

英 漢 對 照

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS
ABOUT WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

名人逸事

DALE CARNEGIE 著 蕭敏頌譯



C

9.4:K

13

桂林文化供應社印行

MG
H3174
73

英漢對照小叢書

Little Known Facts About Well-Known People

名人逸事

原著者 Dale Carnegie
翻譯者 蕭敏頌

文化供應社印行



3 2174 0749 7

目 次

The Wizard Einstein	1
The Poet Who Married a Child and Got Ten Dollars for Ten Years' Work	6
They Tried to Shoot Marconi for Inventing Radio	11
The Punctual Napoleon Kept Her Waiting Two Hours at the Altar	16
Once He Slept in a Packing Box—Today He Is Worshipped as a God	21
Columbus Was the Third Man to Discover America ..	25
If H. G. Wells Hadn't Broken His Leg He Might Still Be Clerking in a Drygoods Store	31
Thomas Edison Wasn't the Only Smart Man with a Bad Memory	37
The World's Best Known Man Carries False Teeth in His Loin Cloth	45
Christ Was Not Born on Christmas Day	50
譯文：相對論鼻祖愛因斯坦	
天才詩人愛倫坡	
發明無線電的馬可尼	
拿破崙的情人約瑟芬	
革命家列寧	
探險之王哥倫布	
科學小說家韋爾斯	
發明之王愛迪生	
聖雄甘地	
謎藏老人的故事	

THE WIZARD EINSTEIN

I was walking down the streets of a little town in Southern Germany a few years ago when a friend who was with me suddenly stopped and pointed to a window over a grocery store and said: "See that little apartment up there? That is where Einstein was born."

Later that day, I met Einstein's uncle and talked to him. But he didn't impress me as being a man of any unusual ability. But that isn't strange, for when Albert Einstein himself was a child, no one thought he would amount to much either. He is now regarded as the outstanding intellectual giant of this generation, one of the most profound thinkers of all time; yet fifty years ago, he was a slow, shy, backward child. He found it extremely difficult to learn even to talk. He was so dull that his own teachers called him a bore, and even his parents feared that he was subnormal.

Einstein was astonished to wake up a few years

ago and find himself one of the most famous men on all the earth. It seemed absolutely incredible that a professor of mathematics had become front page news on five continents. He, a scientist, had become as famous as Jack Dempsey. He admits he can't understand it. No one can understand it. Such a thing has never happened before in all the annals of mankind.

This man Einstein is almost as strange as his Theory of Relativity. He has nothing but contempt for the things most people set their hearts on—for fame and riches and luxury. For example, the captain of a transatlantic ship once offered Einstein the most expensive suite of rooms on the vessel; but Einstein declined and said he would rather travel in the steerage than accept any special favors.

When Einstein reached his fiftieth birthday, Germany overwhelmed him with honors, erected a bust of him at Potsdam, and offered him a home and a sail boat as a token of the nation's love and undying admiration.

But now, a few years later, his property has been taken away from him and he is afraid to return to his native land. For weeks he lived in Belgium behind barred doors and a policeman slept at his bedside every night.

When he arrived in New York to become Professor

of Mathematics in the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, he was anxious to avoid reporters and interviews and excitement, so his friends took him off the ship secretly before it docked and hurried him away by automobile.

Einstein says that there are only twelve people living who understand his Theory of Relativity, although more than nine hundred books have been written attempting to explain it.

He himself explains Relativity by this very simple illustration: when you sit with a nice girl for an hour, you think it is only a minute; but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you think it is an hour.

Well, well — so that's relativity. It sounds all right to me; but if you doubt it and would like to try it out, I'll be glad to sit with the girl if you'll sit on the stove.

And speaking of girls, Einstein has been married twice. He has two boys by his first marriage, both brilliant chaps with the earmarks of genius.

Mrs. Einstein admits that even she doesn't understand the Theory of Relativity; but she understands something that is far more important for a wife; she understands her husband.

She used to invite her friends in for tea occasionally and then she would ask the Professor to

come downstairs and join them. "No!" he would exclaim violently. "No! I won't! I'm going away from here. I can't work here. I simply won't stand these interruptions any longer."

Frau Einstein would keep perfectly quiet until he had blown off steam for a while; and then, presently (by using a little diplomacy, she would have him downstairs drinking tea and getting some much-needed relaxation.

Frau Einstein says that her husband likes order in his thinking, but he doesn't like it in his living. He does whatever he wants to, whenever he wants to. And he has only two rules of conduct. The first one is: Don't have any rules whatever. And the second one is: Be independent of the opinions of others.

He leads a very simple sort of an existence, goes around in old clothes that need pressing, seldom wears a hat, and whistles and sings in the bathroom. He shaves while sitting in the bath tub and he doesn't use shaving soap. He shaves with the same soap that he uses for his bath. This man who is trying to solve the vexing riddles of the universe says that using two kinds of soap makes life entirely too complicated. Einstein impresses me as being a very happy man. His philosophy of happiness means far more to me than does his Theory of Relativity. I

think it a splendid philosophy. He says he is happy because he doesn't want anything from anybody. He doesn't want money or titles or praise. He makes his own happiness out of such simple things as his work and playing the violin and sailing his boat.

Einstein's violin brings him more joy than anything else in life. He says he often thinks in music and lives his day dreams in music.

Once, while riding a street car in Berlin, he told the conductor that he hadn't given him the right change. The conductor counted the change again and found it to be correct, so he handed it back to Einstein saying: "The trouble with you is, you don't know figures."

THE POET WHO MARRIED A CHILD AND GOT TEN DOLLARS FOR TEN YEARS' WORK

Edgar Allan Poe was one of the most striking and romantic geniuses that ever wrote a sonnet or concocted a mystery. He was destined to stride like a melancholy giant across the pages of American literature. Yet he was removed from the University of Virginia because of his wild passion for gambling and drinking; and later on, he was court-martialed and kicked out of West Point because he ignored all rules and sat in his quarters writing poetry when he ought to have been out on the parade ground drilling with a gun.

Poe was left an orphan early in life, and adopted by a rich tobacco merchant. Finally even this merchant turned against his adopted son, beat him with a cane, drove him out of the house, disinherited him, and refused to leave him a dollar in his will.

The story of Poe's marriage is one of the most beautiful tales in literature. He married his first

cousin, Virginia Clemm. He had no money at the time. He never had had any money and he never would have any money. He drank raw alcohol. His only sister had gone crazy, and some people accused him of being half mad. And he was twice as old as his young wife. He was twenty-six and she was thirteen. According to all the old copy-book adages, his marriage should have ended in swift and sure disaster. But it didn't. It was a romantic success. Poe all but worshipped this child-wife of his, and his undying love for her inspired some of the most exquisite poetry that ever enriched the English language.

Edgar Allan Poe spun stories and created verses that were destined to be placed among the literary glories and treasures of the earth, and yet he couldn't sell these immortal masterpieces for enough to buy bread. For example, he gave the world a poem that has become immortal:

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting
still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door.
And his eyes have all the seeming of a
demon that is dreaming.
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor.

Poe wrote and rewrote and revised "The Raven"

and worked on it intermittently for ten years; and yet he had to sell it for only ten dollars—a dollar for each year's work.

John Barrymore, out in Hollywood, gets more than that for one minute of his services. Apparently, there is more money in pictures than in poetry.

Poe, as I said, got ten dollars for writing "The Raven," and the original manuscript recently sold for tens of thousands of dollars. Why is it that we let our geniuses go hungry while they are living, and then pay fantastic prices for their handwriting when they are dead?

Up at the Grand Concourse in New York, is the cottage where Poe and Virginia lived. When Poe rented the place eighty-eight years ago, it was just an old shack about to fall to pieces. Now it is surrounded by apartment houses; but then it was in the country, nestling among the apple trees; and when spring crept up from the South, the air was redolent with the perfume of lilacs and cherry blossoms, and the air hummed with the buzzing of bees. It was a beautiful, dream-like spot.

Poe rented the place for three dollars a month; but he couldn't pay even that. Most of the time he didn't pay any rent at all. His wife was ill with consumption; and he couldn't even buy food for her. Sometimes they went for days and days without any-

thing to eat at all. When the dandelions began to bloom in the yard, they picked them and boiled them and ate dandelions, day after day.

When the neighbors discovered that Poe and his wife were on the verge of actual starvation, they brought them baskets of food. Pitiful? Yes, but he had the gift of song, and she had the gift of loving—and so they were happy, in spite of their poverty.

Virginia died there, eighty-seven years ago; and for months before she died she lay on a straw mattress without enough clothing to keep her warm. When she became too cold, her mother rubbed her hands and Poe rubbed her feet, Poe covered her shivering body with his old military cloak that he had worn at West Point, and at night, he coaxed the cat to sleep at her feet.

When she died, Poe didn't have enough money to bury her; and if it hadn't been for the kindness of a neighbor, she would have been sent to Potter's field.

Years ago, the State of New York purchased this cottage, and made it a shrine. To me, it is a dream cottage, filled with haunting and melancholy memories, and I can hardly tear myself away from it.

Virginia died in January. Months passed. Spring came, the moon rose over the apple trees and the stars twinkled on the western horizon, but Poe sat

and dreamed and longed for Virginia; and out of his
longing, he wrote the most beautiful love tribute that
any man ever paid to his wife:

For the moon never beams, without bringing

me dreams of the beautiful Annabel Lee,

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright

eyes of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the

side of my darling, my darling, my life

and my bride,

In her sepulchre there by the sea,

In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THEY TRIED TO SHOOT MARCONI FOR INVENTING RADIO

It was my good fortune, not long ago, to spend an hour with a man who has had a profound effect on your life. He has changed the world in which you live. He has made it possible for you to send a message around the earth in one seventh of a second. He has also made it possible for you to sit in your home, turn a dial on your radio, and hear the President speak from the White House, or listen to some famous orchestra playing the enchanting strains of the "Blue Danube."

We always think of Marconi as an Italian. And his father was Italian; but his mother was Irish and her home was in London. His Irish blood has given him light hair and blue eyes and he looks far more like a Britisher than an Italian. He speaks perfect English, but with a slight London accent. And he wears a monocle, British-fashion, over his left eye - he unfortunately lost the use of his right eye in an automobile

accident twenty years ago.

As I sat talking to this soft-spoken, modest, unassuming man, it was hard for me to realize that I was in the presence of one of the most distinguished men on earth. Years ago, when I was a little boy, back in Missouri, I had read of a great scientist over in Italy who had discovered wireless telegraphy; and then, one day in 1920, Lowell Thomas and I went to lunch in a restaurant in London where it was possible to hear a new-fangled contraption called a radio. And now, here he was, sitting before me, this great man who had made these miracles possible. It seemed almost like a dream.

I asked him how he first came to be interested in experimenting with radio, and he said it was largely because, as a young man, he wanted to do some sort of work that would enable him to travel all over the earth. He told me that he had often traveled with his mother, from their home in Italy, to visit her people in London; and as he crossed France and sat looking out of the train window, there flashed before his eyes glacier-clad mountains, turbulent rivers, and chateaux glamorous with romance; so even then, in his childhood, there was born in Marconi an urge, a veritable passion, for travel. And he told me that he felt, by experimenting with electrical waves and devoting his life to wireless telegraphy, he would have an

opportunity to get out under the sky and travel to far-off lands. He said he could never have stood the confinement of working in some small shop. Marconi now does almost all his work aboard his yacht, which is a floating laboratory. He still loves to travel, and he has crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighty-seven times.

While he was still a very young man, Marconi was able to send wireless messages across the room in his own home; then, finally, he sent messages a distance of two miles. He was greatly excited. His father told him he was wasting his time; but a few years later, young Marconi sold some of his patents to the British government for a quarter of a million dollars and his father was immensely impressed. I asked Senator Marconi what he did when he got his first \$250,000 and he said he went out and bought a bicycle and then went back to work again as usual. To him, the excitement of his experiments was more alluring than anything money could buy.

In 1901, Marconi believed that the great dream of his life was about to come true; so he rushed across the Atlantic Ocean, confidently expecting that he would be able to receive messages in America from his sending station in England.

Landing in Newfoundland, Marconi sent up a kite to act as an aerial—a kite made of bamboo and

silk. But the wind ripped the frail kite to shreds. Then he sent up a balloon and the wind swashed the balloon and hurled it into the ocean. Finally, he got a kite that would stay up; and he listened—listened for hours, waiting breathlessly for the signals that were supposed to come from his station in Cornwall, England. But none came; there wasn't a sound. Tragically disappointed, he believed that his experiment was a failure, that the great dream of his life had been blasted.

Then, suddenly, he heard a faint click. Then another. Then another. Yes that was it. There it was: the signal they had agreed upon. The three dots which stood for the letter S in the alphabet used by telegraph operators. Flushed with excitement, Marconi knew that his achievement was big with history. He longed to rush out and shout the news from the housetops. But should he? No. He feared people wouldn't believe him; so for forty eight hours he shared his secret with no one. Then gathering courage, he cabled the facts to London. They created a sensation. Newspapers on five continents featured the story; and it set the scientific world a-aching with excitement. Man, triumphing once more over time and space, trembled on the threshold of a new era. Wireless telegraphy had been born; and it was destined to transform the world for you and me.

And how old was Marconi when he did all this? Only twenty-seven. Immediately, he began getting letters from cranks. These fanatics complained bitterly because they imagined that his electrical waves were passing through their bodies, destroying their nerves and making it impossible for them to sleep.

