

Chinese English Literary Series

漢英對照文藝叢刊之一

高老夫子  
PROFESSOR KAO

魯迅原著  
By *Lusin*



香港齒輪編譯社出版

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英漢對照文藝叢刊

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1940

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## 高老夫子

這一天，從早晨到午後，他的工夫全費在照鏡，看中國歷史教科書和查袁了凡綱鑑裏；真所謂『人生識字憂患始，』頓覺得對於世事很有些不平之意了，而且這不平之意，是他從來沒有經驗過的。

首先就想到往常的父母實在太不將兒女放在心裏。他還在孩子的時候，最喜歡爬上桑樹去偷桑椹喫，但他們全不管，有一回竟跌下樹來磕破了頭，又不給好好地醫治，至今左邊的眉稜上還帶着一個永不消滅的尖劈形的癍痕，他現在雖然格外留長頭髮，左右分開，又斜梳下來，可以勉強遮住了，但究竟還看見尖劈的尖，也算得一個缺點，萬一給女學生發見，大概是免不了要看不起的。他放下鏡子，怨憤地吁一口氣。

## PROFESSOR KAC

The saying that "worries begin with learning" is certainly true, for on the day under consideration he spent his entire time from morning till afternoon in looking into the mirror and in reading "A Text Book History of China" and consulting Yuan Liao-fan's *Kang Chien* or "A Brief Mirror of History." Suddenly he felt a sense of outraged justice toward the world, a feeling which he had heretofore never experienced.

The first thing that came to him was how careless his parents had been in regard to their children; how they had paid no attention to him when, as a child, he used to climb up the mulberry tree to pick berries; how he had once fallen from the tree and broke his forehead; and how, even then, they had not given him proper medical care, so that even now he carried with him an irradicable wedged-shaped scar over his left eye brow. Although he had succeeded in partly concealing the scar by wearing his hair long and parted in the middle, and combed with

其次，是中國歷史教科書的編纂者竟太不爲教員設想。他的書雖然和了凡綱鑑也有些相合，但大段又很不相同，若即若離，令人不知道講起來應該怎樣拉在一處。但待到他瞥着那夾在教科書裏的一張紙條，卻又怨起中塗辭職的歷史教員來了，因爲那紙條上寫的是——

『從第八章東晉之興亡起。』

如果那人不將三國的事情講完，他的豫備就決不至于這麼困苦。他最熟悉的就是三國，例如桃園三結義，孔明借箭，三氣周瑜，黃忠定軍山斬夏侯淵以及

a downward slant, yet it was still possible to see the point of the wedge. He had to admit that it was a flaw and that it was liable to prejudice against him before the girl students, should it be discovered by them. He sighed as he put down the mirror.

Then he felt that the compiler of "A Text Book History of China" was entirely too inconsiderate of the teacher's position. Though his book agreed in substance with the *Liao-fan Kang Chien*, yet there were large sections in which they did not quite agree and which he would have a great deal of difficulty in reconciling when he came to lecture before his students. Then finally, his ire turned against the history teacher who had resigned in the middle of the term, when he glanced at the slip of paper stuck between the pages of the book; for on the slip was written—

"Begin with Chapter 8: The Rise and Fall of Eastern Chin.

If the man had not finished with the events of the Three Kingdoms period, he would not have so much difficulty in preparing his lectures; for he knew the period well and was full of such

其他種種，滿肚子都是，一學期也許講不完。到唐朝，則有秦瓊賣馬之類，便又較爲擅長了，誰料偏偏是東晉。他又怨憤地吁一口氣，再拉過了凡綱鑑來。

『噲，你怎麼外面看看還不夠，又要鑽到裏面去看了？』

一隻手同時從他背後彎過來，一撥他的下巴。但他並不動，因爲從聲音和舉動上，便知道是暗暗躡進來的打牌的老朋友黃三。他雖然是他的老朋友，一禮拜以前還一同打牌，看戲，喝酒，跟女人，但自從他在大中日報上發表了論中華國民皆有整理國史之義務這一篇膾炙人口的名文，接着又得了賢良女學校的聘書之後，就覺得這黃三一無所長，總有些下等相了。所以他並不回頭，板着臉正正經經地回答道——

legends as "the fraternal vow in the Peach Orchard", "Kung-ming borrowing arrows from his enemies", the "Three Traps for Chou Yü", "Huang Chung at Ting-chun mountains", and the like, which would have occupied him for more than a semester. If it had been the Tang Dynasty, he would have been able to distinguish himself by recounting such legends as "Ch'in Ch'iuang selling his horse". But the previous teacher had left him with none of these periods but with the eastern Chin. With another grievous sigh, he drew the *Liao-fan Kang Chien* toward him once more.

"Hey, is it not enough to look at the outside of the book? Do you have to bore within it?"

Simultaneously a hand reached out from behind and gave him a tip under the chin. However, he did not move, for he knew from the voice and action that he who had just slipped into the room was no other than his old friend and mah-jong companion Huang San. Although Huang was an old friend of his and although a week ago they had been playing mah-jong, going to the theater, drinking, and chasing women together, now he felt different toward him since



『不要胡說！我正在預備功課……。』

『你不是親口對老鉢說的麼：你要謀一個教員做，去看看女學生。』

『你不要相信老鉢的狗屁！』

黃三就在他桌旁坐下，向桌面上一瞥，立刻在一面鏡子和一堆亂書之間，發見了一個翻開着的大紅紙的帖子。他一把抓來，瞪着眼睛一字一字地看下去——

今敦請

爾礎高老夫子爲本校歷史教員每週授課四小時每小時敬送修金大洋三角正按時間計算此約

賢良女學校校長何萬淑貞歛衽謹訂

中華民國十三年夏歷菊月吉旦

立

he published his celebrated essay "On the Duty of Every Citizen in the Reconstruction of the Nation's History" in the *Great China Daily News*. He felt now that Huang San was definitely a man without any accomplishment, definitely a low-brow. Therefore he did not turn his head but simply answered with curt seriousness—

"None of your fooling, please! I am preparing for my lecture . . ."

"Did you tell Lao-po yourself that you wanted to get a teaching job so that you can get a chance to look at the girl students?"

"You mustn't believe Lao-po's *kou p'i*"

Huang San sat down by his desk and discovered at a glance a piece of red note paper among his mirror and books. He seized it and looked at it with bulging eyes—

Professor Kao Erh-ch'u is hereby earnestly requested to assume the post of teacher of history in our school at the stipend of thirty cents an hour, four hours a week, payments to be made on a strictly hourly basis.

By request of Ho-Wan Shu-cheng, principal of the Girls Virtue and Goodness School.

『「爾礎高老夫子？」誰呢？你麼？你改了名字了麼？』黃三一看完，就性急地問。

但高老夫子只是高傲的一笑；他的確改了名字了。然而黃三只會打牌，到現在還沒有留心新學問，新藝術。他既不知道有一個俄國大文豪高爾基，又怎麼說得通這改名的深遠的意義呢？所以他只是高傲地一笑，並不答覆他。

『喂喂，老樺，你不要鬧這些無聊的玩意兒了！』黃三放下聘書，說。『我們這裡有了一個男學堂，風氣已經鬧得夠壞了；他們還要開什麼女學堂，將來真不知道要鬧成什麼樣子纔罷。你何苦也去鬧，犯不上……。』

『這也不見得。況且何太太一定要請我，辦不掉

The thirteenth year of the Republic (1924) etc...

“‘Professor Kao-Erh-c’u’? Who’s that? You? Have you changed your name?” Huang San asked eagerly as he finished reading the note.

