husband and wife. But we have been acquainted for ten years. We are really good friends. Friends have to help each other. Now I am going to send you to school. You will be independent when you get enough knowledge. Nothing is so valuable and happy as to support oneself by one's own effort."

"Then, how about you?" Pearl asked broken-heartedly. A dim light fell upon the mind of the little maid. "I see. My mistress is scolded by my master for refusing to go to school, so she cries." the little maid thought to herself. "School is a very interesting place. There is a lot of fun. Why is my mistress unwilling to go? She is a fool."

"Me?" Fung answered smilingly, "I shall go away and do my business." Then he asked solemnly, "What do you think?"

"It is absurd! How can it be?" She uttered these words between her sobs.

"It isn't absurd. Your uncle is a conservative person. After I have sent him several letters to explain to him my idea and my plan, a new understanding has awakened in him. He has already given his consent." Fung said this with a little triumph. Pearl seemed to fall into a deep deep well. There was no one who would help her. She cried with all her might, shaking, beating her feet on the floor. She heard nothing Fung said to her.

Several days later her uncle came. He persuaded her to follow the way Fung had laid out for her. Indeed Pearl could not tell why they should not be divorced, but her heart was full of unwillingness. "My fate is fixed. I will go!" Pearl decided at last. Sorrow like a sharp knife pierced through her heavy heart. She burst into a loud cry and buried her head in her arms.

After summer Pearl was sent to a primary school. As if it had strong wings the news flew after Pearl to the school. Every student got excited.

"It is she. Oh, she is much older than I. She is like a mother."

"She is so thin and pale with such big eyes, perhaps she cries all the time. I don't like her."

"She has been married ten years. This sudden blow really upsets her."

"She gets no knowledge. Of course, her husband doesn't want to have her as a wife."

We know Pearl knew these words were for her. What could Pearl do except to pretend to ignore them. Her schoolmates passed her with a proud air, winking their eyes and pulling the corners of their mouths down. Feeling ashamed she drew herself into her shell. In the dormitory her schoolmates enjoyed their leisure time cheerfully, But she sat still in the vacant classroom.

One dusky evening she took her usual seat in the classroom brooding over a problem. She had turned it over and over in her mind for a few days, but she had no courage to carry it out. After she came to school a new recognition dawned in her. Dependent life did differ from the independent one. She had learned something about her teachers. They could be comfortable at home and idled their time away if they wanted to. But they didn't. They taught. They did their duty. They were happy all the time. These brought Pearl to exert her mind in thinking, "Aren't they comfortable? Why must they be teachers?" Her past life reappeared in her mind's eye again. "Was my past life an easy one? There was no need to worry about food, clothing, and money. But what I did were only affairs of little importance. All was for him. He talked to me only when he was in high spirits. Otherwise I had to sit there and watch him doing his work. In recent years he left home. His letters which contained but a few words were explained to me by others. He has said that I was imprisoned. It is true. To lead a life like that is imprisonment without chain and lock. Why should I want to be in prison? It is for an easy life! I have discovered why my teachers are so happy. They have business to do. They live on what they earn. Isn't this a happy life? Yes, they tell no lie. Independence is the most valuable thing in the world." When she came to this conclusion the heavy weight on her heart lightened a little. But a strong regret burned in her. She got no knowledge before she was married. Ten years of married life had passed in vain. Knowledge was like a boundless sea. She could not swallow all she wanted at one gulp. Her eagerness made her hastily open her book to read in the dim light. Another question came to her. "I am studying here. I still live at his expense. Is it right?" She began to despise herself. "It is a new shame. It is a shame deeper and more unbearable than the old one. It was all right that I depended upon him before because we were related. But now I am no more related to him. How can I receive his money like this? Only a servant! When a master dismisses a servant he gives more money out of pity. I was a prisoner before and now I am a servant. I am a mean person! I am a fool!" She stood up and spoke to herself decidedly: "Don't be so cowardly! Henceforth I will live by my ability and courage! I will try. There is a light of success waiting for me!"

Now the whole universe was in the sea of darkness. The room seemed larger than ever. The crows were cawing wearily. They had finished their daily work. There was someone coming upstairs and coming along the corridor beside the classroom. Pearl was accustomed to these light and quick steps. Immediately she knew it was Miss Li, the

principal of her school. Soon the lovely figure appeared at the door. Pearl coughed lightly and said, "Miss Li, I am here."

Miss Li stepped in. "Oh, it is you. Pearl! what are you doing here? Alone?"

Pearl came up to her and stood facing her. She took Pearl's hand and said laughingly: "I am so careless that I have lost my book. I have hunted everywhere but I can't find the least trace. I suppose it would be in the drawer here. Please help me. It is so dark we shall tumble in the darkness like the blind." Suddenly she grasped more tightly the hand of Pearl who was going to start searching. "For a long time I have had something to say to you. Now it is the time. Since you came here you sit silently. It is no good. Our interest of life is kept up by our companions. To work together, to play together makes every day a glory. Otherwise there would be no happiness. Health would be broken up. In school there are schoolmates and teachers. If you are willing to make friends with them, they will be pleased to have you as their friend. Then you will not be so lonely here now. Listen! How joyful they are!" A confused noise of singing, playing the flute, and clapping hands floated from the dormitory yonder. "I wish you to be in their group." In the darkness Pearl could not perceive her facial expression but on hearing her gentle tone Pearl felt the comfort of a mother, and could scarcely prevent her tears from stealing down her cheeks. "Yes, I will," Pearl answered in a low tone. At the same time she remembered the manner of her schoolmates. Tears like a broken string of pearls slipped down. Suddenly as if waking up from a dream she saw that her opportunity had come. She calmed down her passion and steadied her voice, saying, "I have a request. Can I tell you now?"

"What is the matter?" Pearl's words interested Miss Li. "Tell me right now. I will help you if I can."

"Though I haven't told you plainly all my past and why I came here you must have known." Pearl, stopping, drew a deep breath and went on. "I don't grumble at anyone. But I have made a great mistake. It is like a rope binding my body tightly. It is like a pointed arrow shooting through my heart, whenever I am agonized by it. It is that I have accepted the help of my former husband. With what right should I be helped by him? I think divorce is not a shame but this is!"

Miss Li was deeply affected, holding Pearl's hand in both of hers. "I shall be very obliged to you for your kindness if you let me do things for you. I will do anything in school, no matter it is dusting or sweeping. And let me be a free student. Then I can support myself with my labor and clear off the shame." She was getting excited. Tears flowed afresh.

"I will, dear! Steady yourself!" Miss Li sighed.

A month later Fung sent money to Pearl by messenger. Pearl said to him, "Thank you very much! Please take this money back to Mr. Fung and tell him that he needn't

send money to me any more."

Six years stole away.

Pearl had graduated from high school and was a secretary in a book store. She went to office every morning at eight o'clock. She worked diligently until five in the evening. Her life was very simple. She hired a little room in an old house. A bed, a table, several chairs and two bags were what she could have. When she received her salary an unexpressible joy filled her mind. She put the money into her pocket and kept a hand on it, thinking, "It is the first time! It is the exchange of labor. My independent life which I have been longing for these years begins." Her hand rested there for a long while.

MY TIME HAS COME

by Wang Yin-Ying

The boy slid in and put his basket on the table. He looked around as to observe whether there was anything different. Nothing was changed since his absence. He went to the corner and slightly raised the hanging of his mother's bed.

"Is she dying?" He was frightened at first. "No, it is impossible." He thought afterward.

It was dark and quiet. Only a slight ray of light came from the door, but the room was so big that the radiance could hardly reach the corner. He could see vaguely that his mother was lying there with her face toward the wall. He wasn't sure whether she was sleeping or dying. As he lifted his head and looked at Kuan-ying his tiny heart was lightened with a radiance of hope. Kuan-ying was sitting high in the middle of the room in her altar, full of mercy. The redness of her hangings had faded away. Sickness, disaster, misery and suffering had passed before her eyes, but she was always amiable, smiling and contented. For seven years they had lived under the eyes of this merciful goddess, for seven years they had delivered her from her loneliness.

As he was looking at the goddess he was reminded of the first night when they moved in to this temple. He couldn't sleep that night. The fierce looks of his uncle, who drove them away from their own house only a few days after his father's death, was always in his mind. The room was lonesome and gloomy. It was so high and large that he dared not to look around. He heard that his mother was rolling on her bed and he knew that she couldn't sleep either. He jumped out from his bed and ran to his mother.

"Mama, I couldn't sleep."

"My son, my boy, don't be afraid." She embraced her boy to her breast very

tightly. "Didn't you know that the merciful Kuān-ying is there with us? She will protect us! Her throat was choked and her tears fell down on the shoulders of her son. "She knows every thing people do in this world, both evil and righteous," she continued.

"Mama, don't cry," said the boy, who was also crying.

"My son, my boy, you are a child, you can't understand, but you must work hard and be obedient. You are my only hope in this world."

"Mama, don't cry, I will work hard and make you happy." He looked at his mother and rubbed away the tears for her.

Since then he had been working hard. He had kept in mind that he was the only hope of his mother and that he must make her happy, she was so poor and helpless.

Many nights he was awakened at midnight by the melody of the spinning wheel. In the faint light of the tiny oil lamp his mother was working calmly and untiredly, it seemed that her toil would be rewarded some day in the future. He was not afraid, Kuan-ying was there with them, the incense in her presence never ceased burning.

It was on a hot summer evening when he came back with a bundle of fuel, collected after school, that he found his mother was preparing the supper with her eyes full of tears. He stepped in with a light heart when he was relieved from a day's work and supper would be ready to reward his labor of the day.

"Mama, what is the matter?" He discovered that his mother was not happy.

His mother said nothing, but looked at him with tears falling continuously.

After supper he found out that the school-master had come to his home after school.

"What is the use of having a boy without knowing how to discipline him," the school-master had said to his mother, so a boy in his neighbourhood told him. "The next time he kicks another boy I will dismiss him, I warn you, woman."

"I promised to make her happy, but how many times I did make suffer," he thought.

How many mornings he had thrown his only long garment on the ground and refused to put it on. How many mornings she had picked it up from the ground and said to him,

"My dear child, you have to put this on to go to your school."

And how many times he had been upset and said, "No, no, I won't. Every body teases me for having such a heavily mended dress." And how many times she had sighed and promised to make a new one for him.

Then he was reminded of his illness. Many a night she was sitting on the stool on which he was sitting when he was lying on the same bed where she was lying now. Many a time she had been holding his hand and asked: "My dear child, how do you feel now?" Early in the morning and late in the night she had been kneeling before Kuan-ying murmuring and murmuring. When he saw his mother turning around the big room he made a new resolution that he must really make her happy when he became all right. He would grow up and be able to earn some money, so they could live happily together. "Poor mother, she is so thin and pale."

The boys still went to and came back from the school. He had to stay at home; all the cloth had been sold because of his illness. The other boys looked proud and gay as they passed by. He always complained of his ill luck, but his mother comforted him that in the near future he might have a chance to continue his school work.