Several of these cranks threatened to kill Marconi. One of them—a German—said he was coming to London to shoot him. His letter was turned over to Scotland Yard; and the British Government wouldn't let him land in England.

I asked Senator Marconi how long it would be before you and I could have good, practical television sets in our homes. He said probably in about ten years, maybe sooner; so it won't be long now before we will be sitting in front of our fireplaces watching a fashion show in Paris, or a football game in California.

THE PUNCTUAL NAPOLEON KEPT HER WAITING TWO HOURS AT THE ALTAR

This is the story of a poor girl who was born in a fishing village down in the West Indies and who lived in bare, dingy rooms over a sugar refinery; the story of a girl who married the most famous man in all history.

Her name was Marie Joseph Rose Tasher La Pagerie, but she is usually called "Josephine."

Josephine was six years older than Napoleon. When they first met, she was thirty-three and he was only twenty-seven. She was not good-looking; she had bad teeth and two half-grown children, and she was in debt—deeply in debt. In fact, she was only two jumps ahead of the sheriff. So we must admit she started with severe handicaps. But she had one enormous asset: she knew how to handle men. She was a widow and she had had experience.

When the French revolutionists cut off the head of her first husband, Josephine found herself without

means of support; and she did what most sensible widows do; she began looking about for a husband.

One of her friends told her about Napoleon. He hadn't become famous yet, and he didn't have any money. The fact is, he had just returned from a war and the only thing he had brought back with him was the itch, and he had shaved his head to get rid of that.

But Josephine's friends told her that Napoleon was going to make a name for himself. And so Josephine, being human, wanted to meet him.

But how? She figured out a clever way to do it. She sent her young son, who was twelve years old, to ask Napoleon if he might have the sword of his (the boy's) dead father. Naturally, Napoleon said yes; and the next day Josephine powdered her nose and went to thank Napoleon, with tears in her eyes for his great kindness.

Napoleon was immensely impressed by Josephine's personality and by her extraordinary charm. He realized that she was above him, socially; so when she invited him to her house for tea, he was flattered. And when he came to tea, she told him he was going to be one of the greatest generals in all history.....Three months later their engagement was announced.

Napoleon had a veritable passion for always being on time. His motto was "Time is everything," and

he once said, "I may lose battles, but no one will ever see me lose minutes;" and yet he was two hours late for his own wedding! The Justice of the Peace who was waiting to marry them got so tired that he yawned and fell asleep before Napoleon arrived.

Forty-eight hours after his marriage, Napoleon set out to wage a new war in Italy. His army was a hungry, ragged affair; yet he fought a brilliant campaign that electrified the continent. Europe hadn't seen such fighting in a thousand years.

And the amazing part of it all is that, even on the battlefields, Napoleon found time to write Josephine a letter every day. And what letters! Ardent, flaming, tempestuous affairs. In 1833 eight of Napoleon's love letters to Josephine were sold at public auction in London for \$20,000. I have read them and believe that they are worth twenty thousand dollars—even in 1933. For example:

My dear Josephine:

You have inspired me with a love which has taken away my reason—I can't eat, I can't sleep, I don't care for my friends, I don't care for glory; I value victory only because it pleases you. If it weren't for that, I should leave the army and hurry back to Paris to fling myself at your feet.

You have inspired me with a limitless love;

you have filled me with an intoxicating frenzy. Never an hour passes without my looking at your portrait, and never an hour passes without my covering it with kisses.

And that is tame in comparison to some of the things he wrote. Most women would give their right arm for letters like that. But Josephine didn't seem to care for them. She was having a flirtation with another man and she drove Napoleon almost frantic because she didn't even bother to answer his letters.

Finally, he got fed up with her indifference and, while he was fighting in Egypt, he invited a blonde to have tea with him. And Josephine heard about it way off in Paris!

When Napoleon returned to France there was the devil to pay—as there usually is in such cases. She told him what she thought and he told her what he thought; and it ended by Napoleon locking Josephine out of his room.

Then there were family troubles. Josephine was better liked than Napoleon's sisters and that made them jealous and envious. They thought she was snubbing them, and that made them hopping mad. They swore to high Heaven that they would get even with her. They began poking fun at her and calling her the "old woman" and telling Napoleon that he ought to divorce his "fat, old wife" and marry a

younger woman.

But talk as much as they might, they couldn't kill Napoleon's love for Josephine. Nothing could do that. Nothing.

However, he did decide to divorce her, and he decided to do it for one reason only: he wanted a wife who could bear him a son. It broke his heart to do it and he wept as he signed the divorce papers; and for three days after that he sat in his palace, staring into space, brooding and refusing to see any body, or do anything. Shortly after the divorce, Napoleon married Marie Louise of Austria.

The curious part of it is that Marie Louise, like all Austrians, had been brought up to despise Napoleon; and she prayed to Almighty God that she wouldn't have to marry him. But her father insisted that she do it for political reasons; and so she married him, by proxy, before she ever even saw him. But she didn't care for him; and when he began to lose battles, she deserted him, and even taught his own son to hate him.

Napoleon's first love and last love, and only real love, was Josephine. And after she died, I visited her grave and wept, saying,

"My darling Josephine, at least she would never have deserted me."

The last word that Napoleon ever spoke on this earth was the word "Josephine."

ONCE HE SLEPT IN A PACKING BOX
TODAY HE IS WORSHIPED AS A GOD

I want to tell you some little known facts about a man who has been dead only ten years; and yet a city of seven hundred thousand people has been named in his honor; and a hundred million people regard him as their Patron Saint.

His name was Lenin, and he started in Russia the greatest economic experiment the world has ever known—an experiment that is bound to have some effect on you and me and almost everyone else in the world.

Lenin was a little, bald-headed, wrinkled man; and when he sat in a chair, his legs were so short that they hardly touched the floor.

He didn't care anything at all about his looks; his trousers were usually too long, his nose was slightly turned up, he had a squint in one eye and he probably never wore a silk hat or a frock coat in his life. He was happily married, and his wife loved

him so much that she refused to leave him when he was exiled; so she went with him into exile in order to look after him and care for him.

He had a lot of spare time when he was an outcast in Siberia, so he became an expert chess player. He could play several games of chess at the same time; and he was so fascinated with chess that he used to play the game with his friends far away by mail.

As a child, Lenin was serious and gloomy, seldom played with other children and never took part in athletic games. When he grew to be a man, he had no interest whatever in music or poetry or religion; but he studied law and spoke four languages—French, German, Russian, and English.

The Russian government hanged his brother because he was plotting to kill Czar Alexander the Third; and the Government later banished Lenin himself because of his radical opinions. They banished him to a small town in frigid Siberia. There Lenin saw, with his own eyes, the tragic poverty of the Russian peasants. They were so poor, they could not afford to eat meat except on the great religious holidays—in other words they ate meat about twenty times a year.

During the great famine of 1891, when millions of poverty-stricken peasants died of starvation, and

typhus and cholera, Lenin became convinced that something radical had to be done. From that time on, he became a flaming revolutionist.

During the next twenty-five years, he was hounded and driven from one country to another, living at various times in Germany, Austria, France, Poland, Switzerland and England. When he lived in London, he would often go and sit for hours at a time beside the grave of Karl Marx, the father of Socialism.

Sometimes, in order to escape arrest, he went about disguised as a peasant, or sailor or factory worker. Sometimes he wore false whiskers. Sometimes he masqueraded as a woman. He always traveled with a false bottom in his trunk—and beneath the false bottom, he kept secret papers and incriminating documents. Sometimes he buried his secret documents in his vegetable garden and he planted onions and cabbage above them.

He wrote one of his revolutionary books in prison; and, in order to avoid detection, he wrote it in milk instead of ink. The writing could be read only after it was dipped in hot water. He taught his disciples to use invisible ink when they wrote to him. When he got one of these invisible letters, he would ask the prison guard for tea. Then, as soon as the guard's back was turned, he would dip the

letter in the hot water and read the letter.

In November, 1917, Lenia became dictator of Russia and confiscated all private property. The owners of the great estates fled in terror, as the peasants took possession. The peasants cut up rare and exquisite tapestries and made them into shoes. They took priceless vases, made by the master potters of Europe, and used them for pickle jars.

Russia was almost starving at the time and Lenin refused to take sugar in his tea because other people couldn't have sugar. Although he was the supreme ruler of Russia, he wouldn't permit himself to have even the simplest luxuries. He ruled Russia without having a staff of secretaries and he rarely dictated a letter. He worked from eighteen to twenty hours a day and wrote almost all his letters himself.

Five years later, he was suffering from hardening of the arteries and he had a stroke of paralysis. He lost the power of speech, and he had to learn to talk all over again like a child. His right hand was paralyzed so he learned to write with his left hand. For two years, he fought desperately with death, saying over and over again, "There is so much work left for me to do."

His picture hangs to-day in almost every house, every factory and every worker's club in all Russia. The bakers put his likeness on the top of their cakes.

Gardeners plant their flowers so that they will blossom into his portrait, and the carpet makers weave his features into their rugs. Millions of people worship him almost as if he were a God, and the peasants are already telling miracle stories of his return from the grave to help some worker who is in trouble.

His body now lies embalmed in a glass casket; and probably at this very moment, hundreds of reverent pilgrims are filing by it with uncovered heads. Nearly a thousand a day do him this honor. And at this very instant, Red soldiers, with bayonets are standing guard over the man who ushered in a new era in the history of the world.

COLUMBUS WAS THE THIRD MAN TO DISCOVER AMERICA

On every 12th of October, we celebrate one of the most important events in our history, the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus; but here is a funny thing—Columbus did not discover America on October 12th. He discovered it on October 23rd. The calendar we are using now was originated by Pope Gregory. Columbus never heard of that calendar; it didn't even exist until one hundred years after he was dead. The American colonies adopted that calendar in 1752; and when we adopted it, we jumped time ahead exactly 11 days. Why? because the calendar at that time was eleven days behind the sun. So, according to the present calendar, Columbus discovered America, not on October 12th, but on October 23rd.

As a young man, Columbus had gone to sea on a pirate ship. There wasn't anything strange about that, for in those days, the best families sent their boys out on pirate ships. It gave the lads self-confidence

and sail air; enabled them to see the world, and make a little money on the side; and there was not the slightest disgrace about it unless you were caught — and then it was just too bad.

As a boy in school, Columbus had studied a book by Pythagoras, who taught that the world was round. So Columbus got an idea. He figured out that, if it was round, he could find a short cut to India; and that would make him a fortune.

But the learned professors and philosophers in the universities laughed at his silly idea. What! Did this crazy fool propose to reach India which was out in the east by sailing directly west? Why, the man must be a lunatic. They told him that the earth was not round, but flat; and they warned him that he would be committing suicide; that his ships would sail to the edge of the world and then tumble off into unending space.

For seventeen years, Columbus tried to get someone to finance his adventure. He tried for seventeen years, and he failed for seventeen years. Finally, he was ready to give up in despair; and he retired to a monastery in Spain to end his days. He wasn't quite fifty years old then, but he had had so much trouble and so much heartbreak that his red hair had become snow white.

Finally, the Pope in Rome urged Queen Isabella

of Spain to help Columbus. So the Queen sent him sixty-five dollars and Columbus, being in rags, bought a new suit of clothes and a donkey and set out to see the Queen. He was so poor, he had to beg for his food on the way.

The Queen gave him the ships that he needed, but he found it almost impossible to get a crew. Everyone was afraid to go. So he went down to the water-front and boldly seized some sailors and forced them to go. He begged and bribed and threatened others. He even took criminals out of jails, and offered them their freedom if they would go.

Finally, everything was in readiness; and one-half hour before sunrise, on Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus with his three ships and eighty-eight men, set out on one of the most important and epoch-making journeys in the history of the world.

The colonies that Columbus founded in the new world met with nothing but disappointment and disaster. All the people in the first colony were murdered by the Indians. The Governor of the second colony was so jealous of Columbus that he accused him of all sorts of crimes, had him arrested and sent back to Spain in chains. To be sure, he was turned loose as soon as he reached Spain, but the chagrin and disappointment of it all broke his heart.

Columbus died at the age of sixty—unnoticed,

unhonored and unused. He died in a shabby, poorly-ventilated room, and on the walls of the room hung the chains that he had worn as a prisoner. He kept them hanging there as a grim reminder of the vanity of this world and its ingratitude.

Columbus had accomplished one of the most amazing and courageous feats in history. And yet what did he get out of it? He had expected to make a fortune, and he died a pauper. He had been promised the title of "Admiral of the Ocean and Viceroy of India." Yet he got no title whatever. The continent that he discovered was not even named for him. It was named for a maker of maps Amerigo Vespucci. In fact, about the only thing that he ever got out of discovering a new world was heartbreak and disgrace.

He didn't even get the satisfaction of realizing that he had reached a new continent. He thought he had merely found a new way to India, and that is why he gave the name of Indians to the red-skinned people that he found in America.

However, Columbus has gotten one "break." He is given credit for being the first man to discover America, when he wasn't at all. A thousand years before Columbus was born, Hoe-Shin, a Buddhist monk from China, discovered America; and then, 500 years before Columbus was born, a Norseman by the

name of Lief Ericson, discovered it again, and you can still see what historians believe are the ruins of the houses that Lief Ericson built on the banks of the Charles River in Massachusetts. In fact, they are within walking distance of Harvard University.

Columbus will be forever honored in history as a man of heroic courage and unflinching determination. When everybody else wanted to quit, he kept on. When his sailors became terror-stricken and threatened to mutiny and kill him, unless he turned back, Columbus had only one answer for them, "Sail on! Sail on! And on!"