But Professor Kao only smiled disdainfully. Yes, he had changed his name, but Huang San, who thought only of mah-jong and who had not paid the slightest attention to the new learning and new culture, would not be able to guess the subtle significance of his new name since he had never heard of a great Russian writer by the name of Kao-erh-chi (Gorky). Gloating over the poor man’s ignorance, he only smiled disdainfully, but did not answer.

“Wei, Lao-kan, you shouldn’t go in for this kind of foolishness!” Huang San said, putting down the letter of appointment. Is it not bad enough to have a boys school in our city to corrupt our morals without their trying to start one for girls? I hesitate to think what this will bring us to. Why should you get yourself mixed up in it? It is not worthwhile . . .”

“I don’t agree with you there. Moreover,

……。」因為黃三毀謗了學校，又看手錶上已經兩點半，離上課時間只有半點了，所以他有些氣忿，又很露出焦躁的神情。

『好！這且不談。』黃三是乖覺的，即刻轉帆，說。『我們說正經事罷：今天晚上我們有一個局面。毛家屯毛資甫的大兒子在這里了，來請陽宅先生看墳地去的，手頭現帶着二百番。我們已經約定，晚上湊一桌，一個我，一個老鉢，一個就是你。你一定來罷，萬不要誤事。我們三個人掃光他！』

老桿——高老夫子——沈吟了，但是不開口。

『你一定來，一定！我還得和老鉢去接洽一回。地方還是在我的家裏。那傻小子是「初出茅廬」，我們准可以掃光他！你將那一副竹紋清楚一點的交給我罷！』

高老夫子慢慢地站起來，到牀頭取了馬將牌盒，

Mrs. Ho insists on my coming. I can't refuse . . ." Professor Kao said without trying to conceal his impatience, both because Huang San had maligned schools and because he had discovered by his wrist watch that it was already two-thirty, only half an hour before class time.

"All right, we won't talk about that," Huang San said placatingly, being a sensible man. "Let us get down to business: we have a game on tonight. The eldest son of Mao Tzu-fu of Mao-chia-tun is here to consult a geomancer and has two hundred dollars with him. We have agreed to make up a table this evening, with I myself, Lao-po, and yourself. You must come without fail. Let the three of us clean him out!"

Lao-kan—that is, Professor Kao—hesitated and did not speak.

"You must come, you must! I have to go and see Lao-po about it. It is going to be at my house. That boy 'has just emerged from his thatched hut' and we are sure to clean him out! Give me that set of yours for the patterns on the bamboo backs are clearer."

Slowly Professor Kao stood up, took the box

交給他；一看手錶，兩點四十分了。他想：黃三雖然能幹，但明知道我已經做了教員，還來當面誇學堂，又打攪別人的豫備功課，究竟不應該。他于是冷淡地說道——

『晚上再商量罷。我要上課去了。』

他一面說，一面恨恨地向了凡綱鏗看了一眼，拿起教科書，裝在新皮包裏，又很小心地戴上新帽子，便和黃三出了門。他一出門，就放開腳步，像木匠牽着的鑽子似的，肩膀一扇一扇地直走，不多久，黃三便連他的影子也望不見了。

高老夫子一跑到賢良女學校，即將新印的名片交給一個駝背的老門房，不一忽，就聽到一聲『請』，他于是跟着駝背走，轉過兩個彎，已到教員豫備室了，也算是客廳。何校長不在校；迎接他的是花白鬍子的

of mah-jong tiles from the head of his bed, and gave it to Huang San. He consulted his watch and found that it was already two-forty. He admired Huang San's keen abilities, but he was annoyed with him because he had maligned the schools before him though he knew all the time that he, Kao Erh-ch'u, was now a teacher himself and because he had kept him from preparing his lecture. Consequently he said indifferently—

“Let us talk about that tonight. I must go to class now.”

As he said this he took another hard look at his *Liao-fan Kang Chien*, put the text book into his new brief case, carefully put on his new hat and went out with Huang San. As soon as he stepped out of the gate he strode off, his shoulders rising and falling like the cross bar of a carpenter's hand drill, and soon left Huang San out of sight.

When he reached the school, he took out one of his newly printed cards and gave it to an old hunchback gatekeeper. Presently he heard a “please come this way”. He followed the hunchback and after a couple of turns found



教務長，大名鼎鼎的萬瑤圃，別號『玉皇香案吏』的，新近正將他自己和女仙贈答的詩仙壇酬唱集陸續登在大中日報上。

『阿呀！礎翁！久仰！久仰！……』萬瑤圃連連拱手，並將膝關節和腿關節接連彎了五六彎，彷彿想要蹲下去似的。

『阿呀！瑤翁！久仰久仰！……』礎翁夾着皮包照樣地做，並且說。

他們于是坐下；一個似死非死的校役便端上兩杯白開水來。高老夫子看看對面的掛鐘，還只兩點四十分，和他的手錶要差半點。

『阿呀！礎翁的大作，是的，那個……，是的，那——中國國粹義務論，真真要言不煩，百讀不厭！實在是少年人們的座右銘，座右銘座右銘！兄弟也頗

himself before the staff rest room, which served also as the reception hall. Principal Ho was not in the school; he was met by the dean of the school by the name of Wan Yao-pa, an old man with a white beard. The latter was not without some degree of notoriety; for under the pseudonym of "Clerk at the Jade Emperor's Altar" he had been publishing in the *Great China Daily News* a series of poems that purported to have passed between him and a female immortal.

"Ah, Brother Chi'u! *Chiu-yang, Chiu-yang.*" Wan Yao-p'u shook his clenched hands before him and bent his hip and knee joints four or five times as if he were about squat down.

"Ah, Brother Yao! *Chiu-yang, Chiu-yang.*" Brother Ch'u said and acted likewise.

After this they sat down and a servant who looked as if he might be half dead brought them two cups of boiled water. Professor Kao noticed that it was only two-forty by the wall clock opposite him, a discrepancy of almost half an hour by his wrist watch.

"Ah, yes!" Brother Ch'u said, "Yes, I have read your essay 'Our Duty to the National Essence!' It is an essay full of pertinent

喜歡文學，可是，玩玩而已，怎麼比得上礎翁。』他重行拱一拱手，低聲說，『我們的盛德、崑天請他，兄弟也常常去唱和。礎翁也可以光降光降罷。那崑仙，就是蕊珠仙子，從她的語氣上看來，似乎是一位謫降紅塵的花神。她最愛和名人唱和，也很贊成新黨，像礎翁這樣的學者，她一定大加青眼的。哈哈哈哈哈！』

但高老夫子卻不很能發表什麼崇論宏議，因為他的豫備——東晉之興亡——本沒有十分足，此刻又併不足的幾分也有些忘卻了。他煩躁愁苦着；從繁亂的心緒中，又湧出許多斷片的思想來：上堂的姿勢應該

remarks, an essay which one never gets tired of reading a hundred times over. It is something which every young man should be required to hang over his desk. I myself am very fond of literature, but with me it is only a matter of amusement, so different from the way it is with Brother Chiu". Again he shook his clenched hands and said, lowering his voice," My efforts are confined, you see, to the verses that I compose extemporaneously at the daily sessions of our Divining Altar of Abounding Virtue. Perhaps Brother Ch'u would favor us with his presence? The presiding deity is the Goddess of Budding Pearls and she appears to be, judging from the hints that she has thrown out, a flower spirit in exile in the red dust. She likes to make verses with literary lights and quite approves of the modernization movement. I am sure that she will be especially favorably inclined toward such a scholar as yourself."