Day by day, she became thinner and paler. For two months she was in bed. He had to ask others to give him something to keep his mother and himself from hunger. What a hardship for him at first! "He becomes a beggar at last," said some one who knew him before. "Beggars, beggars are really annoying," said some other. "What a shame it was to be a beggar. Many times he had thrown the basket away to give up begging, he would rather let himself die.

It was yesterday he had come back late in the evening. His mother was waiting anxiously for him. She was hungry and weak, for three days she had had nothing. The basket was on the table, empty; he had brought nothing home.

"My dear child, you must be very hungry," said his mother very faintly and looked at him with pity.

He said nothing at first, but he couldn't stand this any more. He ran to his mother and knelt before her bed.

"Mama, don't call me your child. I am worthless. I promised to make you happy, but I always make you suffer." He cried with his head lying on his mother. "I was very hungry this morning and I had all the bowl of rice I begged, and in the afternoon I lost all the three coppers when I played the stone game with some boys on the way back. Oh, mama, don't call me your child, I am worthless. I promised to make you happy, but I leave you suffering, ill, hungry and in despair." He cried very loudly as he embraced his mother.

He couldn't sleep soundly at night; he stretched his head out to look at his mother to see whether she was all right. Whenever his mother made a noise he was wakened. "Mama, how do you feel? Are you all right?" he asked her. He looked at the door many times to see if it was going to dawn or not. He couldn't sleep; he wanted to get up to go out to beg. He would do anything for his mother.

His mother was still lying there with her face toward the wall. He dared not to

awaken her. She was hungry and without strength; she needed a rest. Very lightly he put back the hanging of his mother's bed, then he took the thing she had begged in the early morning to the stove to try to cook them, but there was no fuel left. Here and there he collected some leaves and twigs around his house.

"Mama!" He called very lightly, taking a spoonful of rice and trying to feed her.

His mother turned slightly outward with a deep sigh. Her eyes were half opened to look at her child, then at the bowl he was holding.

"No, my son, my time has come." She shook her head with a slight smile; then her eyes closed.

THE OASIS OF THE DESERT

By Pan Hsiao-ming

It was already night. This afternoon's desperate struggle between the volunteers and the Japanese soldiers, like a terrible dream passing away and leaving the mind disturbed, so left Lungkiang, the capital of Heilungkiang as disordered, desolate, gloomy and miserable as hell. Everywhere dark fumes rose from the bombed ground, like the breath of a savage beast, opening its mouth waiting for any victim. Wherever the feet could touch, there were corpses. All the ear could hear was the moan of wounded. Moreover, the broken, slow, bass sound of the Japanese trumpets blew out the inevitable sense of hollowness after excitement, of emptiness after victory and of solitude after great noise. Those made you tremble, grieve and shiver. No person was walking except several wild dogs who jumped among the dead, smelled for a while, then looked at one another as if they were ashamed of not being as wise, cruel and violent as human beings so as to kill one another light-heartedly.

Every inhabitant with a heavy heart tried to find comfort in the darkness. No house was lit up except one three-story, large building. It was a German hospital. A German flag protected it from being bombed. At that time every room was quiet and still except one first-class room in which three nurses moved out and in smoothly but hastily under the electric light, like white butterflies flying in the moon-light. On the bed there lay a girl. She lay in the white waves of the bedclothes with her delicate and pretty face, looking like a water lily, so sweet and so lovable. The pillow was covered by her hair as black but softer than winter midnight. She was under the care of light eyes. The three doctors' six eyes were full of zeal, dutifulness, sympathy, and affection. Smiles showed on their mouths when her breathing became regular. Slowly she turned around her head and cried,

"Go, go forward my companions."

"Yin-yin, dear. You are here in the hospital," said her mother with her eyes full of tears.

"Don't tell her anything about the fight and don't disturb her. Brandy and good sleep are the only things that she needs," said one of the doctors calmly and he went out with the other two. After she was given a spoonful of brandy she looked a little animated. A rosy tide flooded over her beautiful cheeks and her eyes opened. Oh, there were two stars: the Success of the Creator, The Source of Charm, of intelligence and of light.

"Where am I, mother?" she asked faintly.

"Yin, dear. You have been unconscious and carried here by the Japanese colonel. Think no more but take a good sleep; then you will be well very soon."

"I see . . ." Her mother's words brought memory back and, hoping not to be disturbed, she closed her eyes.

When news came that the Japanese were invading this city she, motivated by un-failing patriotism became one of the volunteers. Having the experience as a student of National Central Political School in which every student, either girl or boy, must take military training, having the qualities of a good soldier, bravery, courage, prudence and calmness though not great strength, she defended desperately her city—the goal of her hope, honor, glory and freedom. One day, two days she passed through the forest of guns and rain of bullets, the corpses under her feet increased, but her companions around her decreased. Her heart was full of hatred, shame, despair and grief. However, her eyes were always looking forward and her gun never ceased to focus at her enemies. But when a bomb burst through the dark fume over which the Japanese flag was flying, she felt as if hell was falling upon her; every person, every sound disappeared in the darkness and she lost consciousness and now, the Japanese trumpet sounded everywhere; the Japanese flag flew fiercely in the wind. Henceforth, the Chinese customs, the Chinese language which were so deeply rooted in her heart, so dear and so familiar to her life should be changed unnaturally and aggressively. Was it bearable ?

Her thought was stopped by a voice. It was her mother who whispered to the nurse, "She is asleep. Give these to me."

"No, mother. I am not asleep. What's the matter?"

The nurse handed her two roses, one of snow white and the other of blood-red, and the note:

~~"Has Miss Yin-yin measured consciousness? I don't mean to be rash. I am only too anxious to know about her. There are two roses for her.~~

"Colonel Tien Chung I Lung."

Colonel Tien Chung!? The note seemed to turn into a battlefield in which a youth

riding on horseback, leading an army fought against her companions bravely and skillfully. All around the battlefield there was the lamentation of these old parents, young wives and pitiful children, whose sons, husbands, fathers and brothers—her companions—were killed by their enemies. There was a pain in her heart. So the roses fell from her hand; but a thought suddenly came into her mind. A bitter smile floated on her sweet and clever mouth and she said to herself

“If it were my chance.....”

Then with a beautiful smile she turned her head to her mother and said,

“Mother dear. I am quite well now. You ought to have a good sleep.”

And to the nurse she said, “Miss, when the Colonel sends me flowers, please tell him to come to see me.”

Colonel Tien Chung was just passing Yin-yin when she fainted on the ground. Her nymph-like but suffering face, her bravery, especially her fainting condition, so deeply touched him that they aroused in his dry heart all the gentleness, kindness and sympathy which had disappeared since he became a soldier fighting all the time. Softly he embraced her and sent her to the hospital. When he came back to his camp, it seemed to him nothing better than a prison. He felt that there was something which his heart was longing for. He found that his life was imperfect and empty. Now this something was discovered and it was too dear to be gotten easily. His heart was burning with hope and anxiety. Carefully he picked up two roses and determined to visit Yin-yin. When he reached the hospital his heart seemed to be floating in the waves. He thought that he couldn't go in. It meant rashness. So he left the flowers and the note and went back confusedly.

Next morning Colonel Tien Chung, with two flowers in his hand, was led to see Yin-yin. He encouraged himself and decided to talk with her freely. Yin-yin, all in black, sitting on a sofa with cheeks in her hands, was deep in meditation. As he arrived before her, softly she raised her beautiful, black, bright eyes and stood up. They faced each other for a minute. One was grave but sweet, proud, mild, dignified but attractive. One was gentle, passionate, polite and smart. It was really awkward that two enemies should meet in such a way, each with a smile, full of respect and sympathy, merely ironic, unwilling and unyielding.

Putting down the flowers he said, “I am very glad to find Miss Leng recovered. Were you wounded?”

They sat opposite to each other.

Silence and uneasiness between them.

“When I found my companions and yours lying dead and you fainted beside me.

I felt that there was nothing human beings could do more cruel, foolish and harmful than fight."

"Yes, those words spoken by you, a conqueror are true and kind. But they to me and all my companions who are defeated mean nothing but weakness and yielding," with still an ironical smile

He tried and wished to carry on the conversation, but he couldn't. There was silence again.

Quickly Yin-yin stood up, listened for a while and walked toward the window for she heard an aeroplane flying. He followed her and looked much more uneasy because he knew it was a Japanese one. It was flying and searching. They stood side by side silently. Suddenly thunder rolled, followed by a dark fume rising in the east and a tall, magnificent building was exploded. It was the printing office of The Commercial Press Company. On watching it her face became paler and paler. A bitter smile spread over her cold but pretty cheeks. She said desperately.

"As long as a Chinese exists in this world, such shame can never be forgotten and forgiven." He looked so worried and so bewildered that he said soliloquizing. "If I were a Chinese....." Such words, such a look really touched her, but she still gave him a cold smile.

Suddenly the door opened and there came in a soldier. He brought to the Colonel a manifesto that every house in this city should fly the Japanese flag and anyone who refused should be killed. With the manifesto in his hand he stood meditating. His wrinkled eyebrows, his confused look told her that this manifesto was harmful to her city. Thinking for a minute she held his hands, gazed on him steadily, and gently said, "I think you ought to go." This mild voice, this passionate and attractive gaze appealed to his soul more powerfully than a hundred petitions. He went back with a determination that he would do nothing that would hurt her so much. And she was left with a bitter smile, meditating.

The manifesto was not fully carried out for Colonel Tien Chung, always having Yin-yin's gaze in his mind, gave the order only, and forbade killing any patriot who refused it.

Then, beside a river, under the trees, they, Yin-yin and Tien Chung might be seen walking side by side. But her heart was burning with patriotism and his was bit by conflict so that silence often stood between them.

One night, after a walk they parted at the cross-street for she liked to go back alone. It was already past eight so that walking alone after a few steps she was stopped by a Japanese soldier.

"How fast you walk! Haven't you known the order? You ought to be inspected."

What! Inspection! A Chinese couldn't walk on Chinese land! A lady must be inspected and mocked at by a foreign soldier! What a world it could be! She refused. The soldier with a grim laugh pointed at her with a gun. Her heart was burning with anger and hatred. She closed her eyes and waited for the last minute bravely. But one minute passed, no gun was shot. She opened her eyes and found instead of the soldier, Tien Chung stood beside her. After saying goodbye to Yin-yin, instead of going on his way, he stood watching her. He took out of his pocket a passport and gave it to her. She looked at it. She seemed to see all the Chinese women in this city, who without passports, would be made fun of by the Japanese soldiers. And "to be under the protection of a rival...!" Anger rose in her heart and an ironical smile appeared on her pretty face. She put back this passport into his pocket. He looked at her for a while as if to say, "I understand you."

Next day an order proclaimed that all women should be free from inspection.