IF H. G. WELLS HAIN'T BROKEN HIS LEG
HE MIGHT STILL BE CLERKING IN
A DRYGOODS STORE

Sixty years ago, a group of boys were playing on the streets of a London suburb when an accident occurred. One of the bigger boys picked up a little chap, called Bertie Wells, and tossed him high into the air; but instead of catching Bertie when he came down, the big boy dropped him and broke his leg.

For months, Bertie lay writhing in bed with a heavy weight tied to his leg. But the bone didn't set properly. It had to be rebroken. It was a terrible experience. Little Bertie screamed in agony and terror.

That seemed like a tragedy then, but Bertie knows better now. Today he is one of the most famous authors in the world. You know him not as Bertie, but as Herbert George Wells or H. G. Wells. You have probably read some of his books. He has written over seventy-five volumes; and he himself

admits that that broken leg was perhaps the luckiest thing that ever happened to him. Why? Because it kept him confined to the house for a whole year. He devoured every book he could get, because there was nothing else he could do. The result was, he developed a taste for books, a love for literature. He was stimulated. He was inspired. He determined to rise above his humdrum surroundings. That broken leg was the turning point of his life.

Today, H. G. Wells is one of the highest paid authors on earth. He has probably made a million dollars with his pen; yet he was brought up in pinching poverty. His father played professional cricket and ran a little crockery shop that was tottering on the edge of failure. H. G. Wells was born in a small bedroom over that shop. The kitchen was down in the basement. It was a dark, dingy hole, and the only light that filtered into it was through a grating from the sidewalk overhead. One of Wells' earliest memories is of sitting in that dark kitchen and watching people's feet as they shuffled over the iron grating above him. Years later, he wrote about those feet, and told how he had learned to judge people by the shoes they wore.

Finally, the crockery shop failed. The family was desperate, so his mother had to take a job as a housekeeper on a big estate in Sussex. Naturally,

she lived with the servants, and H. G. Wells often went there to visit her. And it was there that he got his first peep into English society life—and he got that peep from the servants' quarters.

The future author of "The Outline of History" started out in business life, at the age of thirteen, as a drygoods clerk. He had to get up at five o'clock, sweep out the store, build the fire, and slave for fourteen hours a day. It was drudgery, and he despised it. At the end of one month, the boss fired him because he was untidy and slovenly and troublesome.

Then he got a job clerking in a drug store. And again he was fired at the end of the first month.

He finally got a job clerking in another drygoods store. He had to eat, so this time, he held out a bit longer. But when the floorwalker wasn't looking, he would sneak down into the cellar and read Herbert Spencer.

After two years, he could stand it no longer. So he got up one Sunday morning and, without waiting for breakfast, he tramped fifteen miles on an empty stomach to find his mother. He was frantic. He pleaded with her. He wept. He swore that he would kill himself if he had to remain in the shop any longer.

Then he wrote a long, pathetic letter to his old

school master. Wells told him he was miserable, heartbroken, that he no longer wanted to live.

And the school master, to his utter astonishment, wrote back, offering him a job as a teacher.

Presto! That was another turning-point in his life.

Yet H. G. Wells will tell you today, in his thin, high voice, that the long hard years of drudgery he spent in a drygoods store, were a blessing in disguise. He is naturally lazy and indolent; and the drygoods store taught him to work.

A few years after he began teaching, disaster overtook him with the suddenness of an explosion. It happened in this way: He was playing football. In the heat and excitement of the game, he was knocked down, trampled on, and almost killed. One of his kidneys was smashed and his right lung was punctured. He was bled white with hemorrhages. The doctors gave up all hope; and for months he lived in fear of imminent death. For twelve terrible years after that, he clung to life as a semi-invalid; and yet, during those years, he developed the ability that was to make his name known throughout the civilized world.

For five years, he wrote furiously. The books and articles and stories that he turned out were dull and amateurish. And he had the good sense to realize it,

So he burned up almost everything he wrote.

Finally, in spite of being half an invalid, he got another job teaching. There was a pretty girl in the biology class. Her name was Catherine Robbins. Presently H. G. Wells found that he was far more interested in Catherine than in biology. She was frail and sickly. So was he. They wanted to grab all the happiness they could, at once. So they were married.

That was forty years ago; and instead of dying, Wells regained his strength, turned out to be a human dynamo of energy and has been grinding out two full-length books each year, books that have sent their reverberations around the world.

Wells' mind is constantly blazing with ideas. He even gets up in the middle of the night to put down stray thoughts in his notebook. And this lazy boy who was once fired because of incompetence as a drygoods clerk, now says that he has enough material in his notebooks to keep him writing books for a hundred and fifty years.

He can write anywhere—in his London workshop, on the train, or under a beach umbrella by the seductive blue waters of the Mediterranean. He rents two villas on the French Riviera. One is a workshop, and the other is a guest house. He writes all day and chats with his guests only in the evening. If he

can't go to the station to get them, he does the next best thing—he sends a high-powered car to meet them; and with the car, he sends the key to his well-stocked wine-cellar. His guests are always in good humor when he finally appears.

THOMAS EDISON WASN'T THE ONLY SMART MAN WITH A BAD MEMORY

One day when I was having lunch at the Vanderbilt Hotel, in New York, I noticed that when the coat room girl took my hat, she didn't give me a check for it. I was a bit surprised and I asked her why; she said it wasn't necessary to give me a check—that she would remember me—and she did. She told me that she had often taken the hats and coats of two hundred strangers, stacked them up in a pile and handed each man the right coat and the right hat as he walked out. I talked to the manager of the hotel and he told me this girl hadn't made a memory mistake in fifteen years.

I doubt whether Thomas Edison could have accomplished a feat like that even if you offered him a million dollars. Edison had a very poor memory—especially in his youth. In school, he forgot everything he was taught, and he was always at the foot of his class. He drove his teachers to despair. They

declared that he was saddle-brained, that he was too stupid to learn, and the doctors even predicted he would have brain trouble, for his head had an extraordinary shape. As a matter of fact, he attended school only three months during his entire life. After that, his mother taught him at home; and what a magnificent job she did, for he all but transformed the world in which we live.

Yet, later in life, Thomas Edison developed a remarkable memory for scientific data, and he mastered most of the scientific facts in his vast private library. He developed an extraordinary ability to concentrate, to forget everything but the subject he had in hand.

One day, while he was deeply absorbed in trying to solve some scientific problem, he went to the court house to pay his taxes. He had to stand in line for some time; and when his turn came, he actually forgot his own name. One of his neighbors, seeing his embarrassment, reminded him that his name was Thomas Edison. He afterwards declared that he couldn't have called his name for a few seconds then even if his life had depended upon it.

At one time he seriously thought of studying some system to improve his memory.

Edison frequently worked in his laboratory all night long. One morning, while he was waiting for

his breakfast to be brought to him, he fell asleep. One of his assistants, who had just eaten some ham and eggs and was feeling in a jovial mood, wanted to fool the old man; so he placed his empty tray of dishes on the table in front of Edison. A few minutes later Edison awoke, rubbed his eyes, looked down at the bread crusts and the empty plate and the empty coffee cup. He thought a moment and then came to the conclusion that he must have eaten breakfast before he had his nap; so he pushed back from the table, lighted a cigar, had a smoke, and started to work again and never knew the difference until his assistants broke into an uproar of laughter.

Asa Gray, the famous American botanist, was able to call from memory the names of more than twenty-five thousand plants; and according to his biographers, Julius Caesar was able to call from memory the names of thousands of his soldiers.

Babe Ruth, on the other hand, finds it difficult to remember either names or faces. He goes about speaking to almost everyone, knowing that he may possibly have met them at some time or another.

Charlie Chaplin had a private secretary and press agent for seven years. He traveled with him constantly; and yet this secretary, Carlyle Robinson, told me that, at the end of those seven years, Charlie Chaplin didn't know his last name.

The second largest university in the world is a Mohammedan college in Cairo, Egypt. The entrance examination to this University requires every student to repeat the Koran from memory. The Koran, which is the Mohammedan Bible, is almost as long as the New Testament, and three days are required to recite it. Yet, every one of more than twenty thousand students regularly accomplish that feat.

Lord Byron boasted that he could repeat all the verses that he ever wrote; but Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, had a very poor memory. He once praised one of his own poems very highly, thinking that Byron had written it.

Lord Byron was able to dictate one of his most famous books from memory; but Joseph Jefferson, on the other hand, played "Rip Van Winkle" almost every night for a dozen years and kept forgetting his lines right up to the very end.

When Abraham Lincoln wanted to memorize anything, he read it aloud so that he would impress it both on his sense of sight and his sense of hearing.

Macaulay, the great English historian, had perhaps the most remarkable memory of any man who ever lived. He could look at a page of print and photograph it on his mind almost as accurately as a camera could do it. He could read a chapter of a book only once and repeat it from memory. He wrote histories

without even having to refer to reference books and his biographers declare that in order to win a bet, he learned "Paradise Lost" in one night.

Calvin Coolidge used to read a few pages of "Paradise Lost" every night before going to sleep. Well, if you are troubled with insomnia try "Paradise Lost." It is better than sleeping powders.

Thousands of people have had remarkable memories, Theodore Roosevelt was one of them. He was intensely interested in meeting people. He found out little personal details about the people he met, studied their faces, their mannerisms, and repeated their names until they were indelibly impressed upon his memory. This helped him enormously in his political life. He made people feel immensely important by calling their names the second time he met them.

He once surprised a Japanese banker, whom he had not seen for fifteen years, by beginning to talk immediately about a subject that they had discussed fifteen years previously. When Roosevelt read anything he wanted to remember, he got a deep, vivid impression. By persistence and practice, he trained himself to concentrate under most adverse conditions. In 1912, during the Bull Moose Convention, in Chicago, his headquarters were in the Congress Hotel. Crowds surged through the streets below, crying, waving banners, shouting "We want Teddy," "We

want Teddy!" The roar of the throng, the music of bands, the coming and going of politicians, the hurried conferences, the consultations, would have driven the ordinary individual to distraction; but Roosevelt sat in a rocking chair in his room, oblivious to it all, reading Herodotus, the Greek historian.

On his trip through the Brazilian wilderness, as soon as he reached the camping ground in the evening, he found a dry spot under some huge trees, got out a camp stool and his copy of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and, at once, he became so immersed in the book that he was oblivious to the rain, to the noise and activity of the camp, to the sounds of the tropical forest. It is small wonder that a man with such powers of concentration was able to remember what he read.

George Bidder was a wealthy Englishman who died fifty years ago. When he was only ten years of age, he figured out in his head in exactly 121 seconds how much the interest would be on 4444 pounds for 4444 days at 4 per cent per annum.

A man died out in Coldwater, Michigan, not long ago—a picturesque character called "Railroad Jack." He had an astonishing memory; and, for twenty years, he traveled from one college town to another, amazing the students. He would go into a restaurant where the

college boys were eating and say, "I'm 'Railroad Jack.' Ask me anything about any character in history, and I'll give you the facts." Naturally, the boys tried to show him up. They would ask him some absurd question such as "How old was Socrates' wife when she married?" And he would answer, quick as a flash: "Socrates didn't marry until he was forty; and then, in spite of his wisdom, he married a flapper who was only nineteen." Or they would ask him where bayonets were first used, and he would tell them immediately that "it was at the battle of Killiecrankie in Scotland, on the 27th day of July, 1689." Naturally the boys would buy him a lunch and then take up a collection and buy him a suit of clothes.

Henry Ford was so impressed with his ability that he gave him a car so that he could travel about giving his sidewalk lessons in history. But he refused to use the car, and continued to travel around in a cart. On the side of the cart he had painted the words "Railroad Jack — Historical Genius."

"Railroad Jack" died in an old, abandoned building at seventy-nine years of age. He willed his body to the University of Michigan so the medical school could examine his brain and try to discover the secret of his memory. I wrote to Professor W. B. Fillsbury, head of the Department of Psychology at the University of Michigan, and ask him to tell me the secret of

"Railroad Jack's" amazing memory. Professor Pillsbury told me that "Railroad Jack" had devoted years of his life to learning one definite group of facts until he had accumulated a staggering quantity of them. He also told me in his letter that a lot of these mental marvels with amazing memories have been investigated, and that some of them were endowed with extraordinary intelligence but that an equally large number of them were almost feeble-minded.

That means that if you have a brilliant memory, you may be approaching genius or you may be only two jumps ahead of the lunatic asylum. Figure it out for your's lf.

Well, if your memory is as bad as mine, cheer up, for Leonardo da Vinci was one of the most distinguished men who ever lived and he couldn't remember anything unless he made a note of it—and when he did make notes, he lost them, even as you and I.

THE WORLD'S BEST KNOWN MAN CARRIES FALSE TEETH IN HIS LOIN CLOTH

Ever so often, out in India, a little, brown man, wearing a loin cloth, lays himself down on a cot, refuses to eat, and threatens to fast until he dies. Then newspapers all over the world feature the story because Mahatma Gandhi is one of the leading figures of this generation.

Peeked in terms of money, Gandhi is a poor man. If he sold all his earthly possessions, they probably would not bring seventy-five cents; yet he is a man powerful than any millionaire on earth.

Physically, he is weak; and he refuses to use force or violence; yet his teachings and his spiritual influence are more potent and powerful than a hundred battleships of England.

One person out of every six on earth lives in India. And for centuries, these people of India have been asleep; now this little, frail man, who weighs less than a hundred pounds, is arousing India to a

sense of its own gigantic power! He is instituting reforms that may have far-reaching effects on the history of the world.