But on his side Professor Kao was not able to think of anything grand and noble to say for the moment, because his preparation for the rise and fall of eastern Chin had not been very adequate in the first place and he had now

威嚴；額角的癍痕總該遮住；教科書要讀得慢；看學生要大方。但同時還模模胡胡聽得瑤圃說普話——

『……賜了一個葶薺……。「醉倚青鸞上碧霄，」多麼超脫……那鄧孝翁叩求了五回，這纔賜了一首五絕……「紅袖拂天河，莫道……」蕊珠仙子說……礎翁還是第一回……這就是本校的植物園！』

『哦哦！』爾礎忽然看見他舉手一指，這纔從亂頭思想中驚覺，依着指頭看去，窗外一小片空地，地上有四五株樹，正對面是三間小平房。

『這就是講堂。』瑤圃並不移動他的手指，但是

forgotten most of what he had prepared. He was worried and agitated, and was, moreover, confused by such considerations as these: he must be strict and serious in his classroom manner; must conceal as much as he could the scar on his forehead; must read slowly from the text book; must not seem embarrassed when he looked at the students. Through these and other scattered thoughts he caught bits of Yao-p'u monologue—

“... Got simply a waterchestnut...”  
Leaning drunkenly on her blue phoenix, she rode up to heaven.’ How ingenious that was... It was not until Teng Hsiao-weng had begged for five times that she favored us with a quatrain...  
“My red sleeves brush against the Heavenly River, Say not...’ The Goddess said... This is your first visit, I believe, Brother Ch’u? This is your Botanical Garden!”

“Oh!” Erh-ch’u suddenly woke up from his confused thoughts as Yao-pu raised his hand and pointed to a yard outside the window. There were four or five trees in the yard and directly across from it a low building.

“And this is the lecture room,” Yao-pu

說。

『哦哦！』

『學生是很馴良的。她們除聽講之外，就專心縫紉……』。

『哦哦！』爾礎實在頗有些窘急了，他希望他不再說話，好給自己聚精會神，趕緊想一想東晉之興亡。

『可惜內中也有幾個想學學做詩，那可是不行的。維新固然可以，但做詩究竟不是大家閨秀所宜。蕊珠仙子也不很贊成女學，以爲淆亂兩儀，非天曹所喜。兄弟還很同她討論過幾回……』。

爾礎忽然跳了起來。他聽到鈴聲了。

『不，不。請坐！那是退班鈴。』

continued without shifting the direction of his hand.

“Ho!”

“The students are very quiet and easy to handle. Outside of listening to lectures, they devote themselves to sewing . . .”

“Oh!” Erh-ch’u became more and more agitated and wished that the man would not talk any more so that he could concentrate a little upon the rise and fall of Eastern Chin.

“Unfortunately some of them get the notion that they want to write verses. That would not do. It is all very well to be modern, but verse-making is, after all, something that respectable young ladies should not indulge in. The Goddess does not care much about schools for girls either; she considers it to be opposed to the natural division of the male and female principles and says that it is the general opinion of her colleagues in Heaven. I have discussed the matter with her . . .”

Erh-ch’u suddenly jumped up as he heard bells ringing.

“No, no, please sit down! That is the dismissal bell.”



『瑤翁公事很忙罷，可以不必客氣……。』

『不，不！不忙，不忙！兄弟以為振興女學是順應世界的潮流，但一不得當，即易流于偏，所以天曹不喜，也許不過是防微杜漸的意思。只要辦理得人，不偏不倚，合乎中庸，一以國粹為歸宿，那是決無流弊的。礎翁，你想，可對？這是蕊珠仙子也以為「無可採」的話。哈哈哈哈哈！』

校役又送上兩杯白開水來；但是鈴聲又響了。

瑤圃便請爾礎喝了兩口白開水，這纔慢慢地站起來，引導他穿過植物園，走進講堂去。

他心頭跳着，筆挺地站在講臺旁邊，只看見半屋子都是蓬蓬鬆鬆的頭髮。瑤圃從大襟袋裏掏出一張信

“Brother Yao must be very busy. Please do not . . .”

“No no, I am not busy at all. I think the establishment of girls' schools is in accordance with the general trend of the world, but one must be very careful if one is to avoid extremes. It is probably because of this same thought that the people in heaven do not like education for women. We need to have no misgivings so long as those in charge realize the importance and delicateness of their work and, never deviating but always adhering to the golden mean, constantly keep in mind the necessity of preserving the national essence. Don't you agree with me? This was what the Goddess had in mind when she said that education for women was 'not without something to recommend it!'”

The servant brought in another two cups of boiled water and again the bell began to ring.

Yao-pu invited Erh-ch'u to drink some water. Only then did he stand up slowly and led him, after passing across the botanical garden, into the lecture hall.

His heart pounded violently as he stood by the platform and saw before him a room half

箋，展開之後，一面看，一面對學生們說道——

『這位就是高老師，高爾礎高老師，是有名的學者，那一篇有名的論中華國民皆有整理國史之義務，是誰都知道的。大中日報上還說過，高老師是：驟慕俄國文豪高君爾基之爲人，因改字爾礎，以示景仰之意，斯人之出，誠吾中華文壇之幸也！現在經何校長再三敦請，竟惠然肯來，到這裡來教歷史了……』

高老師忽而覺得很寂然，原來瑤翁已經不見，只有自己站在講臺旁邊了。他只得跨上講臺去，行了禮，定一定神，又記起了態度應該威嚴的成算，更慢慢地翻開書本，來開講東晉之興亡。

full of bobbed heads. Yao-pu took a sheet of letter paper from his pocket, opened it and said to the students with occasional references to it—

“This is Professor Kao, Professor Kao Erh-ch’u, a well known scholar whose celebrated ‘On the Duty of Every Citizen in the Reconstruction of the Nation’s History’ is known to every one. It is said by the *Great China Daily News* that Professor Kao has changed his name to Erh-ch’u because of his admiration of the great Russian writer Kao Erh-chi. Chinese literature is indeed fortunate to have such a person as Professor Kao. Now at the urgent request of Principal Ho, he has finally consented to come to our school and take up the teaching of history . . .”

Professor Kao suddenly felt a lack and realized upon investigation that his Brother Yao was no longer there and that he was standing alone by the platform. There was nothing to do but to mount the platform and face his students. He collected himself and remembered that he must adopt a strict and serious manner. So he opened his book slowly and began to lecture on the rise and fall of Eastern Chin.

『嘻嘻！』似乎有誰在那里竊笑了。

高老夫子臉上登時一熱，忙看書本，和他的話並不錯，上面印着的的確是：『東晉之偏安。』書腦的對面，也還是半屋子蓬蓬鬆鬆的頭髮。不見有別的動靜。他猜想這是自己的疑心，其實誰也沒有笑；于是又定一定神，看住書本，慢慢地講下去。當初，是自己的耳朵也聽到自己的嘴說些什麼的，可是逐漸糊塗起來，竟至于不再知道說什麼，待到發揮『石勒之雄圖』的時候，便只聽得吃吃地竊笑的聲音了。

他不禁向講臺下一看，情形和原先已經很不同：半屋子都是眼睛，還有許多小巧的等邊三角形，三角形中都生着兩個鼻孔，這些連成一氣，宛然是流動而深邃的海，閃爍地汪洋地正衝着他的眼光，但當他瞥見時，卻又驟然一閃，變了半屋子蓬蓬鬆鬆的頭髮了。

“Hee, hee,” It appeared that some one was laughing.