But rumor about the relation of Yin-yin and Colonel Tien Chung like the wind spread everywhere. Yin-yin, like the dark phase of the moon, could never be understood by others. It only gave those who envied her beauty, her cleverness and her bravery a chance to hurt her. But Yin-yin, still with the bitter smile said, "Yes. I love him. I love him, not for love's sake, but for the freedom of my city!"

One afternoon Yin-yin received a note from Colonel Tien Chung. It was:

"Yin yin,

I shall go away to-night. Perhaps we shall not meet in the future. But I have something to say to you. Would you come to see me as soon as you can?

Tien Chung."

Unexpectedly she felt grieved. It was too sudden. But immediately she laughed at herself and still with a bitter smile she went out hastily.

Tien Chung was waiting for her in his study. He looked sad but calm. When he saw her coming he stepped toward her, held her hands and gently said, "Thank you for coming."

As Yin-yin looked up at his face, pale, confused, but kind, always with that passionate gaze in his beautiful eyes, the ironical smile disappeared from her mouth.

"That's too sudden," she said softly.

"Yes. I want to turn over a new leaf."

They sat down side by side.

"Yin-yin, you have seen the fierce fight between men and men, but you haven't known the desperate struggle between one's own desires."

She gazed at him sharply as if she were looking into his soul.

"Ever since I saw you I have become conscious of myself, my true self."

Yin-yin's heart beat fast. But she controlled herself and looked grave and calm.

"From the military training I have learned to be honest, brave and zealous. But being a soldier I have been often asked to act unjustly, cruelly, and wildly. Two years have passed, my true self has almost died away. My heart has been as dry, terrible, gloomy as a desert and the world in my eyes is a desert too. But during these days my soul has awakened. You make me determine to lead my life fighting, not for power for conquering, but for justice, for goodness, for equality and above all for truth. But Yin-yin, you are really the only oasis of the desert."

Yin's heart seemed to be beating out of her breast. These words, so sincere, so true and so passionate seemed to Yin-yin to be abnormal and mad. Ordinarily all of so who are so accustomed to insincerity, untruth and misunderstanding would be bewildered at the first touch of truth.

"You have decided to resign," she said feebly.

"Yes."

"And go back to-night."

"Yes. Have you anything to say to me?"

There was no answer.

"Nothing?"

She looked pale and bewildered. Hastily she stood up, shook hands with him and went out with her heart deeply touched. Her trembling cold hand gave him comfort much more than a thousand words.

No moon, no star. A night passed with terrible dark, dead quietness and bad dreams.

In the early morning, when Yin-yin, pale, confused and weak looked outside through the window, news came to her that Ten Ch'ang had been killed for being accused of treachery. Her heart was wrenched with pain. She felt terrible emptiness, loneliness, and grief. A sight at the Japanese flag made her feel more miserable. Still with a bitter smile she shot herself desperately.

Afterwards someone found her dead with a flag of China and a photo of a colonel in her hand.

MY YOUNGER BROTHER

by Hsu Su-djen

To me who can be more interesting than my younger brother? He is only three years old, but he breaks the solitude of the house and cheers every one up. He likes to be with me often, but how I wish I could be with him always!

In what a queer way he eats his dinner! As soon as he learned to use his spoon and chopsticks, he was separated from the table around which the rest of the family sit. Now a chair was his table and a little stool was his seat. All the utensils which he employed were made of wood, but they were pretty. After taking his small bowl of rice to his table, he came to get his dish in which were vegetables and meat. He began to eat. Having emptied his first bowl and dish, he asked for another. This was his usual way of eating. But one day I discovered something queer. I saw him finish his rice, but the vegetable and meat dish was still full. I offered to get the rice for him, but he refused and I thought that he wanted rice no more. He, then, ate the vegetable and meat. To my great surprise, he asked me to get the rice for him and I obeyed. Then he began to eat his rice again without taking a bit of meat or vegetable. After he ate the rice, he began to eat the meat. He seemed to enjoy this more and liked the taste better than eating rice and vegetables together. This has become his habit of eating. I don't know whether to change it or not.

One day standing out side of a door, he commanded Joseph, his elder brother, to open the door, "Please open the door for me, my Joseph. I am very tired". Surprised at being called "Joseph" instead of "dear brother", Joseph rose up and opened the door. And lo! we beheld a little old man instead of a child. He wore Joseph's short coat but for him it was long enough to cover his feet, grand-father's glasses were on his eyes and a pair of big shoes on his feet. He bent down his back and was holding grand-father's stick in his hand. He came in and sat on a stool and said, "Joseph, I will tell you a story. Once there were eleven brothers. The youngest one was called Joseph. He was sold by his brothers away to Egypt". Now he forgot that he was the grandfather and cried, "Brother, don't forget to take me with you." We all laughed loudly. This is the game which he likes to play. From that I learned that imitation plays an important role in the life of childhood.

"Sister, I am very sad," yet he was laughing when he said this.

I answered, "What makes you sad? Tell me quickly and see if I can help you".
"You yourself, make me sad. You promised to teach me my first lesson today, yet you forgot entirely."

I remembered. Quickly I ran to get a picture and rolled it up and came to him. "You will do as I tell you, won't you?" I asked him. Instantly nodding his head, he walked beside me and we went out of our house and came to a little farm which was

beside a little pond. Before we began our lesson, he pointed to a frog which sat beside the pond and winked at us and sang his song, his "Coh, coh, coh."

"Sister, what's that? How pretty it is! What a beautiful sound he makes! May I have it?"

"You won't leave your mother, will you? If we catch it, its mother will miss it. This must live there to help the farmer. But we can come to visit it, if you love it." I unrolled the picture of a frog.

"Ah! it is the same one," he cried. Then I taught him a little poem which was written below the picture¹. How quickly he learned it! The words might not be recognized, but were spoken correctly. His interest and observation helped him to learn his first lesson successfully and happily.

The night comes. The supper is over. The whole day's activity prevents him from doing any vigorous task. So he sits quietly on his little stool and sings his simple hymn. He likes to listen to our hymns, too, so we must sing one or two songs after he does.

"Now, Grandma, may we pray to our Lord? For I want to sleep. It is my turn to pray to-night, isn't it?" We all stand and he begins. "Lord, thank you for giving us a very happy day. We are going to sleep. Help us to be good. Amen." Before he bids "goodnight" to us, he stands before the picture of our mother who died twenty days after his birth and gazes reverently and lovingly with his sleepy eyes and utters in a low voice, "Goodnight." Now he turns to Marmee, our step-mother, and says, sometimes hesitatingly but often immediately, "Good-night," and then to the others. Never having been told about his two different mothers, what occurs in his mind, as he hesitates and doubts but says nothing, cannot be discovered.

This is my younger brother, Benjamin.

The little poem is only a riddle. It says, '肚皮雪雪白, 背心碧碧绿, 不吃肉, 不吃穀, 唱起歌來獨獨獨。' His front is white as snow and his back is green. He does not eat meat or grain, but he can sing, "Coh, coh, coh."

詩詞及戲劇 POEMS AND PLAYS

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(A One-Act Play)

湖居雜詠（辛未舊作）

嚴 恩 紋

書幌漾湖光。歲月烟波裏。一笑出山屏。遊履春泥澆。嵐影點流泉。淪漪掬清泚。
淺照媚幽花。細草簇山藁。天際渺輕鷗。閒逐片雪心。晴翠洗春黛。殘日浮光紫。
獨立意蒼茫。輕歌託綠綺。幽石響鉢鐘。天籟入清微。吁嗟萬頃波。終古此流水。
豈必叩湘靈。素心質之子。

珞珈冬日（壬申舊作）

前 人

蒼烟低大野。雪意凜孤村。皓天失白日。幽澗漾彤雲。孤松獨擢秀。虬枝挾凍雲。
可憐南隄草。零翠萎青葭。黃梅金泊澹。香遠舒靈芬。物情有濃淡。人亦別猶薰。
飲此歲寒意。幸毋隨斷芝。

白日晦紅城。曜靈去飄忽。凝霜悴豐草。水寒愁石骨。湖天雪意多。點染蒼蕪沒。
狐館來悲風。荻絮虛涼發。遊子深夜吟。銀燭微烟拂。凍月淡金盆。幽輝掠華髮。
悄吹玉參差。落梅香穠穉。歸思洞庭波。臥聽山泉滑。

讀清人詩戲集四絕

前 人

曉來殘夢在簾鈎。更罷羅衣懶上樓。怪底桃花半零落。一分春是一分愁。
宛轉鶯聲隱綠楊。片帆西去水茫茫。兒家心緒無人見。卷起湘簾問夕陽。
盈盈翠袖遠生涼。舊苑風流獨擅場。彈到蒼茫人不見。殘聲曳過浣衣塘。
舊夢星星記不全。生憎花發柳含烟。平生事事緣情誤。落拓江湖又一年。

松

清

古木參天神武姿，
劇憐素屋阿房火，

千年綠傲歲寒時。
空託榮名寄閣下

菊

前 人

寒霜忍傲發奇葩，
一自淵明化鶴去，
獨立西風恨轉賒。
籬邊愁倚夕陽斜！

雪 後 尋 梅

前 人

月映雪溪天倒開，
寒梅夾岸渾無數，
波光花氣撲舟來。
疑是浩然手自栽。

春

龔 婷

柳絮迎風舞，
春心無着處，
桃花逐水流，
湖畔獨遨遊。

秋

前 人

傲骨黃花瘦，
小樓遙望處，
秋來百恨新，
紅葉苦撩人。

苦 雨

前 人

淅瀝簷前雨，
如何遣此夕，
淒淒客夢驚，
愁坐到天明。

無 題

前 人

醉臥花陰下，
流鶯不解事，
花香骨亦香，
啼斷旅人腸。

三 臺 令 別情

前 人

煩惱，煩惱， 總是臨歧歡少；
從今兩地淒涼， 鎖日相思斷腸。
腸斷，腸斷， 寂寞朝朝誰伴？

如 夢 令 春夜

前 人

萬縷柳絲飄拂， 幾樹桃花豔絕。
寂寞夜無眠， 春色惱人時節。
淒切，淒切， 月黑杜鵑啼血。

訴 衷 情 春愁

前 人

桃花如醉柳輕柔， 春色使人愁，
都緣人兒遠去， 頰瘦損，淚盈眸。
思往事，憶同舟，意悠悠。 別情似絮，舊恨如潮，兜上心頭。

相 見 歡 春情

前 人

溪頭楊柳垂絲，舞遲遲。 花逞芳姿，嬌癡不自持。
春色好，徒煩惱， 有誰知，暮暮朝朝，憔悴爲相思。

窗 影

沈 汝 佳

窗影搖羣木， 淒風動馮年。
思鄉愁不寐， 月色滿牀前！

偶 感

前 人

涼風動故林，
嗟彼失路者，
落日滿荒山。
雙袖淚痕斑！

課 後

前 人

讀罷歸來斗室中，
爭如小鳥林間樂，
却拋卷帙欲書空。
自在飛鳴弄好風。

清 涼 山 曉 笳

前 人

極目清涼一徑斜，
白山黑水嗟難復！
營旗飄拂傍田家。
空聽淒清咽曉笳。

武 昌 秋 望

林 尹

變衰草木悲霜露。清切螿蟬苦莫秋。籬下自吟元亮菊。客中爭仰仲宣樓。
雲霞奇氣翔鴻急。山水多情落照幽。我亦有懷歸未得。天涯極目散千愁。

孤 憤

前 人

孤憤能誰遣。勞生益自悲。一身餘涕淚。滿目盡瘡痍。
北極天猶轉。南山願豈違。那堪疎簡甚。喬木寄遐思。

蝶 戀 花

前 人

寒食清明都過了。雨橫風狂。惆悵花開早。彈指韶光春漸老。天涯極目迷芳草。
獨倚危欄思渺渺。烟柳斜曛。釀就愁盈抱。歲月蹉跎歡事少。綠波千里江南道。

菩薩蠻

前人

薰爐金鴨香如許。朱簾十二人何處。惆悵怨殘春。無端月色新。
夜闌眠未可。玉笛聲相和。天際望歸舟。心如流水流。
綠楊堤畔鶯聲急。鴨頭春水閒凝碧。粧點好韶光。吹花嚼蕊香。
嫩寒餘幾許。薄袖隨風舞。扶夢立芳叢。拋殘紅豆紅。