There are many curious things about Gandhi. For example, he has a set of false teeth, which he carries in a fold of his loin cloth. He puts them in his mouth only when he wants to eat. After his meal, he takes them out, washes them and puts them back in his loin cloth again.

He speaks English with an Irish accent, for one of his first teachers was an Irishman. He wears nothing but a loin cloth now, but for years he lived in London and wore a silk hat and spats and carried a cane.

He was educated at London University and became an attorney. But the first time he attempted to make a speech in court, his knees trembled, and he was so frightened that he had to sit down in confusion and defeat.

As a lawyer in London, he got nowhere at all. He was practically a failure there.

Years before, when he first came to England, his Irish teacher made him copy the Sermon on the Mount, over and over again, purely as an exercise in English. Hour after hour, Gandhi wrote "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth... Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the

children of God," and these words made a profound impression on him.

Presently, he was sent to South Africa to collect some huge debts; and he tried to apply there the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount. And it worked. Clients flocked to M. K. Gandhi because he settled their claims peacefully out of court and saved them time and expense. Gandhi then had an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year. The meek was inheriting the earth.

But was he happy? No. Because he knew that untold millions of his fellow countrymen were living in misery. He had seen thousands die of starvation, and worldly success seemed cheap and unimportant. So he gave up all his money, and took the road of poverty and since that time, he has consecrated his life to helping the poor and the down-trodden.

To-day, one tenth of the population of India—more people than live in the United States, west of the Mississippi River—are hungry and half-starved. Their condition is so hopeless that Gandhi is pleading with them to cease bringing children into a world filled with so much misery and want.

Gandhi experimented with diets to see how cheaply he could live and remain healthy. He now lives principally on fruit and goat's milk and olive oil.

Gandhi has been greatly influenced by the teachings of an American by the name of David Thoreau. Thoreau was graduated from Harvard University ninety years ago, and then spent twenty-eight dollars building a cabin for himself on the lonely shores of Walden Pond, in Massachusetts. He lived there like a hermit, and refused to pay taxes; so he was thrown into jail. He then wrote a book on Civil Disobedience, saying that no one ought to pay taxes. People didn't pay the slightest attention to his book then; but, seventy-five years later, Gandhi read that book, away out in India, and decided to use Thoreau's tactics. He felt that England had not kept her promise to give India self-government; so, in order to punish England, Gandhi urged the people of India to go to jail rather than pay taxes, and he also urged his followers to boycott English goods. When the British placed a tax on salt, Gandhi led his followers to the sea and they made their own salt.

India has about 50,000,000 people, who, according to the Hindu religion, are forever branded as untouchables. What does that mean? Just this; take yourself, for example. Supposed you lived in India and your ancestors, two thousand years ago, had been branded as untouchables by the Hindu religion. That would mean that you too would be an untouchable today. Your soul would be condemned to suffer for the

sins it had committed in some former life; and you would not be permitted to drink the water that comes from a village well. You would have to go and drink from some dirty wayside stream. You would be regarded as so loathsome that you would not dare enter a grocery store. You would have to stand outside, at a respectful distance, and have the food flung at you.

You couldn't enter a court of justice. You couldn't attend school. You couldn't even walk within five hundred feet of a public road. And, if even your shadow fell on food, it would be regarded as unfit to eat and would be destroyed.

Remember that there are 60,000,000 of these untouchables—half as many as the entire population of the United States. Their condition is the most pathetic and tragic thing in the world today, and Gandhi is devoting his life now to fighting for their rights. He has even adopted a little untouchable girl and is bringing her up as his own daughter.

Millions regard Mahatma Gandhi as a saint. Others believe that he is the reincarnation of a Hindu god. In a world filled with sordid greed and selfishness, I, for one, feel like standing with bowed head before this man who is seeking nothing for himself but is willing to die in order that others may live.

CHRIST WAS NOT BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

About three hundred years ago, when New England was a far-removed colony of the British Crown, the wife of a village squire in Hadley, Massachusetts, walked across the fields one December day and visited a German lady who was celebrating Christmas. This German lady had cut down a small pine tree in the forest, dragged it home through the snow, lighted it with candles and her children were dancing around it, singing Christmas carols. Nothing wrong with that, was there?

Yet the grim-faced, Puritan fathers who ruled New England then, hauled this woman before a council of village elders, thundered at her, denounced her, and threw her out of the Church, bag and baggage. And back in those days, that was tantamount to social ostracism.

What had she done? She had committed the heathen sin of celebrating Christmas. The old Puritans despised Christmas. With wrathful voices, they

denounced it from their pulpits. They branded it as an unholy pagan holiday and declared it was an insult to God. They even passed a law which heaped fines and public disgrace upon anyone who attempted to celebrate Christmas.

When the fiery-tempered Cromwell and his singing soldiers climbed up into the seats of the mighty in Merrie England, they too passed laws abolishing the pagan holiday called Christmas.

Why all this cry and uproar against the celebration of Christmas? For one thing, the old Puritans knew that Christ was not born on Christmas day.

Scholars were wrangling about the date of Christ's birth less than two hundred years after he died. Some claimed that he was born on May 20th—others contended that the correct date was April 19th. Still others denounced these dates as superstitious and declared he was born on November 17th. Modern scholars confess that we haven't the remotest idea about the exact time of the birth of Jesus.

Even in Bethlehem, where Christ was born, Christmas will be celebrated this year at three different times. One group celebrates it on December 25th, another on January 6th, and still another sect on January 18th. In Abyssinia, Christmas is celebrated every month of the year, except March. Christ was not born 1934 years ago, but 1939 years ago. How

come?

Well, we didn't begin to reckon time from the birth of Christ until eight hundred years after his death. Then the crude scholars of that far-off day made a mistake of five years in their figures.

For thousands of years, the Romans, gorged with food, and drunk with wine celebrated the feast of Saturnalia in December. Saturn was their god of Agriculture, and after they had gathered their crops for the season, they held high festival in his honor, decorating their houses with ever-green and holly, giving dolls to their children and showering gifts upon one another.

Centuries ago old bald-headed Constantine rose up in the Roman Senate, straightened his gay-colored wig and decreed that Christianity was the official religion of the Roman Empire. And when he did that, he ordered the Christians to celebrate the birth of Christ during the feast of Saturn, so he merged the two festivals into one.

Many curious and colorful superstitions have grown up around Christmas. Old women, pop-eyed with strange beliefs declare that when the clock strikes midnight on Christmas Eve, the bells ring the 100th Psalm, and they say that the sheep open their mouths and bleat the word "Bethlehem."

One of my secretaries was raised in Louisiana,

and she tells me that the Negross taught her that the cows literally get down on their knees and talk to one another on Christmas Eve. Well, maybe they do, down in Louisiana; but I was once a cowboy myself out in South Dakota; and if the cows out west ever talked on Christmas Eve, it must have been in hog Latin or pidgin English, for I couldn't undersand them.

However, over in Norway, the farmers give their cattle a tub of home-brewed ale on Christmas Eve—and these critters not only talk—they lean up against the lamp posts and sing "Sweet Adeline!"

Old Santa Claus, who is coming down your chimney on Christmas Eve, in his pagan youth was the fire-god of ancient peoples. He brought presents to the children in Rome thousands of years ago—and he comes with his reindeer and jingle bells from the far North; for, like all the gods of our tribal fathers, he lives in the twinkling firmament around the North Star.

Christmas may have been a pagan orgy thousands of years ago—but who cares? Today, it is the most happy and universal holiday in all the western world.

相對論鼻祖愛因斯坦

幾年前，有一次，我正在德國南部一個小城市底欄道上步行着，和我同行的一位朋友突然停了下來，指着一間雜貨店的一扇窗子，說道：「看見那邊那棟小房子嗎？那便是愛因斯坦出生的地方」。

後來，就在那天，我會見了愛因斯坦的叔父，並且和他談了話。但是他並沒有使我感覺他是一個有差何種非常才幹的人物，不過，那也並不奇怪，因為當愛因斯坦本人還是一個小孩子的時候，沒有一個人以為他將來會有什麼成就。今天他被人認作是這一世代的傑出的聰明的巨人，歷代最深刻的思想家之一；而在五十年以前，他却是一個笨笨的，羞怯的，遲鈍的孩子。甚至對於學談話，他都感覺極端困難。他是那樣的愚笨，以致他自己的教師們還叫他做一個討厭的傢伙，甚至連他的父母都擔心他是亞於尋常的低能兒。

幾年前，愛因斯坦一覺醒來，發見他自己成了全世界最著名的人物之一，連他自己都不覺吃了一驚。那簡直是似乎絕對不能令人相信的，一個教導教授居然成了世界五大洲的新聞紙上頭一版的人物。他，一個科學家，居然變得和賈克丹浦賽一樣地著名。他自認他不懂得那是怎麼一回事，誰也不懂得那是怎麼一回事。這樣的事情，在人類歷史全部歷史中還是破天荒第一次。

愛因斯坦這個人和他底相對論差不多是同樣地奇特。大多數人所領心的事情——為名，為利，為奢靡的生計，他都一概蔑視。舉例來說，有一次，一隻橫渡大西洋的輪船區船長，把那隻船上最考究最昂

費的一套房間奉獻給愛因斯坦，但是愛因斯坦拒絕了，並且說他宁愿坐二等客艙，而不願意接受任何特別的恩惠。

當愛因斯坦五十大壽的時候，德國對他異常尊敬，替他在波茨坦地方建立了一座半身銅像，并獻給他一所房屋和一隻帆船，作為全國對他底愛慕和不朽的獻身的一種表記。

然而，幾年之後的今天，他底財產被剝奪了，而他也不敢回到他底祖國去。他在比利時住了好幾個星期，杜門謝客，每晚並有一個爵士睡在他底榻臥旁邊。

當他應普林斯頓研究院之聘，前往担任數學教授，行抵紐約之時，他極欲躲避報館訪員以及一切訪問和激動，所以在輪船靠碼頭之前，他底朋友們就把他秘密地移下了船，隨即登上汽車，疾馳而去。

愛因斯坦說世界上只有十二個人懂得他底相對論，雖然訪問他的企圖解釋相對論的書籍竟在五百種以上。

他本人用這一極簡單的因子來解釋相對論：當你和一個漂亮女郎同坐一輛鐵軌的守候，你覺得那不過是一分鐘；但是，當你在一個酷熱的火爐上坐一分鐘的時候，你會覺得那有一小時之久。

噫，噫——那便是相對性呀。在我聽起來，那是盡正確的；不過假如你不相信，而且願意實地試驗的話，倘若你背坐火爐，我與你和漂亮女郎坐在一道：

講到女人，愛因斯坦曾經結過兩次婚，第一次結婚生了兩個男孩子，兩個都是有着天才底標記的漂亮小伙子。

愛因斯坦夫人承認縱然她不瞭解相對論；但是她卻諒解對於一個愛妻子尚遠為重要的某種尊嚴；她瞭解她丈夫。

她不時邀請她底朋友們不時地到家裏來茶談，在那種時候她就會要求這位及接到樓下來參加。「不行！」他會粗暴地叫喊起來。「不行！我不去！我不去！我就離開這兒。我在這兒簡直不能工作。我實在再也不能忍受這些打擾了。」

愛因斯坦夫人這兒往往保持完全地沉默，一直到他過一會兒發完了氣，於是，稍微用一點外交手腕，她立刻就能把他帶到樓下來喝茶，並得到某種需要的休息。

愛因斯坦夫人說：她底丈夫在思想方面喜歡有秩序，但是在生活方面却不歡喜有秩序。他想做甚麼就做甚麼，他想甚麼時候做就甚麼時候做。他只有兩個行為規則。第一條是：無論甚麼規律一概不要。第二條是：不要管別人底意見如何。

他過着一種極簡單的生活，穿着需要熨燙的舊衣裳四處跑，從來覺得戴帽子，並且在浴室裏大口噴：~~和唱歌~~。他坐在浴盆裏剃鬍子，並且不用剃鬍子的肥皂。他祇拿用來洗澡的同一塊肥皂來剃鬍子。這位企圖解答那令人困惱的宇宙之謎的人說，用兩種肥皂未免使生活整個兒變得太複雜了。愛因斯坦給我的印象是一個很快樂的人。他底快樂哲學在我看來比他底相對論更有意義。我認爲那是一種優美的哲學。他說他之所以快樂，因爲他氣求於人，他不企求金錢，頭銜或者頭顱。他從那些簡單的樂消，如像他底工作以及彈鋼琴和划船中間，得到他自己底快樂。

愛因斯坦底提琴帶給他比人生中其他任何事物更大的快樂。他說他時常在音樂中思惟，並在音樂中追着他底白日夢。

有一次，當他在柏林乘坐一輛電車的時候，他對賣票人說他找錢找錯了。賣票人又把找的錢再數一遍，發見並沒有錯，於是他將錢還回給愛因斯坦說：「你的毛病在：你不認得數目字。」

天才詩人愛倫坡

愛倫坡是一個怪人的，浪漫的，神祕的天才詩人，他註定了像一個豪奢的巨人大步跨過美國文學底篇頁。然而，由於他酗酒嗜賭的緣故，他曾經從維金尼亞大學裏面被斥退過；後來，他又受巡軍法塞軒丹從西點陸軍學校被驅逐出來，因為他忽視一切規則，當他應當到外面操場上去持槍出操的時候，他却坐在他底宿舍裏面寫詩。

愛倫坡從小就是一個孤兒，被一個有錢的烟草商收為養子。最後，甚至連這個商人也轉而對他仇視起來，用手杖打他，把他趕出家裏，剝奪他底繼承權，在他底遺囑中間，連一塊錢都不肯留給他。