Professor Kao flushed and took a quick glance at his book. He had not made any mistake. The book clearly said: “The temporary security of Eastern Chin.” Across the top of the book he saw as before a room half full of bobbed heads and could not see anything unusual about them. He thought that it was probably his own nervousness and that no one had laughed. He collected himself again and continued his lecture, his eyes on the book. At first his ears were able to hear what his mouth was saying, but things began to grow indistinct until he did not know what he was saying. By the time he reached “the ambitions of Shi-lei” he could only hear the sound of suppressed laughter.

When, overcoming his timidity, he took a glance at the room, the aspect that presented itself to him had become very different: he was now confronted with a glimmering and limitless sea of eyes and equilateral triangles each with two nostrils in it. But even as he looked a tremor came over the sea and in a flash the room

他也連忙收回眼光，再不敢離開教科書，不得已時，就擡起眼來看看屋頂。屋頂是白而轉黃的洋灰，中央還起了一道正圓形的稜線；可是這圓圈又生動了，忽然擴大，忽然收小，使他的眼睛有些昏花。他豫料倘將眼光下移，就不免又要遇見可怕的眼睛和鼻孔聯合的海，只好再回到書本上，這時已經是『澠水之戰』，苻堅快要駭得『草木皆兵』了。

他總疑心有許多人暗暗地發笑，但還是熬着講，明明已經講了大半天，而鈴聲還沒有響，看手錶是不行的，怕學生耍小戲；可是講了一會，又到『拓跋氏之勃興』了，接着就是『六國興亡表』，他本以為今天未必講到，沒有豫備的。

was half filled with bobbed heads again.

Quickly he withdrew his glance and did not venture to take his eyes off his book again. When it became necessary, he looked up at the ceiling the white wash of which had turned yellow, and which had in the centre a circular design in relief. But the circle also became alive, now expanding, now contracting until it made his eyes dizzy. Realizing that if he allowed his eyes to drift downward he would not be able to avoid the fearful sea of eyes and nostrils, he brought them abruptly back to his book. By this time he was at the Battle of the Fei River in which Fu Chien was so thoroughly beaten that he imagined he saw "enemy troops lurking behind every tree and every bush."

He could not get over the suspicion that some one was laughing at him, but he went on doggelly. It seemed that he had been lecturing a long time, but the bell did not ring. He did not dare to look at his wrist watch for fear that the students would sneer at him. Presently, however, he came to "the exuberant rise of the Toba tribe", closely followed by the "chart of the rise and fall of the sixteen kingdoms",



他自己覺得講義忽而中止了。

『今天是第一天，就是這樣罷。……』他惶惑了一會之後，纔斷續地說，一面點一點頭，跨下講臺去，也便出了教室的門。

『嘻嘻嘻！』

他似乎聽到背後有許多人笑，又彷彿看見這笑聲就從那深邃的鼻孔的海裏出來。他便惘惘然，跨進植物園，向着對面的教員豫備室大踏步走。

他大喫一驚，至于連中國歷史教科書也失手落在地上了，因為腦殼上突然遭了什麼東西的一擊。他倒退兩步，定睛看時，一枝天斜的樹枝橫在他面前，已被他的頭撞得樹葉都微微發抖，他趕緊彎腰去拾書本，書旁邊豎着一塊木牌，上面寫道——

which he had not prepared as he did not expect to reach that far in his first lecture.

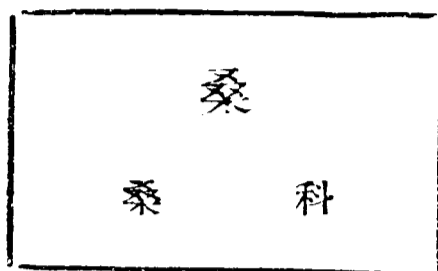
With consternation he came abruptly to the end of his notes.

“This being the first day, that will be all . . .” he said haltingly after a few moments of hesitation, bowed, stepped off the platform and went out of the room.

“Hee, hee, hee!”

He seemed to hear laughter behind his back and fancied that the sound of laughter must have come from the sea of eyes and nostrils. Distractedly he stepped into the botanical garden and strode toward the staff rest room on the opposite side.

Suddenly he received a blow on his head and was so jolted by it that he dropped his “Text Book History of China.” Upon stepping back a couple of steps and looking up he saw a low slating branch in front of him, its leaves trembling from the collision with his head. As he stopped down hastily to pick up his book, he discovered a wooden tablet stuck in the ground by it on which was written—



他似乎聽到背後有許多人笑，又彷彿看見這笑聲就從那深邃的鼻孔的海裏出來。于是也就不好意思去撫摩頭上已經疼痛起來的皮膚，只一心跑進教員豫備室裏去。

那裏面，兩個裝着白開水的杯子依然，卻不見了似死非死的校役，瑤翁也蹤影全無了。一切都黯淡，只有他的新皮包和新帽子在黯淡中發亮。看壁上的掛鐘，還只有三點四十分。

高老夫子回到自家的房屋裏許久之後，有時全身還驟然一熱；又無端的憤怒；終于覺得學堂確也要鬧壞風氣，不如停閉的好，尤其是女學堂，——有什麼意思呢，喜歡虛榮罷了！

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MULBERRY GENUS MULBERRY
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Again he seemed to hear laughter behind his back and fancied that the sound of laughter must have come from the sea of eyes and nostrils. Because of this he did not have courage to rub his aching skin but fled directly into the staff rest room.

The two cups filled with boiled water were still there but he did not find the servant that looked half dead, nor was there any trace of Brother Yao. Everything appeared drab and desolated with only his new hat and new brief case shining in the drabness and desolation. It was only three-forty by the wall clock.

Even after he had been in his own room for a long while, Professor Kao was still subject to sudden fits of unreasoning anger and of feeling hot all over. In the end he came to the realization that schools were without doubt a bad influence, that it was best to close them, especially girl's schools. What good do they do anyway? It was nothing but vainglory!

『嘻嘻！』

他還聽到隱隱約約的笑聲。這使他更加憤怒，也使他辭職的決心更加堅固了。晚上就寫信給何校長，只要說自己患了足疾。但是，倘來挽留，又怎麼辦呢？——也不去。女學堂真不知道要鬧到什麼樣子，自己又何苦去和她們爲伍呢？犯不上的。他想。

他于是決絕地將了凡綱鑑搬開；鏡子推在一旁，聘書也合上了。正要坐下，又覺得那聘書實在紅得可恨，便抓過來和中國歷史教科書一同塞入抽屜裏。

一切大概已經打疊停當，桌上只賸下一面鏡子，眼界清淨得多了。然而還不舒適，彷彿欠缺了半個魂靈，但他當即省悟，戴上紅結子的秋帽，徑向黃三的家裏去了。

“Hee, hee!”

He still heard that sound of laughter. This made him angrier yet and hardened his decision to resign. He would write to Principal Ho that very evening and say that he had trouble with his feet. But what would he do if they begged him to reconsider? He would not reconsider. You never can tell what the girls' schools may come to. Why should he get himself mixed up with their kind? It was not worth bothering with.

Resolutely he moved aside the *Liao-fan Kang Chien*, pushed away the mirror, and folded up the appointment letter. But as he was about to sit down he felt annoyed at the bright red of the appointment letter; he took it and stuffed it in his drawer together with his “Text Book History of China.”