重陽寄友 七絕二首

徐 治 方

一年容易又秋風，	轉瞬光陰九月中。
菊有黃花開老圃；	聲聲斷續聽征鴻。
佳節欣逢九九辰，	白衣送酒有誰人？
龍山落帽思佳話，	故事留傳任笑譁。

遊采石磯

前人

李白樓何峻？攀登日欲沈。荒村烟欲上；孤寺徑偏深。
江水生涼意；秋山警客心。追思撈月事，清淚暗沾襟！

憶江南

前人

西湖好，碧水漾輕舟，弱柳從風柔影亂，落花無語逐波流，倚棹思悠悠。

菩薩蠻

前人

秋風秋雨添秋色，寒山碧水看淒極。無語立窗前，歸鴻認遠天。
容光爲消瘦，別淚沾紅袖，寂寞守孤幃，此情當告誰。

校中卽事十則

淑 元

數載追隨仰道隆，及時化雨啓愚蒙，從今難字向誰問，且莫開帆待好風。

穆師孟教授掌社會學系，歷有年所，今忽以歸國聞，賦此以代餞意。

× × × × × ×

聽秋精舍遠塵喧，樹影婆娑拂翠軒，數載藏修欣有托，怡然誇說是桃園。

余居聽秋室三載餘，深愛其幽邃恬靜，故特記之。

× × × × × ×

百丈山頭眺晚秋，大江流水自悠悠，寒波倒影千山亂，數點歸帆出石頭。

校中四圍皆山，清涼五台皆環前後，課餘之暇，與諸同學緩步登高，遠望長江，意自蕭然也。

× × × × × ×

江南草長百花開，柳絮紛飛點碧苔，春日風光誰管領，黃鸝千百入山來。

校園景物殊幽，每至春日，翠葉成蔭，花開如錦，枝頭黃鸝鳴聲不絕，殊可樂也。

× × × × × ×

春來春去了無情，憔悴芳菲負舊盟，餞酒平添無限意，黃蜂白蝶舞淒清。

校園桃李盛開，數日全萎，有感賦此。

× × × × × ×

綠窗人靜夜悠悠，水底笙歌沸入樓，忙煞愁人眠不得，挑燈覓句到更頭。

校中有塘，水至澄清，值茲春日，蛙聲如沸，更闌人靜，響徹雲霄。

× × × × × ×

西來天女鬢毛斑，廿載傳經起儒頑，築就鳩廬堪小隱，安排生計付溪山。

黎博士爲本校生物學校授，來華近廿載，誨人不倦，茲已於校園小山上築精舍一所，以營菟裘。

× × × × × ×

郝郝女士一堂來，習禮參神雅抱開，莫道風流衰歇甚，江南終古育英才。

余校新築禮堂，巍峨古壯，每日朝會或禮拜，同學均參加，然至禮堂時，必寂靜無聲，蓋一則以示敬意，一則以修性靈也。

× × × × × ×

山外笙歌響入雲，豈期仙樂此間聞，餘音裊裊飄芳苑，桂殿霓裳未可分。

余校音樂科，素馳名海內，近築音樂室，每日琴聲悠揚，使聞之者可不知肉味也。

巍峨樓閣馥芸香，典籍圖書盡祕藏，陶鑄清才堪詠絮，揮毫倚馬盡文章。

新建圖書館，堂皇古壯，羅列國內外書籍甚富，同學亦皆勤讀。

× × × × × ×

LITTLE MAY

by Sie Wen-sih

On December 27th, 1934

Dear old Santa is gone. How soon—

Hear! His sleigh-bells are tinkling in the Arctic Zone

May is sleepy to-day,

'Cause she had stayed up two nights;

May's throat gives no sound to-day,

'Cause she had strained it for carols under the candle lights,

May's stomach is aching to-day,

From all the candy and nuts which are her delights;

May's spirit is very low to-day,

For off is it with dear Santa doth fly.

But, disregarding all these,

May is still at ease;

Looking for the Christmas of '35,

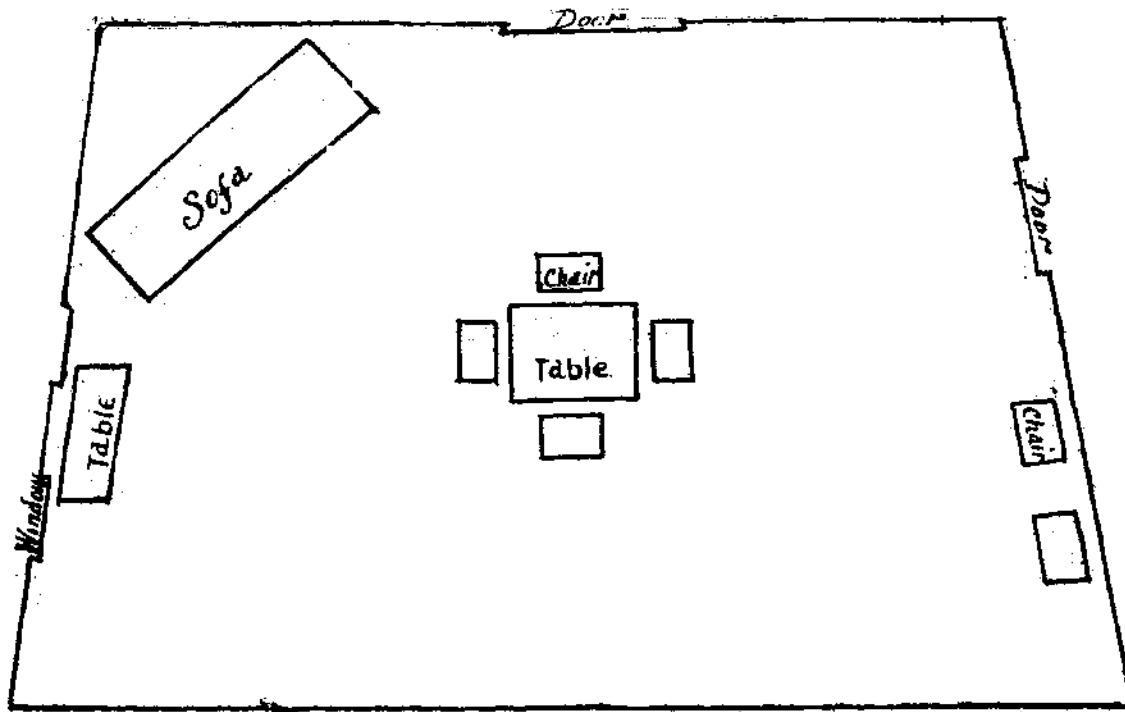
And hearing Santa's sleigh-bells which never cease.

FOR WHOM?

A ONE-ACT PLAY

by Lü Nai-ying

STAGE



Characters:

Dju Kwa a youth of twenty-three

Mrs. Dju Kwa's mother

Maid-servant

Two men

Scene:

A little city at the boundary of northeast of China at the time after the Japanese invasion. A living-room. A door opened at the back leads to the street. On the left there is a door opening to an other room, and there are a few chairs. On the right one can see through windows into a small garden. Below the two windows there is a table upon which there stands an old-fashioned clock. At a corner there is a wooden sofa. Several chairs are around a table in the centre. Pictures of great Chinese men or beautiful scenes hang on the walls. It is a gloomy afternoon. Mrs. Dju sits in chair with her back to the door sewing. Her tender

face is wrinkled with age. It is now clouded by sadness. Her mouth closes tightly. Even a child would know that she is suffering greatly. The maid stands by the window.

Mrs. Dju: (She puts down the sewing and sighs a deep sigh of grief, murmuring.)
Dear, come back to me!

The maid: (She steals a side glance at her and then comes over kneeling down before her.) My good mistress! Do cheer yourself up! I am sure he will come back to you some day because he loves you.

Mrs. Dju: Yes, he loves me. He has never left me. Yes, he will be back. (She gives a little bitter smile. Then, suddenly, she raises her sad voice.) No, no! He wouldn't. I know he wouldn't. Oh! (She buries her face in her hands.) Ter.....terrible!

The maid: Be calm! Don't think of any dreadful thing. My young master is so good, everyone says so, nothing will happen to him. God blesses him.

Mrs. Dju: (Calmer.) I hope so, but.....My little girl, you are not old enough to understand how difficult it is for one to face the hardship of life. You never know how a sad and horrible memory has been haunting me since the death of my husband. Time can't drive it away. It becomes vivid these days. Whenever I close my eyes I see the bloody picture of the past.

The maid: (She lifts her wondering eyes to meet those of her mistress. She sees they are moist. She says most gently.) My good lady, you are too tired. You had better go to rest a while.

Mrs. Dju: No. I can't rest till he is back. Am I tired? No, never. I am waiting for him. (Staring into vacancy).

The maid: (She knows not what to do and twists her fingers restlessly and hesitatingly.) It is more gloomy than this morning. I suppose it will rain.

Mrs. Dju: (Paying no attention to what she says) What have I been talking about the last moment: (Touching her forehead with her hand.) Oh, yes, the bloody picture!

The maid: What do you mean by that? (asking bewilderedly.)

Mrs. Dju: You don't know, of course. I will tell you, my child. (Rubbing her eyes with a handkerchief and clearing her voice.) Many years ago we warred with Russia. This didn't draw much attention. And I am sure few can remember it now. The bravest General Han was the leader of our armies. It was hard for us to meet those well-provided Russian

soldiers. But our men fought fearlessly. The love for country burned in them. They thought it was their duty to protect the territory from the invasion of another country. My husband joined the army. It was no use to stop him. He was too firm to be moved. My tears flowed in vain. He said that he loved me and our boy but there was our country that he loved much more, and that he would serve her with his life. And he went away without turning his head to look at his weeping wife and son. I prayed for him day and night hoping he would return soon.