愛倫坡底婚姻是文學中最美麗的故事之一。他娶了他底嫡親表妹，維金尼亞克里門。那時他沒有一個錢，他從來就沒有有過錢，而且他永遠也不會存錢。他喝着原質的火酒。他唯一的妹妹發了狂，而且有些人說，他自己也是半瘋半癲的。他比他年青的妻子的年紀大兩倍，他廿六歲，她只有十三歲。根據一切舊書上的老格言，他底婚姻結局一定很快就會發生災難。但是，事實并不如此，那是一種浪漫的成功。愛倫坡對於他底這位童妻幾乎是近於崇拜，他對於她底不朽的愛情產生了一些使得英語內容更加豐富的最精美的詩篇。

愛倫坡撰寫小說并創作詩歌，這些小說和詩歌註定了要被列入世界文學寶庫之林，然而他卻不能將這些不朽的傑作賣得足夠的錢去購買麵包。舉例來說，他給了世人一首已經成為不朽的詩歌：

這隻烏鴉，誰不飛躍，老是坐著，

老是坐着

在派拉司底灰白色的牛身線上，正正在我的
房門上面。

他底眼睛帶着一種神情，看去就好像一個
睡着了惡魔，

在他頭上傾瀉着的燈光將他底陰影
射在地板上面。

愛倫坡將烏鴉這首詩寫了又改，改了又寫，一直間歇地寫了十年；然而他卻被迫不得不將它廉價出賣，僅僅只得了十塊錢——等於一年的工作合一塊錢。

好萊塢的明星約翰巴里摩，工作一分鐘所得的收入比那還要多。很明顯，演電影比寫詩可以得到更多的錢。

剛才說過，愛倫坡寫作烏鴉這首詩只得了十塊錢；而這首詩的原稿最近却賣了幾萬塊錢的高價。爲甚麼我們說我們的多數人才在他們活着的時候忍飢挨餓，而當他們死了的時候又以奇怪的高價來收買他們親筆手稿呢？

在紐約的大會場那塊地方，便是愛倫坡和樺金尼亞住過的茅屋。當愛倫坡在八十八年之前租下那塊地方的時候，那不過只是一間快要倒塌的茅屋子。現在周圍都環繞着高樓大廈；但是從前這間屋子却在鄉下，窩藏在蘋果樹中間；當春天從南方爬上來的時候，空氣中充滿着紫丁香花和櫻桃花的芳香，並且充滿着蜜蜂們嗡嗡的聲響。那真是一個美麗的夢一樣的地方。

愛倫坡以三塊錢一個月的代價租了這塊地方；但是甚至連兩個月的錢他都付不出。大部份的時候他根本就不付任何租錢。他底妻子患着肺癆；而他甚至不能替他購買食物。有時候他們好幾天都沒有東西吃。當車前草在院子裏開花的時候，他們把它摘下來，用水煮湯吃車前草，天天如是。

當鄰居們聽見愛倫坡和他底妻子實在瀕於飢餓線上的時候，他們就把一籃籃的食物帶給他們。可憐嗎？是的，但是總算給他以歌唱，也贈給他以愛情！所以他們儘管那樣貧窮，却都很快樂。

八十七年以前，維金尼亞在那兒；在她死的好幾個月中間，他躺在一鋪草褥子上面，沒有足夠的衣被可以禦寒保暖。當冷得太冷的時候，她底母親就揉搓她底妻子；愛倫披揉搓她的雙足。愛倫披全曾在西醫陸軍學校時穿過的舊軍服斗篷蓋住她戰慄的身軀，晚上儘把那隻貓請來睡在她底脚旁。

她死的時候，愛倫披沒有足夠的錢來埋葬她；假如不見倚靠一個鄰居底恩惠，她也許已經送到了葬塚山裏面。

數年前，紐約州政府購買了這塊茅屋，並把它造成了一所祠廟。在我看來，那是一種夢中的茅屋，充塞着榮繞心胸的悲愴的回憶，令我簡直不忍離開。

維金尼亞死在一月裏面。過了幾個月，春天來了，月亮升到蘋果樹上面，星子在西方地平線上閃動，愛倫披坐待茲，夢想着，渴望着維金尼亞；從那種渴慕中間，他寫下了歷來男人獻給妻子的最美麗的戀愛歌詞：

氣透月色清明，沒有一次不帶給我，

以美麗的安娜貝李底幻夢，

每當星星上升，沒有一次不使我記起

美麗的安娜貝李底跟蹤。

所以，在夜潮上漲的整個晚間，

我便躺在我底愛人，我底愛人，我底生命和我底新娘底身邊，

她底墳就在她兒海旁，

她底墓就在那奔騰歌唱着的海畔。

發明無線電的馬可尼

不久以前，我很幸運地和一個人盤桓了一小時，那個人在你們這坐椅上已經發生了一種深期的影響。他改變了你們所生活着的世界。他使你們能在七分之一秒鐘裏面傳送一種信息環繞地球一周。他又使你能夠坐在你底家裏，只要撥動一下你底無線電收音機上面的針盤，便可以聽到大總統從白宮發出的講演，或者靜聽某一著名的管絃樂隊演奏那『藍色的多瑙河』底迷人的曲子。

我們每每以為馬可尼是一個意大利人。其實只有他底父親是意大利人；他底母親是愛爾蘭人，而他底家裏則住在倫敦。他底愛爾蘭血統給了他以灰白色的頭髮和蔚藍色的眼睛，他看起來像英國人比像意大利人。他能聽完精采的英語，不過稍微帶一點倫敦口音。他左眼上戴着一副英國式的單眼鏡——他底右眼不幸在二十年前一次汽車出事中完全失去了明。

當我和這位說話溫和，態度謙遜，不傲慢，不矜持的人，坐下來談話的時候，我簡直不覺得我是坐在世界上最著名的人物之一底面前。多年以前，當我還是一個小孩的時候——在米蘭里去，我在報紙上看到一個偉大的意大利科學家發明了無線電的新聞，後來：在一九二〇年的一天，羅威爾溫姆和我到倫敦的一家飯店去吃午餐，那兒可以聽到一種叫做無線電收音機的新奇的機械。而現在，他就在這兒，這位創造這些奇蹟的偉人，就坐在我對面。那簡直好像就是一場夢。

我問他最初在協會對於試驗無線電收音機感覺興趣的，他說那大

半是因爲，他年青的時候，非常愛好旅行，很想從事某種工作，使他可以週遊世界的緣故。他告訴我他過去常常和他底母親一道出外旅行。從他在意大利的家裏出發，去看她住在倫敦的親屬；當他經過法國坐在火車裏面眺望窗外的時候，那冰雪掩蓋着的山嶺，波濤洶湧的河流，以及帶着浪漫的清調的異國鄉村房屋，電一樣地在他底眼簾閃過；所以甚至就在當時，在他底童年時代，在馬可尼底心裏就產生了一種愛好旅行的內在驅策力，一種愛好旅行的真實的熱情。他又告訴他記得，致力於電波的試驗并畢生努力於無線電報的事業，他也許可以獲得一個飛到天邊旅行遠方的機會。他說他從來就忍受不了困在一間小屋子裏面工作的那種拘束。現在馬可尼幾乎將他底一切工作都放在他底游艇裏面進行，這隻游艇就等於一處浮動的實驗室。他還是愛好旅行，他已經橫渡了大西洋八十七次。

當他還很年青的時候，馬可尼就能够通過他自己家裏面的房間傳送無線電通訊，最後，他居然能傳送通訊至兩哩底距離。他大爲興奮。他底父親說他在浪費時間；但是幾年之後，年青的馬可尼將他發覺得特許專利權的新發明以二十五萬元的代價售與英國政府，這件事曾使他底父親得到了很好的印象。我問過參議員馬可尼，當他獲得他最初的二十五萬元的時候，他做了些甚麼，他說他跑出去買了一輛腳踏車，於是跑回來照常工作。對於他，他底實際底熱情，是比金錢所能購買得到的任何東西更富於引誘力。

一九〇一年，馬可尼相信他畢生底偉大的夢想將要成爲現實；所以他急忙渡過大西洋，富有信心地等待着他在美國收到從英國的發電站所發出的電訊。

馬可尼在紐芬蘭登陸，放上一隻風箏——一隻用竹子和絲綢做成的風箏——使它作爲一種空中收報機。但是巨風將那隻脆弱的風箏撕裂成了碎片。於是他又放上一隻帶氣球，當風颯擊擊氣球，又把它拋到了海裏面。最後，他做了一隻可以在空中停留的風箏；他蹲耳傾聽——聽了好幾次氣球，凝神屏息地等待着那種認爲從他設在英國摩耳地方的發電站所發出的訊號。但是——一無所獲；一點聲音都沒有。他不覺悲觀失望起來，相信他底試驗已經歸於失敗，他畢生底偉大的

夢想已經毀滅。

忽然之間，他聽見了一點微弱的嗒嗒的聲音。然後又一聲，又一聲。是的，那就是的。那就是他們曾經商量了的那種信號。代表字母S的三點正是電報拍發員所使用的。馬可尼不覺興奮起來，他知道他底成功有着歷史的重要性。他很願跑到外面去，站在屋頂上去發出這個消息。但是他能不能這樣做呢？不。他怕人們不會相信他；所以他一直將他底秘密保持了四十八小時之久，沒有告訴一個人。後來，他鼓起勇氣將這件事的經過打了一個電報給倫敦。這件事轟動一時。五大洲底報紙都披露這件新聞；使得科學界人士大為興奮。人，再一次戰勝了時間和空間，一個新時代正要開端。無線電報已經產生；它註定了要爲你我改造這個世界。

當馬可尼完成這些工作的時候，他底年紀有多大呢？不過二十七歲。他隨即開始接到一些幻想家們底來信。這些熱狂的人們紛紛訴苦抱怨，因爲他們想像他底電波通過他們底身體，毀壞着他們底神經并使得他們不能安睡。

這些幻想家中間，有幾個竟威脅着要殺害馬可尼。其中有一個——一個德國人——說他就要動身到倫敦來搶殺他。他的書信被轉交給了蘇格蘭警察局，英國政府不會讓他在英國上岸。

我問過參議員馬可尼，還需要多久的時候，我們才能够在我們底家裏享有良好的，實用的無線電傳真。他說也許需要十年左右，也許更快一點；所以我們不久可以坐在我們底火爐前面，觀看巴黎的時裝展覽會，或美國加里佛尼亞的足球賽。

拿破崙的情人約瑟芬

這是一個出生在西印度羣島的一個漁村，住在一家製糖廠樓上的破爛污穢的房子裏面的貧窮女郎底故事；一個嫁給了歷史上最著名的男子的女郎底故事。

她底全名叫做瑪麗·約瑟夫·羅斯·塔雪·娜·佩吉利，但是通常人們都稱她叫「約瑟芬」。

約瑟芬比拿破崙大六歲。當他們第一次會面的時候，她已三十三歲而他則只有二十七歲。她並不好看；她底牙齒不穩，並且有了兩個半長大的孩子，而且她又負債累累——負着很重的債。事實上，她幾乎因無力還債而下獄，所以我們必須承認她開始時是有着嚴重的困難。但是她有一宗鉅大的資產：她懂得怎樣駕駛男人。她是一位嫻婦，對此事頗有經驗。

當法國革命黨人殺死她第一個丈夫的時候，約瑟芬簡直無以為生；她和那些聰明的寡婦一樣，開始四處物色一個丈夫。

她底一個朋友對她談起拿破崙。當時他還沒有成名，也沒有錢，事實是，他剛剛打完仗回來，他所帶回來的祇有一頭驢疥，他把他底頭髮剃了個精光，以免癬疥生長。

但是約瑟芬底朋友告訴她，拿破崙不久就會成名。約瑟芬既然是一個有感情的人，於是就想和他會見一次。

但是怎樣才能會見呢？她想出了一個聰明的辦法。她打發她底年青的兒子，不過只有十二歲，去問拿破崙是否有（這個孩子底去世的

父親)底掃把刀。拿破崙答應「是的」，第二天約瑟芬搽了脂粉，讓情裏含淚淚珠，跑去向拿破崙道謝。

拿破崙對於約瑟芬底性格和她那種與別迷人的腦力感到在深切的印象。他知道在社會地位上，她高過於他；所以當她邀請他到她家裏去茶敘的時候，他不禁有受寵若驚之感。在茶敘中間，她對他說他將成爲歷史上最偉大的將軍之一。……三個月之後，他們就宣佈訂婚了。

拿破崙非常守時刻。他底格言是「時間就是一切」；他有一次說過，「我也許會打敗仗，但是沒有一個人會發見我失掉一分鐘」；然而他却在他自己底婚禮中遲誤了兩小時之久！那位等着他們證婚的保安官等候得非常疲乏，以致兩次遲遲，在拿破崙到達之前竟自酣然沉入夢鄉去了。

婚後四十八小時，拿破崙就出發到意大利去進行一次新的戰爭。他底軍隊是飢餓褴褛的烏合之衆，然而他却創造了一次震驚歐陸的光荣戰績。歐洲人士差不多有千多年沒有看見過這樣的戰爭。

而其中令人驚奇不置的便是，縱然是在戰場上，拿破崙都能找出時間來每天給約瑟芬寫一封信。而且那又是怎樣的一封信呵！它們全都充滿着熱烈的，熱熾着的，暴風雨一般的情感！一九三三年，拿破崙寫給約瑟芬的八封信以二萬元的代價在倫敦公共拍賣場中賣掉了。我會經過那些信營，並且相信它們就在一九三三年也的總值得兩萬塊錢。例如：