Things were now about in shape: there was now only a mirror left on his desk and he felt less stuffy and oppressed. Yet there was still something amiss, something lacking that demanded satisfaction. Then immediately he realized what it was. He put on his scalp cap with a red knot on it and went off in the direct-

『來了，爾礎高老夫子！』老鉢大聲說。

『狗屁！』他眉頭一皺，在老鉢的頭頂上打了一下，說。

『教過了罷？怎麼樣，可有幾個出色的？』黃三熱心地問。

『我沒有再教下去的意思。女學堂真不知道要鬧成什麼樣子。我輩正經人，確乎犯不上醬在一起……。』

毛家的大兒子進來了，胖到像一個湯圓。

『阿呀！久仰久仰！……』滿屋子的手都拱起來，膝關節和腿關節接二連三地屈折，彷彿就要蹲了下去似的。

『這一位就是先前說過的高幹亭兄。』老鉢指着高老夫子，向毛家的大兒子說。

『哦哦！久仰久仰！……』毛家的大兒子便特別向他連連拱手，並且點頭。

這屋子的左邊早放好一頂斜擺的方桌，三一面黃

ion of Huang San's home.

"Here he is—Professor Kao Erh-ch'u!" Lao-po said loudly.

"*Fang Kou p'i!*" he said frowning and giving Lao-po a slap on the head.

"I suppose you have had your first class? How was it? Are there any good looking ones?" Huang San asked enthusiastically.

I have no intention of continuing. I don't know, really, what girls' schools will come to. It is definitely not worthwhile for respectable people like us to get mixed up in the mess . . ."

The eldest son of the Mao family came in, fat like a round dumpling.

"Ah, *Chiu-yang, Chiu-yang!*" Every one in the room shook his clenched hands in front of himself and bent his knee and hip joints repeatedly as if about to squat down.

"This is brother Kao Kan-ting that we have told you about, "Lao po said to the eldest of the Mao family, pointing to Professor Kao.

"Ah, *Chiu-yang, chiu-yang!*" the eldest son of the Mao family gave a few extra hand shakings in his direction, nodding his head.

To the left of the room a table had been



招呼客人，一面和一個小鴉頭佈置着坐位和籌馬。不多久，每一個桌角上都點起一枝細瘦的洋燭來，他們四人便入座了。

萬籟無聲。只有打出來的骨牌拍在紫檀桌面上的聲音，在初夜的寂靜中清徹地作響。

高老夫子的牌風並不壞，但他總還抱着什麼不平。他本來是什麼都容易忘記的，惟獨這一回，卻總以為世風有些可慮；雖然面前的籌馬漸漸增加了，也還不很能夠使他舒適，使他樂觀。但時移俗易，世風也終究覺得好了起來；不過其時很晚，已經在打完第二圈，他快要湊成『清一色』的時候了。

(一九二五年五月一日。)

placed at an angle. Huang San occupied himself as he chatted with his guests in laying out the chairs and the counters, assisted by a child maid servant. In a few moments a foreign paraffin candle had been lit and placed at each corner of the table and the four men took their seats.

All became still except for the crisp, staccato sounds made by the ivory surface of the mah jong tiles as they were slapped down on the teak wood table.

Professor Kao's luck was not bad, but still he felt discontented and out of sorts. It had always been easy for him to forget, but on this occasion he could not so easily dim the threat to public morals. In spite of the gradual accumulation of counters before him, he felt little comfort and little optimism. However, times and morals do change, and Professor Kao in the end suffered a change of heart and had to admit that things were not so black after all. That happened after they had finished the second round and when he was about to complete his 'pure one colour' hand.

1, May, 1925.

## 幸 福 的 家 庭

『……做不做全由自己的便：那作品，像太陽的光一樣，從無量的光源中湧出來，不像石火，用鐵和石敲出來，這纔是真藝術。那作者，也纔是真的藝術家。——而我，……這算是什麼？……』他想到這里，忽然從牀上跳起來了。以先他早已想過，須得撈幾文稿費維持生活了；投稿的地方，先定爲幸福月報社，因爲潤筆似乎比較的豐。但作品就須有範圍，否則，恐怕要不收的。範圍就範圍，……現在的青年的腦裏的大問題是？……大概很不少，或者有許多是戀愛，婚姻，家庭之類罷。……是的，他們確有許多煩悶着，正在討論這些事。那麼，就來做家庭。然而怎麼做呢？……否則，恐怕要不收的，何必說些背時的話，然而……。

## A HAPPY FAMILY

“... One must write only when one feels like it. It must be like the light of the sun which comes from an infinite source of light, not like sparks produced with iron and flint—only such stuff can be called art, only such writers can be called true artists. But what about myself?” Here our author jumped out of bed, determined to tackle the task that he had decided upon, which was to write something and get some money which he needed badly. As to his market, he had decided upon the *Happiness Monthly* as its rate was comparatively generous. But he must take a suitable topic, otherwise they won't take it. He is not too proud to meet their requirements. Now what are some of the problems that agitate youth of to-day? There are many such problems but most of them probably concern love, marriage and the family. Yes, there are innumerable young men and women to-day who are discussing these problems. Therefore, he decided to write about the family. But how? ... otherwise they will not take it.

他跳下臥牀之後，四步就走到書桌面前，坐下去，抽出一張綠格紙，毫不遲疑，但又自暴自棄似的寫下一行題目道：幸福的家庭。

他的筆立刻停滯了；他仰了頭，兩眼瞪着房頂，正在安排那安置這『幸福的家庭』的地方。他想：『北京？不行，死氣沈沈，連空氣也是死的。假如在這家庭的周圍築一道高牆，難道空氣也就隔斷了麼？簡直不行！江蘇浙江天天防要開仗；福建更無須說。四川，廣東？都正在打。山東河南之類？——阿阿，要綁票的，倘使綁去一個，那就成爲不幸的家庭了。上海天津的租界上房租貴；……假如在外國，笑話。雲南貴州不知道怎樣，但交通也太不便。……』他想來想去，想不出好地方，便要假定爲A了，但又想，『現有不少的人是反對用西洋字母來代人地名的，說是要減少讀者的興味。我這回的投稿，似乎也不如不用，安全些。那麼，在那里好呢？——湖南也打仗；大連仍然房租貴；察哈爾，吉林，黑龍江罷，——聽說有馬賊，也不行！……』他又想來想去，又想不出

There is no sense in going against the current of the times, though . . .

He strode over to his desk, sat down, took out a sheet of paper ruled with green lines, and wrote down without hesitation, though not without a sense that he was compromising his art, this title: "A Happy Family."

Then he paused and stared at the rafters while he tried to figure out where he should set down his happy family. "Should I make it Peking?" thought he. "No, that won't do, for Peking is such a dead city, even the air is dead. You can't shut out this deathly atmosphere even though you build a high wall around this family. So it won't do, absolutely no. As to Kiangsu and Chekiang, civil war has been brewing there for sometime and may break out at any moment; the same thing may be said of Fukien, only more so. Szechwan and Kuangtung? They are fighting there this minute. Shantung and Honan? There's kidnapping going on there. You can hardly have a happy family if one of its members is kidnapped. As to the foreign concessions in Shanghai and Tientsin, the rent is too high. If they were only in some foreign

好地方，于是终于决心，假定這『幸福的家庭』所在的地方叫作A。

『總之，這幸福的家庭一定須在A，無可磋商。家庭中自然是兩夫婦，就是主人和主婦，自由結婚的。他們訂有四十多條條約，非常詳細，所以非常平

country—but that is out of the question. I wonder how it is in Yunnan and Kueichow? In any case those provinces are too remote and inaccessible . . .” After turning the matter over in his mind and failing to find a suitable locale, he was about to call it A. when he was struck by another thought: “But there is a great deal of opposition to the use of the letters of the Western alphabet to stand for personal and place names. They say that they diminish the interest of the readers. It is probably safer for me to refrain from using them. But where, where? Hunan—there is also civil war going on. Dairen—again the rent is too high. How about Harbin, Kirin and Heilungkiang? It is said that the provinces are over-run with bandits . . .” And thus after considering all the possible places that he could think of and dismissing them as unsuitable, he decided that A. will have to do as the name of the locale of his “happy family.”