The maid: Did he? (eagerly)

Mrs. Dju: (Sighing) Yes, (almost in a whisper. The maid draws a deep breath of relief.)

Mrs. Dju: He did come back to us. One starless midnight I was startled by a light knocking at my door. As I opened the door I saw a dark figure crouching there. When I got a clear sight of it my blood ran cold. Alas! It was my husband. Blood! Blood all over! (The maid shudders with fear.) I knelt down beside him and called him. He opened his tightly closed eyes and smiled feebly. Your young master—silently came. My husband nodded to him and grasped our hands in both of his. His pale face was like a piece of paper, but his eyes shone with a light I had never seen before. He said in a steady and gentle tone: "My dear, I am going. Keep yourself from sorrow. You have your responsibility to take care of our boy. My body is hurt but I feel no pain. To die for our beloved country is far better than to die quietly in bed. I have done my duty. I am very happy." Here he paused a little and began again: "Kwal! Be a good boy." The boy looked steadily at his father. Though tears dropped from his large black eyes a very strange expression was in his face. My husband lifted his eyes and looked at the dark sky far above and murmured: "For you I gladly die, my dearest!" His hands loosened. His head dropped. He was gone. He was gone forever! (Her voice shook.)

The maid: Too bad! (in a low tone thoughtfully.)

Mrs. Dju: How many days has he gone?

The maid: Young master?

Mrs. Dju: Yes.

The maid: Since I found the letter that morning four days have passed.

Mrs. Dju: Only four days! It seems to me years' long. (She produces from her

pocket a letter and unfolds it with trembling hands. There are traces of tears. She begins reading.) My dear mother, I must go now. I know it would be a great shock to you. But, don't blame me mother! I have never forgot a single word my father said before he died. Mother, you just think what condition our country is in. Our enemy has taken our provinces and is pushing northward. Her greed will never be satisfied. City after city falls. Our country fellows are groaning under the cruelty of her army, when I think of them my heart aches: I must go. Good-bye my dearest mother! (She breaks into sobs. Suddenly there are noises outside. The maid hurries to open the door. Giving a loud cry she steps back with round eyes and pale face. She comes to Mrs. Dju who is still sobbing.

The maid: (Hesitatingly.) The young master is back.

Mrs. Dju: (With radiant look.) Really? (putting her hands together upon her breast:) Thank God!

(At the same time two men have carried Kwa in and lay him down on the sofa with great care. There is some caked blood on his clothes. From a cut at the left of his forehead blood is seeping. His bold face has been marred. Mrs. Dju leaves the chair and turns around. Her face becomes paler at the sight of her son. She closes her eyes and is going to fall. The maid supports her with all her might. One of the men steps forward and addresses Mrs. Dju.)

Man: Madam, your son is here. We found him in the battlefield. He could scarcely speak and asked us to bring him home.

Mrs. Dju: Thank you with all my heart. But please do one more thing for me. Will you go and fetch a doctor? Do, I pray you! (pleadingly.)

Man: (Looking at the still figure and shaking his head gloomily.) I am sorry, madam! I am afraid that it is too late. (He moves slowly towards the door with downcast head and is followed by the other:) One of our warriors is going. God help her! (He disappears.)

Mrs. Dju: (She seems in a dream. There is no tear in her eyes. There is no expression on her face. She draws near the sofa and sits down. She rubs the stains off Kwa's face carefully and gently. She throws her arms around his neck and smooths his hair with the other hand.) Kwa Kwa! My poor child: (softly.) Kwa! I am waiting you. Do speak a word to me.

Dju Kwa: (Crying suddenly without opening his eyes.) Up, up! my good friends! Go straight forward. Don't turn you head! There they are. Fix your

guns! Serve them right (laughing.)

Mrs. Dju: Kwa! Kwa!

Dju Kwa: (Suddenly he opens his eyes staring wildly.)
You demons! Get away! You can't deceive me. I can see through your smiling face right into your wicked, rotten mind. You think we fear you. Poor stupid fellows! Never. We are afraid of no one. What you have to be proud of is your arms. Yes, you may use your arms to kill us. You cruel animals! You shoot me. You stab me. I have no fear. I never cry for pity. My blood will clean the stain you leave on the soil of our country. (He lifts his head as if he wants to get up and pushes away his mother's arm, as he struggles. He grins disdainfully.) You want to grasp at my throat to kill me, ha, ha! To kill a wounded man like this Coward! Let go! You can't come near me while I still breathe. I will fight to my last. (grinding his teeth.)

Mrs. Dju: (She tries hard to press him back, saying in agony.) My dear! Don't speak like that. I am your mother. You have come home.

Dju Kwa: (He lies still for a while. Then he opens his eyes feebly looking around and stopping at his mother's face.) Mother! am I home again?

Mrs. Dju: Yes, dear! Do you feel well?

Dju Kwa: Mother!

Mrs. Dju: Yes?

Dju Kwa: Mother, I know you are very happy to have me back. But I am going soon, going to the unknown country far far away.

Mrs. Dju: Don't talk nonsense! You will recover some-day.

Dju Kwa: No, I am not frightening you; - I know my end is coming. My head aches; my throat burns; and my whole body stings.

Mrs. Dju: My poor child!

Dju Kwa: Though I suffer great bodily pain, I will never regret going to the battle, I am not ignorant of the sorrow you suffer. But, you know, we each one have to serve our country in peace and to save her from danger. To-day China is in great peril. We can't depend on others to relieve us. We must fight for ourselves. What is it to love our home if we have no country? No country is no home. No country is no freedom. What shall we do while we live without freedom? Be slaves! What a shame! (His voice lifts)

Mrs. Dju: Kwa, don't be so excited!

Dju Kwa: Since the moment my father died I made up my mind. It is the height of my ambition to serve my country to the end of my life. I am disappointed that I can serve her no more. But, at any rate, I have done what I can and what I want to. I am ready to go.

Mrs. Dju: No! You can't, Kwa! How can you leave me? Your father's death is enough for me. I can hear no more. It makes me shiver to hear you say so.

Dju Kwa: ~~I only speak the truth. Of course, I would never leave you if I could help it. Mother! My father died for his duty and now do I. I can go to him with uplifted head. (smiling.)~~

Mrs. Dju: (Her mouth twists.) Dear, you are not quite yourself. Do you want to rest?

Dju Kwa: (In a low tone.) Yes, I will rest, forever. (Lifting her head up with one hand under her chin and putting her silver hair in place with the other.) Mother! Don't think of me any more as I have gone. You may think that I have never been born.

Mrs. Dju:

Dju Kwa: Mother, you are one of those luckiest of women though you have lost your husband and now your son. Indeed we bring you no wealth and no fame, but there is an unknown glory that you can be proud of. Is it not so mother? (He smiles again.)

Mrs. Dju: Is it so? (Nodding vacantly.)

Dju Kwa: Look, mother! (lifting up his body and staring at the door leading to the other room.)

Mrs. Dju: What? (Looking in the direction of Kwa's eyes.)

Dju Kwa: Father is coming! Look! He stretches his arms towards me and smiles. (Blood streams down from his cut.) Father, wait! I am coming. (Mrs. Dju lays him down again. His breast rises and falls faster. His breath quickens) For you I gladly die, my dearest! (In a harsh whisper.)

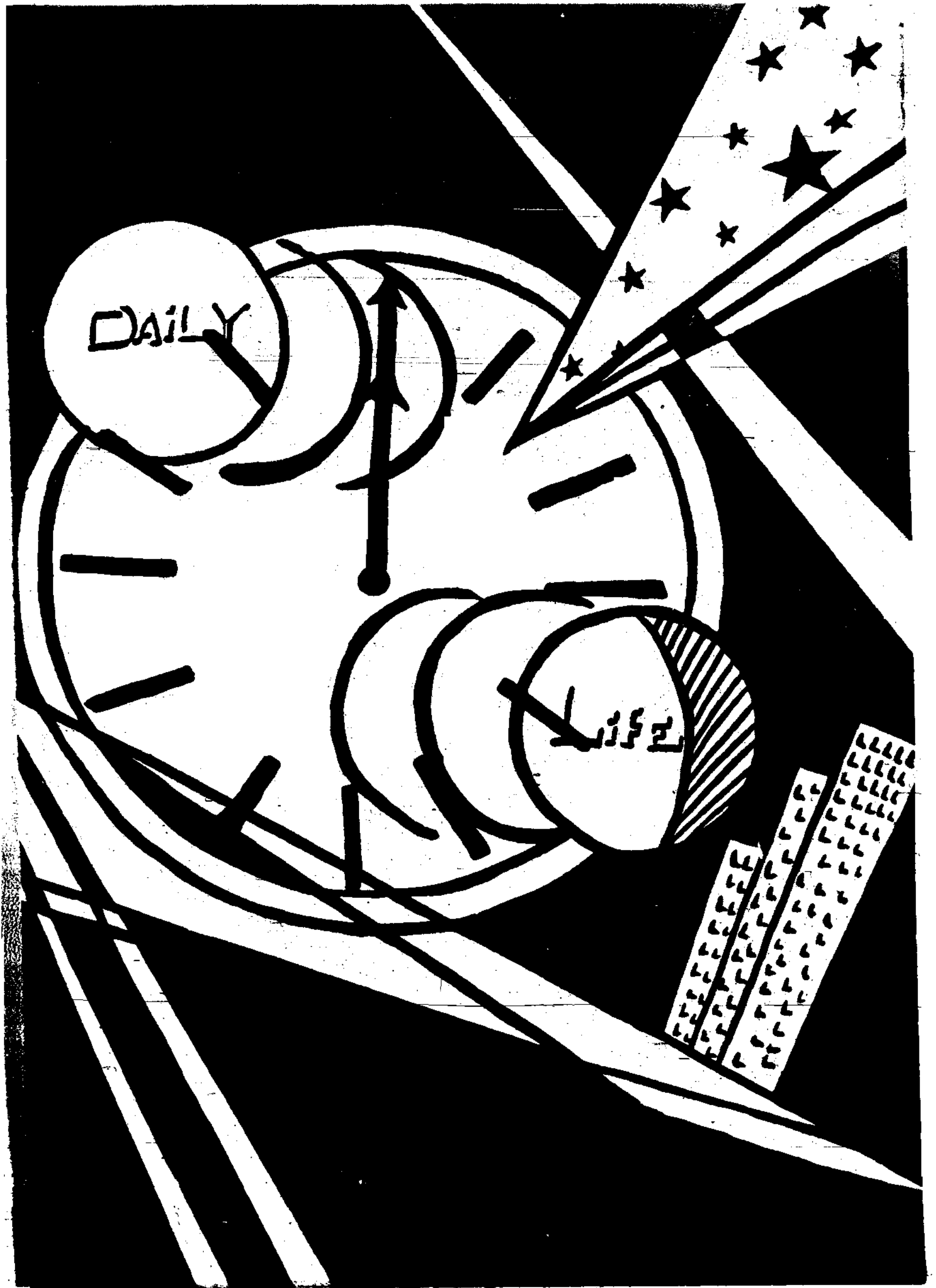
Mrs. Dju: (Crying desperately.) You can't, Kwa! Stay with me, always, dear! My dear child!