我親愛的約瑟芬：

你底愛情使我鼓舞激動，連我的理智都給它帶走了——我茶飯不思。我寢不安席。我不關心我底朋友。我也不介意光榮；我重視勝利只是因為勝利能夠使你歡喜。假如它不能使你歡喜，我就會離開軍隊，避回巴黎，拜倒於你底石榴裙下。

你底一發無遺的愛情使我鼓舞激動；你使我心中如醉如狂。我沒有一點鐘不注視着你底玉照，我沒有一點鐘不用親吻蓋住你底芳容。

比起他所擁有的任何东西來，那真是劃策萬分。對於那種信，大多數婦女一定是非驚喜悅的。但是約瑟芬對之似乎毫不關心。她當時

正在向另一個男子賣弄風情，她甚至懶得給他回信，因而使得拿破崙幾乎發狂。

最後，他厭厭了這種冷淡無情的對待，當他在埃及作戰的時候，他邀請了一個黃髮碧眼白膚的女子和他一盞飲茶。而約瑟芬却在遙遠的巴黎聽見了這般消息！

當拿破崙返回法國的時候，可怕的結果就發生了——在那種場合事情往往如此。他把她底想法告訴他，他也把他底想法告訴她；結果拿破崙和約瑟芬謀在他皇房外。

於是宗室糾紛就起來了。約瑟芬比拿破崙底姊妹們教養好，因此使她們又妒又恨。她們覺得她是在輕視她們，這種想法使她們氣得跳起來。她們向天立誓一定要向她報復。她們開始嘲笑她，叫她做了「老太婆」，並且對拿破崙說，他應當和他底「老胖婆」離婚，另娶一位年青的女子。

但是隨便她們怎麼說，她們都不能斬斷拿破崙對約瑟芬的愛情。無論什麼東西都不能使他動念。無論什麼東西都不行。

然而，結果他還是和她離了婚，他決定這樣做只是為了一個理由：他需要一個能夠給他生一個兒子的妻子。離婚的事情使他異常傷心，當他在離婚書上簽字的時候，他不禁哭泣起來；離婚後第三天，他坐在他底宮裏，凝視着空中，沉思默想，拒絕接見任何人，或者做任何事情。離婚後不久，拿破崙就娶了奧國的瑪麗露易斯。

奇怪的是瑪麗露易斯，像所有的奧地利人一樣，是在輕視拿破崙的教育底下長大的；她廣告上常保佑她不要嫁給他。但是她底父親爲了政治上的原因，堅持要她嫁他；所以在她還沒有和他見面之前，就由代理人將她許配給他了。但是她對他毫不關心；而且當他開始打敗仗的時候，她就遺棄了他，甚至教他自己底兒子恨他。

拿破崙底最初的情人和最後的情人，唯一的真正的情人，就只有約瑟芬。在她死後，他去憑弔她底墳墓，並且哭著說。

「我底愛人約瑟芬，至少她不會遺棄我。」

拿破崙臨終時與真所說的還是「約瑟芬」這個字。

革命家列寧

我想告訴你一個人底某些逸事，這個人去世還不過十年；然而爲了紀念他，一個有着七十萬人口的城市取了牠底名字；而且一萬萬人認爲他乃是他們底保護聖神。

他底名字叫做列寧，他在俄國開始了世界上最偉大的經濟試驗——一種對於你我，乃至對於世界上任何一個人都必定會發生某種影響的試驗。

列寧是一個矮小的，禿頭的，額上多皺紋的人；當他坐在桌椅裏面的時候，他底腿子太短，簡直觸不到地板。

他簡直不注意他底外貌；他底褲子往往太長，他底鼻子稍微有點往上翹，他底一隻眼睛有點斜視，他一生中間也許就從來沒有戴過一頂絲帽子，或者穿過一身大禮服。他底婚姻非常美滿，他妻子極愛他，當他充軍的時候，她都不肯離開他；所以她和這一道同往充軍的處所，以便伏侍他，照顧他。

當他被放逐於西伯利亞的時候，他有很多空暇的時間，所以他變成了一個奕棋專家。他能夠同時下好幾盤棋；他對於下棋沉迷得那樣厲害，竟至常常和遠方的朋友通信對奕。

列寧小時候是一個嚴肅的，憂鬱的孩子，不大和別的孩子們一起玩，而且從不參加體育遊戲。當他長大成人的時候，無論對於音樂，騎球或者宗教他全都無所興趣；但是他研讀法律並且能講四國語言——法語、德語、俄語和英語。

俄政府絞死了他底哥哥，因為他圖謀刺殺沙皇亞力山大三世；後來俄政府又將列甯本人放逐，因為他底思想過於激烈。他們將他放逐到嚴寒的西伯利亞的一個小城市。在那兒列甯親眼目擊了俄國農民底悲慘的窮困。他們是那樣地貧窮，除掉在宗教上的大節日，簡直就沒有肉吃——換句話說，他們每年大約只能吃二十次肉。

在一八九一年的大飢荒中，幾百萬貧苦的農民死於飢餓，傷寒和霍亂，這時列甯深信應當採取某種激烈的手段。從那個時候起，他就成了一個熱情的革命家。

在後來的二十五年當中，他到處被人追逐，從這一個國家被逐到另一個國家，輾轉流徙於德國，奧地利，法國，波蘭，瑞士和英國，瀕着亡命的生涯。當他住在倫敦的時候，他時常跑到社會主義之父卡爾馬克斯底墓旁，一坐就是好幾個鐘點。

有時候，爲了逃避拘捕，他假扮做一個農夫，或者水手，或者工廠工人。有時候他戴上假鬍子。有時候他喬裝做一個婦女。他時常帶着一隻裝有假底的箱子旅行——在假底下面，他收藏着祕密文件和犯罪的文書。有時他把他底祕密文件埋在菜園裏面，在上面栽上蔥和空心菜。

他在獄中寫了一本革命的著作；爲了避免查覺，他寫的時候不用墨水而用牛奶。這樣寫成的東西只有浸在熱水裏面才能現出字跡來。他教導他底門徒在給他寫信時用蠟形墨水。當他收到一封這樣的祕密書信時，他就問管獄員討茶喝。管獄員剛一轉背，他就把信浸在熱水裏閱讀。

一九一七年十一月，列甯成了俄國底獨裁者，他將所有的私有財產一概充公。大地主在恐怖中逃走了，而農民們則取得了土地。農民們割下舊有的精美的輪帷，拿來做帽子。他們搬走了歐洲最好的陶土，製成粗劣的瓦片，來做臨窯。

那時候俄國正遭飢荒，列甯不肯在他底茶裏面放糖，因為其他的人都沒有糖吃。雖然他是俄國底最高統治者，他却連最簡單的奢侈都不允許自己享受。他統治俄國並不雇用一羣秘書，他獲得命人筆寫一封信。他一天工作十八小時至二十小時，並且差不多全部信件都

自己親手寫。

五年後，他患了動脈硬化的疾病，他中風癱瘓了。他喪失了說話的能力，他不得不重新學習講話，就像一個小孩子一樣。他底右手癱瘓了，所以他學習用左手寫字。兩年中間，他拚命和死神掙扎，三番兩次重覆地說道：【還有很多工作須待我去做啊。】

他底靈片今天差不多懸掛在俄國全境每一家，每一間工廠和每一個工人俱樂部內。麵包匠將他底肖像做在他們底糕餅上。花匠栽種他們底花，使它們長成他底肖像底模樣。織毯匠也將他底肖像織在他們底毛毯中間。千百萬人民對他頂禮崇拜，簡直差不多就好像他是一位神靈一樣，而農民們則盛傳他從墳墓裏復生，回來幫助在苦難中的工人底神話式的故事。

他底屍體還在用鉛匣保存着，放在一隻玻璃棺材裏面；也許就在這個時候，成千的尊敬的參謁聖地的人們，正在這隻棺材旁邊列隊繞行，魚貫而行。每天差不多有一千人前來向臨致敬。就在這個時候，士兵們正持槍挺立，守衛着這具引出世界史上一個新時代的巨人。

探險之王哥倫布

每年十月十二日，我們慶祝歷史上最重要的事件之一——哥倫布發現美洲；但是這却是一件可笑的事情——哥倫布發現美洲並不是在十月十二日。他發現美洲是在十月廿三日。我們現在所用的歷法是教皇格雷哥里創制的。哥倫布根本就沒有聽見聽說那種歷法；甚至直到他死後一百年，那種歷法才產生。美洲殖民地於一七五二年採用那種歷法；當我們採用它的時候，我們在時間上恰恰提前了十一天。什麼緣故呢？因為那個時候的歷法是比较太陽歷遲十一天。所以，根據現在的歷法，哥倫布發現美洲，不是十月十二日，而是十月廿三日。

年青的時候，哥倫布就會搭乘一隻海盜船航遍海。那種事情絲毫不奇怪，因為在那個時候，連最好的家庭都把孩子們送到海盜船上去。它給予這些少年們以自信力和含著航海的空氣；使他們能夠看看世界，並且藉此賺一點錢；關於這種事情大家都毫不以為羞辱，除非被捉弄嗎那就糟糕了。

在學校唸書的時候，哥倫布曾經讀過庇塔哥拉斯著的一本書說地球是圓的。所以哥倫布就有了一種觀念。他想，假如地球是圓的，他就可以找出一條到印度去的捷徑；而他也就因此發一筆財。

但是大學裏的有學問的教授們和哲學家們都嘲笑他底愚蠢的觀念。怎麼？難道這不瘋狂的蠢人竟想向西直航前往東方的印度不成？不是，這個人一定是個瘋子。他們告訴他地球不是圓的，而是平的；他們並且警告他說，他的這種行為無異自殺；他底船會走到世界的邊緣

於是一交跌落到無底的空間裏去。

哥崙布努力了十七年，想找一個人資助他底這種冒險事業。他努力了十七年，失敗了十七年。最後他在失望中準備放棄他底理想了；他退隱於西班牙的一所修道院以終餘年。那時候他還不滿五十歲，但是他遭遇過太多的艱難困苦，有太多的傷心事，以致他底紅頭髮都變轉雪白了。

最後，羅馬教皇力勸西班牙女王伊莎貝爾幫助哥倫布。於是女王便送給他六十五塊錢，衣衫襤褸的哥倫布買了一套新衣和一頭驢子，便動身來謁見女王。他是那樣地貧窮，簡直不得不沿途乞食，

女王將他所需要的船隻給了他，但是他發覺要募一隊船員簡直困難得很。每個人都不敢去。他於是走到沿河邊，機靈地捉了幾條水手，強迫他們同去。他向別人請求，賄賂並且加以威脅，他甚至把囚犯從監獄裏提出來並給予他們以自由，只要他們願意同去。

最後，一切都準備好了；在一四九二年八月三日星期五出航半小時鐘，哥崙布帶着他底三條船和八十八個人，登上了世界上最重要的劃時代的航程之一。

哥崙布在新世界所發見的殖民地，除失望和災難外，對他毫無好處。第一個殖民地裏面所有的人都給印第安人殺害了。第二個殖民地底總督非常妒嫉哥崙布，他把各種罪名都加到他身上，將他拘捕了起來，用鐵鏈鎖起送回西班牙。當然，他一到西班牙就被釋放了，但是那件事情所給他的憤恨和失望使他非常傷心。

哥崙布死時六十歲——沒有人注意，沒有人紀念，也沒有人歌唱。他死在一間破舊的，空氣不大流通的房子裏面，牆上還掛着他被囚禁時所戴的那付鐵錐。他一直將它懸掛在那兒，作為人世空虛和天地不仁底一種殘忍的提記。

哥崙布完成了歷史上最驚人最勇敢的功業之一。然而他因此得到了什麼呢？他曾夢想發一筆財，而他死的時候還是一個窮光蛋。曾經有人允許過給他以「海軍上將和印度總督」底頭銜。然而結果他什麼頭銜都沒有得到。甚至連他所發見的大陸都沒有取上他底名字。那個大陸乃是因一個地圖製造家亞美利哥麥斯普西而得名。實際上，他因

發現一個新世界所得到的唯一的東西就只有傷心和恥辱。

他甚至於連確知他曾經到過一個新大陸的這種滿足都沒有得到過。他以為他不過只是發見了一條到印度去的新航路，那便是他為什麼賜予他在美洲所發見的紅土人種以印第安人底名目的緣故。

然而，哥崙布還是得到了一種「機會」。大家都相信他是發現美洲的第一個人，而實際上却並不如此。在哥崙布誕生前一千年，一個中國的佛教徒，何興便已發見了美洲，後來，在哥崙布誕生前五百年的時候，一個名叫李夫愛利克孫的古代斯類的納維亞人，再度發見了美洲，歷史家認為李夫愛利克孫在麻薩諸塞洲查理河河岸上所建的房屋遺跡，至今還可以看到。實際上，那些遺跡都在哈佛大學附近。

哥崙布將被認作一個有着英勇的胆略和不屈不撓的決心的人，永遠受着世人的崇敬。當其他的人個個都想停止的時候，他堅持着要繼續向前。當他底水手們恐慌萬分，威脅着除非他回航轉去便要反抗並殺死他的時候，哥崙布對他們只有一個回答：『向前搖！向前搖！向前搖！』

科學小說家韋爾斯

六十年前，一羣男孩子在倫敦近郊底街道上頑耍，一件意外的奇變在這個時候發生了。一個年紀較大的孩子把一個小孩子名叫伯蒂韋爾斯的抓起來，將他高高地拋到空中；當他落下來時候，這個大孩子不去接住伯蒂，竟讓他跌下來，摔斷了腿。