“Well, there is no helping it. The happy family will have to be at A. Naturally there will be husband and wife, the master and mistress of the house, and they have married by their own



等，十分自由。而且受過高等教育，優美高尚……。東洋留學生已經不通行，——那麼，假定爲西洋留學生罷。主人始終穿洋服；硬領始終雪白；主婦是前頭的頭髮始終燙得蓬蓬鬆鬆像一個麻雀窠，牙齒是始終雪白的露着，但衣服卻是中國裝，……』

『不行不行，那不行！二十五斤！』

他聽得窗外一個男人的聲音，不由的迴過頭去看，窗幔垂着，日光照着，明得眩目，他的眼睛昏花了；接着是小木片撒在地上的聲響。『不相干，』他又回過頭來想，『什麼「二十五斤？」——他們是優美高尚，很愛文藝的。但因為都從小生長在幸福裏，所以不愛俄國的小說……。俄國小說多描寫下等人，實在和這樣的家庭也不合。「二十五斤？」不管他。

consent instead of that of their parents. They have made a marriage contract involving some forty articles covering all possible contingencies, and consequently it was a marriage of freedom and equality. Moreover, both of them have had higher education, clever and high-minded . . . Since returned students from Japan are no longer at the premium they used to be, I had better make them returned students from Europe or America. The master of the house should always wear foreign clothes, his collar always white like snow; the mistress' hair should always be curled and fluffy in front like a sparrow's nest, her white teeth always exposed, though she should continue to wear her Chinese dresses . . .”

“No, that won't do! Twenty-five catties!”

It was a man's voice, outside the window. He turned around to look but the screen was down and the sun beating upon it so strong that it made him dizzy. Then he heard the sound of pieces of wood scattering on the ground. “Well, it doesn't matter,” he said to himself and returned to his thoughts. “But twenty-five catties of what?—But of course they are both

那麼，他們看看什麼書呢？——裴倫的詩？吉支的？不行，都不穩當。——哦，有了，他們都愛看理想之良人。我雖然沒有見過這部書，但既然連大學教授也那麼稱讚他，想來他們也一定都愛看，你也看，我也看，——他們一人一本，這家庭裏一共有兩本，……』他覺得胃裏有點空虛了，放下筆，用兩隻手支着頭，教自己的頭像地球儀似的在兩個柱子間掛着。

『……他們兩人正在用午餐，』他想，『桌上鋪了雪白的布；廚子送上菜來，——中國菜。什麼「二十五斤？」不管他。爲什麼倒是中國菜？西洋人說，中國菜最進步，最好喫，最合于衛生；所以他們採用中國菜。送來的是第一碗，但這第一碗是什麼呢？……』

clever and high-minded and loved literature and the arts. But since they were brought up in happiness, they did not like Russian literature. Russian literature deals mostly with the lower classes and is therefore not suited to such a family. Twenty-five catties? It doesn't matter. Then, what should they read? The poems of Byron? Keats? No, they are not entirely suitable.—But of course, they both like to read 'An Ideal Husband.' I have not yet read it, but since even the professors praise it, it must be good and should be read by both. They should each have a copy of their own, two copies of 'An Ideal Husband' must be provided for this happy family . . .” He felt a little hungry, and so he put down his brush and supported his head between his hands, letting it suspend like a globe between two posts.

“ . . . They are having lunch,” he thought, “and their table is covered with a snow white cloth. The cook brings up the dishes—Chinese dishes. What twenty-five catties, I wonder? It doesn't matter. Why Chinese dishes? Because the Westerners all say that Chinese cooking is the best and most wholesome; that is the reason

『劈柴，……』

他喫驚的迴過頭去看，靠左肩，便立着他自己家裏的主婦，兩隻陰淒淒的眼睛恰恰釘住他的臉。

『什麼』？他以為她來攪擾了他的創作，頗有些憤怒了。

『劈柴，都用完了，今天買了些。前一回還是十斤兩吊四，今天就要兩吊六。我想給他兩吊五，好不好？』

『好好，就是兩吊五。』

『稱得太喫虧了。他一定只肯算二十四斤半；我想就算他二十三斤半，好不好？』

『好好，就算他二十三斤半。』

『那麼，五五二十五，三五一十五，……』

『唔唔，五五二十五，三五一十五，……』他也說不下去了，停了一會，忽而奮然的抓起筆來，就在寫着一行『幸福的家庭』的綠格紙上起算草，起了好

why they have clung to Chinese dishes. The first dish was, well, what should the first dish be?"

"Firewood . . ."

He looked back, startled, and there stood to his left the mistress of his own house, her sad, weary eyes fixed on him.

"What?" he said impatiently to his wife for disturbing him in his creative labours.

"The firewood has all gone, and I've to get some to-day. It cost only two *tiao* and four the last time and yet he wants two and six. What do you think of offering him two and five?"

"All right, give him two and five."

"But we come off too badly on the weight. He insists on it's being twenty-four and half catties. I think I'll allow him only twenty-three and half. What do you think?"

"All right, all right, call it twenty-three and half."

"Then it's five times five equals twenty-five, three times five equals fifteen . . ."

"Yes, five times five equals twenty-five, three times five equals fifteen . . ." He, too, got stuck, and turning back to his desk he seized his

久，這纔仰起頭來說道，

『五吊八！』

『那是，我這里不夠了，還差八九個……。』

他抽開書桌的抽屜，一把抓起所有的銅元，不下二三十，放在她攤開的手掌上，看她出了房，纔又回過頭來向書桌。他覺得頭裏面很脹滿，似乎極極叉叉的全被木柴填滿了，五五二十五，腦皮質上還印着許多散亂的亞刺伯數目字。他很深的吸一口氣，又用力的呼出，彷彿要藉此趕出腦裏的劈柴，五五二十五和亞刺伯數字來。果然，吁氣之後，心地也就輕鬆不少了，于是仍復恍恍忽忽的想——

『什麼菜？菜倒不妨奇特點。滑溜裏脊，蝦子海參，實在太凡庸。我偏要說他們喫的是「龍虎鬪。」但「龍虎鬪」又是什麼呢？有人說是蛇和貓，是廣東的貴重菜，非大宴會不喫的。但我在江蘇飯館的菜單上就見過這名目，江蘇人似乎不喫蛇和貓，恐怕就如誰所說，是蛙和鱗魚了。現在假定這主人和主婦為那里人呢？——不管他。總而言之，無論那里人喫一碗

brush and began to figure it out on the paper on which he had written "A Happy Family." It took him some time to get the correct answer, whereupon he looked up and said,

"Five and eight!"

"In that case I don't have enough here. I still need eight or nine coppers : . . ."

He pulled open his drawer, seized a handful of coppers, around twenty or thirty, put them in her open hand and watched her go out of the room. Then he turned once again to his desk. He had a stuffed up feeling in his head as if it was filled up with firewood and Arabic numerals. He inhaled deeply and then exhaled as if trying thus to rid himself of the firewood and numerals. Indeed this made his heart feel lighter and again he turned his thoughts to his happy family.