Dju Kwa: (With difficulty.) Mother, don't (With a sudden jerk he is still.)

Mrs. Diu: Kwa! Kwa! (looking full in his pale, calm face, and feeling his heart with her shivering creeping hand.) There he is gone too! (like a whisper of a ghost. She falls upon the dead body and is silent. The maid who has watched all the time with fear, is thoroughly frightened.)

The maid: Help! Help! (calling as she disappears from the door. Night is approaching. The dusky twilight dims the whole room. There is no movement. There is no breath. All is quiet except the ticking of the clock.)

Curtain





THREE DAY CELEBRATION AT GINLING COLLEGE

NEW LIBRARY AND CHAPEL DEDICATED AND OPENED

AT NINETEENTH ANNUAL FOUNDERS' DAY

The three day celebration at Ginling College, Nanking, started with the Founder's Day Banquet on Saturday evening, Nov. 3, 1934 at which about fifty alumnae joined the faculty, students and other guests. The president of the alumnae Association, Miss Mary Chen of Nanking, was the toast mistress.

At the Dedication Service on Sunday afternoon, Dr. T. H. P. Sailer of New York was the spaker. He delivered a challenging and scholarly address, outlining some conditions which must be met in modern education if it is to fulfil its highest purposes. He said first that education must be a response rather than a mere storing away of knowledge as in former days. Second, this response must be directed and controlled by purpose. Next it must be outgoing in human relations. Christian education, particularly, must keep foremost the emphasis on human welfare. Fourth, response must be in proportion to the breadth and depth of purposes and sympathies. The ideal product of the college is the big-hearted expert, a person who knows but with sympathy so that his knowledge will be placed at the disposal of all mankind. Finally, the fifth and last condition for ideal education is that responses be costly. What does not cost is not valuable. The good things of life cannot be had cheaply. Those who spare themselves, cheat themselves.

FORMAL OPENING EXERCISES

On Monday afternoon the Formal Opening Exercises were held in the New

Chapel. An academic procession of students, alumnae, faculty honored guests, and speakers entered the crowded auditorium. On the platform were seated Hon. H. H. Kung, Vice President of the Executive Yuan and Minister of Finance, Hon. Wang Shih-chi, Minister of Education, Dr. Hu Shih of the Peiping University, Mr. Chu Ming-i Chief Secretary of the Executive Yuan, Mr. Shih Ying, Mayor of Nanking, Mr. Peng Hsieh-pei of the Executive Yuan, Dean Chiu of Chiao Tung University, Shanghai, Dean Chen of Central University, President Y. G. Chen of the University of Nanking and Dr. Robert Fitch representing Hangchow College. The Faculty and President of the College were also seated on the platform.

Opening remarks were made by Dr. Wu Yi-fang, President of Ginling College. She expressed the gratitude of the College to those who contributed to the Joint Campaign in 1921-23. The Library and Chapel were built from these funds. Dr. Wu also expressed gratitude to Madame H. H. Kung, Madame Sun Yat-sen and Madame Chiang Kai-shek for their gift in memory of their mother, Madame Soong, in the form of a dormitory for the students in the Ginling Practice School. She then briefly traced the steady development of the College through the past nineteen years. Over three hundred women have gone out from the College and are working in various fields in fourteen provinces. Educational work has nearly 60 percent of these. The second group includes those who are doing social and religious work. Medical work comes third, and those engaged in public service come fourth.

Dr. Kung's Address.

Dr. H. H. Kung gave an interesting address. He at first spoke informally, expressing his personal interest in Ginling. After his personal tribute to the College he referred more particularly to the two new buildings which were being formally opened, going to Confucius, his sage ancestor, for words of wisdom to help express the things he wished to say.

The Minister of Education's Address

Minister Wang brought greetings to the College because of the completion of the plan for academic buildings and spoke briefly about two things. He said first that he did not agree with those who said that school buildings should be only practical, but that these buildings should be beautiful as well as practical since they are to stand for centuries. Because of the beauty and good construction of Ginling buildings he commended them as models. Secondly he pointed out that educated women need to be economically productive rather than merely able to raise the standard of their own living. Because of the small number of women in China who have had the privilege of College education these educated women should try to become leaders in worthy movements for the reconstruction of China.

The Address of Dr. Hu Shih

In the introduction to his address Dr. Hu Shih referred to the fact that he had known Dr. Wu, President of Ginling, for a number of years, particularly in connection with the work of the Institute of Pacific Relations. His address dealt with the general problem of women's education in China. In spite of the popular cry heard lately that modern education in China is a failure, he strongly believes that much progress has been made, as he has expressed in his recent writings. The report of the progress of Ginling made by President Wu at the beginning of the exercises, proves his belief in regard to the progress of women's education.

THE CONFESSION OF A GINLING GIRL

by Djff Yueh-shan

6 A.M.

Here's what I have to say
About a true blue day.

7 A.M

We rush, the dining room,
Too late! it is my doom.

7:45 A.M.

I missed the Jap hero,
In History got zero.

8:45 A.M.

In Science class in luck,
Afraid to cut a duck.

9:45 A.M.

Math not half so bad,
Although I lost my pad.

10:45 A.M.

A quiz in "Psychology" Oh, me I
I'll surely get a "D"

11:40 A.M.

A chapel talk on "Diligence"
I thought of all my negligence.

12:15 P.M.

At tiffin didn't get enough to eat
Not a single piece of meat,

12:45 P.M.

Then half an hour for rest
No oranges and peaches, to taste.

1:45 P.M.

To Chinese class I'm late
A scolding is my fate.

2:15 P.M.

My music I never know,
So my marks are low.

3:15 P.M.

Just an hour to talk
We eat and take a walk.

4:15 P.M.

"Gym" I like best of all
But missed every ball.

6:00 P.M.

The food was utterly cold,
There's no hope we're told.

7-9 P.M.

I didn't study a bit
Had a letter writing fit.

10:30 P.M.

So ends another day,
That's all I have to say.

THOUGHTS

by Hu Siu-mei

On Religion and God,

Why we want them.

For protection.

For inspiration.

To keep us from the despair of helplessness, when we have no control over activating forces.

To help us realize our best, as Loy, Peace, Hope, are essential for effective, active service.

To keep us from carelessness and laziness, those destroyers of years of toil and effort.

To keep our vision clear that values may be given their right places

Putting God first will

Keep us from running amuck into dissipation and self-indulgence, to the detriment of self.

Keeping God at the helm will

Keep us from letting less worthy things master and distort our lives.

Help us use our energy and faculties constructively in place of destructively wasting through vacillation, struggle and friction.

Communion with God will

Help us have patience with humdrum necessary tasks.

Help us hold steady when winds of doubt assail us and we are far from port.

Enable our lives to come to fullest fruition.

Fellowship with Christ will

Help us realize that He too had to choose and did make "His Supreme Choice".

Make us more understanding, loving and helpful.

Enable us to be true to the best that is in us.



↑工人夜校



←慢吃，細嚼。1935年



1935年春假
泰山旅行



哈哈大白菜



這是什麼字？



離別在即；
大家留個餘影吧！

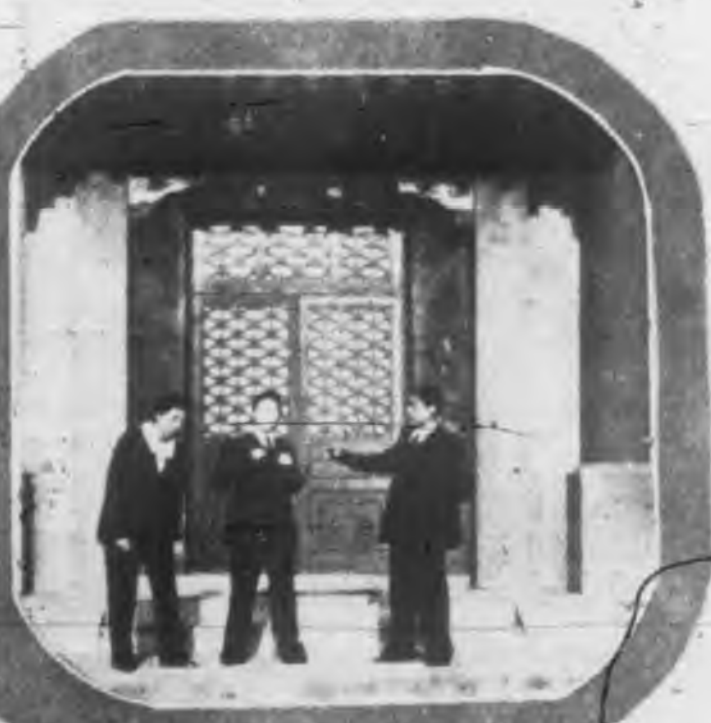


感獲本校各項球類
田徑賽之冠軍隊

The Vanishing Princess



"Rise
mistress
Cindy"



Three Gentlemen
in
the play



Mr.
I-Say



The King

“啞妻” —— 兩幕劇



↑
妻子愛說話只有將
丈夫變成聾子



啞妻中之神手

壓迫裏的一對

逼得走頭無路

1 Trip to Tai Shan



2 ↑ Eve eating apple in the forbidden territory



3 ← Come out director!
(Trip to Tsar Sa Gee)
5 Famous musical band
↓ (Trip to Tsar Sa Gee)