伯蒂在床上苦惱地躺了好幾個月，腿上纏着很重的東西。但是骨頭並沒有完全接好，必須再行開刀。那是一種可怕的經驗。小伯蒂在痛楚和恐怖中尖聲叫喊着。

在當時看起來，那似乎好像是一個悲劇，但是對於這件事的意義，伯蒂今天知道得更加清楚。今天他乃是全世界最負盛名的作家之一。你不知道他就是伯蒂，而只知道他是赫伯特喬治韋爾斯，或稱H·韋爾斯。你也許已經讀過他某些著作。他已經寫了七十五卷以上的書籍；他自己承認那隻摔壞了的腿子也許乃是生平遭過的最幸運的事件。何以呢？因為那使得他關閉在屋子裏面整整至一年之久。他貪婪地吞讀着他所能得到的每一本書，因為除此以外他就無事可做。結果便是，他發展了一種對書籍的嗜好，一種對文學的熱愛。他感受了刺激。他得到了鼓勵。他決心要出人頭地，脫出他處境可憐的環境之上。那條摔壞了的腿子乃是使一生底關鍵。

今天，韋爾斯乃是全世界收入最高的作家之一。他也許已經用他底一支筆，賺了一百萬元；然而他卻是在極其貧苦的環境中間長大起來的。他底父親以頂棍球為職業，同時還開了一間小陶器店，這間店

子的生意很不行，快要倒閉，韋爾斯就出生在那間店子樓上的一間小臥室裏面。廚房在地下室裏面，那是一個黑暗的，污穢的地窟，僅僅從上面人行道的一個格子裏面透進來一點光線。韋爾斯底最早的回憶之一便是坐在那間黑暗的廚房裏面，注視着在他頭上的那隻銹格子上面移動着的人們底脚步。若干年之後，他描寫着這些脚步，並說明他怎樣學會了從人們所穿的鞋子上去分辨各色各樣的人。

最後，那間陶器店開了門。這個家庭陷入了絕望的困境，於是他底母親不得不到蘇塞克斯的一個大田莊上去替人家當管家婆。自然，她是和僕役們住在一起的，韋爾斯時常到那兒去看望她，從那兒他第一次窺見了英國的社會生活——而他却是從僕役們底住處窺視到的。

這位未來的世界史綱底作者，在十三歲的時候，便開始了職業的生活，在一家綢布店裏當夥計。清早五點鐘他就得爬起来，打掃店舖，生火，每天苦幹十四小時。那是一種苦工，他蔑視着這種賤役。到月底的時候，經理便斥退了他，因為他不整潔，不修邊幅而且令人討厭。

後來他得了一個職業，在一家藥舖裏當夥計。到第一個月底的時候，他又被斥退了出來。

最後他又得了一個職業，在另一家綢布店裏當夥計。他不能不吃飯，所以這一次，他幹得稍微長久一點。但是當督察員沒有看見的時候，他便偷偷地溜到地下室裏去閱讀斯賓塞底著作。

兩年過後，他再也忍不下去了。在一個星期日的早晨，他很早起身，連早飯都不吃，就這麼空着肚皮一口氣步行了十五哩去找他底母親。他心裏非常煩亂。他向她辯訴愁怨。他傷心痛哭。他發誓如果還要把他留在那間店裏，他就情願自殺。

後來他寫了一封淒切動人的長信給他在前在學校裏的老師。韋爾斯向他述說他處境如何悲慘，他非常傷心，簡直不想再活下去。

完全出乎他意料之外，這位老師竟回了信，並替他介紹一個職業，當教員。

立刻就有了轉機，那便是他一生中間的又一次關鍵。

然而韋爾斯今天却會用他那細弱的尖銳的聲音告訴你，他在一間

綢布店工作苦工底那份悠長的辛酸的歲月，其實乃是一種值得感激的恩惠。他生性懶惰；而那間綢布店却教導了他如何作工。

他開始教書後不到幾年，一種突然爆發的災難又降落到他這身上。那件事情是這樣的，他正在踢足球，在球戲正酣，熱情興奮之中，他被人打倒在地下，人家從他身上踏過去，他幾乎丟了性命。他底一個腎臟被重碎了，他底右陣刺穿了一個孔。因為流血過多，他變得面色慘白。醫生們都認為已經毫無希望；好幾個月中間他都有立絕頭命之虞。以後又經過了十二個可怖的年頭，他仍然勤勤地活著，只是半殘廢的人；然而，在那些年歲中間，他却發展了他底才能，使他底名聲得以著稱於文明世界。

他發憤寫作了五年。他所產生的書籍論文和小說全都陰沉暗淡，毫無趣味；而且都是業餘的性質。而他自己也頗有自知之明。所以他把他所寫的一切差不多全都付之一炬。

最後，雖然他還沒有完全恢復健康，他又找到了另一個教書的職業。在生物學那一班上，有一個漂亮的女孩子。她底名字叫做凱撒琳·洛賓娜。韋爾斯一見鍾情，立刻發見他對凱撒琳比對生物學更感興趣。她體弱多病，他也是一樣。他們都想把他們可能得到的全部洪業立刻抓到手中。於是他們便結婚了。

那已經是四十年前的事了；韋爾斯不但沒有死，反而因此恢復了體力，成了一架人類活動力底發電機，並且孜孜不倦地亂苦寫作，每年都產生出兩大卷書，那些書對全世界都發生了反響。

韋爾斯腦中時常閃爍着各種思想。他甚至在半夜裏爬起來，把他在無意中偶然發生的散漫的思想寫在他底筆記簿上面。這個從前在綢布店裏當夥計時因為力不勝任曾經一度被人斥退的懶孩子，今天却向人誇說，在他底筆記簿裏面有着充分的材料，可以供他寫作一百五十年。

他隨處都可以寫作——無論是在他倫敦那間工作室裏也好，在火車上也好，或者是在地中海迷人的藍色海水傍邊的海灘涼傘底下也好。他在法國里維拉地方租了兩所別墅。一所做工作室，另一所做會客室。他白天整天寫作，只有晚上才和他底客人們閑談。假如他不能

到車站上去親自迎接客人的話，他退而求其次——派一輛高貴的
汽車去接他們，並且把他那藏密封鎖着酒窖的地窖的鑰匙和車子一
道送交客人。當他最後出現於客人之前的時候，客人們無不異常高
興。

發明之王愛迪生

有一天，當我在紐約汪德華爾特酒店午餐的時候，我發見那位更次歲的女侍接過我底帽子之後，並不給我一個牌子。我深覺詫異，於是便問她什麼理由；她說並不必需要給我一個牌子——她可以記住我——而結果她真的記住了。她告訴我她經常要掌管兩百左右完全陌生的人底衣箱，把它們堆在一堆，而當每個人走出來的時候，能夠把那個人底衣帽遞給他，一點不會弄錯。我問過那個酒店底經理，他告訴我這位女侍十五年間在記憶上從來沒有犯過一次錯誤。

縱然你曾經贈送過他一百萬元，湯姆斯愛迪生是否能夠完成一種像那樣的業績，我很懷疑。愛迪生底記性很壞——特別是在他年青的時候。在學校時期的時候，他把先生教給他的東西忘得乾乾淨淨，在他那一班上他總是取末名。他使得教師們都對他表示失望。他們宣稱他是一隻糊塗蟲，蠢得太厲害，簡直不堪造就，醫生們甚至斷定他底腦筋一定有毛病，因為他底腦壳形狀奇特。事實上，他一生中而也就僅僅只讀過三個月學校。以後就由他底母親在家裏教他；而湯却是完成了一種多麼光榮高尚的工作了，因為他差不多改造了我們新生活裏的世界。

然而，愛迪生後來却發展了一種對於科學事實的非凡的記憶力，在他那廣大的私人圖書館裏面，他埋頭研究，精通了大部分的科學事實。他養成了一種注意集中的特殊能力，除掉他心裏所懸的東西之外，一切全都忘記。

有一天，當他企圖解決某個科學上的問題而陷於深思之中的時候，他走往法院去納稅。他不能不排隊站着，等候很久；等到輪到他的時候，他真正忘記了他自己底名字。他旁邊的一個人，看見他那種狼狽的情形，便提醒他，他底名字叫愛迪生。他後來對人說，他當時簡直有幾秒鐘久叫不出他底名字，縱然與他性命交關。

有一個時候，他總想研究某種方法以改進他底記憶力。

愛迪生時常通夜在他底實驗室裏工作。有天早晨，當他正在等候僕人給他送早餐的時候，他睡着了。他底一個助手，剛剛吃過火腿蛋，心裏正覺得愉快，想要愚弄一下這個老頭子。於是他就把他吃過的空盤子擺在愛迪生面前的盤子上。幾分鐘之後，愛迪生醒了過來，揉了揉底眼睛，低頭注視着桌上的麵包屑，空盤子和空咖啡杯子。他想了一會，於是得到結論，認為在他假寐之前一定已經吃過了早餐；於是他便推開桌子，起身點燃一支雪茄，抽了一陣烟，又開始工作，絲毫不知情，直到他底助手們哄堂大笑起來。他才恍然大悟。

著名的美國植物學家阿莎格蕾，能够記住二萬五千種以上的植物底名字；凱撒大帝，根據許多替他作傳的人們說，能够記住他底幾千兵士底姓名。

在另一方面，貝比魯斯却感覺難於記憶，無論是姓名或字，或者是面孔也好。他四處周旋，差不多碰到一個人就和他談話，總以為他也許在某個時候曾經會見過這些人。

卻利卓別靈七年以來請了一個私人祕書和宣傳員。他經常和他一道出外游歷；然而這位祕書，卡萊爾魯賓孫，却告訴我，在那七年底末尾，卓別靈還不知道他最後的名字。

全世界第二個最大的大學乃是埃及開羅的一所新教學院。這所大學的入學考試要每個投考的學生背誦可蘭經，可蘭經是回教的聖經，差不多和新約全書一樣長，需要三天的時間才能背完。然而，在兩千以上的學生當中，每個人都能整齊地完成那種成績。

大詩人拜倫爵士諺說他能够背得出他所寫的全部詩篇；但在另一方面，小說家斯考特爵士的記性却最差。有一次他把他自己所作的一首詩盛加誇讚，以為那是拜倫寫的。

培根爵士能够默寫出他所著的一本最著名的書籍；但在另一方面，約瑟夫傑佛遜差不多在十二年當中每天晚上都要扮演「雷勃凡溫克爾」，而直到末了還是忘記了他底說白。

林肯想要記任一件東西的時候，他便高聲朗誦，以便在他底視聽和聽覺兩方面都留下印象。

英國的大史學家麥考萊，有着驚人的記憶力，也許古今任何人都趕不上。他看一頁印刷品便能在他底腦筋裏留下一張照片，幾乎和一架照相機照下來的一樣準確。一章書他只要讀一次，便能够記得住，背得出。他寫歷史簡直不用翻查參考書，替他作傳的人都說，他有一次爲了要和人家打賭，竟在一晚工夫裏讀熟了『失樂園』。

加爾文寇里支每晚臨睡前照例要讀幾頁『失樂園』。假如你患了失眠症的話，不妨也讀『失樂園』試試看。那比安眠藥粉還要好。

歷史上有着非凡的記憶力的人無慮千萬。羅斯福便是其中之一。他對於接見各色人等極感興趣。凡是他所會見過的人，他都要找出他個人的細微末節，研究他們底面部，他們底態度，並背誦他們底名字，直到已經在他底記憶上留下不可磨滅的印象爲止。在他底政治生活中間，這對他有幫助。他在第二次見面的時候便可以叫出人底名字，這使得他們覺得非常重要。

有一次他使得一位日本的銀行家大吃一驚，他已經有十五年沒有見過這個人，兩一見面便立刻開始談論他們在十五年前會經討論過的一個題目。羅斯福要閱讀他想記任的任何東西時，他便能得一種深刻的生動的印象。由於堅毅和實踐，他訓練了自己能够在最壞的逆境下面集中注意力。一九一二年。當布爾摩斯會議在芝加哥舉行的時候，他底總部設在國會酒店。羣衆像波浪一樣在下面的街道上洶湧起伏，口裏喊着口號，手裏搖着旗幟，高呼『我們要泰狄！』『我們要泰狄！』羣衆底怒吼，人聲底嘈雜，政客們底來來去去，匆遽的會談和商談，在這種情形底下，普通人一定要分心的；但是羅斯福却坐在他房裏的一張搖椅中間，完全忘記了這一切，閱讀着希臘歷史家希羅多德底著作。

有一回他經過巴西的荒野作一次旅行，當他在傍晚時分剛一到達；

稍帶喧鬧的時候，他便在幾株大樹底下找出一塊空地，拿出一張宿營的矮檯和一本吉明著的『羅馬帝國盛衰』來，他立刻就沉浸在那本書裏面，完全忘記了下雨，忘記了營地底嘈雜和活動，忘記了熱帶森林裏底各種聲音，一個注意力這樣集中的人，能夠記住他所讀的東西，自然毫不足怪。

喬治畢德是一個英國的閣佬，在五十年以前就去世了。當他還只有十歲的時候，他就能算不多也不少，恰恰在一百二十一秒鐘裏面，用心算算出『四千四百四十四鎊錢，以年息百分之四又三分之一，存放四千四百四十四天，利息若干』的題目。