"What dishes should the cook bring? Such things as breaded tenderloin and sea slugs with eggs of shrimps are a little too common. 'I'll say that they are having the war of dragons and tigers'? But what does 'the war of dragons and tigers' consist of? Some say that it is a Cantonese delicacy served only at elaborate banquets and consists of cat and snake meat. But I have



蛇和貓或者蛙和鱈魚，于幸福的家庭是決不會有損傷的。總之這第一碗一定是「龍虎鬪」，無可磋商。

『于是一碗「龍虎鬪」擺在桌子中央了，他們兩人同時捏起筷子，指着碗沿，笑迷迷的你看我，我看你……。

『「My dear, please.」

『「Please you eat first, my dear.」

『「Oh no, please you!」

『于是他們同時伸下筷子去，同時夾出一塊蛇肉來，——不不，蛇肉究竟太奇怪，還不如說是鱈魚罷。那麼，這碗「龍虎鬪」是蛙和鱈魚所做的了。他們同時夾出一塊鱈魚來，一樣大小，五五二十五，三五……不管他，同時放進嘴裏去，……』他不能自制

seen the name listed on the menu of a Kiangsu restaurant. I know that the Kiangsu people do not eat cats and snakes, so their 'war of dragons and tigers' must consist of frog and eel as some one told me. Now from what province should I let my hero and heroine come from?—Well, that does not matter. No matter where they come from it won't do any harm to let them eat a dish of 'war of dragons and tigers' whether made of cat and snake or of frog and eel. So that's settled, the first dish will be 'war of dragons and tigers.'

"Thereupon the dish was put in the centre of the table and the happy couple took up their chopsticks and smiling happily and looking at each other said pointing to the dish:

" 'My dear, please.'

" 'Please, you first, my dear.'

" 'Oh, no, please you!

"Thereupon they simultaneously dipped their chopsticks and picked up a hunk of snake meat—no, no, snake meat is, after all, a bit too outlandish. It is better to make it eel. That means, then, this particular 'war of dragons and tigers' is made of frog and eel." So simultaneous-

的只想迴過頭去看，因為他覺得背後很熱鬧，有人來來往往的走了兩三回。但他還熬着，亂嘈嘈的接着想，『這似乎有點肉麻，那有這樣的家庭？唉唉，我的思路怎麼會這樣亂，這好題目怕是做不完篇的了。——或者不必定用留學生，就在國內受了高等教育的也可以。他們都是大學畢業的，高尚優美，高尚……。男的是文學家；女的也是文學家，或者文學崇拜家。或者女的是詩人；男的是詩人崇拜者，女性尊重者。或者……』他終於忍耐不住，迴過頭去了。

就在他背後的書架的旁邊，已經出現了一座白菜堆，下層三株，中層兩株，頂上一株，向他疊成一個

ly they picked out a piece of eel of the same size—five times five equals twenty-five, three times five . . . and put it in their mouths . . .” He had a desire to look back that he found difficult to resist, for there was a bustle behind him and some one had come in and out several times. However, he succeeded in resisting the temptation and pursued his incoherent thoughts. “This is rather banal, I am afraid. How could there be such a family? Oh, how confused are my thoughts. If I go on like this I shall not be able to finish this in spite of the excellent theme that I have.—Perhaps I don’t have to make them returned students; it is sufficient to make them graduates of some institution of higher learning within the country. So they are both college graduates, high-minded and clever, high-minded . . . The hero is a literary man; the heroine a literary woman, or a lover of literature. Or perhaps the heroine a poetess and the hero a lover of poetry and a believer in women’s rights. Perhaps . . .” But in the end he succumbed and turned around to look.

When he did so he found himself staring into a new pile of cabbages by the book case

很大的A字。

『唉唉！』他吃驚的歎息，同時覺得臉上驟然發熱了，脊梁上還有許多針輕輕的刺着。『呀……，』他很長的噓一口氣，先斥退了脊梁上的針，仍然想，『幸福的家庭的房子要寬綽。有一間堆積房，白菜之類到那邊去。主人的書房另一間，靠壁滿排着書架，那旁邊自然決沒有什麼白菜堆；架上滿是中國書，外國書，理想之良人自然也在內，——一共有兩部。臥室又一間；黃銅牀，或者質朴點，第一監獄工場做的榆木牀也就夠，牀底下很乾淨，……』他當即一瞥自己的牀下，劈柴已經用完了，只有一條稻草繩，卻還死蛇似的懶懶的躺着。

『二十三斤半，……』他覺得劈柴就要向牀下『川流不息』的進來，頭裏面又有些極極叉叉了，便

behind his back, arranged in the form a big A, three on the bottom row, two in the middle and one on top.

He sighed with surprise and felt flushed in the face and a tinkling sensation along his spine. He took a deep breath in an effort to stop the tinkling sensation and continued: "The house of the happy family must have plenty of rooms. They must have a store room in which to keep such things as cabbages. They must have a study with the walls lined with bookcases full of both Chinese and foreign books among which will be found 'An Ideal Husband'—two copies altogether. Naturally there will be no cabbage pile. They will have a bed room with a four poster bed made of brass. The bed might be plainer, one of elm wood made in the factory of the First Metropolitan Prison, for instance. The space under the bed will not be cluttered up with things . . ." He took a glance under his own bed and found all the firewood gone, leaving only a grass rope lying there like a dead snake.

"Twenty-three and a half catties . . ." Realizing that the firewood would soon be

急忙起立，走向門口去想關門。但兩手剛觸着門，卻又覺得未免太暴躁了，就歇了手，只放下那積着許多灰塵的門幕。他一面想，這既無閉關自守之操切，也沒有開放門戶之不安；是很合于『中庸之道』的。

『……所以主人的書房門永遠是關起來的。』他走回來，坐下，想，『有事要商量先敲門，得了許可纔能進來，這辦法實在對。現在假如主人坐在自己的書房裏，主婦來談文藝了，也就先敲門。——這可以放心，她必不至于捧着白菜的。』

『「Come in, please, my dear.」』

『然而主人沒有工夫談文藝的時候怎麼辦呢？那麼，不理她，聽她站在外面老是剝剝的敲？這大約不行罷。或者理想之良人裏面都寫着，——那恐怕確是

brought in and dumped under the bed and again feeling a sensation of being stuffed up with it, he got up hastily to close his door. But no sooner did his hand touch the door than he felt that this was too crude a gesture and compromised by letting down the dust-covered curtain. He was rather pleased with this compromise measure, for there was in this measure, he thought, neither the eccentricity of the hermit nor the lack of security in a policy of the open door.

“... The door of the master’s study must always be closed,” he thought after he had gone back to his desk. “If she has anything to talk over with him, she must knock first and wait for his permission to come in. This is the right way to do things. Now supposing the master is sitting in his study and the mistress wants to talk about literature with him. She will knock first.—You may be sure that she will not be bringing in a pile of cabbage.

“‘Come in, please, my dear.’”

“But what if the master has no time to talk about literature? Could he ignore her and let go on knocking at the door? That probably



一部好小說，我如果有了稿費，也得去買他一部來看看……。」

拍！

他腰骨筆直了，因為他根據經驗，知道這一聲『拍』是主婦的手掌打在他們的三歲的女兒的頭上的聲音。

『幸福的家庭，……』他聽到孩子的嗚咽了，但還是腰骨筆直的想，『孩子是生得遲的，生得遲。或者不如沒有，兩個人乾乾淨淨。——或者不如住在客店裏，什麼都包給他們，一個人乾乾……』他聽得嗚咽聲高了起來，也就站了起來，鑽過門幕，想着，『馬克思在兒女的啼哭聲中還會做資本論，所以他是偉人，……』走出外間，開了風門，聞得一陣煤油氣。孩子就躺倒在門的右邊，臉向着地，一見他，便『哇』的哭出來了。

would not do. Perhaps 'An Ideal Husband' has all these things in it — That must be a really fine book. I must get a copy and read it when I get some money for my manuscripts . . .”