4 → Modern Maid



6 → Trip to Tai Shan





↑ Dramatic Club
Picnic in Hao Wo

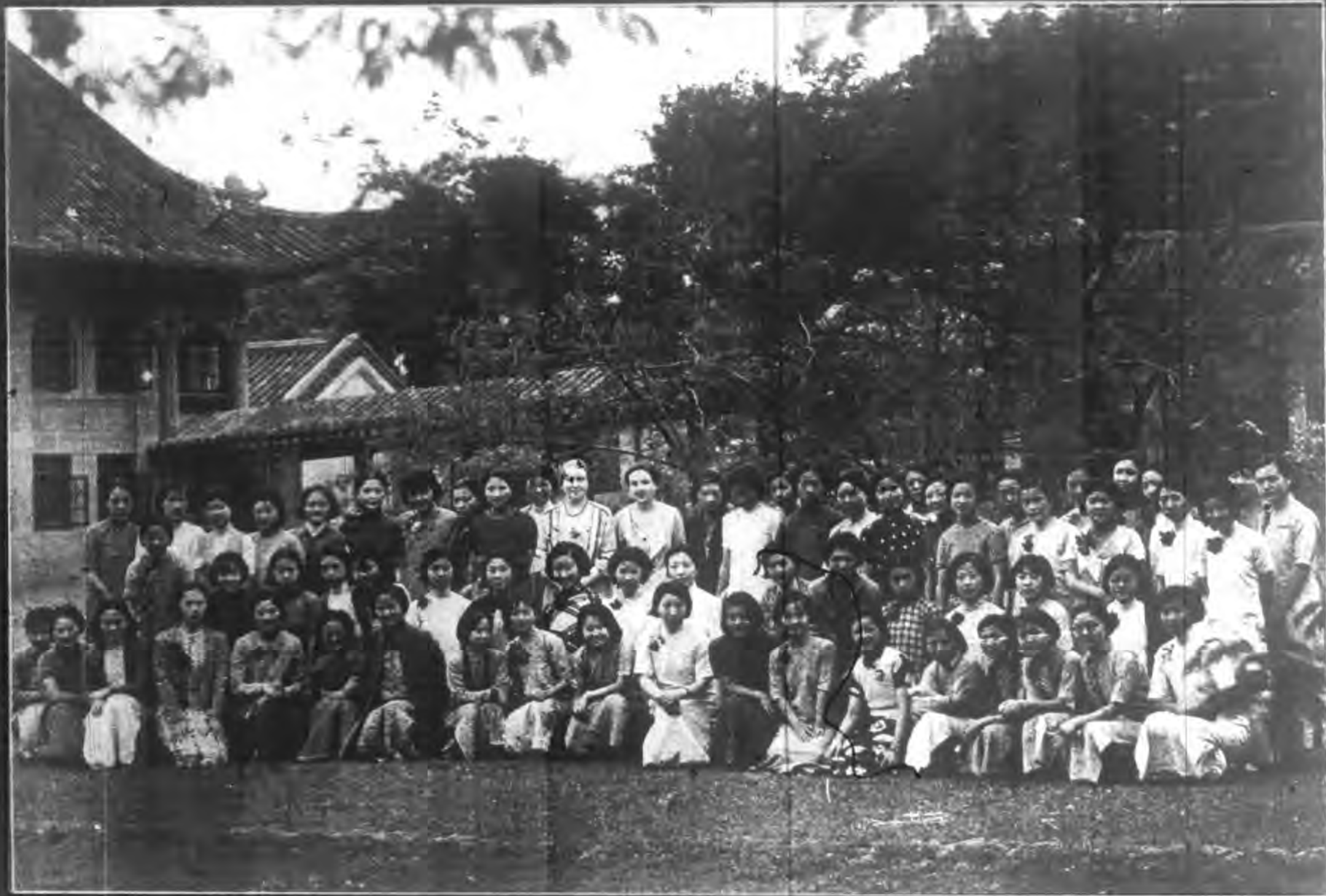


Dramatic Club is having
Some Audience

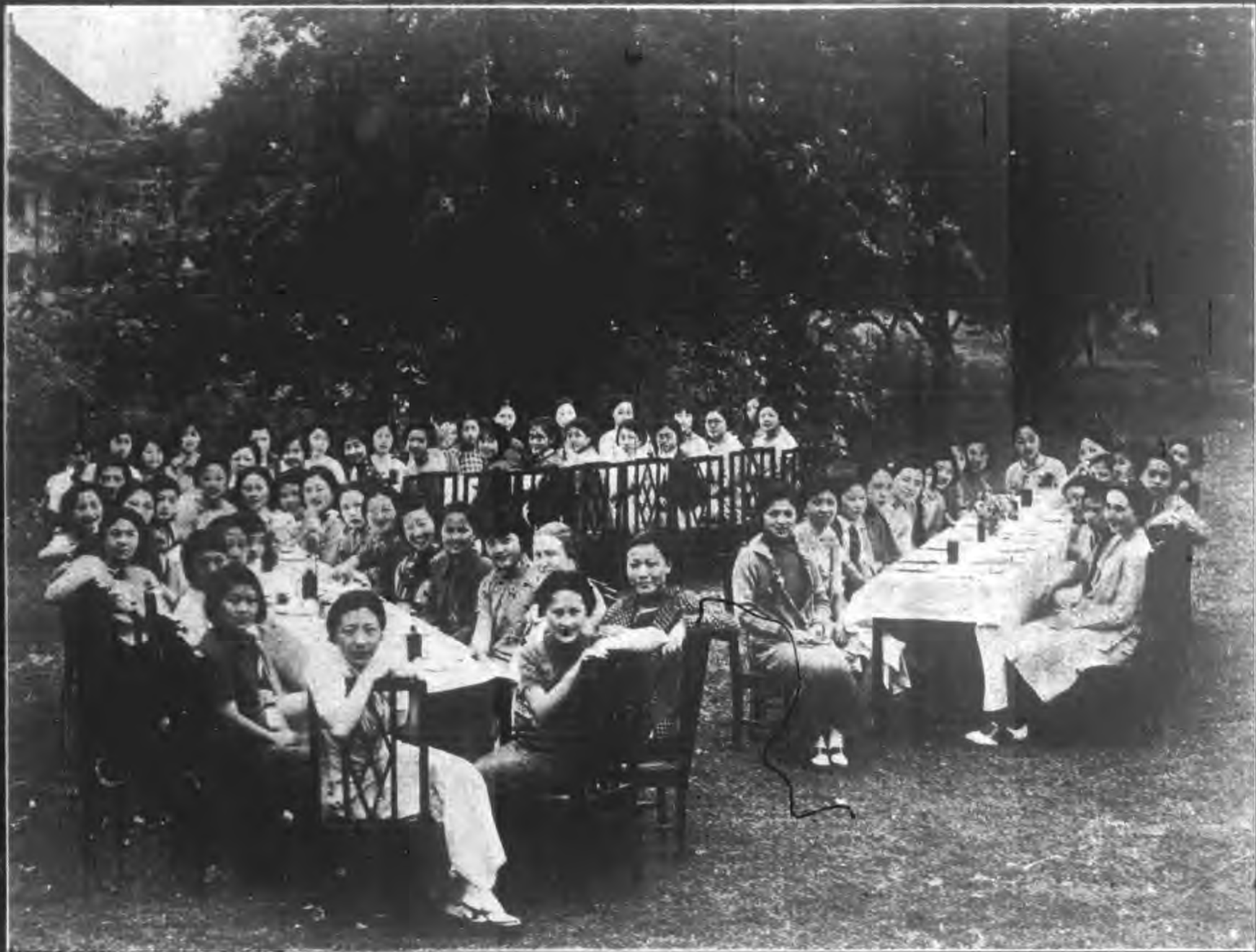


↑ Chemistry Class
to
Loong Tan





姊妹班臨別時的一聲珍重
THE FAREWELL PARTY
Class of 1935 and Class of 1937



“勸君更進一杯酒”

Drink to your Health

School

News



本校參加華東各大學中英語演講會錦標隊

二十三年



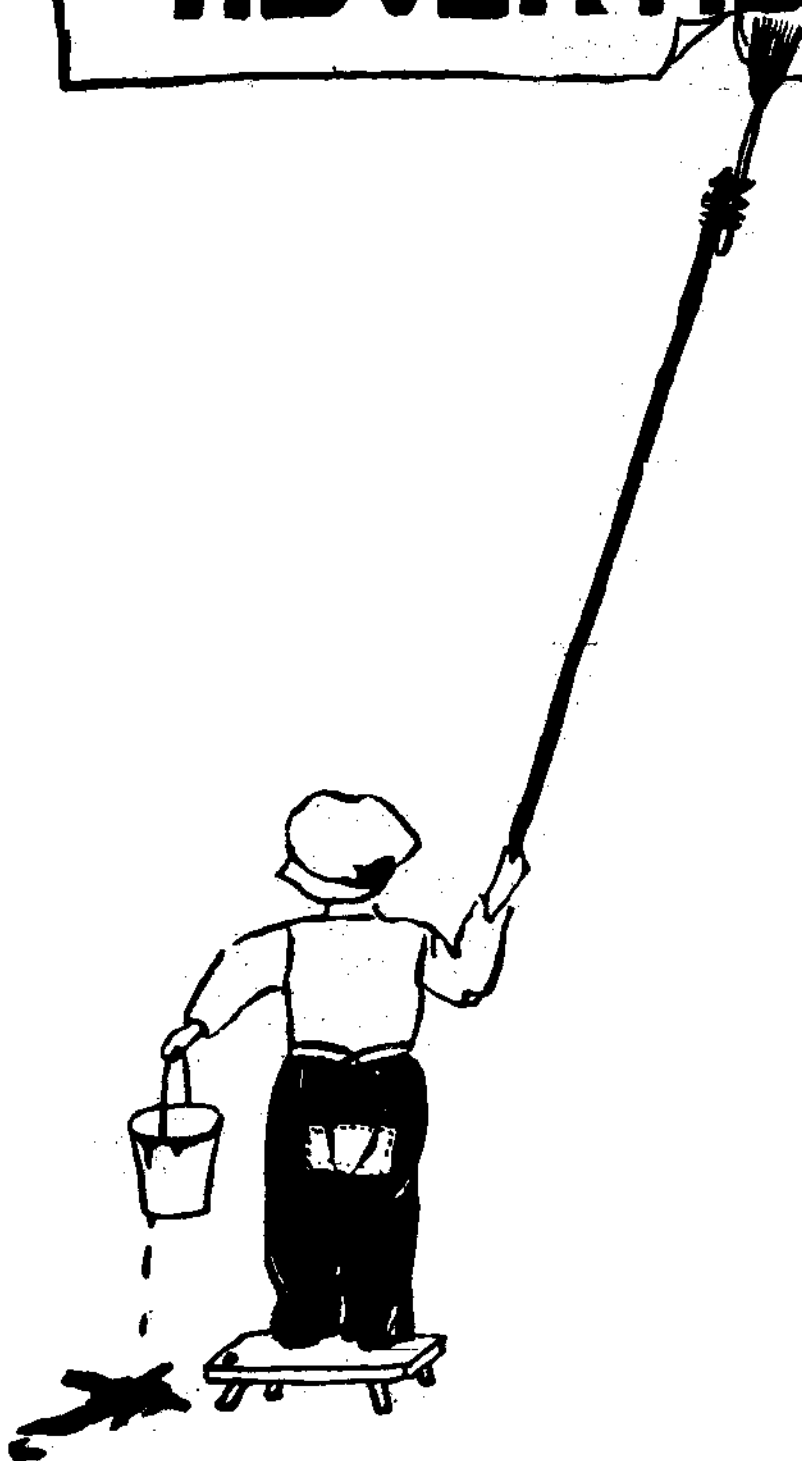
中文演講：

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英文演講：

朱梅先 陳士鳳

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▲活期存款
 ▲整存整付
 ▲整存支息
 ▲整存零付
 ▲零存整付
 ▲特種定期
 ▲定期零存