前不久在密歇根的冷水鐵死了一個人——一個活潑生動的角色，名字叫『鐵路賈克』。他存著一種驚人的記憶力；二十年來，他週遊於各個大學城之間，使學生羣稱驚異。他常常跑到那些大學生正在吃飯的飯店裏去，對他們說道，『我就是「鐵路賈克」。關於歷史上任何人物底任何事情，隨便你們怎樣發問，我都可以講得出來。』這些學生當然都想着使他丟臉。於是他們就向他提出一些荒誕不經的問題來，例如『蘇格拉底底妻子結婚的時候有多大年紀？』他能毫不思索地立刻回答說：『蘇格拉底底妻子到四十歲始結婚；後來，儘管他那樣聰明，他却娶了一個輕浮的女子，年紀僅僅只有十九歲。』他們或者問他，第一次用刺刀是在什麼地方，他立刻就就可以告訴他們『第一次用刺刀是在一六八九年七月二十七日蘇格蘭的基里格郎克之役。』自然，這些學生們會報酬他一頓午餐，然後募集一點錢並替他買一套衣服。

汽車大王亨利福特對於他底能力極為賞識，竟送給他一輛汽車，使他可以週遊各處，進行他底路旁歷史講學。但是他不肯使用那輛汽車，還是乘坐馬車繼續週遊各處。在那輛馬車旁邊他添著『史葛天才鐵路賈克』的字樣。

『鐵路賈克』死在一所古老的廢棄的房屋裏面，享壽七十九歲。他在遺囑上吩咐將他底屍體贈與密歇根醫科大學，以便檢查他底腦筋，發見他底記憶力底秘密。我寫了一封信給密歇根大學心理學系主任皮爾斯伯利教授，要他將『鐵路賈克』底驚人的記憶力底秘密告訴我

• 皮爾斯伯利教授告訴我，「鐵路賈克」曾經以多年工夫致力於研究一組一定的事實，直到他已經積壓太多為止。在他底信裏面他又告訴我，許多具有驚人的記憶力的奇怪頭腦都會一一加以研究，其中有一些是天賦特別聰明，但差不多腦力柔弱的也不在少數。

那就是說假如你有着一種很好的記憶力，你也許會成爲天才，不然也許離開瘋人院不遠。你自己去想想吧。

如果你底記憶力和我一樣壞，那嗎，儘管放心，因爲萊阿納多達文西乃是歷史上最著名的人物之一，而他就連什麼東西都記不住，除非把它筆記下來——而且縱使記了下來，他又往往會將它遺失，甚至和你我一樣。

聖雄甘地

在印度，一個矮小的棕色人，常常圍着一條腰布，躺在一張帆布床上，拒絕進食，並且威脅着要絕食至死。於是全世界的報紙特別記載這件新聞，因為聖雄甘地乃是這一世代底重要人物之一。

用金錢計算起來，甘地是個窮光蛋。假如他賣掉他在塵世上的全部所有物，那一共還值不到七角五分錢；然而他這個人却比世界上任何百萬富翁都更有勢力。

在身體方面，他是柔弱的；他拒絕使用武力或暴力；然而他底舉動和他底精神感召力却比一百條英國戰艦更有效驗，更有力量。

世界上六分之一的人口是生活在印度。幾百年來，這些印度人民都在酣睡之中；今天這個矮小的，衰弱的，體重不到一百磅的人，却在喚醒印度的人民，使他們認識自身底偉大力量！他正在進行着的改革在世界史上將會發生遠大的後果。

關於甘地有很多奇怪的事情。舉例來說，他有一付假牙齒，他把它隨身帶着，放在他那條腰布底摺疊中間。只有當他吃東西的時候，才把它放進口內。吃完以後，他隨即把它拿出來，用水洗乾淨，仍復又放回到他底腰布中間去。

他講英語帶着一種愛爾蘭口音，因為在他最初的教師中間，有一個是愛爾蘭人。現在他除掉圍着一條腰布之外，什麼東西都不穿，但是他在倫敦住過若干年，那時候他戴着一頂絲帽子穿一付短靴套，並且還攜着一支手杖。

他曾經肄業於倫敦大學，後來當了一名律師。但是當他第一次嘗試在法庭上發表一篇演說的時候，他底膝頭打戰，他害怕得那戰厲害，竟至不得不在紛亂和失敗中頹然地坐下來。

在倫敦當一名律師，他簡直毫無生意。他在那兒實實在在是一個失敗者。

多年以前，當他第一次來到英國的時候，他底愛爾蘭教師要他抄寫基督山上垂訓，抄了一遍又一遍，純粹當作英文練習。甘地時時刻刻寫着『溫和的人有福了，因為他們將要繼承世界……創造和平的人有福了，因為他們將被稱為上帝的孩子，』這些辭句對他起了一種深刻的印象。

不久他立刻就被派往南非洲去收幾筆巨大的賬款；他試着在那兒實行那篇垂訓底哲學。居然發生了效力。當事人紛紛跑來找甘地，因為他將他們底要求在法庭外面和平解決了，着他們節省了時間和費用。甘地不久就有了每年一萬五千元底收入。溫和的人正繼承着世界。

但是他是快樂呢？不。因為他知道他國內千百萬無數的同胞們正過着悲慘的生活。他曾經看見過成千成萬的人因飢餓而死亡，世俗的成功似乎是輕而易舉而不關重要。所以他放棄了他所有的金錢，立誓為窮人服務，從那時候起，他就一直委身於幫助窮人和被蹂躪的人們底工作，……

今天，十分之一的印度人民——比美國密士失必河以西的居民還要多——都沒有飯吃而過着半飢餓的生活。他們底情形是那絕無望，以致連甘地都勸他們不要再生孩子，不要把小孩子帶到一個充滿着太多的悲慘和貧乏的世界上來。

甘地嘗試着各種的食物，想要發見怎樣才可以生活得最儉樸而又不損健康。他現在主要地靠水菓山羊奶和橄欖油過活。

甘地曾經受過一個叫做大衛陶樂的美國人底學說很大的影響。陶樂至九十年前畢業於哈佛大學，後來他花了二十八塊錢在麻薩諸塞州華爾登塘底岑寂的岸邊蓋了一座茅屋，自己住在裏面。他住在那兒就好像一個隱士一樣，並且拒絕納稅，所以就被拘捕了起來，關在監獄裏面。他後來寫了一本名為文明反抗論的書，主張誰也不應納稅。當

時大家對於他這本書毫不注意；但是，七十五年之後，甘地在遙遠的印度讀了這本書，決定採用非暴力策略。他認為英國既沒有履行予印度自治的諾言；所以，為懲罰英國起見，甘地號召印度人民常常坐牢不要納稅，他又力促他底信徒抵制英貨。當英政府開征鹽稅的時候，甘地帶了他底信徒們跑到海邊，他們實行自己蒸鹽。

根據印度教底教義，大約有六千萬印度人永遠被印上了賤民階級的烙印。那是什麼意思呢？就是這樣的：比方，拿你自己來說吧。假若你生在印度，而你祖先在兩千年以前被印度教打上了賤民階級的烙印。那就無異乎說今天你也還是個賤民階級的人。你靈靈魂要為前人所作的罪惡而被罰受苦；你不能飲那從村子裏的井裏面汲出來的水。你只能跑到外面去喝那種骯髒的路旁小溝裏的濁水。你會被人討厭被人嫌，使你簡直不敢走進雜貨店。你只能遠遠地站在外面，等候人家拋擲一點食物給你。

你不能上法庭。你不能進學校。你甚至還不能在一條大路底五百呎以內走路。而且你底影子落在食物上面的話，那樣東西就會被認為吃不得，就會被人毀掉。

記住這種賤民階級的人數共有六千萬之多——簡直等於美國全部人口的一半。他們底處境乃是今天世界上最悲慘最可憐的事物，甘地現在正以他底全生命獻身於爭取他們的權利。他甚至收養了一個賤民階級的小女孩，並把她撫養成成人，就好像他自己底親生女兒一樣。

千百萬人把甘地看作一位聖人。還有另外一些人則相信他是一位印度神祇底化身。在一個充滿着可鄙的貪婪和自私的世界上，對於這位自己一無所求，為了別人能夠生活情願自己去死的人物，我覺得好像是個俯首站在他面前一樣。

聖誕老人的故事

約莫三百年以前，當時新英格蘭還是英皇陛下底一塊孤懸海外的殖民地，在十二月中間，麻薩諸塞州的哈德萊地方一位鄉紳底妻子，有一天走過田野去拜訪一個正在慶祝聖誕節的德國婦人。這個德國婦人在樹林裏砍下了一枝小松樹，將它拖進雪堆拉回家裏，將它燃上蠟燭，她底孩子們正圍着它跳舞，唱着聖誕節的頌歌。一點也沒有錯誤的地方，是嗎？

然而那般面容兇暴，當時統治着新英格蘭的清教徒牧師們，却把這個婦人拉到鄉村長老會議底前面，暴罵呵斥她，譴責她，將她逐出教堂，把她所有的東西也逐一概擡出。在那個時候，那等於是宣佈逐出社會。

她犯了什麼事呢？她犯了慶祝聖誕節底異教徒的罪惡。古代的清教徒蔑視聖誕節。他們用暴怒；斷詞在講壇上痛加責難。他們詆毀聖誕節，說那乃是一種邪惡的異教徒的假日。並宣稱那是對於上帝的一種侮辱。他們甚至還通過一種法律，對於企圖慶祝聖誕節的任何人處以罰金和公刑的羞辱。

富脾氣暴燥的克倫威爾和他底喜歡歌唱的兵士們攀登了英國的寶座，掌握了實權的時候，他們也通過了法律，廢止稱為聖誕節的異教徒的節日。

為什麼這般人對於慶祝聖誕節的舉動要大聲疾呼，力加排斥呢？爲了一件事情，這般古代的清教徒知道基督並非降生於聖誕節這一

日。

關於基督降生日期，在他去世兩百年之後，學者們一直就家談紛紜，莫衷一是。有的人主張他是生於五月二十日——另外一些人則認為正確的日期乃是四月十九。還有一些人又非難這些日期，斥為迷信，並宣稱他是生於十一月十七。現代的學者們則承認我們對於耶穌降生底正確時日實在一無所知。

甚至在伯利恆，基督降生的地方，人們都在三個不同的時間慶祝聖誕節。一羣人在十二月二十五舉行慶祝，另一羣人在一月六日舉行慶祝，還有一羣人則在一月十八日舉行慶祝。在阿比西尼亞，一年到頭除三月外，每個月都有人慶祝聖誕節。基督並不是降生於一千九百三十四年以前，而是降生於一千九百三十九年以前。這是怎麼來的呢？

是這樣的，原來過去我們並不從基督降生日子來計算時間，直到他死後八百年，我們才開始用他誕生之日作紀元。在那區遼遠荒古的時候，粗心的學者們在數字上弄錯了五年。

幾千年來，饕餮貪食，沉纏於酒的羅馬人，在十二月裏面慶祝沙通納利亞的節日。沙通是他們底農業神，他們在冬季收穫穀物之後，便大舉祝賀以資慶祝，用常綠樹和冬青裝飾着他們底房屋，把洋囡囡送給他們底孩子們，並互相慷慨地贈贈禮物。

幾千多年前，年老的禿頭的君士坦丁在羅馬元老會議當中立起身來，整理着他底灰色假髮，下令以基督教為羅馬帝國底國教。當他宣佈此項命令的時候，他同時命令基督教徒在沙通節日那天慶祝基督誕生，於是他便把兩個節日合成了一個。

關於聖誕節已經產生了許多奇異動人的迷信。抱着奇怪的信念的眼睛遠出的老太婆們，宣稱在聖誕節前夕鐘鳴十二下的時候，蜜蜂便唱着第一首讚美詩，他們還說羊子也張開它們寬嘴吧，嘩嘩地叫着「伯利恆」這個字。

我有一個書記名叫路易西安娜，她告訴我說黑人對她說，牛在聖誕節前夕的確跪下跪並且互相談話。好吧，在路易西安娜州地方，也許的確有這種事情；不過我自己也曾經一度在達科塔州南部做過牧童；假如西部的牛曾經在聖誕節前夕談過話的話，那嗎，它們所講的

一定是舊式拉丁語或洋涇濱英語，因為我完全聽不懂它們的話。

然而，在挪威，農夫們却在聖誕節前夕給一桶家釀的麥酒給他們底牛喝——而且這些傢伙還不僅只談話——他們斜倚在蘆柱上，唱著『親愛的亞德林！』

在聖誕節前夕降到你底腳尖上來的那位聖誕老人，在他那異教徒的青年時代乃是古代人民底火神。在幾千年前單羅馬，他帶給孩子們以禮物——他來自極北的朔方，帶著隨底馴鹿和叮噠的橇鈴；因為他在我們種族的祖先時代底一切神祇一樣，也是住在閃爍的天體中間，圍繞着北極星座。

聖誕節也許是幾千年前一種異教徒的歡宴——但是誰管這些呢？今天，它乃是所有泰西諸國最快樂的最普遍的佳節。

Little Known Facts About

Well-Known People

名 人 逸 事

有 著 者 權 不 准 翻 印

民國卅二年七月出版

【桂】實價國幣

(外埠酌加郵運費)

原 著 者

Dale Carnegie

翻 譯 者

蕭 敏 頌

發 行 人

萬 民 一

印 刷 者

青年印刷所

桂林交通路

發 行 所 文 化 供 應 社

總公司 桂林區君路 總發行所桂林桂西路

重慶分銷處 民權路新生市場44號

廣西省圖書館雜誌審查處審查證處字第一〇二號



每册 \$