*Whack!*

He straightened up at this, for he knew from past experience that this *whack!* resulted from the contact of the mistress' palm and the head of their three-year old daughter.

“In the happy family . . .” he continued to think in spite of the fact that the daughter was now weeping, “children come late, come late. Maybe it is best to have no children at all. It is so much more peaceful with only two.—They might even live in a hotel and let them supply everything. It would be even more peaceful if one were alone . . .” The cries became louder and he got up and he thought as he walked through the curtain, “but Marx wrote his *Capital*' amidst the cries and bawls of his children. That's why he was such a great man . . .” He walked into the outer room and opened the storm door. He smelled an odor of kerosene smoke as he did so. The child was lying to the right of the door with her face to the ground. She burst

『阿阿，好好，莫哭莫哭，我的好孩子。』他彎下腰去抱她。

他抱了她回轉身，看見門左邊還站着主婦，也是腰骨筆直，然而兩手插腰，怒氣沖沖的似乎豫備開始練體操。

『連你也來欺侮我！不會幫忙，只會搗亂，——連油燈也要翻了他。晚上點什麼？……』

『阿阿，好好，莫哭莫哭，』他把那些發抖的聲音放在腦後，抱她進房，摩着她的頭，說，『我的好孩子。』于是放下她，拖開椅子，坐下去，使她站在兩膝的中間，擎起手來道，『莫哭了呵，好孩子。爹爹做「貓洗臉」給你看。』他同時伸長頸子，伸出舌頭，遠遠的對着手掌舔了兩舔，就用這手掌向了自己的臉上畫圓圈。

『呵呵呵，花兒。』她就笑起來了。

『是的是的，花兒。』他又連畫上幾個圓圈，這纔歇了手，只見她還是笑迷迷的掛着眼淚對他看。他忽而覺得，她那可愛的天真的臉，正像五年前的她的

into crying when she saw him.

“Now, now, don’t cry, my good child,” he said and picked her up. As he turned around he saw his wife standing angrily to the left of the door, her hands on her waist as she were about to begin some callisthenics.

“So even you try to impose on me! Instead of trying to help me, you are always trying to give me trouble—now you’ve upset the lamp. What are we going to use tonight?”

“Now, don’t cry, don’t cry, my good little girl,” he said as he carried her into his room and rubbed her head. He set her down, pulled out his chair and sat down with her between his knees. Raising his hand he said, “Now, don’t cry any more, my good little girl. Watch *dieh-dieh* act cat-wash-face for you.” At the same time he stuck out his tongue, made a motion of licking his hand and then started to move his hand in circles in front of his face.

The child burst out laughing and saying, “Oh, *hua-erh!*”

“Yes, yes, *hua-erh,*” he agreed as he drew one more circle before his face. After he stopped the child continued to smile at him and looking at

母親，通紅的嘴唇尤其像，不過縮小了輪廓，那時也是晴朗的冬天，她聽得他說決計反抗一切阻礙，爲她犧牲的時候，也就這樣笑迷迷的掛着眼淚對他看。他惘然的坐着，彷彿有些醉了。

『阿阿，可愛的嘴唇……』他想。  
門幕忽然掛起。劈柴運進來了，

他也忽然驚醒，一定睛，只見孩子還是掛着眼淚，而且張開了通紅的嘴唇對他看。『嘴唇……』他向旁邊一瞥，劈柴正在進來，『……恐怕將來也就是五五二十五，九九八十一！……而且兩隻眼睛陰淒淒的……』他想着，隨即粗暴的抓起那寫着一行題目和一堆算草的綠格紙來，揉了幾揉，又展開來給她拭去了眼淚和鼻涕。『好孩子，自己玩去罷。』他一面推開她，說；一面就將紙團用力的擲在紙簍裏。

him through her tear wetted eyes. He suddenly realized how like her mother's was her lovable and innocent face, that is, her mother as he knew her five years back, especially her red lips, only they were smaller. On a certain bright winter afternoon she had looked at him with a smiling face and tear-wetted eyes exactly like this when he told her that he was ready, for her sake, to sacrifice everything and brush aside all opposition. He sat there lost in thought and feeling a strange intoxication.

“Ah, what lovely lips . . .” he thought.

The door curtain was suddenly raised and the firewood began to come in.

He was awakened from his reveries. The child was still looking at him with tear laden eyes, her red lips slightly parted, while the firewood poured in bundle after bundle. “. . . I dare say that she, too, will be engaged in nothing better than to count five times five equals twenty-five, nine times nine equals eighty-one . . . and her eyes will be sad and weary . . .” Brusquely he took up the sheet of paper with green lines on which he had written ‘A Happy Family’ and some figures and crumpled it up.

但他又立刻覺得對於孩子有些抱歉了，重復迴頭，目送着她獨自熒熒的出去；耳朵裏聽得木片聲。他想要定一定神，便又回轉頭，閉了眼睛，息了雜念，平心靜氣的坐着。他看見眼前浮出一朵匾圓的烏花，橙黃心，從左眼的左角漂到右，消失了；接着朵明綠花，墨綠色的心；接着一座六株的白菜堆，屹然的向他疊成一個很大的A字。

(一九二四年三月十八日。)

But he opened it a little again and wiped off her tears and her nose with it. "Good little girl, go and play now," he said, pushing her away, and throwing the crumpled paper into the waste basket.

Almost immediately he felt that he was not being as patient and kind to the child as he might have been. He turned around again and watched her as she went out lonely and desolated. In his ears he could still hear the sound of falling wood. He tried to compose himself. He turned back toward his desk, closed his eyes, suppressed his motley arrays of thoughts and sat quietly. He saw before his eyes a round, flat dark flower with a yellow centre which floated from the left corner of his eyes across to the right until it vanished. This was followed by a bright green flower with a dark green centre, which in turn was followed by six cabbages staring at him in the form of an A.

18, March, 1924.



# 我觀中國

蔣宋美齡著

這是蔣夫人發表在美國各雜誌的文字，由美國名記者輯成單行本，原名「這是我們的中國」(This is our China)亦稱「戰時與平時的中國」(China in peace and war)內容包羅政治論文，旅行記，雜感，宗教信仰，中國故事等各項，均為萬人傳誦之作品，本社為應國內讀者需要，擬趕印出版。

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### 逐句對照 譯文翔實

一、手 這是蕭紅女士的著名創作，內容描寫一個開染坊店的工人，以一生辛勤所得的汗血錢，送女兒到學校裏去讀書，因為家境的貧寒與天資的愚鈍，同學教師都瞧不起他，受盡了種種嘲弄與侮蔑，結果被迫退了學。這裏充分的暴露了所謂教育，不過是有錢人的裝飾品而已。

二、高老夫子 魯迅著，本書包含兩個短篇，高老夫子是一個迂腐的舊學者但為受過新思潮洗禮的青年學生所不滿，因此怨恨現在的學校，其實自己不過是時代的殘渣，幸福的家庭寫一個青年作家要想以幸福的家庭為題材寫一篇偉大的作品結果轉輾思索，還是寫不出來，是一篇有力的諷刺小說。

三、傷逝 這是魯迅先生的一篇哀婉的散文，在先

生作品中別有一種風格，不日可出版。

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# 高老夫子

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