資本一萬元
 辦理商業銀行業務各種儲蓄存款
 公積三百萬元

武昌分處

地點：南樓前街
 時間：平時照例
 電話：四一八九

漢口分行

經理室：二一三六
 分機總號：二一三五
 分機總號：二一三四

中國歷史最悠久之儲蓄銀行

新華信託儲蓄銀行

業 部 種 類

存取兩便儲金	存本付息儲金	整存零付儲金	整存整付儲金	零存整付儲金	教育儲金	人壽儲金	生活儲金	定期存款	活期存款	各項放款	辦理匯兌	代理買賣各種證券	代理買賣中國公司股票	代理經營房地產	代理收付款	其他一切信託及儲蓄業務
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總行：上海江西路

南京分行：城內 大行宮

電話 一三三六五

國華銀行

儲蓄部

急中之友

意外開支：急需……或其他

尊儲蓄戶常備款以待

幸而無事 儲蓄戶則在利生

各辦事處互代收付手續簡捷無奔走守候之煩

◀ 章程承索即奉 ▶

行 址

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行銀兌匯際國之許特府政民國

行銀國中

元萬百五千二 額總本股
元 萬 萬 十 額總本資

要 摘 務 業

定 存——普通存單 定額存單 支息存單

本 息 存 單

活 存——隨時存取 按期存取

匯 兌——國內外各埠 均可通匯

放 款——押放 貼放

押 匯——進出口各項押匯

保 險——經理中國保險公司水火人壽各項保險

總 行——上 海

國 內 分 支 行——二百處

國 外 分 行——倫敦 大阪

國 內 外 特 約 通 訊 處——五百餘處

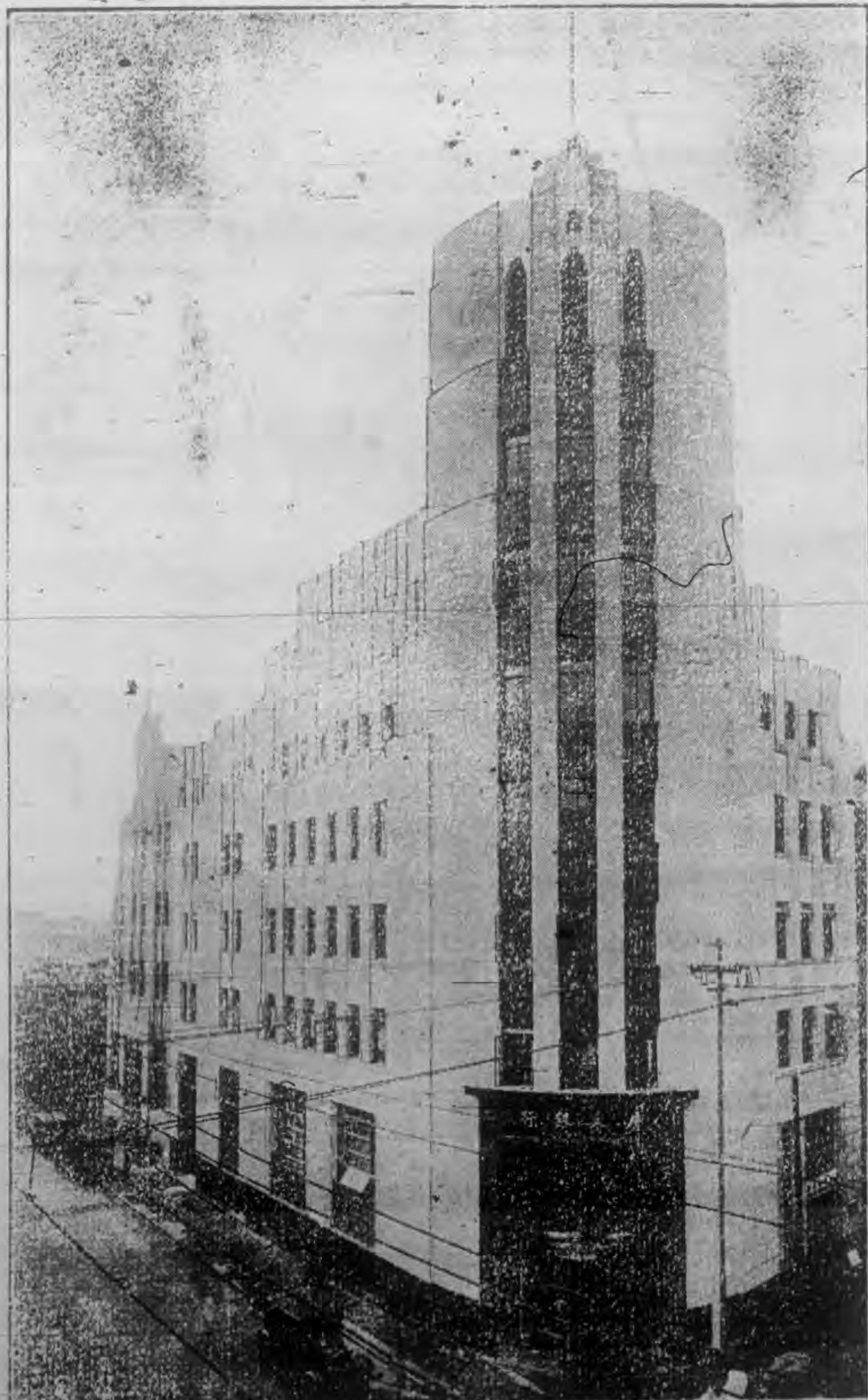
上海

章華呢絨公司

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張裕泰建築事務所



本埠工程

聖約翰大學
自來水行
天祥房子
亦邊房子
英租界工
怡和洋行

南洋兄弟烟草公司
太古棧房
蔣委員長住宅
廣東銀行
上海市圖書館
上海市博物館

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南京下關郵政局
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：分所

上海河南路五〇五號
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：總所

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資 本 五 百 萬 元

公積及準備 七百三十五萬元

經 營 業 務

定期活期存款

辦理信託業務

各種儲蓄存款

辦理倉庫業務

抵押貼現放款

買賣有價證券

國內國外匯兌

出售紅素禮券

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本路北起北平，南迄漢口，沿線各大站附近名勝古蹟頗多：如新店站之鷄公山，爲避暑勝地；黃河大橋爲世界有名鐵橋之一，入夜橋燈遠射，如繁星錯落，與月色爭輝，尤爲旅中勝景；西陵襟山帶原，景由天設，有新易支路可通，亦發售遊覽票；北平故都，宮觀園林之勝，甲於全國，雖一草一木，皆足供人留連。沿途物產豐富：南段以雜糧爲大宗；北段以鹽煤爲最多。國民生計，息息相關。近更辦理負責運輸，普減運費，凡可招徠商旅救濟農村者，無不悉力籌劃，次第舉辦。茲將本路業務要點撮述如次：

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全路舉辦負責運輸，并與各路聯運。如遇貨物損失，照價賠償。便利穩妥，迅速無比。且有應付運輸貨物辦法，可以運到再付運費。近自二十二年八月二十一日起，普減運費，以輕貨商担負。凡貨物託運莫不迅速裝車運出。在在調劑社會經濟，力謀各界便利。

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	溧水	鹽城	清江浦		淮安	徐州
	新浦	板浦	南通	如皋		
浙江省	杭州	紹興	甯波	鎮海	餘姚	定海
	沈家門	蘭溪				
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江西省	九江					
湖北省	漢口	宜昌				
湖南省	長沙	邵陽(寶慶)				
河北省	天津	北平	保定	唐山	石家莊	
山東省	濟南	大汶口	棗莊	青島	濰縣	
	龍口	威海衛	黃縣	烟台		

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山西省	太原	
四川省	重慶	
廣東省	廣州	
熱河省	開魯	
察哈爾省	張家口(萬全)	
綏遠省	歸化(歸綏)	包頭鎮
		臨河縣
遼寧省	瀋陽	四平街
		營口
		孫家台(開原)
吉林省	哈爾濱	長春
		吉林
黑龍江省	黑龍江(齊齊哈爾)	
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大 中 軍 服 廠

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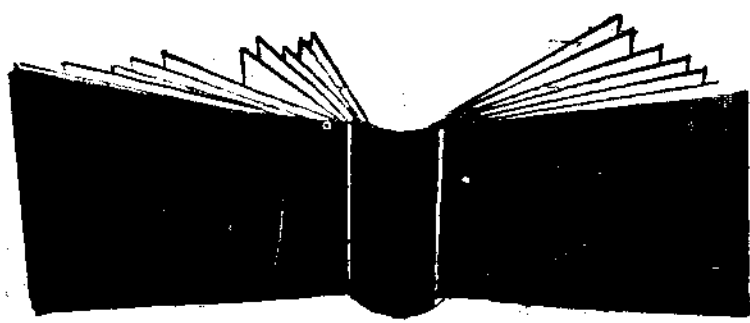
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電話：三二一六五六



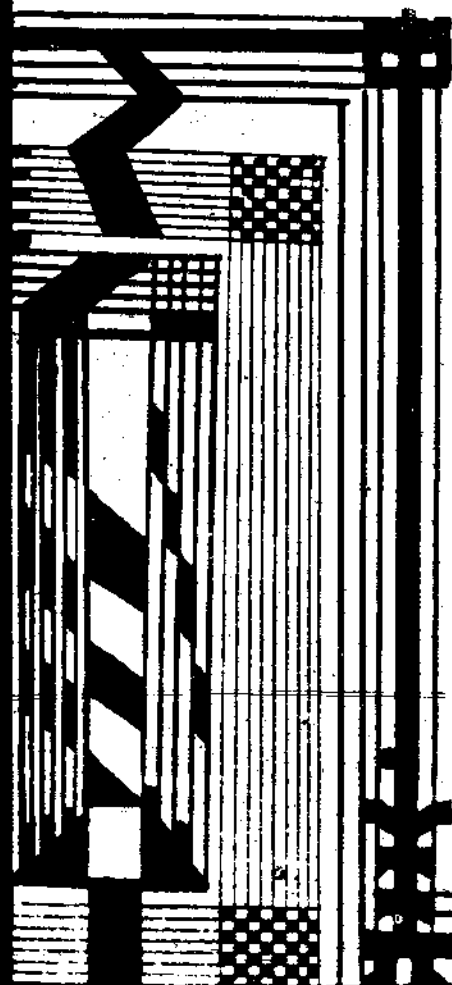
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發售預約辦法

本館歷年購藏善本叢書至夥，兼多海內僅存之本，今擇其尤者百部，汰其重複，整其版式，定名叢書集成初編，去取之間，以實用與罕見為標準，而以各類具備為範圍，大別為普通叢書、專科叢書、地方叢書三類，類各區為若干目，曾於三月間將緣起總目凡例先行刊布，全目今已印成，開始發售預約，圖書館及藏書家，盡斥巨資求之而不可得或不易得者，今可以原書二十分之一之代價致之，且盡人得而致之，寧非快事。

冊數

初編包括叢書一百部，子目四千，一百餘種，合約二萬卷，二萬萬字，分裝四千冊，上等道林紙，印厚紙封面，寬市尺三寸五分，高五寸二分，與萬有文庫版式相同，附書名著者卡片，另備布面精裝本，分裝一千冊，售價見預約簡章。

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